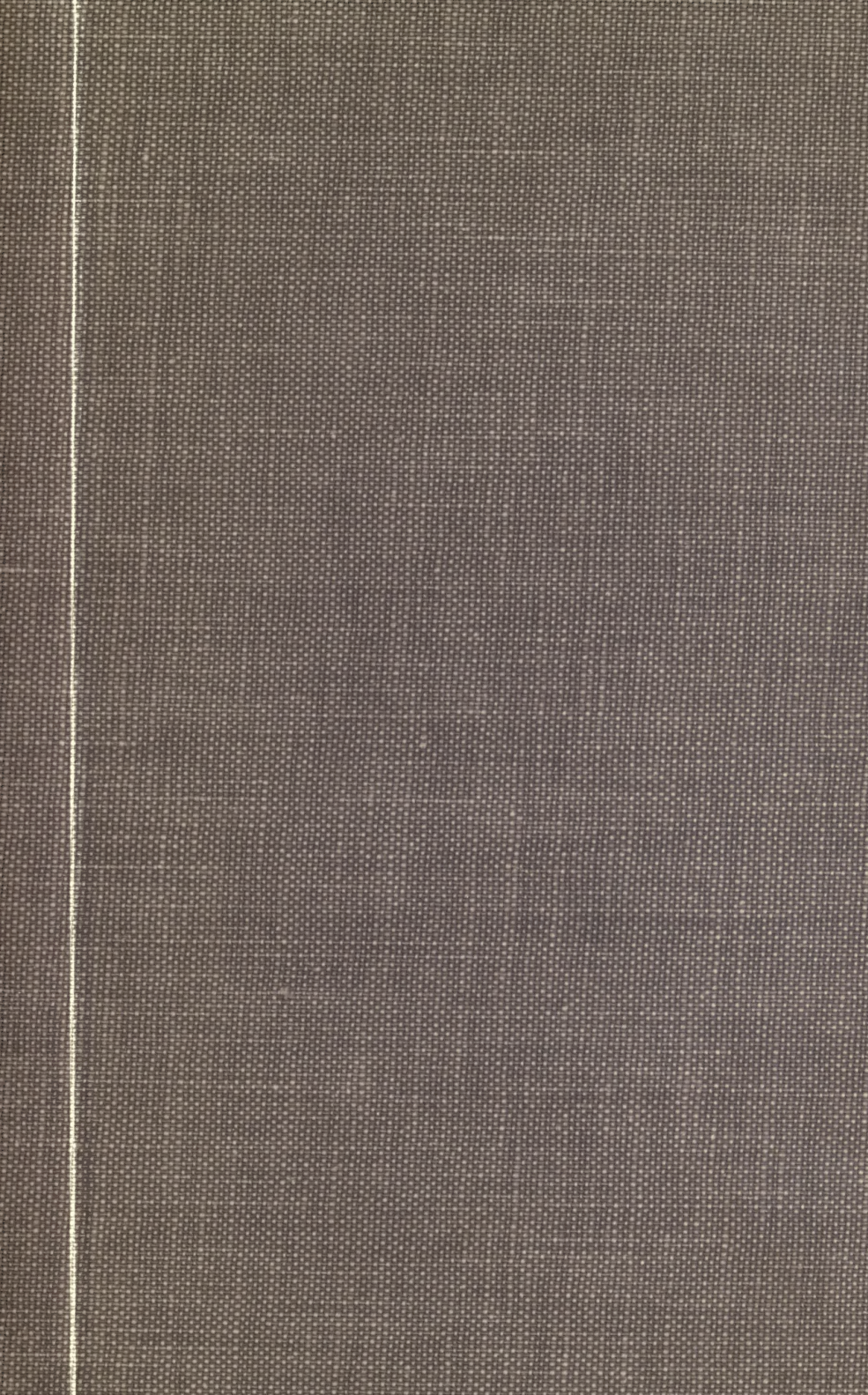






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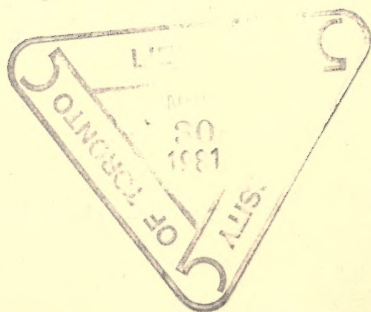
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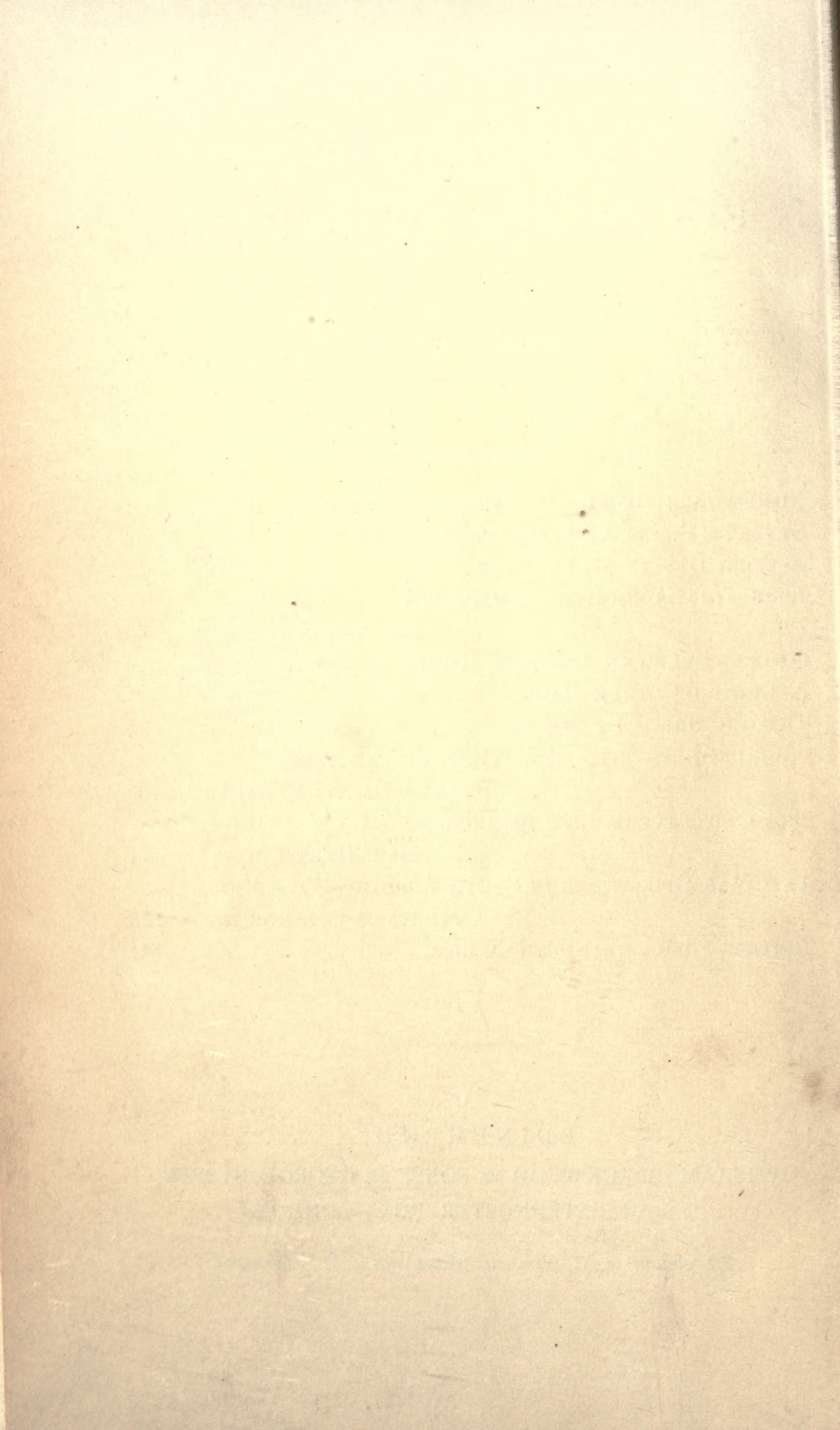
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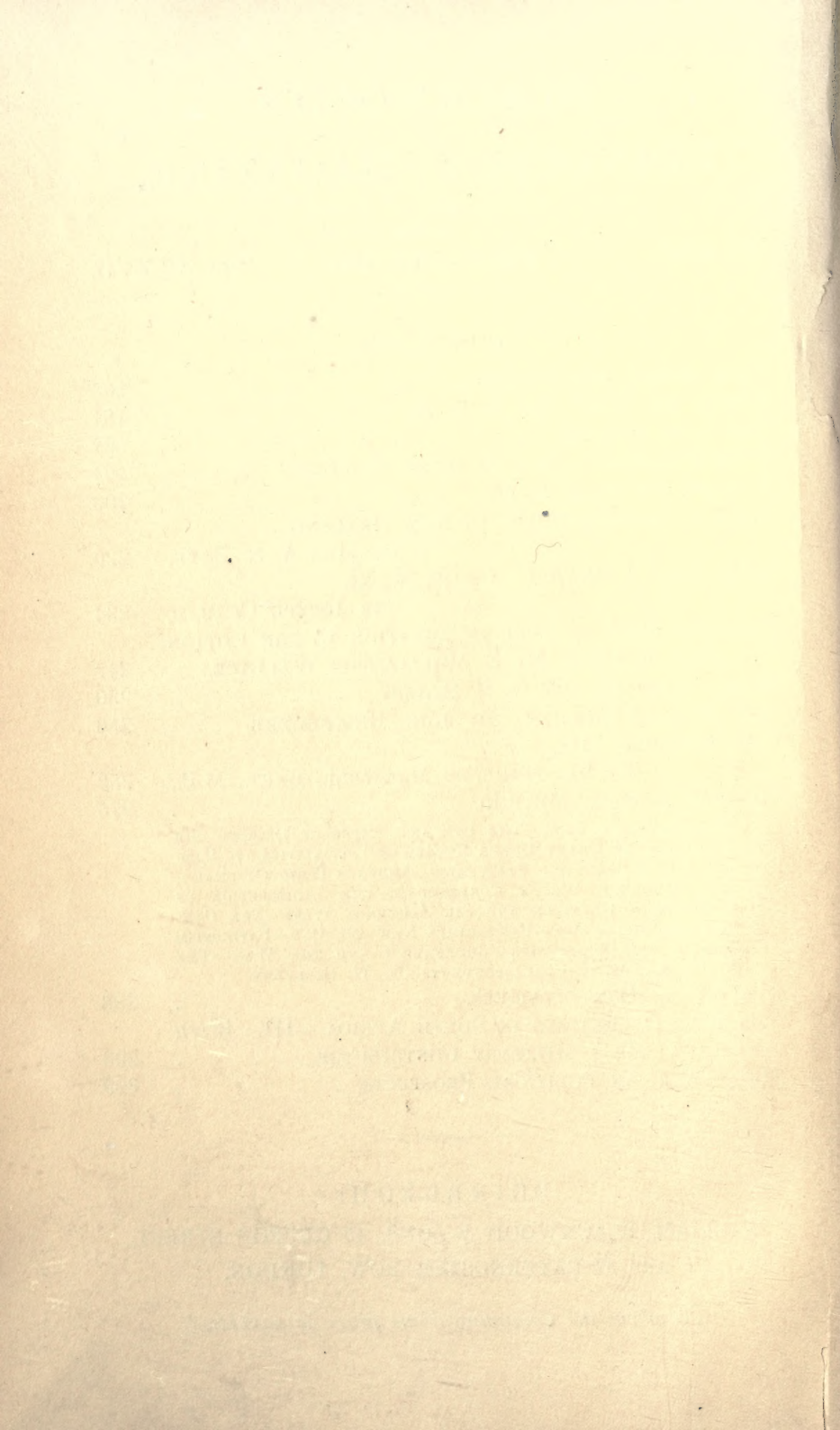
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BUSH-WHACKING.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD.

I.

THERE is something sporting and safe, almost comfortable, in the very sound of the phrase — bush - whacking, thicket-thumping! It calls up a picture of the burly beaters crashing through the coverts, whooping and *lu-lu-lu-ing*, keeping their sticks and their big feet working, and marking the rabbits out, and the cocks over for the waiting guns beyond. It sounds such an easy, such a one-sided game, that it is difficult to associate it with the idea of any heavy risk to those who take part in it; and when you learn that men at a distance from the scene of action speak of it familiarly as the fun or the show, there seems to

the inexperienced onlooker to be nothing inappropriate in the expression. That is the beauty of phrase-making—it introduces an element of romance into things unromantic, puts a cheap gloss on things unlovely; it converts the impossible and the abominable into the attractive, and ends by luring sensible men into “forgotten guts and creeks no decent soul would dream of visiting.”

I sit in the bow-window of my club, the leather padding of my arm-chair propping me cosily, my thoughts straying hither and thither listlessly, with the languid enjoyment known only to a busy man who, for a little space, does

well to be idle. Below me the irregular triangle of Hyde Park Corner sprawls at ease, with wide-flung arms and legs. The gates of the park face those of Constitution Hill; between them on an island of grey asphalt rises the statue of Wellington, with a sea of light brown wooden pavement hemming it in. Bulky, dust-coloured buildings are grouped in solid masses in the direction of Piccadilly, with window-panes glinting feebly, surmounted by a jumble of slate roofs and a confused up-crop of chimney-stacks. In the parks on either hand the tree-tops are soot-stained a dingy green. Hurrying foot-passengers push their way along the side-walks in contending streams; a little knot of people at one corner stand awaiting a 'bus; men and women scurry across the road like rabbits bolting from a brake. There is a block of clumsy vehicles at the corner of Hamilton Place; cabs, carts, vans, drays, omnibuses, with a stray motor-car spitting and rattling among them—all the ingredients of the wonderful London traffic—make a ceaseless roar and rumble, the hum of the busy life, the heart-beat of the vast city; and over all hangs the low smoke-blurred sky, while even the near distance is softened and made hazy by the dim grey mirk which, to the Londoner born who has had too much of sun-glare and of exile, is among the most beautiful of all artistic effects. The centre of the great World is at my feet; the pulsing of its life's blood is in my

ears; but my memory has spirited me away many weary miles from Hyde Park Corner, over strange lands and jostling seas, and time has slipped back more than half-a-dozen years. It is no longer the asphalt and the wooden pavements that lie below me, for my feet are treading the war-path; the rumble of the streets is hushed, and it is the yell of the enemy which is ringing through the forest; my arm-chair is a bed of boughs, and I am sleeping beneath tangled branches, my head in one puddle and my feet in another, with an obstinate root wedged into the small of my back. I am bush-whacking once more in the Malay Peninsula,—the “jumping-off-place” of southern Asia,—and London, and all the civilised universe of which it is the core, have sunk into total insignificance, swallowed up by the absorbing and vital interest of an obscure but personal experience. Through the curling columns of my tobacco-smoke pictures of the past arise, glimmer for a moment before me with intense reality, fade, and disappear. The blurring finger of memory comes to soften the hardships, the anxieties, the troubles of that heavy time; Romance casts her glamour over days long done; the strain, the toil, the horror are wellnigh forgotten—only the excitement remains as vivid as of old: and thus it is with a feeling akin to pleasure that I look back, out of the comfortable present, upon the things which at the time we suffered with little gladness.

We did not call it a war, and beyond an odd paragraph or so in the 'Times' it never got into the English papers. Great Britain holds too many frontier lands in her vast clutch to be able to take count of all the petty skirmishes which are for ever going forward in one or another uncared-for corner of the empire. When regular troops are employed, the stay-at-home Britisher hears of it, for to some extent it affects the most sensitive portion of his person—his pocket. But when troubles, or disturbances as we prefer to call them, can be arranged without help from outside the sphere of conflict, no one worries himself about the depressing business, except the men who are in the thick of it, and the anxious folk, their kindred, who long for the news which is so slow in coming. The end of it all is usually a severe minute or two, "reasons in writing" in profusion, and a firm footing won where formerly Britain stood unsteadily. An incompetent man may be broken, a good one may be thanked, in the name of a Secretary of State who never heard of him, by one of the junior clerks in a public office; but, like Fuzzy Wuzzy, the bush-whacker "asn't got no medals nor rewards." The whole affair is squalid and petty, a matter of little moment; but to the men on the spot it looms big, obscuring all other earthly things. The bush-whacker has his game to play, his enemy to out-manceuvre and overcome, his name to make, his duty to perform, his success to score, his failure to avoid. To him it is of equal importance

and inconvenience whether he chance to fall amid the world thunder of a second Waterloo or in some mismanaged border scrimmage, and his prospects of finding an early grave are greater than they would be were he to form one of an army corps. Therefore the strain and the excitement, the hard work mental and physical, and the measure of his responsibilities are more than sufficient for his needs. The troubles by which he is encompassed are, for the time, the only realities. The voice of the world of life beyond his narrow field of action has dwindled to a hushed whisper, distant and barely audible.

The thing itself is ugly but inevitable. Our experience in Asia has taught us that it is impossible to avoid making a little war of our own before we can hope to teach an unimaginative people the full blessings of peace. It is a pity, and, stated crudely, it has an ugly look to those who do not understand. Therefore, at each forward step which England makes, her sons thrust the past behind them, hope that the future will belie its experience, and decline to face the facts which history teaches all too plainly. Given, however, an oligarchy of native chiefs who have ruled a cowed brown people, melancholy and unresisting, for their own profit and for the satisfaction of their own lusts, with flinty hearts unfettered by conscience or principle; given a strong feudal spirit among the lower classes, the habits of centuries which bid them to obey unquestioningly; given a fear of the Un-

known, which tells them white men may be even harder task-masters than their hereditary oppressors,—given these things, and an explosion of some sort must certainly occur. Add to them the presence of a slender band of Europeans, men callous of that personal dignity which most readily impresses oriental folk, striving to set up a new standard of ethics in a land where right and wrong have hitherto been things of little meaning, curbing the lawlessness of the chiefs, punishing the crimes of the community with an even-handed justice which disregards alike the convenience of friend and foe, and all the while unwittingly offending the susceptibilities of a most sensitive race, and the chances of peace become small indeed. To an Eastern people, with the tradition of centuries of war and rapine in their wake, bloodshed naturally appeals as the only conceivable exit from an *impasse* such as this, so we inaugurate our rule of peace with a heart-breaking little war.

The pictures of the past, my scattered memories of the war-path, come up singly, fix themselves upon my sight vividly as things very real and present, and then pass, giving place to others. Let me etch them in, each as it comes. Taken together they should make something like a connected whole, something like the broad view of those days of trouble as it appears to my mind's eye.

A steam-launch is labouring up-stream, bearing a body of Sikhs to the scene of the dis-

turbances. The white man in charge comes up out of the stuffy little cabin, seats himself in a rattan-chair, and looks about him. His eyes are aching, for he has been hard at work all night preparing for the start at dawn, and the intruding daylight has robbed him of his sleep. It is nearly ten o'clock in the morning, and the glare upon the smooth surface of the water is blinding. On either hand, at a distance of some 300 yards, the jungle rises in vast tangles of blended greens and blacks, with dim bronze shadows lying upon the stream under the overhanging branches. Seen below the ragged fringes of the awning-canvas, the tall masses of foliage have the air of shutting in the burning glare between straitened walls, as though it were some golden molten fluid. You might think that the whole heat of the universe was concentrated in the gut of that forest-bound reach of river. The steady forefoot of the bow ploughs its course up-stream, cleaving the way before it into a brace of waves, smoothly curving, glittering, and to all appearances stationary. Astern a long line of ripples, bubbles, and foam-flecks run into the invisible base of a slim triangle, as though seen in inverted perspective. Ahead the narrow strip of white hot river spreads away to the next bend, whence it seems to flow towards you from under a lowering wall of jungle. Each reach looks like a thing apart, utterly severed from the rest of the created world by those black walls of forest. Up-stream the

river flows from under them, as though it there had its beginning; down river its waters slip away below them, as into some vast abyss. It comes from nowhere, it vanishes into nothingness. It is a slim streak of water with the jungle hemming it in on all sides, and the burning daylight lashing down upon it relentlessly.

The little steamer is crowded to overflowing. On the low roof of the cabin and engine-room, in the narrow gangways, in the tiny galley aft, squat rows of burly Sikhs, khaki-clad, with turbans laid aside, and fringes of curly black beard trained carefully over the tops of their big ears. They look like ducks in a crate, and they jabber like a basketful of monkeys. One or two of them are fast asleep, in spite of the discomfort of their position, their mouths gaping in close proximity to their companions' feet, their discordant snores keeping time to the beating of the propeller. In the extreme bow stands a Malay lolling above the hand-wheel. He knows the shallow and difficult river like the palm of his own hand, can give you the name of every deserted reach, which, to the unaccustomed eye, looks the exact counterpart of its fellows, and only runs the launch ashore once where a less skilful pilot would spend most of his time aground. He chews betel-nut unceasingly, using his toes to guide the wheel when his hands are busy preparing the quid; and from time to time he discusses the news of the outbreak up-country with his

assistants languidly and dispassionately. To him it is only one more bore added to the little worries of life. He is a gambler when ashore, though even play cannot awaken in him anything approaching to enthusiasm, and all things else are to him a weariness of the flesh.

All day the launch ploughs along, grunting, throbbing, groaning, complaining. The Sikhs jabber discordantly; the Malays speak seldom and in low, musical voices; the white man sits with an open book upon his knee, his thoughts far from the printed page, searching the future. Officially these disturbances towards which he is hurrying are a nuisance; but none the less he is conscious of a pleasurable feeling of suppressed excitement. The trouble makes a break in the dead monotony of his days. It calls for energetic action, shrewd thinking, hard work for body and mind. It may be the making or the breaking of him individually. He feels it to be inspiring, full of possibilities, that golden thing for which so many better men than he go hungering all their lives—an opportunity.

At each halting-place where fresh stocks of firewood are taken on board, shreds of unreliable rumour reach the travellers. There has been fighting up-country, somewhere beyond this endless chain of isolated reaches, and distance helped by the "native telegraph" magnifies events. Each fresh item of news makes the white man more eager to get forward. The journey seems interminable.

He wonders how he will find the patience necessary for the endurance of three other days like that which is drawing to a close. When darkness falls the Malay coxswain creeps to his side and prays to be suffered to let go the anchor for the night. The river ahead is shallow, he says, the launch cannot fail to run aground many times before the dawn. If aught goes wrong will the *Tuan* hold him blameless? "Get on," grunts the white man. "If the river turneth traitor 'tis no fault of thine."

The little steamer ploughs onwards, burying its nose in the gloom. Two Malays take up positions one on each side of the steersman, leaning forward eagerly, their eyes peering into the darkness under knitted brows. Every now and again there comes from one or the other of them a murmur of warning or advice. The lamp hanging from the awning-stanchion in the bow casts a greasy light, cutting an irregular patch out of the blackness. The white man can see only this, with the dark figures of the Malays standing back from it prominently, the dim ribbon of sky overhead, and two bulging masses of deeper shadow which he knows to be the banks of jungle on either hand. The Sikhs are silent now; only the pulsing of the screw, the panting breath of the little craft, the swish and plash of the water, make themselves heard. The wood smoke from the funnel belches forth volumes of red sparks which wander off and are lost suddenly. Every soul

on board is waiting for the catastrophe, praying that the bow may chance upon something softer than its own copper-sheeting.

For an hour the silence and the suspense last. Then comes the shock, a groaning of sorely tried timbers, a long whispering swish, and a dull thud, followed by a sudden cessation of motion, a feeling of solidarity, as though the little craft had been welded into a continent. The stillness is broken by cries in many tongues. The Malays scream directions to the engine-room, the engineer swears in bastard Hindustani, the Sikhs jabber Punjaubi with the energy of demoniacs, a Tamil hospital-dresser bursts into a torrent of lamentation in his own language—the dialect which, it is popularly supposed, is the vernacular spoken in Hell. The engines tug impotently astern, but the steamer does not move, and presently, the white man leading, every one on board leaps over the side. Some of the Sikhs plunge from the stern into deep water, and are with difficulty saved from being washed down by the current. There is a mighty yelling and splashing; the escaping steam roars and rushes; the sparks fly upwards straight into the still air; the open doors of the furnace throw a red glare aft, a ruddy smudge upon the dense blackness of the night. Across this move hurrying figures dimly seen. After some minutes a voice hails from the shadows on the left. It is the coxswain, who has paddled away to seek for a deeper channel, and soon

all hands are busy tugging at the launch to get her off the sand-bank into deep water. Each fresh exertion calls for its own torrent of noise, which breaks up the stillness of the eternal forest with rude outbreaks of sound. The boat is fast aground, and she resists all efforts manfully for a time. Then, at last, she moves; sticks again obstinately; moves once more; glides smoothly off the shelving bank, and waddles helplessly down-stream broadside-on, into deep water. The crew and the passengers become in a moment a frantic mob, struggling, scrambling, tumbling, wrestling, getting in their own and their fellows' way, trying without purchase for their feet to climb the slippery sides. Some are ducked mercilessly as the vessel wallows, some are forced to swim for it, others leap aboard with the agility of cats. There is a vision seen indistinctly of dim figures in outlandish attitudes, of glistening wet limbs flung hither and thither in strange confusion. There is a noise of laughter, choking, coughing, gurgling yells for help, much splashing, and a babel of weird tongues.

Again the launch forges ahead, and silence settles heavily over the men on board. A dozen times during the long night the incident is repeated, the copper of the hull is peeled or burnished, the men have barely time in which to get dry before they are over the side again, pulling, pushing, tugging, shoving for the life. With the first breath of air that moves

before the dawn a raw cold sets brown arms hugging naked bodies, limbs shivering, teeth chattering. Speech has fallen away from these men like a cast garment. Even when fresh labour is demanded of them there is little noise. During the short intervals of rest they sit huddled together in a dejected crowd, pressing against one another for comfort and warmth, chilled, depressed, and utterly weary. The white man takes his full share of the toil, for he knows how much more work he can wring from his people while he endures with them. He is almost worn out. It is his second sleepless night, and the fierce heat of the day-time has robbed him of rest during his hours of idleness. His skin is puckered with cold and constant wettings; his eyes burn and ache, and he almost expects them to creak audibly, as upon rusty hinges, when he turns them in their sockets; but the place of strife is still far distant, and the maddening suspense goads him forward pitilessly.

The dawn comes up sallow and grey, with a cloak of mist, white as cotton-wool, hanging low above the river. All created things are blotted out. The travellers are pent within a narrow circle surrounded by those sheer walls of fog. Every now and again the man at the wheel throws up his head mechanically, as though he sought to look over the barrier in front of him. It is an attempt which he knows to be futile, but instinct and habit force him to make it again and

again. Beads of damp gather on the brasswork; the clothes of the men are dripping wet; the awning canvas is drenched and sags limply. The white man lies on the bunk in his cabin, with only his nose protruding above the red blanket. The heavy depression of the early morning hour is upon him; the enthusiasm and excitement, which have sustained him since the news of trouble arrived, wax faint within him; the prospects of failure which, quite illogically, now loom before him as certainties, become haunting spectres. His vitality is at its lowest ebb, and nothing less than some great emergency could wake him from the dreariness of his profound despondency. He feels himself to be the merest fly upon the wheel of Fate, whirled round impotent and unresisting, powerless to control or shape the events which will surely work his undoing. No longer does he know himself to be the mind which animates the brown body of his followers. He is the veriest plaything of the gods, yet all the while he is conscious of the heavy measure of his responsibilities for the welfare of his people and for that of the State he serves.

The picture fades, and another takes its place. The launch is still labouring up-stream, with the same freight of tired human beings. It is early morning again a few days later, and the mist is only partially dispelled by the first watery rays of sunshine peepingslantways through the tree-tops on the river's

eastern bank. News of battle has come aboard at each halting-place—rumour of a Sikh stockade surprised before the dawn, of violent deaths borne swiftly to sleeping men, of disaster, of failure, of fear, an ever-thickening cloud of inchoate report.

Suddenly the man at the wheel cries that there is a strange object afloat a hundred yards ahead. The white man runs up from the cabin, the Malays hang out over the side, with one foot on the bulwarks and one hand clutching the stanchions of the awning. The Sikhs press and crowd, jabbering eagerly, climbing upon one another's shoulders to catch a glimpse of the wallowing thing. As it approaches leisurely it is seen to be the body of a man, revolving slowly, first one way then the other, borne onward by the current. The head and feet are submerged; but the brown back is visible, floating high above the water, for the thing has been dead for many hours. The word spreads among the Sikhs that it is the corpse of one of their caste-mates who has been killed up-country, and four men leap overboard and swim to meet it. The engines are stopped, and the launch drifts helplessly. The dead thing sidles away from the swimmers when they touch it, as though resenting their interference, and they have much ado to make fast a rope about its girth. Then they rejoin their fellows, hawking, spitting, and coughing. The Sikhs will not suffer any man save themselves to touch the rope to which is made fast the

body of their comrade ; but they haul in furiously, and the dead thing bobs and ducks, flinging its limbs abroad in a horrible travesty of life, as though gesticulating in protest. The slack of the rope falls this way and that among the labouring Sikhs ; a widening eddy of disturbed water rings the corpse about. After one last dive, which carries it almost under the keel, it comes to the surface, and is dragged up the side, hanging in a limp bow with head and toes in contact. Every Sikh within reach seizes it with his hands to lift it on board. A horrible odour sickens the air.

Then arises a shrill hubbub, an indescribable clashing of angry falsetto voices, a torrent of oaths and curses, foul epithets, guttural execrations. The body is that of a Malay, and its touch is pollution to the Sikhs. They are spitting as one man, rubbing their bodies with cloths, trying to tear the besmirched skin from the palms of their hands, screaming their anger, their horror, their disgust. One of their number smites the corpse in the face ere it tumbles helplessly back into the water. Its eyes are protruding, its mouth is open, as though propounding some vital question. Its face is disfigured here and there by the nibbling of little fish. A circular stain of a dull purple colour near the heart marks where a bullet has passed. The white man gazes at it with a dreadful fascination. It is to him the thing seen, ever mightier than the thing heard—the first man killed in action, the first of

many. That dumb mouth brings its sure message ; those dim eyes have looked into the face of death ; floundering grotesquely in the wake, it is none the less an awful witness of war, a terrible prophet of the things that are to be.

The Malays are delighted at the incident. They reel about in the cramped space forward, slapping their thighs and one another's backs, stamping their feet, roaring with laughter. The dead man is not known to them, and as they are not professional holy-men, they are in nowise concerned to secure for him a proper burial according to the rites of the Muhammadans. The distress of the Sikhs, added to the little tinge of horror connected with the affair, appeals to their sense of the ludicrous.

Again the picture fades and disappears. Again another rises from out the mists of memory.

A white man sits scanning a filthy note which has just been handed to him by a Malay runner :—

“Have arrived here with column. Impossible to get across to you without risking engagement, which would be premature. Can you make your way to us? It is most important that I should have the benefit of your advice and local knowledge.”

The note bears date three days earlier, and was written from a place on the borders of the State, forty miles distant from the isolated post which the white man and his com-

rades have been holding for the past three months. He has with him a European doctor and a police-officer. His garrison is composed of a handful of Sikhs and a few scared Malay constables,—the former calm, obedient, invaluable as sentries; the latter drawn from the scum of Singapore and Malacca, utterly useless, seeking only for a safe means of escape from a position which in no way appeals to them. The stockade is a big one, surrounding three large buildings, and until the white men set to work to strengthen it against attack, it was aptly described by their chief as one you could spit through. But the hostile Malays outside are chary of assaulting any fortified place where men are for ever on the alert, and so long as the defenders remain within their walls they know themselves to be safe. Beyond the stockade fence there lie hundreds of square miles of forest, cut across and across by narrow rivers of varying size, on the banks of which native villages are sparsely scattered. In the white man's head there is a chart of this country, with its winding streams, its threads of footpath, its hills, its passes, its villages, hostile or friendly. But there is no survey, no printed map in existence, and it is impossible for him to convey his knowledge to others with accuracy by means of written description or a rude sketch. Therefore he is needed to act as the eye of the column of advancing police which now lies on the border awaiting his coming.

From the first there is no doubt in his mind as to the necessity that calls him to the aid of the little force. The only question is the manner in which he can best cross the dangerous zone of hostile country without losing his life in the process, and this is a matter for anxious thought. The men in the stockade are few enough already, and he cannot reduce their number by taking an escort with him. Also, he knows that his best chance of safety lies in the swiftness of his movements, and that the pace of a body of men is that of the most halting of its members. An hour is occupied in making the necessary arrangements with the police-officer who is to be left in command, in snatching a hasty meal, and in rolling up a small bundle of kit. By this time night has fallen, and the white man slips out of the stockade into the black darkness with a couple of Malays at his heels.

He makes his way, falteringly at first, for his eyes are not yet accustomed to the gloom, to the point whence a little six-foot bridle-track leads into the forest. It is the only made road in the district, and if followed to its end it will take the white man to the place where the column is now lying forty miles away. As he settles down into a long swinging stride, he calculates that he cannot hope to get through in less than twelve hours, that it is now seven o'clock in the evening, and that dawn will find him still upon the track. He has been feeling unwell all day, and after his long confinement in the stock-

ade his condition is not quite up to its usual standard. None the less, he has little anxiety as to his ability to do the tramp, if only he can elude the vigilance of his enemies. The knowledge that this is certainly not more than an even chance inspires him. It adds an element of excitement to the dull exercise; makes the march an enterprise full of vivid interest—an adventure, a romance. Young blood is pulsing in his veins; the spring, the energy of youth, are in his movements. Looked at through his boyish eyes the risk is a precious thing,—he would not part with it for anything on earth.

Mile after mile he trudges along with his brown comrades behind him, one carrying his magazine-rifle, the other with a small bundle slung upon his back. They are silent, dogged, persistent, drawing their breath evenly, walking well within themselves.

At the end of the first seven miles they reach a point where the bridle-track ceases on the brink of a river. On the opposite bank it is visible, in the light of the moon, which has now risen, running in a white streak up from the river's brink, and falling headlong into thick jungle. If followed farther it leads, it is true, to the camp for which the white man is bound; but for nearly twenty miles it passes through the heart of the most hostile villages in the district. When he started it had been the white man's intention to run the gauntlet, trusting to the Malays' respect for their unbroken rest at night to carry

him safely past all dangers before the coming of the dawn. A second path is open to him, a native foot-track which leads up the left bank of the river, crosses it fifteen miles higher, and rejoins the bridle-road some miles beyond the hostile kampongs. His Malay companions now plead with him to follow this longer but safer route, and at length he reluctantly agrees. During the past two hours he has been conscious of a growing sense of illness, and this, perhaps, makes him less stubborn than is his wont. He turns off the bridle-track and enters the forest on his right. The path leads up and down a succession of low hills, after the manner of a switchback, and each ascent tries him more than the last. His head begins to ache and sing, his limbs pain him at every movement, he can hardly kick his feet before him. He owns to himself with an acute surprise that he is faint and sick, that there is something strangely wrong with him, but still he struggles forward doggedly.

At midnight he confesses himself beaten. He halts for the first time since he changed his route, seats himself upon a log with his head in his hands, and growls to his Malays that he can go no farther. At the foot of the hill on which they sit a spark of light shows fitfully in the centre of a small clearing. Towards this the little party makes its way, the white man stumbling painfully, exhausted and incapable of further effort, now that he has once given in. He finds a tiny hut perched upon high stilts in

the centre of a crop of standing rice, and into this he and his two Malays crawl for shelter. The squalid place is crammed with human beings, men and women, and one of their number says that they are all suffering from influenza. He does not call it by that name, and indeed the epidemic is popularly supposed by the Malays to be due to the magic of the white men, who have sent their devils forth to work ravages amongst their enemies; but his meaning is clear, and his visitor begins to understand what is the cause of his own swimming eyes and aching limbs. He lies down as best he can upon the uneven flooring of green boughs. The sick folk around him hem him in on all sides. He is feeling miserably ill, and the position in which he finds himself is not encouraging. The stockade lies fifteen miles in his rear; the camp for which he is bound is twice that distance ahead; to remain where he is even for a day will mean certain death; even to trust to the good faith of villagers who are nominally friendly is very risky; also, the night has been wasted, and he can no longer hope to seek shelter under the cloak of darkness. Again youth comes to his aid. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, he feels. The morrow shall decide. For the present he is only concerned to rest, so he shuffles down to sleep, in spite of the uneasy movements of his bedfellows, and the dawn finds him able to continue his march.

It is nearly noon when he comes out of the forest on to a

smiling plain. In the distance blue mountains rise, a faint undulating line against the sky. At their feet is a sea of forest almost black in colour, extending to the edge of the cropland. Through the heart of the valley wanders a river, blue as steel, dotted with yellow sand-banks, glinting blindingly in places where the sunlight smites it. Its banks are fringed by groves of tall cocoanut-trees, with dusty thatched roofs showing indistinctly below the drooping fronds. Behind them spread broad sheets of standing rice, of a greenness which seems too vivid for Nature, and in the near foreground half-a-dozen gigantic blocks of granite hunch their grey shoulders above the crops. It is with the aid of these rocks that the white man and his two Malays make their way unseen to the edge of the nearest village. For aught they know to the contrary, word may have been brought that they are on the road, and their enemies may be lying in wait for them.

From behind the last boulder the white man looks out cautiously. The village sleeps peacefully beneath its shade of palm-fronds. No soul is stirring: only the brown fowls pick and scratch and wallow in the dust, a few lean goats browse indolently, a cur barks and scuttles under one of the houses with its tail pressed tightly between its legs. The white man comes out from behind his shelter and walks into the village, climbing the clumsy stile, and wading through the rank grass. He makes his way

to the house which belongs to the chief, and, as he reaches the trodden space which lies between its front and the river, a shrill clamour breaks out, and a mob of excited men and women tumble through the doorway and down the rickety ladder, whooping and yelling, beating drums and gongs, clashing metal pots together, while a band of little boys and girls run hither and thither under their elders' feet, shrieking discordantly. For a moment the white man's hand flies to the stock of his pistol, and his face is tense. Then he relaxes his grip shamefacedly. This excited crowd has no thought of him.

"What thing is afoot?" he asks a man who is capering near him, banging a rice-pot with the back of a wood-knife.

The man stops dancing, and turns to him in surprise. "It is the *Túan!*" he says aloud, apparently for his own information. "A man-child has been this instant born to thy old servant our chief; and since the Spirits of Ill were envious, seeking to withhold from him the breath of life, we make clamour to drive them far from this dwelling, so that the child may live."

A woman emerges from the dark interior of the hut and stands outlined in the black doorway. "It is enough!" she cries. "Be still!" And at the word a silence falls upon the mob of noisy folk—a silence broken only by a plaintive reedy cry from within the hut, the whimper of the new-born child.

The white man goes up the ladder-way, stoops low to pass under the lintel, and seats himself upon a mat in the common-room. The chief squats before him, and the villagers group themselves around them in an irregular circle. The old chief is as stolid as though no event of any consequence had recently occurred; and well he may be, for the new arrival has some twenty elder brothers and sisters whose various mothers are scattered broadcast up and down the valley. The white man offers his congratulations, and the chief begs him to give a name to the boy.

"It were fitting, *Túan,*" he says, "since at thy coming he first drew breath."

"Call him Prang (War)," says the white man; "for, behold, he was born in a season of strife," and Prang the child is named from that day forward.

An energetic fowl is chased up and down the kampong, running with muscular legs, and screaming lustily. When caught, it is killed according to the rites of the Muhammadans, is roasted in the cleft of a split stick, and the white man and his followers devour it with a few handfuls of boiled rice.

While the rude meal is being prepared, the white man talks to the chief and his people, seeking to learn from them how the land lies.

"This valley hath no cause for strife with the white folk," says the chief. "But Mat Kilau in Bûdu hath sworn to kill and spare not. One of his war-parties is even now harrying

the road which leads from over the mountains whence the armed men come into the land. Another, so folk say, is lying in wait for thee at the junction of the two tracks. It were well for thee to return to thy stockade. We of these villages can do nought against the Bûdu men, since we lack arms, else I would surely accompany thee through the dangerous district."

The white man knows that the chief desires only to lead a quiet life, with many wives, uninjured property, and the prosperous arrival of his constantly occurring children; that this talk of active aid would be used alike to him or to his enemies, whichever chanced for the moment to be the nearer; that from him tolerance is the only thing to be expected. The news of an armed party awaiting his coming stirs in him a fresh excitement, nerves him for another effort. He never so much as considers the possibility of turning back.

His scanty meal finished, he resumes his march. The heat is sweltering, and in this cultivated valley there are few trees to afford protection. He and his fellows are drenched with perspiration as they trudge forward at a steady three miles an hour. Their way leads up the bank of the river, across which they are ferried after a two hours' march. At each village fresh rumours reach them of the waiting enemy ahead.

On reaching the right bank of the river the white man again makes his way into the forest, following the banks of a

stream running towards him almost at right angles to his former course. The jungle shuts down around him thick, silent, gloomy. The deadened patter and whisper of his own boots and his men's bare feet upon the carpet of decaying leaves is the only sound. After the dazzling glare without, the dim shade of the forest well-nigh blinds him. The melancholy hush gets upon his nerves. It seems as though Nature were holding her breath, anxiously awaiting a catastrophe. The dark tree-trunks on either hand are like a crowd of mourners standing aside to let him by, silent, veiled, and awful. Ahead, nearer at each step he takes, sits Death. He is goaded forward by the restless irritation of suspense.

A column of daylight, blindingly white, shows through the branches in front of him. He is nearing the end of the forest; open country, with jungle hemming it on either flank, extends before him for nearly ten miles. Again he passes through scattered villages; the rumour of the waiting enemy gathers volume at every step. Half a mile from the cross-roads where the ambush is laid, the white man and his Malays creep across a bog and slink into the jungle. By this means they hope to catch a glimpse of their adversaries, while lying themselves concealed. At the cross-roads they will have no choice but to come out into the open; but if they cannot dislodge their enemies, they can at least wait till night-fall, and try to steal past unobserved.

It is heart-breaking work creeping through the tangled underwood parallel to the track. On the left, seen in fitful flashes, is the open valley, with the footpath showing like a brown thread winding through its centre. On the right is forest untouched by the hand of man. In front and on all sides is a maze of twining green things, thorns, creepers, sturdy bushes, the trunks of vast trees. The forest arrests the intruders with countless persistent hands. The thorns rip their clothing, the tendrils and creepers bind themselves about their limbs, the boughs of shrubs force them on to their hands and knees, the roots trip and throw them. It is nearly two hours, hours spent in desperate but cautious effort, before the short half mile has been traversed, and the white man peeps above the bushes at the place of the crossing roads. Down a hill in front of him comes the end of the six-foot bridle-track, the beginning of which he had quitted on the previous evening; the footpath joins it at his feet; then they melt into one, and run away into the distance through a wide valley set here and there with sparse groves of palm-trees. The place is empty of all signs of life.

"There is not any man," says the European to his followers. "Come, let us go down on to the road."

The Malay nearest to him lays a detaining hand upon his arm. "Have patience, *Tuan*," he says. "Perchance they are lying concealed in the underwood, even as we are. Re-

member the saying of the men of old, 'Be economical before thy substance is wasted; have a care before thou art smitten.' To repent too late, 'tis to repent too long."

The white man lies down under the shrubs and lights a cigarette. The afternoon is waning, and the forest is humming with song of bird and ape and insect. The soft sunlight is kissing the earth a tender good night. The valley spread before him is filled with a great peace. With such a sight before his eyes it is impossible for him to believe that any danger is near at hand. After five minutes he leaps impulsively to his feet, and steps out of cover. His men linger behind; but as they see him stride down the bank towards the road unmolested, they gain confidence and fall in behind him. With the made bridle-path once more under his feet, a delightful contrast to the villainous jungle-track which he has followed for so many miles, the white man forces the pace, and his Malays pant and lag in his wake. Soon they are half a mile behind, and when he turns a sharp corner and runs violently against an armed native, he is alone. The man leaps clear, and his hand goes to his dagger-hilt; then, as he catches a full view of the white man, his eyes bulge, and he turns grey under his brown skin. He mumbles all the pious words he can remember, and backs into the jungle on the edge of the road. The white man stares at him and laughs. It is Jëlâyang, a foreign Malay

who is chiefly remarkable because he has only a red-rimmed hole, like a gunshot wound, where his nose should be, and the white man knows that he is a scout in the employ of the Government.

"What ails thee, Jělâyang?" he asks.

The native expels his breath in a half-hissing, half-whistling manner through his teeth. "Then it is in truth the *Túan!*" he ejaculates.

"What else didst thou look for?"

"*Ya, Allah!* Thy servant took thee for a wraith! A runner hath but just now arrived bearing tidings that the chief of Sěgâ slew thee at mid-day. Mat Kilau sent the word to those of his men who were awaiting thy coming at the cross-roads, and he bade them return to Bûdu, there to eat of the meat of the buffalo which he hath killed in honour of thy death!"

"Then the villagers did not lie," says the white man. The news comes to him as a relief. Since he passed the cross-roads he has been conscious of a feeling of humiliation. His nerves have been strung to a pitch of intensity all through the day, and the absence of all reason for fear has made his precautions appear ridiculous. What for so many hours he has regarded as an adventure has been turned in a moment into a hopeless piece of bathos. He needs the knowledge that he has to thank the merest chance for bringing him scathless through the enemy's country to restore his self-respect.

Jělâyang falls in behind him,

and together they walk rapidly in the direction of the camp. At dusk they reach it, and the white man is greeted noisily by a host of his race-mates, who assail him with countless questions. They have lost several men in passing over the mountains, but have seen nothing of their enemies save the smoke hanging low against the greenery, have heard only the shrill war-yells. To them the Malays against whom they are fighting are mysterious beings, wholly unlike the natives around them, with whom they have been familiar for years. A foe that deals death without showing itself always impresses the imagination of those who contend against it. It ceases to be a body of men; it is a devilish force, endowed with diabolical powers, diabolical cunning; it is a thing illusive, baffling, fear-inspiring, even to the bravest.

"How in the world did you get through?" they ask the white man.

"Oh, I got through all right," replies the white man. "I left the stockade yesterday evening, and there wasn't a soul upon the road. It was as easy as falling off a log." And he feels that that is all there is to be said about what, at the outset, he had thought to be an adventure!

Once more as I gaze at the kaleidoscope of my memory the picture splits up suddenly, its fragments falling this way and that, the little pieces of light and colour shuffling together in complete confusion, dropping into their places after a moment

to form a new scene. Again and again these changes are wrought, showing me things slight and insignificant, things ugly, things humorous, till at last there arises something more striking than its predecessors, and I keep it before me while I essay to copy it.

A column of armed police is camping at sundown in a tiny hollow. There are a hundred bearded Sikhs, a small band of Malay scouts, four European officers, and the white man who is the political agent—the eyes and ears of the force. The hollow is a grassy place on the banks of a stream which runs down a long and narrow valley, hemmed in by forest. In the evening light a few scattered Malay villages can be seen peeping through groves of cocoanuts; bright green strips of grazing-ground and rice-swamp lie on either hand; overhead the low clouds are dull grey in colour. The Sikhs squat in little clusters eating their cooked rations; the Malays and the Chinese coolies who are carrying the baggage are busy boiling their rice over a score of fires. Pickets of Sikhs surround the camp, guarding it at a little distance.

The meal eaten, the men stretch themselves to rest upon the ground, using their rolled-up blankets as pillows. They are ordered to rest while they may, for it is the intention of their commanders to make a night-march—a thing to which the strategy of the Malays is little used—with a view to nonplussing the enemy.

With the darkness the rain

begins to fall, gently at first in a penetrating drizzle, then with the relentless energy of the tropical downpour. The men creep under their blankets and curse their luck in half-a-dozen different dialects. The political agent bids one of the officers lie back to back with him for the sake of warmth, and pulls his own and his friend's blanket over both of them. This gives a double protection against the rain, and the atmosphere under the coverlets is soon hot and muggy. By the aid of a strong imagination it is even possible to think that the position is comfortable. Now and again a little wandering stream of cold water finds its way through the blankets, and trickles down the back of the agent's neck. The threshing of the rain beats a tattoo overhead. Sleep comes fitfully, sleep that is three parts nightmare, sleep that is rudely broken by fresh rivulets of water finding their way into inconvenient places, that comes again, then vanishes suddenly, leaving the agent very wide awake, with a cold rawness in his bones, and an insufferable sense of discomfort. With difficulty he lights a match beneath the blanket and looks at his watch. It is barely midnight. He crawls out, and the puddles which have formed on the surface of the double coverlet empty themselves upon him in a single douche. The little river is babbling angrily in its bed; the night is intensely dark; overhead the sky reveals no rift; the rain comes

down in a solid sheet as though some sea in the sky had of a sudden been tapped.

The political officer stumbles over the bodies of sprawling men, and makes his way to the commander of the force. He finds him lying under his blanket cursing softly to himself, and bemoaning the sufferings of his men.

"It's no good stopping here any longer," says the political officer. "You'll have all your fellows down with fever and ague before the dawn if you don't get them moving."

The commander sits up and looks about him, a forlorn figure seen in dim outline. "There ought to be a moon," he says resentfully, as though the missing luminary had been stolen from him by a pick-pocket.

"It's no good crying for the moon," says the other grimly. The weather is not calculated to improve men's tempers.

"But can we see to march?" asks the commander.

"Yes, I think we can," replies the agent. "Anyhow, anything is better than lying out here in the rain, and every little creek in the district will be in spate in a few hours. Listen to the river!"

Through the gloom comes the angry murmur of the waters, sounding like the mutter of a distant crowd. The commander drags himself up and gives the necessary instructions. In twenty minutes the column has formed up in marching order. The political officer, with three of his Malay scouts, leads the way. Behind him come sixty

Sikhs in single file. A 7-pounder gun on a light carriage follows. The bowed figures of the Chinese coolies stream away into the darkness, and a second body of Sikhs brings up the rear. The force crosses the river without mishap—nothing can make the men wetter than they are already—and their leader follows a narrow track that runs down the valley. The rain continues to fall pitilessly; every hollow through which the path passes is a pool of water, in which the men wade and wallow blindly. The political officer can hear the tramp of heavy feet on the sodden earth behind him, the creak of sword-belts, the jingle of accoutrements, the steady beat of the rain, the splashing of men through water, and an occasional involuntary ejaculation at some new misfortune or surprise. For the rest, the column is silent, and the Englishman who is guiding it finds it hard to tell whether the men are straggling widely or keeping together as they ought to do.

An hour passes, and the rain falls less heavily. The moon, albeit still obscured by clouds, gives out a watery light. To eyes already accustomed to the gloom it seems in comparison as clear as daylight. At the edge of some broken country the political agent halts. Looking backwards, he can see the line of the path showing through the low rhododendron scrub in detached fragments. At all points it is covered with men stumbling onwards in knots of three or four, all walking in

single file. Here and there they are glimpsed between the shrubs: sometimes only their heads are visible, again they are swallowed up by the under-wood. Over the brow of a low hill they straggle in fresh detachments; then the stream of men ceases; then a single Chinese coolie is outlined against the sky-line; then there is another long gap.

"The column is all over the place," says the political officer to himself. "Do not suffer any man to go forward until I return to thee," he adds to one of his Malays, and then pushes his way back through the Sikhs to the rear of the column. He finds the gun coated thickly with mire, with one wheel of its carriage cocked in the air, and the other deep sunken in a pool of mud. The gunners are straining at it lustily, and it resists their efforts with a sulky obstinacy. The Chinese coolies, damp and depressed, with their wet pigtailed in draggled knots, straggle down the road in an irregular line, covering more than half a mile. The Sikhs and the European officer who are shepherding the rear are working hard to hurry their charges forward. At last the column forms up again, the gun is taken to pieces and carried on the shoulders of the gunners, and the march is resumed.

Through the dense scrub, over uneven ground, up small hills, down into the soaking valleys the column crawls, halting now and again to re-form — slipping, sliding, splashing through mud and water, crush-

ing past bushes and trees, through drenching wastes of grass, plodding doggedly forward. Two hours before the dawn the political officer calls a halt once more. The broad stream of the Dong, swollen by the rain, stretches before him. He is on the brink of the usual ford; but the waters are angry, and the place is obviously impassable. He searches his memory for some other ford, and at last remembers several years before having crossed the river in flood-time at a point half a mile farther down-stream. Can he find that place after this lapse of time, and in the dark? He wonders; but the column must be across the stream before the day breaks or the game is lost. He asks the commander to keep his men where they are while he goes forward to explore.

He slips into the darkness and is swallowed up by it, a couple of his Malays at his heels. Painfully he makes his way through the thick scrub which fringes the left bank of the stream. The rank bushes rise high above his head; on his right hand the river growls and roars in angry spate; on its far side, a mile distant across the grazing-grounds, the rebel village which is the objective of the column is visible, a huddle of cocoanut-tops outlined against the sky. For all the white man knows the ford may be guarded by the enemy; but the dislike which all Malays have for a drenching makes him think that this is improbable. In any case there will be a gay little fight if only the force can get

across the river. He is in a tingle of expectation and hope, and the reaches of black water which sing their song of defiance in the gloom fret his nerves with impatience and suspense. Narrowly he watches the stream, seeking to recognise the point he only remembers vaguely, a place seen long ago, observed carelessly as a thing of slight importance, the discovery of which now means success wrenched from the jaws of a failure,—a failure which would make all the suffering and the labour farcical, the night-march, for which he alone is responsible, a dismal ineptitude. Suddenly he gives a grunt of satisfaction. He has found the place for which he is seeking. Will it prove to be passable? The bare uncertainty is maddening.

At a point where the river takes a bold sweep to the left the bank runs out in a shelving sand-spit, now more than half submerged. Down this slope he walks and wades into the water. It is cold as ice, for the rain has fallen heavily in the neighbouring mountains, and as it rises from knees to waist, from waist to the centre of his chest, he gasps loudly. The current is tugging at him with mighty hands; his feet, ground into the shingle of the bed, are strangely buoyant, and with difficulty are kept in place; he is forced to shoulder the waters with all his might, like a man thrusting his way through a dense throng. More than once he is nearly washed away by the current, down the river into the impenetrable darkness,

which is shadowed by the jungle on the banks. He fights for his life to maintain his footing, for, strong swimmer though he be, the river in spate would bear him a mile or so into the enemy's country before he could win to the shore, and that would mean the certainty of an ugly death. He is personally known to every rebel in the land. It is their conviction that it is he who is warring with them. Oriental-like, they do not recognise the hand of the British Government. The man they know is their enemy. A price is set upon his head. The river seems to be in league with the rebels, to be fighting hard in the cause of those who have come and gone upon its banks for countless generations. The white man is sore spent when at last he reaches the shallows. He stands there shivering, a forlorn figure dripping with water, palsied with cold, gathering his strength for the return journey. It is the raw hour before the dawn, when vitality is ever at its lowest ebb. The vast darkness of the night is around him: a sense of his utter loneliness strikes him suddenly; a full knowledge of his insignificance, of the paltry nature of the miniature war in which he is engaged, a momentary lack of faith in the mission of the white races to interfere with the impossible practices of their brown kindred shake him as he stands there, making him miserable and melancholy. It is the faith that is in them which keeps the white folk moving on their painful paths in Asia. Take

this from them but for an instant, and they are children crying in the dark. The full weight of the burden is pressing on them sorely; the hopes for the realisation of which they strive, the hopes which nerve them to endure, vanish. Giant Despair holds them in his iron grip.

The Englishman turns about and wades once more into the current. In a moment he is fighting for his life with the furious river. The struggle wakes his powers anew. He is no longer the despondent thinker of a few minutes ago; he is now a man of action, with something to fight with and overcome. As he flounders out of the shallows and rejoins his Malays he has no thought but for the work which lies before him. "*Táhan!*" (It will do!) he pants, and with the dawn-wind breathing chilly on his drenched clothing, he trots back to the waiting column.

The men have formed up in close order during his short absence, and he guides them to the ford in a compact body. Then twenty burly Sikhs strip to the buff, and, joining hands, wade into mid-stream. Some of them lose their foothold and flounder under water, to be pulled up by their fellows coughing and spitting; but no one is washed away, and presently a chain of men extends from bank to bank, forming a breakwater against which the spate charges impotently, roaring and chafing. Above this barrier a body of armed Sikhs cross to the farther side, there to guard the passage of the

column from the possibility of attack. Arms and ammunition are passed across, and next the frightened Chinese coolies, spluttering, protesting, jabbering, with their loads on their heads, and their legs swaying this way and that with the tug of the current, are bundled across amid the laughter of the Sikhs and Malays. Last of all comes the gun, remounted now upon its carriage, which is dragged through the river, running along its bed, with a wave of broken water to mark its passage, and a dozen gunners floundering ahead of it.

"All across before the dawn, and not a load or a man lost!" says the commander through teeth which chatter with cold. "I call that a real good business!"

"Yes," says the political officer. "And now we'll make these beggars sit up!"

The coolies and their loads are left with a small baggage-guard in a clump of jungle. The rest of the force, about eighty strong, splits up into three parties, the centre, with the gun, taking up a position about a hundred yards from the village, the others wheeling off to right and left to outflank the enemy and get as far to the rear of the place as may be possible. A faint tinge of greyish yellow is visible in the east, showing amid lowering masses of purple cloud. The dawn is beginning to break. From the scrub in which the men are posted in the front of the attack the village can be seen distinctly,

the thatched roofs within the stockade running in long ridges at right angles to the trunks of the clustering palm-trees. The cocks are crowing loudly; a few sleepy fowls fly down from their perches with a faint rustling of feathers; dogs whine dismally; the door of a house opens, and a figure appears huddled to the chin in a bed-cloth, looking dreamily forth at the coming day. From a hut near at hand rises the sound of Muhammadan prayer chanted by a single voice in shrill falsetto. Then another door is hitched aside, and a woman, bearing a baby on her arm and a cluster of empty gourds in her other hand, climbs painfully down the steep stair-ladder. Two or three naked brats follow her, scrambling earthwards in grotesque attitudes.

At the sight the political officer swears aloud. "The place is crammed with women and children," he says to the commander of the force.

"Will the beggars give in if we call upon them to surrender?" asks the latter.

"Not they. They'll bolt like rabbits if they find they are in too tight a place, and with all this thick jungle so close we shan't really knock them if they don't stand up to us."

The commander swears in his turn. "Then what shall I do?" he asks.

The political officer knits his forehead into anxious puckers. Theoretically he holds the opinion that it is a mistake to introduce civilised practices, which the enemy can neither

be expected to understand nor appreciate, into warfare waged with a semi-barbarous people; but theory and the real thing are ever far apart. One of the little naked creatures whimpers plaintively as it runs behind its mother, and its cry is borne to the agent on the still air of the morning. The word lies with him. The success of the little expedition may depend upon the attack being a complete surprise; but he knows that besides the women and children there are many in the rebel village who have no quarrel with the Government, who are merely following their chiefs from sheer force of habit, and who, even if they run away from the white men at first, will readily come in if once the chiefs are put to flight. For the sake of these innocent men and women is it not worth sacrificing a momentary success; will not the more merciful course, even though it mean a blow to personal ambition, prove in the end the better for the State he serves? Again the whimper of the child comes to him, mingled with the soft tones of the mother's voice. He turns to the commander with something like a groan. "It may be all wrong," he says, "but I must give them a chance of coming in."

The noseless scout Jêlâyang is at his side, and he bids him go to the village. He tears a leaf from his pocket-book and scribbles a few lines in sprawling Arabic characters from right to left.

"Give this to the chief," he says, "and tell him from me

that he is in the hollow of our hands. That he is surrounded on all sides by the Government's folk; that we have guns, rice-pots of fire (shells), and fiery blow-pipes (rocket-tubes). If he will bow his head, he and all his people shall be pardoned. If he be obstinate, we will smite the village, and bid him make ready his breast against our attack. Go speedily, and bid him send me an answer in no longer a time than it takes to chew a quid of betel-nut."

Jêlâyang steps out of cover and strolls towards the village. The people are all afoot now, making their way down to the stream for the morning ablutions which they never omit, and a cluster of elders swaddled in clothes against the cold meets the scout at the gateway of the stockade. The white men squat on the ground smoking placidly, awaiting the return of their messenger.

Presently the ugly face of Jêlâyang peeps through the brushwood. He squats deliberately before the white man, and a question is needed before he can be induced to speak. The calmness of Malays on such occasions is always irritating in its completeness.

"What does he say?" queries the white man.

"He says, *Tûan*, that he is afraid," replies the scout. The frank manner in which Malays lay claim to a total absence of courage without extenuation or apology is often bewildering.

"Does he say nothing more?"

"No, *Tûan*, nothing more, only that he is afraid that perchance the white folk will

trap him. Therefore, being afraid, he will have no dealings with white people."

The white man leaps to his feet. "He won't come in," he cries almost exultingly. "I have done all I can, and now the show is in your hands. Kill and spare not!"

Sharp words of command ring out. The gun is run into position nose forward, and a shell sings loudly on its way to the stockade. It bursts in the roof of a house, and a yell of defiance comes back in a thready cheer from the Malays in the village, mingled with the cries of women and little children. From twenty points in the line of the stockade little puffs of smoke leap out fiercely, and the bullets sing and whistle overhead. Some peck up the ground in front; others make splashes in the rice-swamps a couple of hundred yards to the rear. A rocket-tube is run out, and the dart from the "fiery blow-pipe" rushes forward hissing and screaming like a flying dragon of ancient story. A house bursts into flames. The gun drops shell after shell into the stockade, the bugle sounds the charge, and with a bass roar the Sikhs rush out of cover and tear across the swampy open which divides them from the village. Some few of their number get hopelessly bogged; others flounder along unchecked by the knee-deep mire; the white men lead, pistol in hand, roaring like their men. It is a moment worth living for. The rapid run forward, the sweep down the hill, through the swamps, up

the grass to the stockade, every stride taking them nearer to the enemy. As the line approaches the fire of the Malays slackens. "D—n it all, they're bolting already!" yells the political officer as he flounders forward. The stockade is reached, pulled apart, hacked down, passed over as though it did not exist, and the place is empty! A few mangled bodies lie here and there sprawling grotesquely, yet looking impossibly small; a house is blazing with a roar of scarlet flames, and later charred bones are found among the ashes; the doors at the rear of the stockade are thrown wide; a few stray shots sound from the heavy jungle behind the village, showing that the flanking parties are trying vainly to shoot down the fugitives; but the place itself is empty save for fowls and dogs, and the victory in a moment is felt to be farcical, absurd.

Presently the flanking parties come in and make their reports. The jungle was too thick for much good to be done; a few runaways had been captured, some others have been shot; but the chief and most of his people have got away unharmed.

"We've put the fear of death into them," says the political officer, "and that is about all," and his companions have nothing to add to this curt statement of fact.

The next few days are spent in burning miles of villages; in impounding flocks of cattle; in writing the anger of the Government plainly on the place, so that even an illiterate

people may read it clearly. Meanwhile the political agent and his scouts are busy—they in hunting out the refugees and their families, he in accepting the submission of the minor chiefs, fixing fines, appointing new headmen, busily building up anew all that he has been at such pains to demolish.

As he lies on his mat at the end of a long day smoking and thinking, he is weary unto death. "Could anything have been more inglorious?" he asks the commander. "A few poor beggars killed, one or two with ugly wounds which will make them go halting all their days, a few insignificant natives punished, and the real culprits suffered to escape with nothing worse than a fright. It seems to me that this thicket-thumping business is now going to begin in real earnest. They will never stand up to us again in stockades, and we shall have to do all our fighting in dense jungle. And it will always be miserable, heart-breaking, squalid, ineffective. A few dead to bury, a few wounded to patch, an enemy that you can't see, that bolts before you can get a fair slap at him, lots of hardship, plenty of blame, not an atom of kudos, and the best you can look for, a quick death and a clean one! I tell you the game is played out. It does not do to think about it."

"Buck up," says the commander. "I daresay it will pan out all right in the end."

"Yes, if there be an end," replies the political officer grimly.

The commander eyes him

queerly. "What's the matter with you?" he asks. "You aren't a bit like yourself."

"There you're wrong. It is because I am like myself that I feel all this. When there's work to do, while there is something to interest or excite me, I am as right as a trivet. It is when I lie off and think, when I forecast the future, when I see all the miserable business that is still before us, that I squirm. Don't think that I'm funking it. When the thing has to be put through I shall manage it somehow. But it will be a weary while before we've finished. And, Lord help them! think of all the suffering that will be exacted before the end—the righteous end, mind you—is attained. I tell you that it makes me sick. As I said before, it won't bear thinking about."

He speaks truly. A man to go bush-whacking with a light heart should have no insight, no sympathy, no imagination. The political agent has all three. Also he loves the folk against whom he is warring,—loves them, has served them in the past, will labour to redeem them in the future. To him their sufferings, brought upon them by their own folly, their own ill-doing, are things very real. It is his duty to increase the heavy measure of their troubles; he knows that by doing so relentlessly the wished-for peace will come more speedily. But they are his own people, among whom he has lived for years, and he suffers with them in spirit, groaning over the necessity which drives him to persecute them. It is an impossible frame of mind, and one that makes his days bitter to him.

(To be continued.)

SEVENTY YEARS AT WESTMINSTER.

III.

[It is greatly to be regretted that Sir John Mowbray did not live to finish his parliamentary reminiscences, the earlier chapters of which were published in 'Maga' (July 1898, February 1899). He left behind him, however, notes and rough MSS., and from these and his letters, edited by his daughter, the following pages have been compiled.—ED. B. M.]

THE Parliament which had gathered over the grave of Lord Palmerston met first for despatch of business on February 1, 1866. For the first time since the Prince Consort's death, the Queen opened it in person. I find the following account in a letter of February 7, 1866 :—

"It was a real comfort to see London itself again yesterday, Life Guards moving about, and all astir to see the Queen as in former days. I managed to see her fairly well at intervals in the House of Lords; but I did not hear one word of the Speech which was read by the Lord Chancellor. It was a regular scramble getting in. The Speaker got his robes entangled in the crowd; Gladstone was altogether jostled out of his place, and never got into the House of Lords at all. Hardy was carried in against his will, and rather bruised besides. The Queen looked remarkably well. We had rather a damaging night for the Government in both Houses, although they had nothing but Cattle Plague. I suppose we shall have a succession of squalls, and many people think they will break up; but it is rather too early yet with a new House of Commons to form any idea as to the turn things will take."

The change of situation was striking in both Houses.

Earl Russell appeared as peer-Premier (a combination familiar enough to those who had been led by Earl Grey and Viscount Melbourne, although now abhorrent to the modern democracy of Mr Labouchere): not the glorious John of 1831, speaking as the champion of a nation and casting scorn on the "whispers of a faction," but a subdued and attenuated presentment of his former self; confronted on the Opposition bench by his old colleague, then Mr Stanley, now Lord Derby—still the Rupert of debate, with the fun and mischief of "all Eton in the boy," and all the fire and animation of the gladiator who had encountered and worsted the great O'Connell. In the Lower House the placid and serene atmosphere inspired by the genial Palmerston had passed away, and the new Leader appeared transformed and "unmuzzled."

Mr Gladstone introduced his Reform Bill on March 12, and the debates on the measure were enlivened by the Homeric combats between Mr Gladstone and Mr Lowe on the Trojan horse. Mr Gladstone said, on

March 12: "We cannot look, and we hope no man will look, upon it as upon some Trojan horse approaching the walls of the Sacred City, and filled with armed men bent upon ruin, plunder, and collapse. We cannot join in comparing it with that *monstrum infelix*,—we cannot say—

"*Scandit fatalis machina muros, Forta armis: . . . mediæque minans illabitur urbi.*"

Lowe (13th March) said that Gladstone, not finding in his large classical *répertoire* any quotation that would exactly describe the state of perfect bliss to which his bill would introduce us, was induced to take the exact contrary and make a quotation to show us what his bill was not.

"*Scandit fatalis machina muros, Forta armis,*'

he exclaimed; and 'that,' he added, 'is *not* my bill.' Well, that was not a very apt quotation, but there was a curious felicity about it, which he little dreams of. This is the fifth Reform Bill which has been brought in since 1851. Now, just attend to the sequel of the passage quoted by the right hon. gentleman. I am no believer in *Sortes Virgilianæ*, and the House will see why in a moment.

"*'O Divûm domus Ilium, et inclyta bello
Mœnia Dardanidum! quater ipso in
limine portæ
Substitit, atque utero sonitum quater
arma dedere.'*

"But that is not all—

"*'Instamus tamen immemores, cæcique
furore
Et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus
arce.'*"¹

On the second reading of the bill, on April 12, Mr Gladstone returned to the charge on his Trojan horse, and, after quoting again Mr Lowe's quotation, accused him of denouncing the whole working-class community by calling them a "*monstrum infelix*," an ill-starred monster.

Mr Lowe, not to be outdone, replied once more: "There is happily one common ground left to me and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that is the Second Book of the *Æneid* of Virgil. My right hon. friend, like the moth which has singed its wings in the candle, has returned again to the poor old Trojan horse, and I shall, with the permission of the House, give them one more excerpt from the history of that noble beast, first promising that I shall then turn him out to grass. The passage contains a description not only of the invading army of which we have heard so much, but also a slight sketch of its general—

¹ Conington translates these lines:—

"So climbs our wall that shape of doom
With battle quickening in its womb; . . .
It comes, and glancing terror down
Sweeps through the bosom of the town.
(Ilium, city of my love!
O warlike home of powers above!

Four times 'twas on the threshold stayed,
Four times the armour clashed and brayed;
Yet on we press with passion blind,
All forethought blotted from our mind,
Till the dread monster we instal
Within the temple's tower-built wall."

“*“Arduus armatos mediis in mœnibus
adstans
Fundit equus, victorque Sinon incendia
miscet
Insultans : portis alii bipatentibus
adsunt,
Millia quot magnis nunquam venere
Mycenis.”*”¹

The attitude of Mr Gladstone to the House of Commons at this time was, to say the least, not conciliatory, and the term “insulting Sinon” was generally accepted as a personal allusion to the leader of the House, the general of the invading army. But, as luck would have it, there was in the House at the time a Mr Synan, the member for Limerick County, and to his name, through no fault of his own, became attached the opprobrious epithet.

The second reading of the bill was carried on the 27th April by the narrow majority of 5 (318 to 313), the Government having promised, before going into Committee, to lay their scheme for redistribution before the House.

The question of the extension of the franchise was only a part of the great subject of parliamentary reform with which the other and not less important question of the redistribution of seats has always been associated. It was so in the great Reform Act of 1832; in the various bills introduced, by Lord John Russell in 1852, by Lord Aberdeen in 1854, by Lord Derby in

1859, by Lord Palmerston in 1860, and again in 1884, when the latest extension of the franchise was granted.

Mr Gladstone accordingly introduced his Redistribution Bill on May 7, and the struggle on the two bills continued during May and June, until the Government was beaten on June 18 by a majority of 11, or 315 to 304, on Lord Dunkellin’s amendment to substitute rating for rental.

On the following day Lord Russell and Mr Gladstone announced that in consequence of the vote the Government had communicated with the Queen at Balmoral, and that Parliament would be adjourned till the following Monday, June 25; and on June 26 they announced that the Government had resigned, and that the Queen had accepted their resignation.

After negotiations with the Adullamites and some of the Whigs, Lord Derby formed an entirely Conservative administration; and on July 3 I received the following letter from Lord Derby:—

“I have had much pleasure in submitting to the Queen your appointment to your former office of Judge-Advocate, of which her Majesty has been pleased to signify her approval.
—Yours faithfully, DERBY.”

On July 6 we went to Windsor; but the ceremony of swearing in was sadly

¹ In other words:—

“The fatal horse pours forth the human tide,
Insulting Sinon flings his firebrands wide,
The gates are burst, the ancient rampart falls,
And swarming millions climb its crumbling walls.”

changed from the bright scene of April 6, 1858. Then the Sovereign held her Council in a grand room, seated at the head of the table, with all her councillors on either side; now we were received in a small ante-room with one window—the Queen standing with her back to it, the Prince of Wales on her right, and three councillors to make a quorum. Each individual came in for a moment, knelt down, and kissed the hand of his Sovereign, and backed out with all possible speed.

On July 7 I issued my address, and on Wednesday, July 11, I was re-elected without any opposition. My supporters at Durham were anxious to express their confidence in Lord Derby's Government and their satisfaction in my reappointment, and made arrangements for a great dinner in my honour, which took place on January 15, 1867. It is described in a letter to my mother:—

"Jan. 16, 1867.—I know you will rejoice to hear that all went off as well as possible. Such snow I never saw in my life, yet not more than 20 people (if so many) fell off. I believe we dined exactly 239 (250 being laid for). People came from all parts of the county. Two or three carriages with four horses from Sunderland. The Duke of Marlborough made an excellent speech."

* * * *

There are not, unfortunately, any notes by my father on the Reform Bill of 1867, and there are few allusions to it in letters; but I find these comments on Mr Disraeli's speech introducing the Resolutions, February 12, 1867:—

"I think the position of the Government improved by last night. Of course there are plenty of adverse criticisms, and it is easy to find fault; but I am not so much disposed to be severe on Dizzy's speech. The object is to gain time, and every week strengthens the Government: it does not delay the settlement, and I quite think that there is a *chance* of the Resolutions proving the basis of a measure which will pass, and if so, will be a credit to the Government. At any rate, Gladstone was puzzled how to meet it, and the House seem disposed to let us settle it.

"The demonstration of yesterday was a very poor affair, both as regards numbers and organisation, compared to that of December 3. On December 3 I went through St James's Park and mixed amongst the crowds, and when I saw the orderly and respectable demeanour of the men who were there, I could not but draw in my mind a striking contrast between those crowds and the angry mobs whom thirty-five years ago, when a schoolboy at Westminster, I saw assembled in Palace Yard, to intimidate the Parliament of that day. Why is this? I believe it is because there are no very great and real grievances, because there is no longer that alienation of classes, because there is in this country a great sympathy between rich and poor. I utterly repudiate the idea that the Liberal party are entitled to claim a monopoly of interest in the working classes."

On April 8 the Reform Bill went into Committee. Mr Coleridge (afterwards Lord Coleridge) had given notice of an instruction with regard to rating, the greater part of which was withdrawn.

"April 9.—We have not had such a scene since the memorable 21st of May 1858—a scene never to be forgotten. I had always predicted that the affair would blow up somehow in some way, and expected the *dénouement* to come about Thursday; but I had no expectation of so sudden a collapse. The mortification to Gladstone must

be most bitter. I do trust now that there is a prospect of comparative peace during the session, so that we may pass our Reform Bill, and that we may have another autumn in which to enjoy office; but I don't calculate on anything."

On April 11 and 12 came the great struggle on household suffrage and the compound householder, and the Government proposal was carried on April 12 by 310 to 289.

"April 13.—Our decisive victory last night makes me a happy man. I was sorry when Monday's motion went off without a division. It is now clear that if we had 21 majority last night it would have been 50 on Coleridge's motion; so I think we are safe from a dissolution. After all the anxiety of Wednesday and Thursday, to-day is such a relief. On Thursday we were sure to be beaten, and I had written my address to my constituents."

On July 22 the Reform Bill was introduced into the House of Lords.

"July 23, 1867.—Yesterday was quite an historic night, and very interesting to me. Thirty-five years had passed since I had been present in the House of Lords on the second reading of a Reform Bill. The contrast was very remarkable. The old plain building with no ornament but the tapestry of the Armada was gone, and there was a splendid, highly decorated medieval hall. The leaders of the two opposite parties, Lord Derby and Lord Russell, had been members of the same Cabinet in 1832, and were ranged on opposite sides in 1867. The two great surviving gladiators of that day, the Whig Lord Chancellor Lord Brougham, and a Tory bishop, Henry of Exeter, were 'conspicuous by their absence.' There was a Duke of Wellington—not the Duke: he came to vote *for* the bill. Lord Grey, too, was there; but he was a very different man from the fine noble-looking Prime Minister of '32, and, curiously enough, he came *against*

the bill: so he and the Duke of Wellington had changed places. There was a Lord Eldon—not old Eldon, but his great-grandson; there was Lord Ellenborough, an uncompromising opponent of the bill of '67 as he had been of that of '32; and Lord Shaftesbury, who as Lord Ashley had fought the last great contested election against the bill of '32, came to oppose the bill of '67. The same opinions as Lord Carnarvon had held in '32 were ably maintained by his grandson in '67. Royal dukes were not so many: there was a Prince of Wales and a Duke of Cambridge; but the Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex, and Gloucester had no representatives. Close to me on the steps of the Throne were two prominent members of the Legislature who in '32 had been prominent members of the Oxford Debating Society: Mr Gladstone the Tory orator of '32 become the Radical of '67, and Mr Lowe the Radical of '32 become the ultra-Conservative of '67. Outside, Palace Yard was tranquil and deserted; inside, the debate was languid, save when a few enthusiastic Tory peeresses cheered Lord Carnarvon. I don't think that the debate sustained the character of the assembly."

I can find no letters or notes by my father on the remainder of the session. On February 25, 1868, Lord Derby's resignation was announced, and Mr Disraeli became Prime Minister. He wrote to my father:—

Private.

"10 DOWNING STREET,
March 3, 1868.

"DEAR MOWBRAY,—I hope you will do me the favour of filling in the new Administration the office which you held under the Government of Lord Derby. Our great friend much wishes that we should all keep together.—Yours very faithfully,
B. DISRAELI."

Pressure of work kept my father from writing many letters at this time; and of the desperate fight on the Resolu-

tions on the Irish Church I can find no account.

A contest for Durham, the first since his original election, was impending, and on June 29 he issued an address to "The old and new Electors of the City of Durham," stating his intention of coming forward once more to claim their suffrages; but before the time arrived for him to do so, circumstances had altered, and he had decided to relinquish the seat which he had held for sixteen years, and to fight for the representation of his own University. He felt the honour of the call, but left his old seat with regret. For some months Sir William Heathcote's health had been failing, and when he decided to retire from Parliament, the chairman of Mr Hardy's committee in 1865, who had organised the victory over Mr Gladstone, seemed the most fitting person to sit as Mr Hardy's colleague in 1868. In October a committee was formed in Oxford, and the contest began—a contest referred to by the 'Times' in October 22 as "second only to the interests of Mr Gladstone's Lancashire election." Sir Roundell Palmer was a formidable opponent, and the daily letters to my grandmother written during the contest reflect the fluctuations of hopes and fears from day to day. On November 11, Sir Roundell Palmer retired:—

"*November 12.* — The paper will have informed you of the joyous news which 'the morrow of S. Martin,' henceforth a memorable day in the household calendar, has brought to the M.P. elect! I did not expect

it to-day, although on Monday I was prepared for it; but I thought they had made their arrangements for going to the poll. And now arises the serious thought which has been pressing on me for many days past, how very much the honour is beyond anything that I could venture to dream of, and how serious the responsibility which will devolve on me in my new sphere of action. I only hope and pray that as God has been pleased to call me to such a post He may give me grace and strength to do my duty to the Church and University.

"*November 30.* — We have been calling on Sir Roundell Palmer's daughters, and there has been a pleasant little interchange of amiable sentiments between the ladies. The Ch. Ch. bells have rung merrily in honour of the new Ch. Ch. burgess,—they say the first time since the days of Sir R. Inglis. Gladstone, although a Ch. Ch. man, did not come in as a Ch. Ch. member. We have been at the Union, and have had the old journals down and looked at those which were kept by the rt. honble. member for Greenwich when he was secretary, as well as by Mr. Cornish when he was secretary."

When once the contest was over there were no longer supporters and opponents — only constituents. With Sir Roundell Palmer he resumed his old friendship, and on March 10, 1869, he writes:—

"Coming out with Walpole we met Roundell Palmer. He first passed me without speaking, then seemed to recollect himself and said, 'Oh, Mowbray, I don't think we have met since'—shook hands warmly and kindly, and moved off rapidly."

In connection with the contest, it is pleasant to recall that the last speech which my father made was at the opening of the new buildings of the Wellington Club at Reading, of which he was president, on December 19, 1898. The ceremony was per-

formed by the Earl of Selborne, the son of his old opponent, who was the principal guest at the luncheon which followed, at which my father presided.

Two other letters, dated March 1869, may be quoted:—

"*March 2, 1869.*—We had a marvellous speech last night of three hours and twenty minutes from W. E. G., I should think as remarkable as any he ever made, but it almost takes away one's breath to have such sweeping schemes quietly propounded. If all this is to be done as a matter of course, I really don't know what institution is safe. To-morrow I think of sleeping in town, as I am steward of a dinner to be given to Lord George Hamilton."

"*March 4.*—We had the fun of being in a majority of 3 before dinner yesterday, which gave a zest to the entertainment, which was very successful. George Hamilton, who is a remarkably clever young fellow, made a first-rate speech: nothing could have been better done. In fact, I don't know such good young fellows as the Marquis and his brothers Claud and George. The eldest brother was Chairman of my London Committee. I made a speech, as you will see, which was very well received, but it came very late."

With respect to the threatened quarrel between the Houses on the amendments to the Irish Church Bill, he wrote:—

"*July 23, 1869.*—After I wrote yesterday I found that the good sense of Lords Granville, Clarendon, &c., has prevailed over the madness of the Prime Minister, and that we were saved all the worry and danger of the crisis. I was in the Lords and heard it out, and I am inexpressibly thankful for the result. I deplore the bill; but, if the Irish Church was to be disestablished (and that, I think, was decided by the nation at the election, and confirmed by the Lords on the second reading), then I don't want a constitutional

crisis for the sake of £100,000 more or less. As it is, the substantial victory is with the Lords: they maintained the amendment which they carried on Tuesday, and they have secured many pecuniary advantages to the Church. As is the case in all compromises, one hears various opinions; some of our ultra men are discontented. But I am glad to say the Rads. are furious. Gladstone showed his sense of defeat and mortification so much as to shut himself up and be ill yesterday. As it is, I think, as R. Palmer (with whom I was again in the most confidential chat yesterday) said, it is a settlement at which all good men will rejoice, and all bad men be angry."

On the Bishops' Resignation Bill he writes:—

"*Aug. 6, 1869.*—Gladstone was quite genial and pleasant—as Hope remarked, he was the Gladstone of twenty years ago, and was quite unlike his present self. I believe he was really happy to do one good thing among all his mischief."

On Lord Derby's death, in October 1869, the University of Oxford chose Lord Salisbury to succeed as Chancellor, and his installation at Hatfield is described by my father in this letter to his mother, on November 24:—

"Nothing could be more magnificent than all the accompaniments of the ceremonial of yesterday. We met at King's Cross a little before five o'clock. Six carriages were in waiting for us at Hatfield Station at 5.42. Hardy and I came up in one with the Bishops of Oxford and Rochester. We found rather a large party in the house. Lord and Lady Salisbury and nearly all the children were in the room where we were received. Lord Chelmsford, Sir W. and Lady Heathcote, Beresford Hope and Lady Mildred, Lady Alderson and two daughters, and Richmond (the R.A.) We had tea and so forth, and then went to our rooms to robe. Assembling in the library, we formed a

procession to a long gallery. The Vice-Chancellor, preceded by the three University bedels with their maces, then the doctors and the proctors, Earl Bathurst and myself, and the other M.A.'s. The gallery is 166 feet long; it was arranged in the centre like the Convocation House. A grand chair of state and a table in front, a smaller chair on the right, two chairs on either side for the proctors, and a chair and table for the registrar, and chairs down on each side for the members of the Convocation. The family were in a large sort of wing opening out of the gallery, and the servants at the other end of it. The Vice-Chancellor took the chair, opened the Convocation, and sent the bedels to conduct the Chancellor in. He was brought into Convocation, and the Vice-Chancellor placed him in the chair, the registrar having first read the deed of election. The public orator made rather a long speech, lamenting the loss the University had sustained by the death of Lord Derby and congratulating the Chancellor. The Vice-Chancellor made a congratulatory speech, and then Lord Salisbury replied in a very neat speech and good specimen of Latinity. Then we had a sumptuous banquet to about forty in a grand old hall. It is a wonderful house. We had service this morning in chapel at 9.30, and I came up with the party at 11.55."

"Dec. 14.—I have had a most delightful visit at Oxford. We had a very pleasant dinner-party of 43. Last year there was a little constraint, because the senior censor and many of the party had been among my opponents. Of course it was only felt but not expressed. But this year when I responded for Christ Church I was very cordially greeted, and my speech told well upon all, Liberals as well as Conservatives. I adjourned at ten to the Deanery, where we had such a beautiful succession of tableaux by the Miss Liddells and others, and did not break up until twelve. I do so enjoy my visits at Oxford, and I suppose it makes me look young, as Mrs Liddell told me the Dean's sister took me for my son!"

There are no letters at all

about the Education Act of 1870. My father had held the unpaid post at the Ecclesiastical Commission whilst in office in 1866 to 1868. In April 1871 he received from Archbishop Tait the offer of the post of Church Estates Commissioner, which he accepted, and retained until 1892. It may not be out of place here to say a word or two about the Ecclesiastical Commission, on which my father worked for so many years. He has spoken of his early friendship with Archbishop Tait, and it was a great pleasure to him to be associated for so long in after-life with one for whose character he had the greatest respect and regard, and whose statesmanship commanded his highest admiration. He often spoke of Tait as the "greatest Archbishop since Tillotson." He knew Archbishop Benson well both at Lincoln and at Truro, and when resigning the Commissionership in 1892 he regretted more than anything else the constant intercourse with the present Archbishop, then Bishop of London, whose sterling qualities had won his respect and affection.

The work on the Commission entailed constant attendance during the greater part of the year and quite endless correspondence, and my father attended the Thursday Boards so regularly that I do not think he missed one (save through illness), except when he went to South Shields in June 1890 to open a park there.

After an attack of rheumatism in November 1890, my father found the cold journeys

to town during the winter very trying; so after considerable hesitation he decided that the time had come for him to give up the hard work of the Commission, and on December 1, 1892, he took leave of his colleagues. There was a large gathering of bishops, and of members of the Commission, including the Home Secretary, Mr Asquith, and Mr G. Leveson Gower (Controller of the Household), the unpaid Commissioner of the time. My father felt very deeply all the kind words spoken on the occasion, and the letters which he received. He wrote with respect to them:—

“I have thanked the Archbishop for his charming letter, but it really is too kind and quite painful to receive, for I have done nothing but what any man with a clear head and tolerable ability might have done.”

I have put all these notes about the Commission together, and must return to earlier years for parliamentary reminiscences; but first I may quote two letters describing a two days' visit to Paris which my father made in July 1871:—

“PARIS, *July 9.*

“I cannot tell you how much I am enjoying my holiday. I had a most perfect crossing, and reached Paris to the minute. I was due at 7.50, and I was in my cab and out of the station at 7.51, which being 7.41 English reckoning, made me feel that I had gained time. We saw Prussians keeping guard at the railway station at Amiens and one other place, lots of military waggons about, otherwise small traces of the war—except in one place where the line had been broken, and they had constructed a temporary wooden bridge. As I drove from the station I saw scarcely a trace of the mischief done until I saw the Place Vendôme so desolate,

with all but the base of the column gone. I came to Meurice's, not liking to go to the Grand, as it was a hospital during the siege. I found it very empty; indeed I have only met one Englishman whom I know, Admiral Duncombe. I soon dressed, and I never rested until after 9 P.M. In fact I believe the old gentleman of fifty-six was just as active as the young man of twenty-two when he first came into Paris on a fine June morning in 1837. The day was perfection—hot, clear, bright, and sunny. It is a most wonderful sight. There must have been a great deal of most diabolical thought and ingenuity in providing materials, for never was destruction so complete. The Hôtel de Ville is thoroughly done for: it is a most striking ruin, but nothing can be rebuilt. The old portion of the Tuileries is the same, only the new portion built by the Emperor seems to have resisted the elements better. A great number of the public offices and official residences of Ministers and a great many private houses through the Rue Rivoli are utter wrecks. No church seems to have suffered. I believe there is one, but I have not been there. Notre Dame is unhurt. The Sainte Chapelle escaped by a miracle, for the Palais de Justice, in the centre of which it stands, was burned in the most complete way. I had a glorious view from the top of the Tower of Notre Dame. In the afternoon I went to St Cloud. I went by road by Passy, and everywhere the ruined houses told tales of the Prussian siege. St Cloud is the most desolate ruin you can imagine: three years ago when I was there it was all bright and glorious. Napoleon and Eugénie were residing there, and there was a great Sunday fair. Now it is annihilated! No one clears the ruins, as they have done to some extent in Paris; the beautiful trim gardens have been untouched all the year. The orange-trees were burnt standing: there they stand in their boxes, which are unburnt! I never saw anything so melancholy. The view from it was superb, and carried one over the history of the siege. Forts Bicêtre, Vanves, Issy, Montrouge, &c., all familiar spots in sight. I came back

by the Seine and dined at the Grand Hotel—a large party, and as splendid as ever. The Emperor is gone everywhere, the Comte de Chambord and the Orleans princes are in the windows. Ordinary Paris seems nearly as busy as ever, cabs and omnibuses in profusion, few private carriages; but the whole aspect is more like itself than I expected, and they clean and repair and rebuild so rapidly that those who do not come soon will see little.

“July 11.

“I hope you duly received my letter written in Paris. I reached the cliffs of Dover all right this morning at 4.30, and was in Onslow Gardens by 7.30. I had a short turn into bed, and then we had Earl Stanhope, the Dean of Ch. Ch., Gathorne Hardy, and Wilson Patten at breakfast at 10. Lord Salisbury was prevented from coming after accepting, and Sir M. Hicks-Beach forgot his engagement. I have most thoroughly enjoyed an open-air life for three days and four nights. I went to Meudon, Versailles, and Fort Valérien, as well as the other places, and did a great deal in a limited time. I am so glad to have been. I have been longing to go for six months past. I am heartily Imperialist. They are properly punished for getting rid of the best sovereign they have had. No gold, little gas, passports back, all kinds of retrograde things; but I see no chance whatever of the restoration of the Empire. I am quite surprised how fresh I am to-day, but the trip has taken one quite out of oneself.”

After the general election of 1874 Colonel Wilson Patten was created Lord Winmarleigh, and the post of Chairman of the Committees of Standing Orders and Selection became vacant. To that post my father succeeded, having been a member of both committees since 1863, and from that time until February 1899 he remained chairman of these two important committees. At the

commencement of each session those who follow closely the work of the House of Commons will note such a paragraph as the following, which always appears at the beginning of each session:—

“Feb. 14, 1899.—Ordered that the Select Committee on Standing Orders do consist of 13 members. Mr Buchanan, Sir Wm. Coddington, Mr John Edward Ellis, Sir Thomas Esmonde, Mr Halsey, Mr Humphreys Owen, Mr James Lowther, Sir John Lubbock, Sir John Mowbray, Mr Wm. Redmond, Sir Mark Stewart, and Mr Whitmore were accordingly nominated members of the committee.”

Selection:—

“Ordered that the Committee of Selection do consist of 11 members. Mr Sydney Buxton, Sir John Dorington, Sir W. Hart Dyke, Dr Farquharson, Mr Halsey, Mr Justin McCarthy, Mr Albert Spicer, Mr Philip Stanhope, Mr Wharton, Mr Wodehouse, and the Chairman of Select Committee on Standing Orders were accordingly nominated members of committee.”

It may be noticed as a curious fact that Sir John Mowbray's name does not appear in this second list. The Committee on Standing Orders in theory select their own chairman from among their own members, and the person so selected becomes *ex officio* chairman of the Committee of Selection. Practically, the person to be chosen as chairman of both committees is designated by the leader of the House before the committees are nominated. At the opening of the session of 1899 Sir John would have been glad to have been relieved of the burden of the Committee on Standing Orders, but by the Standing Orders themselves the two offices were inseparable.

Probably of the few who read or notice so much, still fewer realise in any measure what an important part in the working of the House is done by these bodies which meet every Tuesday and Friday afternoon during the session.

The Standing Orders Committee was in former days considered the more important, and to it are referred all bills which are found by the Examiners of Bills to have omitted to comply with the Standing Orders of the House of Commons with respect to Private Bill Legislation. The work is mostly technical, and the irregularities are usually in respect of either the time when the bills were deposited by the promoters of railway, canal, and other bills of the kind, or inaccuracies in the plans of the railways, &c., or the way in which the bills have been drawn. The committee has to decide whether the irregularities complained of can be excused by circumstances, or whether they are intentional and wilful or of a grave nature, and to consider whether or not the Standing Orders may be dispensed with. If the Standing Orders Committee decide that the Standing Orders should not be dispensed with, a report to that effect is made to the House, and the bill is lost for the session.

The chairmanship of the Committee of Selection is now much more important, and the duties have grown year by year until the chairman and the committee do an amount of work of which the world out-

side parliamentary circles is quite ignorant,—work which requires a skilled knowledge of the House, of its rules, and of the capacities and qualities of almost every member, together with judgment, great tact, and constant attendance at Westminster. In the earlier years of my father's time the work was chiefly concerned with Private Bill Committees, but by degrees it has become more frequent to appoint hybrid committees to deal with the greater Private Bills. The so-called hybrid committees are Committees on Private Bills which the House is determined somewhat to control by extraordinary rules—that is, causing the committees in question to be composed of seven or more members, half to be nominated by the House, half by the Committee of Selection. The first half—those nominated by the House—are interested parties; the others—nominated by the Committee of Selection—are disinterested parties. In Private Bill Committees of the ordinary type all are disinterested parties, and a declaration to that effect is required from every member serving on them. In the Committee of Selection, party politics are unknown; no division has ever taken place in the committee, and the fear that one might take place made my father almost ill and quite unhappy. On Standing Orders there are not infrequently divisions. Private Bill Committees consist of four members, two from the Government side and two from the Opposition, and towards the end of the

session it is not always possible to maintain even this proportion.

At the beginning of a session the Committee of Selection form the opposed Private Bills—*i.e.*, Gas, Water, and Railway Bills—into groups, after hearing from the parliamentary agents their views on the proposals submitted to them. Perhaps the largest portion of the duties of the Committee of Selection is the appointment of the chairman and three other members of the various groups of opposed Gas and Water Bills which are introduced each session. To them may be added the selection of the Railway and Canal Committee, of about ten members or more, which select among themselves the chairmen of the various groups which deal with opposed Railway Bills, the Committee of Selection adding the other three members. There are often twenty to thirty of these committees to be “manned” in a session; members are constantly being discharged at the termination of a bill in their group, and their places have to be filled, sometimes at a moment’s notice. This and other causes render necessary the daily attendance of the Chairman of the Committee of Selection, who obtains at the next meeting of the Committee of Selection the sanction of the committee to any action he has taken since their last meeting, during the session of Parliament. There are other not less important duties which devolve on the committee—the preparation of

a panel every week, from which panel members are taken for the above-named Private Bill Committee. Each panel is composed of three times as many members as may be wanted for the setting up of each new committee, besides a certain number to fill up vacancies that occur in sitting groups. The preparation of these panels is a considerable labour, and towards the end of the session they are extremely difficult to construct, as members are apt to complain if they are unduly worked, as they consider, and their names appear more than once on a weekly panel during the session.

To those who know the inside of the House of Commons, but not perhaps to the constituents of some members, it is needless to explain that no member receives any remuneration for sitting on a committee, and that long speeches, whatever “refreshers” they may bring to counsel engaged, bring no refreshment to those on the other side of the table.

But in 1882 the work and the responsibility of the Committee of Selection were greatly increased by Resolutions of the House that two Standing Committees should be appointed for the consideration of all bills relating to (1) law and courts of justice and legal procedure, and (2) to trade, shipping, and manufactures, which may by order of the House be committed to them.

The Committee in 1883, when it was composed of Sir John Mowbray (Chairman), Mr

Cubitt (now Lord Ashcombe), Sir Charles Forster, Mr Mitchell Henry, Mr Orr Ewing, Mr Whitbread, Mr Illingworth, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, proceeded to nominate the members of these two committees, now better known as Grand Committees. They were to consist of not less than 60 or more than 80, which has in practice become 68 to each, with 15 specially added for each particular bill to be considered by the said Committee.

The House consists of 670 members, so that 68 represented one-tenth of the whole House with one extra. It was, therefore, fairly easy to start with an arrangement to give one member on each committee to each ten members in the House, and to represent the general balance of parties. The difficulties really began when the details had to be worked out, and English and Scottish, Welsh and Irish, Conservatives, Liberals, and Home Rulers, all had to appear as nearly as possible in due proportion. I well remember the endless lists prepared to show the exact state of the parties in the House at the moment, and also the lists of constituencies, to ensure that all the great constituencies were represented, and to prevent a preponderance of manufactures over agriculture, or of the coal interests over the shipping, on the Trade Committee, and that each of the great industries of the kingdom should find itself properly represented. It was many weeks before the work of constituting

these committees and framing the principles on which they should be formed was completed to the satisfaction of the chairman or the committee. The Leader of the House, the Leader of the Opposition, and Mr Parnell, as Leader of the Home Rule party, were all left out. The existing and late Home Secretaries and Law Officers were placed, I may say, *ex-officio* on the Law Committee, and the Presidents of the Board of Trade and of the Local Government Board, and later on the President of the Board of Agriculture, on the Trade Committee.

A chairman's panel is nominated by the Committee of Selection of not less than four or more than six members, who appoint from among themselves the chairman of each Standing Committee.

In 1894 another, and third, Standing Committee was set up for the consideration of all bills relating to Scotland. This committee was to consist of all members representing Scottish constituencies, together with fifteen other members to be nominated by the Committee of Selection, due regard being had to the approximation of the balance of parties in this committee to that of the whole House. To this committee the Local Government (Scotland) Bill was committed.

In 1895 a similar order was made for the above Standing Committee, except that twenty other members were to be added instead of fifteen. Since that year this particular Standing Committee has not met, and I

think I may add that my father had little belief in the working of the Scottish Grand Committee.

The Standing Committees for Law and Trade were in abeyance during 1885-86-87, but were revived by Standing Order in 1888, and have sat since, the two committees being nominated at the beginning of each session.

Since 1888 they have sat fairly regularly during the session for the consideration of what may be called non-contentious bills—that is, of bills requiring the thrashing out of details, which were accepted by the House in principle as a whole.

Of late a practice has been growing up of referring more contentious bills to them, measures are hotly fought on party lines, and the work of a Standing Committee is often done over again by the House on “the consideration of Report.” It was, I know, my father’s opinion that the permanent value of these committees as lightening the labours of the House could be secured only by restricting them as far as possible to non-contentious legislation. The hours of sitting on the two Standing Committees are from 11.45 or 12 o’clock till 3; but by special leave from the House these committees have sat till 4, 5, or even 6 o’clock on bills. The practice in these committees is the same as in the House. The chairman sits on a dais with two clerks on his left, the draftsman of the bill on his right, with a permanent official

or so of the department to which the bill relates; next, the clauses of the bills, after debate, are considered, amended, or agreed to, and then reported to the House.

The duty of selecting members to serve on the Standing Committees is much enhanced by the continued shifting that goes on throughout the session: hardly a week passes without some “discharge” of a member and some consequent “addition.” A Report to the House has always to follow each such change, and it may well be understood that “manning” the Standing Committees has greatly increased the difficulty of “manning” the Private Bill Committees, and that the post of Chairman of Selection (especially towards the end of a session) is by no means an easy one. My father has already hinted in the pages of the Magazine (July 1898) that members are not quite so willing as they were to burden themselves with the work of committees, and the effort which he never failed to make of attempting to consult the convenience of individual members as to the time when they should serve, was not the least arduous of the duties of the post. For himself he valued committee work most highly, both for the importance of the interests involved and as a training for members of the House,—often quoting in this, as in other matters, the advice of Sir Robert Peel, “Stick to committees.”

When the new Parliament met after the General Election

of 1892, my father, who was then nearing seventy-eight, requested to be relieved of the duties of the office, and it was only at the personal solicitation of Mr Gladstone that he continued to discharge them. He stipulated only that Mr Whitbread, who had for many years been the leading Liberal member on the Committee, and who had also sent in his resignation, should continue to serve. This was satisfactorily arranged, and I find in a letter from my father, through the ordinary channels of parliamentary communication, the following:—

“Now that I am assured of the co-operation of my valued colleague Mr Whitbread, I feel I ought at once to say that I will place my services at the disposal of the House. And may I add, in all sincerity, that gratitude for the support which Mr Gladstone has always given to the Committee of Selection constitutes a further reason why I should comply with your request.”

I have been much helped in this account of my father's committees by friends and colleagues who served with him. Perhaps I may be allowed, in summing up this record of more than twenty-five years' unostentatious work in the public service, to quote the resolution passed unanimously by the Committee, on the motion of a Liberal seconded by a Conservative:—

“During that long period of time it has been largely due to the genial tact, personal character, and unwearying attention of the chairman that the delicate and difficult duties intrusted to the Committee of Selection have been carried out without friction or division, and to the general satisfaction of the House.”

This resolution was passed on my father's resignation of the office after my mother's death, in February 1899; and I can only add that the proposal to place by private subscription some memorial to him, in recognition of his services, in the Committee-room where he had presided so long—a proposal unique, I believe, in the annals of Parliament in the case of a private member—is as gratifying to his family as it would have been unlooked for by himself.

The continual “Irish rows,” and systematic obstruction, from 1880 to 1882, were very distressing to my father. He felt that they did an injury to the dignity of the whole House, and that it, and not merely the Irish party, suffered by them. He was constant in his attendance, and took his full share of the prolonged sittings, being present for many hours of the memorable forty-one hours' sitting from January 31 to February 2, 1881, and again at that of February 3, when the Irish members were suspended in a body. He describes the latter sitting thus:—

“*Feb. 4, 1881.*—It was an extraordinary scene. I was there all through, and am none the worse. I bolted a bit of beef and swallowed a pint of claret whilst some of the Irish were being carried off, and I heard all Gladstone's admirable speech. I stuck to the Government all through, and voted with Walpole against Northcote. He ought never to have divided. Gladstone yielded $3\frac{1}{2}$ points out of 4, and it was ungracious to challenge the small difference that remained.”

Lord Beaconsfield died on

April 19, 1881, and my father attended the funeral at Hughenden.

"April 27, 1881.—We reached High Wycombe at 1.20. I walked up to the church. At 2.30 the doors were opened, and I was one of the first to be admitted: a very large number of seats—perhaps 130—were reserved for the Royalties, Dukes, mourners, and principal friends, and some of the servants. All was done very reverently, and I think all seemed to display a great deal of real feeling. Coningsby Disraeli is an interesting boy,—more like Beaconsfield than his own father. He and Ralph Disraeli followed the body; then Rowton and Barrington, the Executors, Prince of Wales, Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold, Ambassadors, Dukes, Peers, Barts., and M.P.'s. We left by the special, and were at Paddington at 6.5."

After the death of Gordon in January 1885, the Opposition proposed to move a vote of censure on Mr Gladstone's Government, and my father wrote on February 18—

"I believe they have screwed their courage up at last to move a Vote of Censure. I, who am usually the most moderate and cautious, find myself on this occasion one of the most pugnacious, and I have had to sustain the fainting spirits of some on the front bench. I maintain that all the traditions and usages of political life demand a direct vote, and that the Duke, or Sir Robert Peel, or Lord Beaconsfield, would have done it, and they must take the consequences, and Salisbury must come in and make the best of it if we beat them—but we shan't. I find myself in complete accord with Sir R. Peel and with Jersey, and Jersey is the most moderate man and voted for the Franchise Bill."

There was a meeting at the Carlton, and a resolution drawn up by Sir Stafford Northcote was moved on February 23. On that date he wrote:—

"Our meeting yesterday at the Carlton was not very full, nor was it much to the purpose. A good deal of steam was let off against Northcote's Resolution, which is not happily framed; but of course every one votes for it. We had a disgraceful scene altogether at the House (on an amendment to the Address moved by W. O'Brien). Most of our men behaved badly by walking out, and some voted with the Irish; altogether 26 of us voted with the Government and the Speaker, and 25 voted against them. It was the first trial of the *clôture*, and completely illustrated what I said in 1882, that Gladstone had drawn his Resolution in such a complicated way that no Government would be safe in trying the *clôture* except when they had 200 of their own men in the House. They were over 40 (there were 20 Irish, 1 Rad. and 25 Conservatives), a majority of 200 was required, and the Government had only 182, so that they were nearly beaten; and had the Irish recollected that under the peculiar circumstances the question had to be put twice and taken a second division, I am not sure that some of our men would not have walked out to embarrass the Government.¹ It was most annoying to the Speaker, who suggested the motion entirely in the interests of the House and without any suggestion from the Government, and he told me afterwards that he should have resigned if the motion had failed. John Manners stood to his guns and voted; but most of our men walked away. Nothing is known about the division. I expect the Irish will abstain. They say they would vote with us if they could turn out the Government. But of that there

¹ In explanation of this it should be added that, by the Standing Orders, if the minority were over 40, it required at least 200 to carry the *clôture*. In this case the minority were 46, the Government had only 182 of their own men, and had to depend on the Conservative Opposition to furnish the balance required to make up 200.

seems no prospect. I suppose Goschen's speech will give us a few votes, but I expect the Ministerial majority to be twenty at least."

It was fourteen only.

Mr Gladstone's Government came to an end in June 1885, and Lord Salisbury took office. The dissolution and general election on the new franchise took place in the autumn, and in January 1886 the Conservative Government had to meet a hostile majority in the new House. The House met on January 12, and it was a peculiar gratification to my father to be asked to propose the re-election of Mr Speaker Peel. Besides his great admiration for him as Speaker, he had a special regard for him as "the son of Sir Robert and the godson of the Duke," and was most anxious that his speech proposing him should be worthy of the occasion and of the man. After making it he wrote—

"Jan. 12, 1882.—If I may judge by the compliments, 'admirable,' 'first-rate,' &c., from all quarters, I should say that the speech was a success. Of course I forgot some things and used some wrong words, and I made one funny slip which made people laugh. The Speaker sent to me, and asked me to call him 'member for Warwick and Leamington.' I meant, as usual, all through to call him Mr Peel, but I brought it in once and made a slip, 'Warwick and Liverpool'! My voice was quite strong. The Speaker thanked me very much, and I should think at least a hundred men have spoken to me about the speech."

"Jan. 13.—The compliments commenced in the House, re-echoed in the lobbies, and were continued in the Carlton, so I think the family quartette have reason to be proud of the joint production! The front Opposition bench presented large

gaps, although Goschen has returned to the fold and Playfair also. The Old Man looked bright and confident, Hartington glum and rather cross. I have accompanied Mr Speaker Elect in his small bob-wig to the Lords, and Halsbury has told us that her Majesty approves. Bright for some reason did not go. The Speaker has settled the Bradlaugh business admirably. There is much confusion in swearing. I am sworn. May followed up my blunder in a worse way, for he actually introduced me to the Speaker as 'member for the University of Cambridge'!"

A few days later my father dined with the Speaker, and met Mr and Mrs Gladstone.

"Jan. 28.—The dinner at the Speaker's was interesting and amusing. I took Mrs Gladstone in to dinner, and played three rubbers against the Speaker and the Sergeant-at-Arms, with the G.O.M. himself as my partner. He was wonderfully cordial and pleasant. I thanked him before dinner for the valuable aid he had given me the day before in the House, and he praised the work of our Committee. He said he had sat in Cabinet with sixty men, and seemed in great spirits. We had bad luck: one deal I had only one trump and Gladstone none. However, the upshot was only three points against us, as we won one of the rubbers."

The Parliament elected in 1885 was a body from which my father anticipated evil results only, and he was greatly relieved by the dissolution in June 1886, after the rejection of Mr Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. He often expressed his fears as to the revolutionary spirit and the want of reverence for authority shown on several occasions, and he was thankful that the question of Home Rule absorbed all the time and attention of the House, to the entire exclusion of other matters.

After the general election in July 1886 there was a great meeting of the party at the Carlton Club, which he attended.

"*July 27.*—You may like to hear what passed at the Carlton. Salisbury made an excellent speech, and consulted the members of the House of Commons in particular as to whether we should meet in August, wind up Supply, and then begin afresh in January, or whether we should begin in October—he preferring the former course. Then Carnarvon spoke, expressing his thanks to Lord Salisbury, and his earnest wishes for a strong Conservative Government. Then I spoke (mainly on the question of the August session, which I urged most strongly), and carried the meeting. Raikes expressed some doubts, but did not entirely dissent. Sir R. Fowler, Staveley Hill, and Sir H. Holland spoke in my view, and Tottenham and Beresford Hope asked questions; and so it is pretty nearly settled that we meet in August for business. I know nothing of allocation of offices; Lord Salisbury said he had no colleagues. Beach sat on his right, Cranbrook on his left—so there is no doubt as to Beach's position. I suspect Londonderry will go to Ireland: he sat in a prominent place. Randolph brought him in and placed him in communication with Beach."

The house met in August, and the brilliant start made as Leader of the House by Lord Randolph Churchill was a great satisfaction to my father, who took an almost paternal interest in his career, auguring a splendid future for him, grieving over his mistakes and faults of temper, and yet more over his premature end.

"*Aug. 19, 1886.*—Our people have made a capital start last night. Lord Randolph sent his compliments and asked me to introduce him; so I took up the Leader of the House in company with Sir W. Barttelot. Then I was further in requisition to take up

Sir H. Holland, and for a third time to take up Ashmead Bartlett. Lord Randolph made a most successful speech, very clear, able, and dignified. He made a good impression on both sides: the Liberal Unionists were quite delighted. The Old Man looked well, and is in better voice: he made a very nasty speech in some respects as to non-payment of rent in November. I had an opportunity of telling Randolph how pleased I was, and what the Liberal Unionists said of his speech. I had also a few words with Sir Michael Beach. I told him I thought it the most magnanimous thing I had ever known in public life. The arrangement seems to have been made at his own will,—he is certainly a very high-minded man. It was a pleasant start for me in the new House to conduct the new Leader and walk up on his right hand from the Bar to the Table."

Lord Iddesleigh's terribly sudden death on January 12, 1887, ended a long friendship. My father attended the funeral service held in Westminster Abbey, on January 18. He was very much impressed by the character of the gathering. The genuine feeling of personal affection shown on all sides was most remarkable, and of all the public funerals he attended I think he felt that this was the one where most personal feeling was displayed.

The sudden resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill and the death of Lord Iddesleigh had caused some alterations in the Administration, and when the House met in January 1887, it met under the Leadership of Mr W. H. Smith.

"*Feb. 18, 1887.*—We had a very satisfactory night. The Speaker deserves all the compliments I paid him last year. He is a regular trump card. The new Leader also did admirably, and the loyalty of the

Liberal Unionists is beyond praise. John Bright was there for many hours and voted like a man against Dillwyn, and said that the Welsh Church can wait. Hartington, of course, stuck to it, and Joe Chamberlain came back from dinner and remained voting with us till 1.10. The M.P.'s for Oxford University and Prestwich were in all seven divisions."

Interested as he was in all that concerned the forms of the House, the debates on procedure claimed his attention. He had taken part in them in 1882; and in 1887, when the Rules were again altered, he spoke more than once on the subject.

The recollections of the Westminster boy of 1831 were fresh to the mind of the M.P. of 1887, as the following letter shows:—

"June 18, 1887.—I went into the Abbey yesterday to see all the arrangements. I am No. 30 in our House, and shall be in the second row. Apart from the sentiment of seeing the Queen in the Coronation Chair in the Abbey, the sight outside—a sight never before seen since the world began—the Sovereign of England, surrounded by such a cavalcade of sons, sons-in-law, and grandsons on horseback, including the Heir Apparent of the British Crown and the Heir Apparent of the empire of Germany,—will be the grandest spectacle. It is very interesting to me to think how like the place looks to what it did when I was there on September 7, 1831, before King William was crowned. I see the gallery in which the Westminster boys sat, and the connection behind which enabled us both to see the king crowned under the Lantern and the king in the Sacrament receiving the Holy Communion; and I can look down on the Peers below me and see old Lyndhurst again reading his 'Times' during the ceremony. We had a scene at the House last night, when all the Irish members walked

out in a body, and we divided 332 to 162: the Old Man walked out at the head, and so we closed the Committee on the Crimes Bill."

One matter about which my father was always anxious, especially as he grew older and not able to attend so regularly at prayers, was to secure the seat which he had occupied by courtesy ever since he left the front bench in 1874. The first opening of a new Parliament was the only time when his right to it was ever seriously in question. He wrote on January 31, 1893:—

"I was much disconcerted to find my place taken by Lord F. Hamilton and Barttelot's by Lord Carmarthen at 7 A.M.! However, I set it all right with Lord Frederick, and I hope I shall not have any further trouble. But you will be amused to hear that Dr Tanner came up in his blandest way and assured me that if any Irishman ever took my place, he would see to it and set it right! It was an awful scramble in the House."

Again, on February 13, 1893, he wrote on the day when Mr Gladstone introduced his second Home Rule Bill:—

"I was in the lobby at 11.30 and was closely packed in a queue reaching from the door to the corridor. People were wonderfully kind to me, took me in the middle, and guarded me through the rush, and I found my seat respected by everybody, so I remained in the House all day, leaving my hat to guard my seat. The Old Man's was a wonderful effort, although I scarcely think, as a matter of rhetoric, it was up to the former mark. It occupied exactly two hours and twenty minutes. It is impossible to offer an opinion on so elaborate a scheme; but I think it is too elaborate, and one cannot but feel that if there are so many objections (which he admits and states) to all his proposals, he had better let things remain as they are."

The pleasantest incident in the session of 1893 was when my father went to Marlborough House in July as one of a deputation of five members to present the Address of congratulation from the House of Commons to the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York on the marriage of the Duke of York.

My father had a great admiration for Lord Rosebery, and his pleasure in the Ch. Ch. Gaudy was always enhanced by Lord Rosebery's presence. He was there in June 1894 as Prime Minister, and just after he had won the Derby.

"June 22, 1894.—I had a very pleasant visit to Oxford, and a good deal of chat with the Bishop and Mrs Creighton: he is evidently a very able man, and not a mere divine and historian. Commemoration was dull and the day wet. Merry of course first-rate, although he did not say enough about Coleridge. Rosebery arrived at the Deanery soon after 6. His first question in the drawing-room was, 'Where are the children?' so they were sent for, and he began to romp with them, and they made such a row running about the gallery. We dined a little over 100, and it was a real delight to sit next to 'my young friend Rosebery,' as I called him. The Dean made very good speeches,—'Queen,' 'Prince of Wales,' 'The Christ Church Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria,'—'Peel,' 'Derby,' 'Gladstone,' 'Salisbury,' 'Rosebery.' The last responded so delightfully, and enlarged on all the Ch. Ch. Premiers of century xix.—Lord Grenville, Duke of Portland, Lord Liverpool, Mr Canning. He said he was 'the least of the apostles, not worthy to be called an apostle.' The Dean proposed the new D.C.L.'s, to which Sir E. Fry, and

Captain Mahan (U.S. Navy), responded,—a charming fellow. Then the Dean proposed the Burgesses. I responded, and proposed the Dean, and he responded, and proposed Ch. Ch. It was rather a job to speak after two such men as Rosebery and Paget. However, they all seemed well pleased with what I said. I praised Rosebery for having kept up his classical training, and said that any man might own a good horse, but it was not every one who could give him a good name (Ladas) and send one back to Juvenal.¹ When we came back to the Deanery our young friend kept us going till midnight."

A propos of this speech, I remember my father telling us afterwards that when Lord Rosebery made the quotation, his neighbour (a divine, I think) nudged him in the ribs and said, "Why doesn't he finish the quotation? why doesn't he finish the quotation?—'Because I persecuted the Church of God.'" The question of the Welsh Church was just then the question of the day.

In 1894 my father visited the Crimea with Sir John Pender, on his steam-yacht Electra. There were on board Lord Wolseley, Sir Evelyn Wood, Mr Bayard, the American Ambassador, Lord Kelvin, and others. I give some extracts from his diary:—

"Aug. 19th.—I appeared on deck at 7 A.M., exclaiming, 'Est in conspectu Tenedos?' Wolseley answered, 'I knew you would say so.' We had such a delicious time with Tenedos on our left—Besika Bay, Sigeum, Mount Ida. Troy behind a low hill. Scamander *towering* out from the plain, and the tombs of Achilles,

¹ "Pauper locupletem optare podagram
Nec dubitet Ladas, si non eget Anticyra."

Ajax, and Patroclus. Then we passed through the Dardanelles, the Asian Castle Chanak very picturesque—an old medieval fort and new earth fortifications up to date—the old big marble shells piled up in heaps along the shore; then by Sestos and Abydos, and so past Gallipoli. I amused them by repeating the lines about—

‘Here I am and here I stay,
Anchored in Besika Bay,’

which even Wolseley did not know.

“*Aug. 22.*—Arrived at Sebastopol. Black Sea mild as Marmora, and amiable as the Ægean after the boisterous Bosphorus. The place has surprised me. There are here and there a few houses shattered by the siege. But the whole town is practically rebuilt,—looks as bright as Naples and much cleaner, and does credit to Russian energy. Left cards on the Governor, Admiral, and General. Drove to Flagstaff Bastion, afterwards to Cathcart’s Hill, then, leaving Redan to left, to Malakoff. The Governor and Admiral of the Port in full uniform dined with us and the British Consul.

“*23rd.*—Started at 8 in four carriages, each with three horses. Drove to Alma, twenty miles very rough road. Walked to Telegraph Hill and various spots on the battlefield. Lunched in a cool spot outside an orchard shaded with poplars and willows on bank of the river.

“*24th.*—Started at 10 in a launch for Inkerman Bridge, a beautiful twenty minutes’ run to mouth of Tchernaya. Then Pender, our consul, and I went along the Tchernaya under the heights of Inkerman, saw the spot where the astounding folly of the charge of the Light Brigade blotted our Balaclava victory. Wolseley, Wood, Portsmouth, and Ardagh rode. Had tea with the Governor and his wife and her sister and brother; sat at table in a large balcony,—tea, wine, and fruit. Ladies talked English. The Russian Black Sea fleet espied in harbour—six ironclads. Torpedo-boats, &c., all ready to start for the Golden Horn when required! I am more struck than ever by the folly and futility of the war into which we drifted in 1854, and I should like to send the effigies of Aberdeen and Gladstone to

light a bonfire on some commanding height.

“*Aug. 31.*—Had a most interesting audience with his Imperial Majesty the Sultan. We drove in three carriages up to the Mosque where the Selamlık is held. We occupied the same kiosk as I did in 1890. The Sultan arrived soon after 12.30. His coachman drove. Osman Pacha (the hero of Plevna) sat opposite to him. The Sultan drove himself back—driving alone with no servants, although attended by people on foot and horseback. During service we had Russian tea with lemon, and were invited to go to another kiosk (that of the Ambassadors). There we found the Italian Ambassador (Signor Catalani) and his son, a youth of eighteen (grandson of old Musurus), who has just left Harrow after gaining the first prize for Shakespeare and Latin. His father introduced me to him, and I had a good deal of chat. Ambassadors were necessarily intended to have an audience. Mr Bayard was introduced by his Minister. Our turn came last. We were taken upstairs, through two rooms into the presence-chamber, where were the Sultan and his Chamberlain, Munir Pacha. The room was very dark. Abdul Hamid looks much older than his age (fifty-two), is very Jewish, with an aquiline nose, and dignified. He shook hands with us all separately. Then the chief dragoman to our Embassy presented each one—speaking in Turkish. The Sultan spoke in Turkish. The dragoman translated the Sultan’s speeches into English, and our replies, which were in English, into Turkish. To Lord Wolseley, who was first, the Sultan said very little. He addressed Sir J. Pender next, then Lord Portsmouth, and Lord Kelvin. He then said to me he hoped I liked his country. I told him I had visited it before, and was delighted to have an opportunity of seeing it again. He said it did not look well now in consequence of the earthquake. I replied England had sympathised with the sufferers at Constantinople, and we had done what we could to express our sympathy. Sir Evelyn Wood’s turn came next, and the Sultan asked if he had been in the

Crimean war. He said he had. He was then in the navy, and served in the trenches. His Majesty looked more animated and pleased during his talk with Wood than at any other time. Then he asked some casual question of Sir J. Ardagh, and added he was sorry he could not see more of us as it was a very busy day (being his Accession day seventeen years ago), and he had to give so many audiences. Then he shook hands again with each of us separately, and we bowed ourselves out and retired.

"Returning, went through the Canal recently opened."

In April 1895 my father was greatly gratified by being asked to propose Sir M. White Ridley for the Speakership, by the special desire of both Mr Balfour and Sir Matthew. He wrote on April 8:—

"Whitbread and I have conferred, and we shall not abuse each other or each other's candidate. The Speaker has just given us a most charming valedictory address, quite like himself; so when Gladstone and two generations of Peels have passed away, it almost seems time for me to go also."

And on April 10:—

"You will like to know how 'the speech' went off. I think I may without vanity say it was a distinct success. I have been overwhelmed with compliments, not only from our own side, but from Tim Healy, who told me there was so much fun and wit in it, and Blake, who said, 'Sir John Mowbray, why don't you speak oftener in the House?' John Burns said I had almost converted him; Willie Redmond, that I *had* converted him, Dr Tanner, &c. Walter Foster told me they were all delighted on the Treasury bench, and George Lefevre said it was the best speech I had made in my life. The House was with me all through, and I made two or three distinct hits. Whitbread looked as if he did not like his task. You would have been amused, too, at the 'perfect ovation' I got at the Carlton—members of our House,

those who were in the Gallery, all coming up to congratulate. People on both sides said I had the honours of the day."

He and his candidate no doubt had the honours of the day; but from the moment Mr Gully was elected my father, as he has said in a previous article, conceived the highest opinion of his powers and of his firmness and knowledge of the ways of the House. When the time came for the new House to meet, with a majority of 150 for Lord Salisbury's Government, and feelings were divided as to whether the majority should disregard what had happened earlier in the year and elect a Speaker from among themselves, my father exerted his influence strongly in favour of the constitutional practice of retaining a Speaker, with the result that he had the unique experience of proposing as Speaker, in August, the candidate he had opposed in April. There was nothing forced or insincere in what he said in August, as Mr Speaker Gully had won golden opinions from him by his management of the House during May and June.

He has already mentioned having presented the address from Oxford University on her Majesty's Jubilee in 1897. He enjoyed doing so extremely, and was delighted with the show made by Oxford, the deputation (consisting of about thirty) being headed by Lord Salisbury in full robes, his train borne by two grandsons. Cambridge sent twenty, headed by the Duke of Devonshire,

with Mr Victor Cavendish as train-bearer. London University mustered about a dozen. It was a beautiful scene, the Throne Room was lined with the Indian Imperial Service Corps in their magnificent uniforms, and he specially noted how well the Queen looked and how admirably Lord Salisbury read the Address. The question as to the Fathership of the House after Mr Villiers' death afforded him some amusement. I may add that he never had any doubt himself as to his right to the title. On the first day of the session of 1898 he wrote:—

"Things have been very pleasant and amusing. First the policeman's greeting, 'Hope you are quite well, Sir John; you have quite recovered your colour.' Then the chorus in the House and lobbies is, 'How well you look!' Cohen said, 'You want to be the Father of the House, but I shall vote against you on one ground only—you look too young, you look younger than you did last year.' The Speaker's greeting was very pleasant and I hope significant: as he shook me by the hand he said, 'I suppose I must greet you as Father of the House in spite of what I read to the contrary.' Men of all shades of opinion seem to take the same view, and if I may draw any conclusion, the feeling of the House is very much in my favour. Dr Tanner said, 'Now you are the Father, we must look after your health.' The three Clerks all greeted me in a row. Palgrave said something on saluting the Father, Milman followed, and said Undoubtedly, and then Jenkinson joined in chorus."

My father's interest in young men was very marked, and I think that it grew stronger as years went on. Any young man of promise on either side of the House attracted his attention. Amongst those whose

careers he specially watched I may mention Mr Asquith, and in later years Sir E. Gray; and, above all, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, whom he had watched from his Eton days, rejoicing in the brilliant speeches which he made whilst Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and often saying, "They must take him into the Cabinet."

During the many years of his parliamentary life there were very few members for whom he had not a good word, and in return, I believe, few who had not a kindly feeling for him. Mr Justin M'Carthy has spoken in his *Reminiscences* of his pleasant intercourse with my father, and the feeling of respect and regard was mutual. With the Labour Members also he was always friendly. His dislike of Mr Bradlaugh's opinions did not prevent him from holding a very high view of Mr Bradlaugh's capacity. With Mr John Burns he was on most friendly terms; and he had quite a bond of union with Mr Broadhurst in the love and admiration they both felt for Oxford, and, above all, for Christ Church. Mr Broadhurst often referred to the time when he had worked on the repairs to the Cathedral, now many years ago.

My father went to the opening of Parliament on February 7, 1899, and wrote his last letter about the House on that day:—

"It does one good always to come up to this House, where all people are without exception so kind. Everywhere the same remark greets me, 'We are all so glad to see you looking so well.' I have had most satisfactory chats with Halsey and John Ellis, and they both agree to help to carry on the Committees."

He voted against Mr S. Smith's amendment to the Address, with regard to discipline in the Church of England, and then left the House—only to return for the Budget speech on Thursday, April 13. He went there again on the following Monday, when he left it to return no more. His love for it remained to the last, and no ending to his life could have been more fitting than that he should have spent the last hours he passed out of his own house in that other House which he had known and loved for seventy years.

I have said nothing here as to my father's views on Church questions, nor is this the place to do so at length. From a constitutional point of view, I know that he regretted that the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874 had not been submitted to Convocation before being introduced into Parliament, and to the end of his life he was what I suppose would be described as an old-fashioned High Churchman. The following letter to Mr Nye, written on April 15, a week before he died, may be of interest as showing the freshness of his interests and the tenacity of his judgment up to the last:—

"A heavy domestic affliction has involved my absence from London for more than two months. Upon my return I find your kind letter with your valuable book, 'The Story of the Oxford Movement.' I accept your kind gift with much gratitude, and I may add that I had previously read it with great satisfaction.

"You place the Oxford Movement and most of its leaders in their true

position. They had no sympathy with the Ritualism of this *fin-de-siècle* age. Pusey and Keble and many others had no sympathy with what attracts so many of our younger clergy and offends the English laity. And it is well that the truth should be set forth by one who knows what he is writing about. Mr Walsh's so-called 'History' of the movement is nothing of the kind."

This was probably the last letter he ever wrote, and it may fitly conclude these fragmentary reminiscences—showing him to have been in the truest sense "*qualis ab incepto*"—consistent to the close.

* * * *

In previous articles [Sir John wrote] I have said something of the great figures at Westminster during my earlier political career. A word or two now about one or two of the most distinguished of my later contemporaries. Mr Bright, of course, was one of the great figures of this period, as he was of the earlier which ended with the death of Palmerston. It is not necessary to add to what I have said already about his eloquence. He was always very greatly in earnest. I recollect his once saying something or other in the Quaker vein, and Palmerston, in replying, referred to him as the "Reverend Gentleman"! There was no love lost between the two. But Mr Bright was in earnest about everything. His keenness in voting for the Union, and in upholding it in all matters and not merely in the Irish Question, was extraordinary. He was a very simple man. I remember once

going upstairs with him after dinner, and he said to me, "Who's that man with the legs?" "That's a dean," I answered. He was aware that it wasn't a bishop, but he was a man who wouldn't know the differences and distinctions of that kind.

Lord Coleridge was very fond of Bright, whom I used to meet frequently at his dinners. Bright could unbend very well. I enjoyed a long and close intimacy with Coleridge, who was full of stories, and a capital teller of them. He dined with me not long before his death. Coleridge was telling about Bowen's funeral, and after the ladies left I sat down beside him, and asked him, "Will Russell get Bowen's place?" "Yes," Coleridge said. "He shan't have my place, I know," he added. He caught the chill the next day which carried him off, and Russell did get his place.

Lord Derby was very quick and able, though always perhaps a little indifferent to office. But he was most industrious in office. He was a wonderful correspondent, answering his letters promptly and in his own beautiful handwriting. In this he was like Lord Salisbury.

Mr Gathorne Hardy and Sir Stafford Northcote were intimate and lifelong friends, and it must ever be a pleasure to think of this long and unbroken intercourse which I enjoyed with such men. Others have been taken whose premature loss we have to deplore,—Lord Randolph Churchill, endeared to his friends, and admired by all for his brilliant

genius and high courage; Mr W. H. Smith, animated by the highest sense of duty, called to lead the House under unusual conditions, and fulfilling that difficult task in a way to command the approbation of friends and foes alike, and dying at his post.

Mr Disraeli was a consummate Leader of every House, whether he was in a majority or minority, full of consideration for everybody, and conciliating all by his imperturbable temper and his inimitable tact. But of him I must also speak in terms of personal affection. From the first moment when I had the privilege of making his acquaintance as a private member in 1853 to the last time when I saw Lord Beaconsfield in Curzon Street, not long before his death in 1881, I found him always the same—a frank, kind, and cordial friend, and most free and easy in conversation. I will not attempt to enlarge on his marvellous genius and his foresight, which went far beyond that of any man with whom I ever came in contact. They are indelibly recorded in the history of England. But I may be permitted to have the satisfaction of recalling the man as I knew him in his personal relations.

Mr Disraeli would never see the gloomy side, and very often on this account deceived himself about a majority. He was always ready to converse with any member of his party, in this respect being very different from Mr Gladstone. To old friends he was always very grateful. There was one—a Yorkshire gentleman, I believe

—who lent him a very large sum of money at the beginning of his parliamentary career, to pay off his debts and so leave him unencumbered. This gentleman, to the end of his days, was invited to the dinner which Disraeli always gave on his birthday.

In Lady Beaconsfield he had a valuable support. She was an enthusiastic sympathiser with him in all his interests, and was devoted to him. When in the Commons, he was constantly at work, and gave himself little rest. He used to dine late at night, and very sparingly, always with a bottle of Beaune. Once, referring to this hasty dinner and assiduous attendance, I said to Lady Beaconsfield that I could not understand how he kept going. "Ah, but," she answered, "I always have supper for him when he comes home, and lights, lights, plenty of lights,—Dizzy always likes lights; and then he tells me everything that has happened in the House, and then I clap him off to bed."

I would speak with grateful recollection of my intercourse with Mr Gladstone. I had admired him in my Oxford days, when the M.P. for Newark, the "hope of the unbending Tories," made an occasional appearance in Christ Church, being still a student. I knew him slightly, and had been a member of his committee in 1847 and 1852, during his first two contests for the University. I was chairman of the committee which succeeded in seating Mr Hardy in his place in 1865. It is pleasant to recall the fact that when

he took his seat afterwards as member for South - West Lancashire, he crossed the floor of the House and shook hands with me. And while he led the House in the Opposition from 1880 to the time when he left it in 1894, I knew that if at any time the action of the Committee of Selection was called in question, I could always rely on his favourable construction of that action, and his unfailing support. He was kind and generous, incapable of entertaining any sort of vindictive feeling arising out of previous antagonism, but rather likely to fall back on the memory of past times, when I might have been regarded as a faithful follower.

But he was intolerant of opposition, and of this I may mention a curious example. I have already related how I was present at the fire of the Houses of Parliament in 1834. Many years later I was dining at the Temple, and Mr Gladstone, who was very affectionate on this occasion, sat next me. He made a speech in which he congratulated the lawyers present on the fusion of Law and Equity, and on the New Courts of Justice. When speaking later in the evening I said that I knew nothing about the fusion of Law and Equity, but that I had to differ from Mr Gladstone about the Courts of Law. I regretted the change from Westminster Hall, because they were separated from the Legislature; and I went on to quote a remark of Sir Frederick Thesiger's on the occasion of the burning of the Houses of Parliament. Some one had said at

the time that it was a pity Westminster Hall was not burned on the same occasion, and then the Law Courts might have been built in a more convenient situation. "Yes," said Thesiger, "and if they had, what a pettifogging profession ours would have become." Mr Gladstone got very angry, caught hold of my arm, and said, "Wasn't it inevitable?" I replied that I knew nothing about that; only, I didn't think the change a matter for congratulation. I had spoken of the front of the House of Lords falling in. "Who said the front fell in?" Gladstone cried. "Didn't we use it long afterwards?" That was quite true, for it was a false front that fell in. But I was able (as I had already explained) to reply that I knew what I was speaking about, for I had seen it, and remembered Sir Frederick Thesiger's remark next day. The company cheered; but Gladstone did not like the contradiction.

* * * *

There is a story about the portrait of Mr Gladstone which now hangs in the Hall of Christ Church which my father was fond of telling, and is curious enough to find a place amongst his reminiscences of Mr Gladstone. It was suggested that Christ Church ought to possess a portrait of Mr Gladstone, to hang in the Hall amongst the other illustrious sons of "the House" already there. My father entered warmly into the scheme, funds were collected, and a portrait

was painted by Mr Watts. It was shown at the Gaudy in June 1878, and hung in the Hall west of the portrait of Mr Canning. The picture was not liked, and in May 1879 the Dean (Dr Liddell) took it back to Mr Watts with a view to certain alterations. Mr Watts painted out the face, and asked Mr Gladstone to give him sittings at his studio for a fresh portrait. Mr Gladstone refused, but said Mr Watts might come to Hawarden and paint him there! In the end the picture never came back to Christ Church, and Mr Watts returned the money. The task was then confided to Mr W. Richmond (now Sir W. Richmond). A portrait was painted, which was shown at the Grosvenor Gallery in May 1882, but never came to Christ Church: it was described by 'Punch' as "Mr Gladstone after sweeping his own chimney, with a sootable expression"! Sir William Richmond returned the money. Sir John Millais then undertook to do a portrait, and Mr Gladstone sat to him—but Lord Rosebery secured the portrait. Mr Gladstone had said that it was the last time he would sit; but when he found that Lord Rosebery and not Christ Church had become the owner of the picture, and that Sir John Millais proposed to send a replica to Oxford, he said he would sit once more for Christ Church. This portrait, therefore, which was hung in Christ Church Hall on October 15, 1885, is the latest portrait painted of Mr Gladstone.

A COLD DAY IN MID-CANADA.

I WAKE up feeling almost too lazy to look at my watch. The room is warm enough; but there is just a touch of keenness in the air, which makes me think it is cold outside, and in the middle of the night I had a twinge of neuralgia, which obliged me to close the ventilator in the storm-windows. A ventilator is a single pane, about a foot square, opening outwards like the door of a cupboard to let in the fresh air, and, except for this, the storm-windows are airtight. Therefore I have no idea whether the day be bright and sunny or overcast; for it is weeks since nature drew down a thick white blind, of layer on layer of hoar-frost, that will not be lifted for a couple of months or so yet. On my way to the window I feel the "radiator," whose pipes are so hot that I am glad I hung my bath-towel on them overnight to warm, as otherwise I should have burnt my fingers. Directly I open the ventilator my suspicions are confirmed, for the glass door works stiffly, and squeaks a protest at this disturbance of its torpid sleep. Then the warm air from within rolls out in a cloud of steam that would make a stranger think the house was on fire, while the cold air from outside pours in like a cataract on the floor, and curls round my bare feet, rising perceptibly round my ankles, till I am glad to gather up my towels and

sponge and make for the bathroom. To reach this I have to go some little distance down one or two corridors, which, however, have no terrors in a Canadian house, for there are no draughts, and the heating is evenly distributed throughout. Do not run away with the idea either that our rooms are stuffy because we have double windows, for the contrast between the temperature inside and outside is so violent that the least crack sets up a number of small whirlwinds which keep the air in constant commotion. Then at this time of year everything is dry, with a dryness that you in England can hardly realise. For example, you can pack your bath-sponge, ten minutes after use, in your dress clothes, without bothering about a sponge-bag at all. You may throw scraps of meat and dish-scrapings into your backyard (I am sorry to say that some people do), and, till the sun gets sufficient power to thaw them out next spring, they will be there, frozen as hard as stones. From the bathroom I can see some clothes hanging out to dry, a process that has always been a mystery to me. For in less than a minute after a damp pocket-handkerchief has been exposed to the air it is frozen crisp, and surely it should remain so till it is brought indoors and thawed out, when it will be as damp as ever. But, by some magic or other, evaporation

sets in, and continues even after shirts and tablecloths are flapping about like so many sheets of tin.

When I return to my room I dress, in very much the same clothes as you would wear at home in ordinary winter weather. But as I am going to breakfast at the club, before leaving the house I put on a pair of over-shoes with rubber soles, fastening across the instep with a steel clip, these being worn over a pair of ordinary walking boots, such as you might wear in London. Then a long heavy furlined coat, that does not scrimp you in the matter of collar, this adjunct being so deep that when turned up it reaches higher than your ears. On my hands I wear fur mitts or fingerless gloves, and I am very careful to put all this on before opening the hall-door, for it is a golden rule in this climate to start warm. Even then I am not in the open air, for I am confronted by the storm-door, which serves much the same purpose as the double windows, but is made of plain unpainted wood instead of glass. Occasionally I have tried to bolt this, on leaving the house, with my bare hands, but not often in this weather, for the metal will burn your skin to a blister.

Once fairly in the open air, the sensation is pleasant at first—exactly like dipping an overheated face in cold water; and the illusion is strengthened by the fact that the cold seems to be intensified by motion, in just the same way as moving one's hand about in warm water

seems to increase the heat. But before I have gone many yards it strikes me that I had better pull my fur cap over my ears if I don't want to get them frost-bitten. I glance up at the chimneys and know at once that the temperature is very low; for the smoke is as thick and white as cotton-wool, and seems to be forcing its way slowly up against the dense weight of cold air above. The quick jingle of sleigh-bells catches my ear, and in an incredibly short time a fast trotter flashes past, his long coat fringed white with frozen sweat. In the next street the electric cars are running busily, with an angry ring-ting-ting as some incautious wayfarer delays too long in crossing the track, each with its own little "smoke-stack" pouring out cotton-wool from the stove within—the stove, be it observed, serving merely for heating the interior, and being in no way connected with locomotion. There is a cab-stand at the corner, and over each horse is a long fur robe, reaching to within a few inches of the ground, the effect being strangely reminiscent of the days when knighthood was in flower. The sky is a brilliant blue, and everything else is white. My moustache is frozen stiff already, and there is a little snow-bank on each side of my fur collar, where the breath is congealed. But there is no wind, and I don't mind it at all: in the genial slang of the North-West, "it doesn't fizz on me." A couple pass me on the street and nod cheerily. I lift my finger to my cap in a kind

of military salute—for here the laws of society do not require you to take off your hat in winter—and puzzle for a moment or two who they can be, though their faces are familiar. Then I remember; but she looks so different in her furs, and the beard which he allows to grow every winter and shaves off every spring works such a transformation, that it requires a mental effort to rearrange one's friends here from season to season. For a long time after I came to Canada, I could not rid myself of the idea that in the winter it was peopled with millionaires. In England we are accustomed to associate the idea of furs with the wealthier classes exclusively, and here every shopgirl, in her fur coat and coquettish little cap, looks like an heiress, and every business man like a Russian diplomat or a Jew financier. After a year or so I became accustomed to it, and am now critical on the subject, being able to distinguish different kinds of fur at a glance.

There is a quick scurry along the pavement at my feet, and a small boy whirls by with a whoop, muffled up to his eyes, and seated on an old soap-box ingeniously fitted with runners, the whole equipage being drawn by a half-bred collie, who is barking vigorously, and evidently enjoying himself as much as his master. In a minute or two he meets a rival, and then his canine nature asserts itself, and the two disappear in a cloud of snow, fighting furiously, while the driver stands on his head with his little moc-

casins kicking in the air. However, nobody is hurt, and the passers-by hardly turn their heads. Young Canada in winter is a fascinating study. Here come two squat little figures, as broad as they are long, apparently exactly the same size, about two feet nine by two feet nine. In their small buffalo coats and otter caps they look for all the world like twin bear-cubs. One of them joyously pushes the other over in the snow and rolls on the top of him. Then they jump up and dust themselves, for the snow is as fine and dry as the sand above high-water mark, and their mother has no cause for anxiety about damp clothes.

As soon as I enter the club I am greeted by a pleasant warmth from within. The long low dining-room has a bright fire burning in the grate, more for the sake of appearance and association than for any real use, because the thermometer (there is one hung in nearly every room) shows that the temperature is nearly 70° Fahr. In fact, it takes an Englishman longer to get acclimatised to the heat indoors than to the opposite extreme outside. But still, after a year or two he will not find 70° excessive, for one consumes carbon very quickly in the open air, between the latter end of December and the beginning of April. The hotels are probably heated several degrees higher than this. After breakfast I have to "go down town" to see a lawyer on business. Before I have been in his office five minutes I take off all my

furs, and glance surreptitiously at his thermometer, which marks 80° . He catches the look, and remarks apologetically that it is a little oppressive. Here I spend an hour, sweltering and uncomfortable, and am glad to take my leave. Three doors down the street is a drug-store with a long thermometer hung outside, which, as I note in passing, registers 40° below zero. A difference of 120° in the time it takes to walk down a short flight of stairs and pass through a couple of swing-doors! Small wonder that I marvel how human lungs can stand it; and yet they can, for the air is as brisk and exhilarating as champagne. Then I jump on to a passing car and am whirled off to the big hotel. The car is comfortable, as the conductor takes good care to keep the stove going, and the constant ingress and egress of passengers ensures a regular supply of fresh air. Overhead there is a perfect network of wires; for nearly all the offices, and most of the private houses, are connected with the telephone service, and electric lighting is in use everywhere. The wires hum and twang like banjo-strings in the intense frost. The hotel is terribly over-heated to my idea, but other people don't seem to mind it. In walking down the long carpeted corridors I accidentally touch a painted iron pillar with my bare hand—and then I jump and say things. Not that the pillar is hot, but that I have been storing electricity in this dry air till I am like a walking accumulator, and there

was a crack like the striking of a wax vesta, and a small blue spark. Sometimes the children will join hands, and run down these passages, shuffling their feet on the carpet as they go, and then light a gas-jet with the tips of their fingers. A traveller's tale, you say? well, I thought so myself—till I saw it done. Once, some years ago, I was in bed with an attack of "grippe," and a temperature of about 105° . The doctor, who was in a hurry, had run up the carpeted stairs without taking off his fur coat, so that when he put his fingers on my wrist I felt as if I had been lashed with a whip, and even he started back with a gasp.

After leaving the hotel I continue my way on foot along the main street towards the river. There are no birds to be seen except a few sparrows, and even they are perched under the eaves, little hunched-up balls of staring feathers, trying to look as if they were in the fashion, and had on their winter coats too. They are a new importation, and it is only their indomitable pluck that enables them to thrive. A few years ago they were unknown, and even now, after a really cold "snap," you see their little dead bodies lying where they dropped, and frozen as hard as bullets. The great law of selection works quickly here, but still nature is kind to her children. I once had two fox-terrier pups, brother and sister, from the same litter. During the first winter of their existence nothing would tempt the bitch out of doors, while the dog fairly revelled in the snow.

At the end of a year the difference in the thickness of their coats was very marked. On the dog's back the hair grew so close that it was hardly possible, by rubbing it the wrong way, to distinguish the pink skin beneath. His sister's coat was normal. There is no insect life of any kind—not a fly to be seen, even in the kitchens. Crossing the street, I pass a butcher's shop, with the carcass of a slain pig sprawling hideously in the doorway, erect on his four frozen legs, which are extended at unnatural angles—a ghastly object, white, and cold, and naked. A little farther on is a fishmonger, the window full of white-fish from the great lakes to the north. They have been forcibly “yanked” out by Indians and half-breeds through holes in the ice, and frozen as stiff as walking-sticks before they have fairly quitted their native element.

When I first came out here my mental picture of a frozen river was a little vague. I think I had a notion that it was one long sheet of clear ice, through which you could dimly descry the fish swimming slowly, and staring up at you with pathetic eyes,—something that reminded you of a vast aquarium underneath your feet, or the practical joke that King Solomon played on the Queen of Sheba, according to the pages of the Koran. I forgot the snow, you see. The real thing is a little disappointing,—merely a long white ribbon between snow-clad banks. There is probably a thickness of about five feet of solid ice below you, and

when you bethink yourself that eighteen inches will bear a railway train, you venture on without feeling particularly nervous. It is different in the spring, though. About the middle of April the ice will begin to break up, and the great floes will come crashing and sweeping down the current, breaking into a sudden sparkle of silver where their edges grind together, or playing a mad leap-frog in their frantic efforts to reach the great lakes before their doom is on them, and they are gone. But to-day the river is still enough, though even now we hear occasionally a sudden crack like the report of a gun, the result of intense cold, and in no way a sign of disintegration.

On the farther bank is a long, low, wooden building, which I enter without the formality of knocking. Inside all is life and bustle, and my ears are greeted with a “confusion of tongues” that it would be hard to match elsewhere: the eager chatter of the “habitant,” the cultivated English of the university and public-school man, the broad “kailyard” of the Highland farmer—ay, even the guttural tones of the Red Indian. Through it all a strange vibrating roar, which never ceases and has a queer music of its own—the ring of the curling-stones. The floor is of beautiful clear ice, every speck of snow being constantly swept clean by those busy brooms. The men are quaint figures, clad in short thick coats of pilot-cloth, or buckskin, or shaggy buffalo, heavy tweed

trousers, and moccasins or overshoes. Nearly all of them wear Tam o' Shanter, as a tribute of respect to the nationality of the game; but figure to yourself a Blackfoot Indian in a Tam o' Shanter! And yet there is a rink here composed entirely of full-blooded Redskins that would make some of your very best men work hard to beat it. I have never seen any curling in the old country; but I fancy you would be sore put to it to pick out a team that could tackle our best men here. You see our season is longer, and we get more practice. Running down between the rinks are long planks, on which stand the spectators, almost as much excited as the players themselves. One end of the long barn is glazed across, and behind the glass are more spectators and more players, the latter busily engaged in changing their outdoor gear by the stove. But standing about is cold work, even when you have a plank between your feet and the ice, so that I do not linger long after delivering my message, and retrace my steps towards the town. There is one feature of the scenery that even now comes on me with a sort of surprise, the deep intense blue of the cloudless sky,—a blue that is more suggestive of Italy and the Mediterranean than of a wide waste of snow. "Some day when I have "made my pile," and am as rich as Fortunio, I will build me a lordly winter-garden, roofed in with glass, and I will stock it with tropical plants, and birds, and a beehive with real live bees. Then I

will bask therein, like Théophile Gautier's hero, and gaze at the sky, and dream that I am in a land of eternal summer. Meanwhile I am anxious to get back to lunch.

The club is crowded to-day, for the "bonspiel" is on, and the curlers and their friends have been pouring into town for the week, so that the lavatory walls are decorated with brooms, and the hat-pegs with "Tammies." The talk is of "in-turns" and "out-turns," of "wicks" and "tee-weights," of "skips" and "leads"—you would think the whole city was curling. Their appetites are enormous, and the fare is good, for game of all sorts can be frozen early in the winter, and will keep till the following spring. Canvas-back duck can be bought here in the fall for 1s. 2d. apiece,—in New York you would pay 16s. or 17s. If you are a sportsman, you can go out and shoot them for yourself within a few miles. The prairie chicken, a species of grouse, is as plentiful as an iniquitous system of legislation will permit, and a bag of snipe running into three figures is not uncommon. Moose, too, and wapiti, can be killed in a journey of a few hours from where we are sitting.

My stay in town is short, so I have to do a good deal of running about from one office to another, and, as it is impossible to sit in a room for any length of time in furs and overshoes, and equally impossible to walk a hundred yards without them, each separate visit entails a good deal of dressing and un-

dressing. Later on I have a call or two to pay; but afternoon teas run in pretty much the same routine here as at home. It is noticeable, however, that the fair sex manage to walk about the streets on the coldest days with ordinary hats, and, by some mysterious dispensation of Providence, their ears never seem to freeze. It may be owing to their long hair; but certainly in weather when every man you meet wears a fur cap,—from the astrakhan or sea-otter of the bank-manager down to the sheepskin headgear of the last Galician immigrant,—you will meet a daintily dressed damsel tripping along with a mere bunch of silk and feathers perched on her glossy curls.

After dinner, instead of going to the theatre, we make up a party to the big skating-rink. This is an enormous building, with a sheet of ice some 200 feet by 80 feet, and sitting accommodation for 2000 or 3000 people. There is an important hockey-match on to-night, and, consequently, every seat is taken, and you are lucky to find standing room. Hockey here is as superior to the ordinary game as is polo at Hurlingham to that of Little Pedlington. The great hall is brilliantly lit up with electric light, and the applause that greets every good stroke is fairly deafening, all the more so because one's feet get cold, and violent stamping promotes circulation. The two opposing teams contain among them some of the finest skaters in the world,

youths who have been trained to the sport from early boyhood, and who know every trick and turn of the game. After an hour or so of this you return to the club for a quiet smoke, "and so to bed."

The sky at night is a deep dark blue, and the stars are like dropping balls of fire, so close that they seem to be almost within reach. The Northern Lights look as if a titanic paintbrush had been dipped in phosphorescent flame and drawn in great bold strokes across the heavens. As you pass the electric lamps you see very fine particles of snow caught up by the wind, and glittering high in the air like diamonds. But it is a cold night, and you are not sorry to get into your room. First of all, you take a blanket or so from the bed, for there are people in Canada who sleep all the year round with only a sheet over them, to such a pitch of perfection have they brought the heating of their rooms. After you have tucked yourself in, the stillness of the night is broken occasionally by a report like a cannon. Have you ever been inside a bathing-machine when a mischievous boy threw a stone at it? And, if so, do you remember how you jumped? When the walls of a wooden house crack in the bitter cold, the effect is similar, only magnified. But you know what it means here, so you only draw the clothes closer round you, thankful that you are snug and warm. And so good night.

LORD JIM : A SKETCH.¹

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

CHAPTER VIII.

"How long he stood stock-still by the hatch expecting every moment to feel the ship dip under his feet and the rush of water take him at the back and toss him like a chip, I cannot say. Not very long—two minutes perhaps. A couple of men he could not make out began to converse drowsily, and also, he could not tell where, he detected a curious noise of shuffling feet. Above these faint sounds there was that awful stillness preceding a catastrophe, that trying silence of the moment before the crash ; then it came into his head that perhaps he would have time to rush along and cut all the lanyards of the gripes, so that the boats would float off as the ship went down.

"The *Patna* had a long bridge, and all the boats were up there, four on one side and three on the other—the smallest of them on the port-side and nearly abreast of the steering gear. He assured me, with evident anxiety to be believed, that he had been most careful to keep them ready for instant service. He knew his duty. I daresay he was a good enough mate as far as that went. 'I always believed in being prepared for the worst,' he commented, staring anxiously in

my face. I nodded my approval of the sound principle, averting my eyes before the subtle unsoundness of the man.

"He started unsteadily to run. He had to step over legs, avoid stumbling against the heads. Suddenly some one caught hold of his coat from below, and a distressed voice spoke under his elbow. The light of the lamp he carried in his right hand fell upon an upturned dark face whose eyes entreated him together with the voice. He had picked up enough of the language to understand the word water, repeated several times in a tone of insistence, of prayer, almost of despair. He gave a jerk to get away, and felt an arm embrace his leg.

"The beggar clung to me like a drowning man,' he said impressively. 'Water, water ! What water did he mean ? What did he know ? As calmly as I could I ordered him to let go. He was stopping me, time was pressing, other men began to stir ; I wanted time—time to cut the boats adrift. He got hold of my hand now, and I felt that he would begin to shout. It flashed upon me it was enough to start a panic, and I hauled off with my free arm and slung the lamp in his

face. The glass jingled, the light went out, but the blow made him let go, and I ran off—I wanted to get at the boats; I wanted to get at the boats. He leaped after me from behind. I turned on him. He would not keep quiet; he tried to shout; I had half throttled him before I made out what he wanted. He wanted some water—water to drink; they were on strict allowance, you know, and he had with him a young boy I had noticed several times. His child was sick—and thirsty. He had caught sight of me as I passed by, and was begging for a little water. That's all. We were under the bridge, in the dark. He kept on snatching at my wrists; there was no getting rid of him. I dashed into my berth, snatched out my water-bottle, and thrust it into his hands. He vanished. I didn't find out till then how much I was in want of a drink myself.' He leaned on one elbow with a hand over his eyes.

"I felt a creepy sensation all down my backbone; there was something peculiar in all this; it savoured of the impossible and at the same time carried conviction, extorted a wondering assent. The fingers of the hand that shaded his brow trembled slightly. He broke the short silence.

"These things happen only once to a man and . . . Ah! well! When I got on the bridge at last the beggars were getting one of the boats off the chocks. A boat! I was running up the ladder when a heavy blow fell on my shoulder, just missing my

head. It didn't stop me, and the chief engineer—they had got him out of his bunk by then—raised the boat-stretcher again. Somehow I had no mind to be surprised at anything. All this seemed natural—and awful—and awful. I dodged that miserable maniac, lifted him off the deck as though he had been a little child, and he started screeching in my arms: "Don't! don't! I thought you were one of them niggers." I flung him away, he skidded along the bridge and knocked the legs from under the little chap—the second. The skipper, busy about the boat, looked round and came at me head down, growling like a wild beast. I flinched no more than a stone. I was as solid standing there as this,' he tapped lightly with his knuckles the wall beside his chair. 'It was as though I had heard it all, seen it all, gone through it all twenty times already. I wasn't afraid of them. I drew back my fist and he stopped short, muttering—

"Ah! it's you. Lend a hand quick."

"That's what he said. Quick! As if anybody could be quick enough. Aren't you going to do something,' I asked. "Yes. Clear out," he snarled over his shoulder.

"I don't think I understood then what he meant. The other two had picked themselves up by that time, and they rushed together to the boat. They tramped, they wheezed, they shoved, they cursed the boat, the ship, each other—cursed me. All in mutters. I didn't

move, I didn't speak. I watched the slant of the ship. She was as still as if landed on the blocks in a dry dock—only she was like this.' He held up his hand, palm under, the tips of the fingers, inclined downwards. 'Like this,' he repeated. 'I could see the line of the horizon before me, as clear as a bell, above her stem-head; I could see the water far off there black and sparkling, and still—still as a pond, deadly still, more still than ever sea was before—more still than I could bear to look at. Have you watched a ship floating head down, checked in sinking by a sheet of old iron too rotten to stand being shored up. Have you? Oh yes, shored up? I thought of that—I thought of every mortal thing; but can you shore up a bulkhead in five minutes—or in fifty for that matter? Where was I going to get men that would go down below? Would you have had the courage to swing the maul for the first blow if you had seen that bulkhead? Don't say you would: you had not seen it; nobody would. Hang it—to do a thing like that you must believe there is a chance, one in a thousand, at least, some ghost of a chance; and you would not have believed. Nobody would have believed. You think me a cur for standing there, but what would you have done? What! You can't tell—nobody can tell. One must have time to turn round. What would you have me do? Where was the kindness in making crazy with fright all those people I could not save

single-handed—that nothing could save? Look here! As true as I sit on this chair before you . . .'

"He drew quick breaths at every few words and shot quick glances at my face, as though in his anguish he were watchful of the effect. He was not speaking to me, he was only speaking before me, in a dispute with an invisible personality, an antagonistic and inseparable partner of his existence—another possessor of his soul. These were issues beyond the competency of a court of inquiry: it was a subtle and momentous quarrel as to the true essence of life, and did not want a judge. He wanted an ally, a helper, an accomplice. I felt the risk I ran of being circumvented, blinded, decoyed, bullied, perhaps, into taking a definite part in a dispute impossible of decision if one had to be fair to all the phantoms in possession—to the reputable that had its claims and to the disreputable that had its exigencies. I can't explain to you who haven't seen him and who hear his words only at second hand the mixed nature of my feelings. It seemed to me I was being made to comprehend the Inconceivable—and I know of nothing to compare with the discomfort of such a sensation. I was made to look at the convention that lurks in all truth and on the essential sincerity of falsehood. He appealed to all sides at once,—to the side turned perpetually to the light of day, and to that side of us which, like the other hemisphere of the moon, exists

stealthily in perpetual darkness, with only a fearful ashy light falling at times on the edge. He swayed me. I own to it, I own up. The occasion was obscure, insignificant—what you will: a lost youngster, one in a million—but then he was one of us; an incident as completely devoid of importance as the flooding of an ant-heap, and yet the mystery of his attitude got hold of me as though he had been an individual in the forefront of his kind, as if the obscure truth involved were momentous enough to affect mankind's conception of itself. . . .”

Marlow paused to put new life into his expiring cheroot, seemed to forget all about the story, and abruptly began again.

“My fault of course. One has no business really to get interested. It's a weakness of mine. His was of another kind. My weakness consists in not having a discriminating eye for the incidental—for the externals,—no eye for the hod of the rag-picker or the fine linen of the next man. Next man—that's it. I have met so many men,” he pursued, with momentary sadness—“met them too with a certain—certain—impact, let us say; like this fellow, for instance—and in each case all I could see was merely the human being. A confounded democratic quality of vision which may be better than total blindness, but has been of no advantage to me—I can assure you. Men expect one to take into account their fine linen. But I never could get up any enthusiasm about these things. Oh!

It's a failing; it's a failing; and then comes a soft evening; a lot of men too indolent for whist—and a story. . . .”

He paused again to wait for an encouraging remark, perhaps, but nobody spoke; only the host, as if reluctantly performing a duty, murmured—

“You are so subtle, Marlow.”

“Who? I?” said Marlow in a low voice. “Oh no!” But he was; and try as I may for the success of this yarn I am missing innumerable shades—they were so fine, so difficult to render in colourless words. Because he complicated matters by being so simple, too—the simplest poor devil! . . . By Jove! he was amazing. There he sat telling me that just as I saw him before my eyes he wouldn't be afraid to face anything—and believing in it too. I tell you it was fabulously innocent and it was enormous, enormous! I watched him covertly, just as though I had suspected him of an intention to take a jolly good rise out of me. He was confident that, on the square, ‘on the square, mind!’ there was nothing he couldn't meet. Ever since he had been ‘so high’—‘quite a little chap,’ he had been preparing himself for all the difficulties that can beset one on land and water. He confessed proudly to this kind of foresight. He had been elaborating dangers and defences, expecting the worst, rehearsing his best. He must have led a most exalted existence. Can you fancy it? A succession of adventures, so much glory, such a victorious progress! and

the deep sense of his sagacity crowning every day of his inner life. He forgot himself; his eyes shone; and with every word my heart, searched by the light of his absurdity, was growing heavier in my breast. I had no mind to laugh, and lest I should smile I made for myself a stolid face. He gave signs of irritation.

“‘It is always the unexpected that happens,’ I said in a propitiatory tone. My obtuseness provoked him into a contemptuous ‘Pshaw!’ I suppose he meant that the unexpected couldn’t touch him; nothing less than the unconceivable itself could get over his perfect state of preparation. He had been taken unawares—and he whispered to himself a malediction upon the waters and the firmament, upon the ship, upon the men. Everything had betrayed him! He had been tricked into that sort of high-minded resignation which prevented him lifting as much as his little finger, while these others who had a very clear perception of the actual necessity were tumbling against each other and sweating desperately over that boat business. Something had gone wrong there at the last moment. It appears that in their flurry they had contrived in some mysterious way to get the sliding bolt of the foremost boat-chock jammed tight, and forthwith had gone out of the remnants of their minds over the deadly nature of that accident. It must have been a pretty sight, the fierce industry of these beggars toiling on a

motionless ship that floated quietly in the silence of a world asleep, fighting against time for the freeing of that boat, grovelling on all fours, standing up in despair, tugging, pushing, snarling at each other venomously, ready to kill, ready to weep, and only kept from flying at each other’s throats by the fear of death that stood silent behind them like an inflexible and cold-eyed taskmaster. Oh yes! It must have been a pretty sight. He saw it all, he could talk about it with scorn and bitterness; he had a minute knowledge of it by means of some sixth sense, I conclude, because he swore to me he had remained apart without a glance at them and at the boat—without one single glance. And I believe him. I should think he was too busy watching the threatening slant of the ship, the suspended menace discovered in the midst of the most perfect security—fascinated by the sword hanging by a hair over his imaginative head.

“Nothing in the world moved before his eyes, and he could depict to himself without hindrance the sudden swing upwards of the dark sky-line, the sudden tilt up of the vast plain of the sea, the swift still rise, the brutal fling, the grasp of the abyss, the struggle without hope, the starlight closing over his head for ever like the vault of a tomb—the revolt of his young life—the black end. He could! By Jove! who couldn’t? And you must remember he was a finished artist in that peculiar way, he was a gifted poor devil

with the faculty of swift and forestalling vision. The sights it showed him had turned him into cold stone from the soles of his feet to the nape of his neck; but there was a hot dance of thoughts in his head, a dance of lame, blind, mute thoughts—a whirl of awful cripples. Didn't I tell you he confessed himself before me as though I had the power to bind and to loose. He burrowed deep, deep, in the hope of my absolution, which would have been of no good to him. This was one of these cases which no solemn lie can palliate, where no man can help; where his very Maker seems to abandon a sinner to his own devices.

"He stood on the starboard side of the bridge, far as he could get from the struggle for the boat, which went on with the agitation of madness and the stealthiness of a conspiracy. The two Malays had meantime remained holding to the wheel. Just picture to yourselves the actors in that, thank God! unique, episode of the sea, four besides themselves with fierce and secret exertions, and three looking on in complete immobility, above the awnings covering the profound ignorance of hundreds of human beings, with their weariness, with their dreams, with their hopes, arrested, held by an invisible hand on the brink of annihilation. For that they were so, makes no doubt to me: given the state of the ship, this was the deadliest possible description of accident that could happen. These beggars by the boat had every

reason to go distracted with funk. Frankly, had I been there, I would not have given as much as a counterfeit farthing for the ship's chance to keep above water to the end of each successive second. And still she floated! These sleeping pilgrims were destined to accomplish their whole pilgrimage to the bitterness of some other end. It was as if the Omnipotence whose mercy they confessed had needed their humble testimony on earth for a while longer, and had looked down to make a sign, 'Thou shalt not!' to the ocean. Their escape would trouble me as a prodigiously inexplicable event, did I not know how tough old iron can be—as tough sometimes as the spirit of some men we meet now and then, worn to a shadow and breasting the weight of life. Not the least wonder of these twenty minutes, to my mind, is the behaviour of the two helmsmen. They were amongst the native batch of all sorts brought over from Aden to give evidence at the inquiry. One of them, labouring under intense bashfulness, was very young, and with his smooth, yellow, cheery countenance looked even younger than he was. I remember perfectly Brierly asking him, through the interpreter, what he thought of it at the time, and the interpreter, after a short colloquy, turning to the court with an important air—

"'He says he thought nothing.'

"The other with patient blinking eyes, a blue cotton handkerchief, faded with much

washing, bound with a smart twist over a lot of grey wisps, his face shrunk into grim hollows, his brown skin made dark by a mesh of wrinkles, explained that he had a knowledge of some evil thing befalling the ship, but there had been no order; he could not remember an order; why should he leave the helm? To some further questions he jerked back his spare shoulders, and declared it never came into his mind then that the white men were about to leave the ship through fear of death. He did not believe it now. There might have been secret reasons. He wagged his old chin knowingly. Aha! secret reasons. He was a man of great experience, and he wanted *that* white Tuan to know—he turned towards Brierly, who didn't raise his head—that he had acquired a knowledge of many things by serving white men on the sea for a great number of years—and, suddenly, with shaky excitement he poured upon our spellbound attention a lot of queer-sounding names, names of dead-and-gone skip-pers, names of forgotten country ships, names of familiar and distorted sound, as if the hand of dumb time had been at work on them for ages. They stopped him at last. A silence fell upon the court,—a silence that remained unbroken for at least a minute, and passed gently into a deep murmur. This episode was *the* sensation of the second day's proceedings—affecting all the audience, affecting everybody except Jim, who was sitting moodily at the end of the first bench, and

never looked up at this extraordinary and damning witness that seemed possessed by some mysterious theory of defence.

“So these two lascars stuck to the helm of that ship without steerage-way, where death would have found them if such had been their destiny. The whites did not give them half a glance, had probably forgotten their existence. Assuredly Jim did not remember it. He remembered he could do nothing; he could do nothing, now he was alone. There was nothing to do but to sink with the ship. No use making a disturbance about it. Was there? He waited upstanding, without a sound, stiffened in the idea of some sort of heroic discretion. The first engineer ran cautiously across the bridge to tug at his sleeve.

“‘Come and help! For God's sake, come and help!’

“He ran back to the boat on the points of his toes, and returned directly to worry at his sleeve, begging and cursing at the same time.

“‘I believe he would have kissed my hands,’ said Jim savagely, ‘and, next moment, he starts foaming and whispering in my face, “If I had the time I would like to crack your skull for you.” I pushed him away. Suddenly he caught hold of me round the neck. Damn him! I hit him. I hit out without looking. “Won't you save your own life—you infernal coward,” he sobs. Coward! He called me an infernal coward! Ha! ha! ha! ha! He called me—ha! ha! ha! . . .’

“He had thrown himself back

and was shaking with laughter. I had never in my life heard anything so bitter as that noise. It fell like a blight on all the merriment about donkeys, pyramids, bazaars, or what not. Along the whole dim length of the gallery the voices dropped, the pale blotches of faces turned our way with one accord, and the silence became so profound that the clear tinkle of a teaspoon falling on the tessellated floor of the verandah rang out like a tiny and silvery scream.

"'You mustn't laugh like this, with all these people

about,' I remonstrated. 'It isn't nice for them, you know.'

"He gave no sign of having heard at first, but after a while with a stare that, missing me altogether, seemed to probe the heart of some awful vision, he muttered carelessly — 'Oh! they'll think I am drunk.'

"And after that you would have thought from his appearance he would never make a sound again. But — no fear! He could no more stop telling now than he could have stopped living by the mere exertion of his will."

CHAPTER IX.

"'I was saying to myself, 'Sink — curse you! Sink!'" These were the words with which he began again. He wanted it over. He was severely left alone, and he formulated in his head this address to the ship in a tone of imprecation, while at the same time he enjoyed the privilege of witnessing scenes — as far as I can judge — of low comedy. They were still at that bolt. The skipper was ordering. 'Get under and try to lift;' and the others naturally shirked. You understand that to be squeezed flat under the keel of a boat wasn't a desirable position to be caught in if the ship went down suddenly. 'Why don't you — you the strongest?' whined the little engineer. 'Gott - for - dam! I am too fat,' spluttered the skipper in despair. It was funny enough to make angels weep. They stood idle for a moment, and suddenly the

chief engineer rushed again at Jim.

"'Come and help, man! Are you mad to throw your only chance away? Come and help, man! Man! Look there — look!'

"And at last Jim looked astern where the other pointed with maniacal insistence. He saw a silent black squall which had eaten up already one-third of the sky. You know how these squalls come up there about that time of the year. First you see a darkening of the horizon — no more; then a cloud rises opaque like a wall. A straight edge of vapour lined with sickly whitish gleams flies up from the south-west, swallowing the stars in whole constellations; its shadow flies over the waters, and confounds sea and sky into one abyss of obscurity. And all is still. No thunder, no wind, no sound; not a flicker of lightning. Then in the tenebrous immensity a livid

arch appears; a swell or two like undulations of the very darkness run past, and then wind and rain strike together with a peculiar impetuosity as if they had burst through something solid. Such a cloud had come up while they weren't looking. They had just noticed it, and were perfectly justified in surmising that if in absolute stillness there was some chance for the ship to keep afloat a few minutes longer, the least disturbance of the sea would make an end of her instantly. Her first nod to the swell that precedes the burst of such a squall would be also her last, would become a plunge, would, so to speak, be prolonged into a long dive, down, down to the bottom. Hence, these new capers of their fright, these new antics in which they displayed their extreme aversion to die.

"'It was black, black,' pursued Jim with moody steadiness. 'It had sneaked upon us from behind. The infernal thing! I suppose there had been at the back of my head some hope yet. I don't know. But that was all over anyhow. It maddened me to see myself caught like this. I was angry, as though I had been trapped. I *was* trapped! The night was hot, too, I remember. Not a breath of air.'

"He remembered so well that, gasping in the chair, he seemed to sweat and choke before my eyes. No doubt it maddened him; it knocked him over afresh—in a manner of speaking—but it made him also remember that important purpose which had sent him rushing on that

bridge only to slip clean out of his mind. He had intended to cut the lifeboats clear of the ship. He whipped out his knife and went to work slashing as though he had seen nothing, had heard nothing, had known of no one on board. They thought him hopelessly wrong-headed and crazy, but dared not protest noisily against this useless loss of time. When he had done he returned to the very same spot from which he had started. The chief was there, ready with a clutch at him to whisper close to his head, scathingly, as though he wanted to bite his ear—

"'You silly fool! do you think you'll get the ghost of a show when all that lot of brutes is in the water? Why, they will batter your head for you from these boats.'

"He wrung his hands, ignored, at Jim's elbow. The skipper kept up a nervous shuffle in one place and mumbled, 'Hammer! hammer! Mein Gott! Get a hammer.'

"The little engineer whimpered like a child, but, broken arm and all, he turned out the least craven of the lot as it seems, and, actually, mustered enough pluck to run an errand to the engine-room. No trifle it must be owned in fairness to him. Jim told me he darted desperate looks like a cornered man, gave one low wail, and dashed off. He was back instantly clambering, hammer in hand, and without a pause flung himself at the bolt. The others gave up Jim at once and ran off to assist. He heard the tap, tap of the hammer, the sound of the released chock

falling over. The boat was clear. Only then he turned to look—only then. But he kept his distance—he kept his distance. He wanted me to know he had kept his distance; that there was nothing in common between him and these men—who had the hammer. Nothing whatever. It is more than probable he thought himself cut off from them by a space that could not be traversed, by an obstacle that could not be overcome, by a chasm without bottom. He was as far as he could get from them—the whole breadth of the ship.

“His feet were glued to that remote spot and his eyes to their indistinct group bowed together and swaying strangely in the common torment of fear. A hand-lamp lashed to a stanchion above a little table rigged up on the bridge—the *Patna* had no chart-room amidships—threw a light on their labouring shoulders, on their arched and bobbing backs. They pushed at the bow of the boat; they pushed out into the night; they pushed, and would no more look back at him. They had given him up as if indeed he had been too far, too hopelessly separated from themselves, to be worth an appealing word, a glance, or a sign. They had no leisure to look back upon his passive heroism, to feel the sting of his abstention. The boat was heavy; they pushed at the bow with no breath to spare for an encouraging word: but the turmoil of terror that had scattered their self-command like chaff before the wind, converted their desperate exertions into a bit of fooling, upon my

word, fit for knockabout clowns in a farce. They pushed with their hands, with their heads, they pushed for dear life with all the weight of their bodies, they pushed with all the might of their souls—only no sooner had they succeeded in canting the stern clear of the davit than they would leave off like one man and start a wild scramble into her. As a natural consequence the boat would swing in abruptly, driving them back, helpless and jostling against each other. They would stand nonplussed for a while, exchanging in fierce whispers all the infamous names they could call to mind, and go at it again. Three times this occurred. He described it to me with morose thoughtfulness. He hadn't lost a single movement of that comic business. ‘I loathed them. I hated them. I had to look at all that,’ he said without emphasis, turning upon me a sombrely watchful glance. ‘Was ever there any one so shamefully tried!’

“He took his head in his hands for a moment, like a man driven to distraction by some unspeakable outrage. These were things he could not explain to the court—and not even to me; but I would have been little fitted for the reception of his confidences had I not been able at times to understand the pauses between the words. In this assault upon his fortitude there was the jeering intention of a spiteful and vile vengeance; there was an element of burlesque in his ordeal—a degradation of funny grimaces in the approach of death or dishonour.

"He related facts which I have not forgotten, but at this distance of time I couldn't recall his very words: I only remember that he managed wonderfully to convey the brooding rancour of his mind into the bare recital of events. They stood before me indubitably true, but a little distorted, as if seen by the sinister glow of his burning contempt. It fell on the sky, on the earth, on the ship, on the men—on himself too—oh yes! on himself too: only he seemed honestly confident of his erect attitude in the general wreck of decent appearances. Twice, he told me, he shut his eyes in the certitude that the end was upon him already, and twice he had to open them again. Each time he noted the darkening of the great stillness. The shadow of the silent cloud had fallen upon the ship from the zenith, and seemed to have extinguished every sound of her teeming life. He could no longer hear the voices under the awnings. He told me that each time he closed his eyes a flash of thought showed him that crowd of bodies laid out for death as plain as daylight. When he opened them, it was to see the dim struggle of four men fighting like mad with a stubborn boat. 'They would fall back before it time after time, stand swearing at each other, and suddenly make another rush in a bunch. . . . Enough to make you die laughing,' he commented with downcast eyes; then raising them for a moment to my face with a dismal smile, 'I ought to have

a merry life of it, by God! for I shall see that funny sight a good many times yet before I die.' His eyes fell again. 'See and hear. . . . See and hear,' he repeated twice, at long intervals, filled by vacant staring.

"He roused himself.

"'I made up my mind to keep my eyes shut,' he said, 'and I couldn't. I couldn't, and I don't care who knows it. Let them go through that kind of thing before they talk. Just let them—and do better—that's all. The second time my eyelids flew open and my mouth too. I had felt the ship move. She just dipped her bows—and lifted them gently—and slow! everlastingly slow; and ever so little. She hadn't done that much for days. The cloud had raced ahead, and this first swell seemed to travel upon a sea of lead. There was no life in that stir. It managed, though, to knock over something in my head. What would you have done? You are sure of yourself—aren't you? What would you do if you felt now—this minute—the house here move, just move a little under your chair. Leap! By heavens! you would take one spring from where you sit and land in that clump of bushes yonder.'

"He flung his arm out at the night beyond the stone balustrade. I held my peace. He looked at me very steadily, very severe. There could be no mistake: I was being bullied now, and it behoved me to make no sign lest by a gesture or a word I should be drawn into a fatal admission about myself which would have had some bearing

on the case. I was not disposed to take any risk of that sort. Don't forget I had him before me, and really he was too much like one of us not to be dangerous. But if you want to know I don't mind telling you that I did, with a rapid glance, estimate the distance to the mass of denser blackness in the middle of the grass plot before the verandah. He exaggerated. I would have landed short by several feet—and that's the only thing of which I am fairly certain.

"The last moment had come, as he thought, and he did not move. His feet remained glued to the planks if his thoughts were knocking about loose in his head. It was at this moment too that he saw one of the men around the boat step backwards suddenly, clutch at the air with raised arms, totter and collapse. He didn't exactly fall, he only slid gently into a sitting posture, all hunched up, and with his shoulders propped against the side of the engine-room skylight. 'That was the donkey-man. A haggard, white-faced chap with a ragged moustache. Acted third engineer,' he explained.

"'Dead,' I said. 'We had heard something of that in court.'

"'So they say,' he pronounced with sombre indifference. 'Of course I never knew. Weak heart. The man had been complaining of being out of sorts for some time before. Excitement. Over-exertion. Devil only knows. Ha! ha! ha! It was easy to see he did not want to die either. Droll, isn't it? May I be shot if he hadn't

been fooled into killing himself! Fooled—neither more nor less. Fooled into it, by heavens! just as I . . . Ah! If he had only kept still; if he had only told them to go to the devil when they came to rush him out of his bunk because the ship was sinking! If he had only stood by with his hands in his pockets and called them names!'

"He got up, shook his fist, glared at me, and sat down.

"'A chance missed, eh?' I murmured.

"'Why don't you laugh?' he said. 'A joke hatched in hell. Weak heart! . . . I wish sometimes mine had been.'

"This irritated me. 'Do you?' I exclaimed with deep-rooted irony. 'Yes! Can't *you* understand,' he cried. 'I don't know what more you could wish for,' I said angrily. He gave me an utterly uncomprehending glance. This shaft had also gone wide of the mark, and he was not the man to bother about stray arrows. Upon my word, he was too unsuspecting; he was not fair game. I was glad that my missile had been thrown away,—that he had not even heard the twang of the bow.

"Of course he could not know at the time the man was dead. The next minute—his last on board—was crowded with a tumult of events and sensations which beat about him like the sea upon a rock. I use the simile advisedly, because from his relation I am forced to believe he had preserved through it all a strange illusion of passiveness, as though he had not acted but had suffered himself

to be handled by the infernal powers who had selected him for the victim of their practical joke. The first thing that came to him was the grinding surge of the heavy davits swinging out at last—a jar which seemed to enter his body from the deck through the soles of his feet, and travel up his spine to the crown of his head. Then, the squall being very near now, another and a heavier swell lifted the passive hull in a threatening heave that checked his breath, while his brain and his heart together were pierced as with daggers by panic-stricken screams. ‘Let go! For God’s sake, let go! Let go! She’s going.’ Following upon that the boat—falls ripped through the blocks, and a lot of men began to talk in startled tones under the awnings. ‘When these beggars did break out, their yelps were enough to wake the dead,’ he said. Next, after the splashing shock of the boat literally dropped in the water, came the hollow noises of stamping and tumbling in her, mingled with confused shouts: ‘Unhook! Unhook! Shove! Unhook! Shove for your life! Here’s the squall down on us. . . .’ He heard, high above his head, the faint muttering of the wind; he heard below his feet a cry of pain. A lost voice alongside started cursing a swivel hook. The ship began to buzz fore and aft like a disturbed hive, and, as quietly as he was telling me of all this—because just then he was very quiet in attitude, in face, in voice—he went on to say with-

out the slightest warning as it were, ‘I stumbled over his legs.’

“This was the first I heard of his having moved at all. I could not restrain a grunt of surprise. Something had started him off at last, but of the exact moment, of the cause that tore him out of his immobility, he knew no more than the uprooted tree knows of the wind that laid it low. All this had come to him: the sounds, the sights, the legs of the dead man—by Jove! The infernal joke was being crammed devilishly down his throat, but—look you—he was not going to admit of any sort of swallowing motion in his gullet. It’s extraordinary how he could cast upon you the spirit of his illusion. I listened as if to a tale of black magic at work upon a corpse.

“‘He went over sideways, very gently, and this was the last thing I remember seeing on board,’ he continued. ‘I did not care what he did. It looked as though he were picking himself up: I thought he was picking himself up, of course: I expected him to bolt past me over the rail and drop into the boat after the others. I could hear them knocking about down there, and a voice as if crying up a shaft called out “George.” Then three voices together raised a yell. They came to me separately: one bleated, another screamed, one howled. Ough!’

“He shivered a little, and I beheld him rise slowly as if a steady hand from above had been pulling him out of the chair by his hair. Up, slowly—to his full height, and when

his knees had locked stiff the hand let him go, and he swayed a little on his feet. There was a suggestion of awful stillness in his face, in his movements, in his very voice when he said 'They shouted'—and involuntarily I pricked up my ears for the ghost of that shout that would be heard directly through the false effect of silence. 'There were eight hundred people in that ship,' he said, impaling me to the back of my seat with an awful blank stare. 'Eight hundred live people, and they were yelling after the one dead man to come down and be saved. "Jump, George! Jump! Oh, jump!" I stood by with my hand on the davit. I was very quiet. It had come over pitch dark. You couldn't see neither sky nor sea. I heard the boat alongside go bump, bump, and not another sound down there for a while, but the ship under me was full of talking noises. Suddenly the skipper howled "Mein Gott! The squall! The squall! Shove off!" With the first hiss of rain, and the first gust of wind, they screamed, "Jump, George! We'll catch you! Jump!" The ship began a slow plunge; the rain swept over her like a broken sea; my cap flew off my head; my breath was driven back into my throat. I heard as if I had been on the top of a tower another wild screech, "Geo-o-o-orge! Oh, jump!" She was going down, down, head first under me. . . .'

"He raised his hand de-

liberately to his face, and made picking motions with his fingers as though he had been bothered with cobwebs, and afterwards he looked into the open palm for quite half a second before he blurted out—

"'I had jumped . . .' He checked himself, averted his gaze. . . . 'It seems,' he added.

"His clear blue eyes turned to me with a piteous stare, and looking at him standing before me, dumfounded and hurt, I was oppressed by a sad sense of resigned wisdom, mingled with the amused and profound pity of an old man helpless before a childish disaster.

"'Looks like it,' I muttered.

"'I knew nothing about it till I looked up,' he explained hastily. And that's possible too. You had to listen to him as you would to a small boy in trouble. He didn't know. It had happened somehow. It would never happen again. He had landed partly on somebody and fallen across a thwart. He felt as though all his ribs on his left side must be broken; then he rolled over, and saw vaguely the ship he had deserted uprising above him, with the red side-light glowing large in the rain like a fire on the brow of a hill seen through a mist. 'She seemed higher than a wall; she loomed like a cliff over the boat, and—I wished I could die,' he cried. 'There was no going back. It was as if I had jumped into a well—into an everlasting deep hole. . . .'

GEORGE SELWYN'S LETTERS.

A CRITICAL friend of mine—a different thing, you understand, from a friendly critic—alleges that I have a habit of beginning my essays with an apology for writing them, and he thinks this alleged habit a disgusting affectation. I hope that the apology I am now to make will not so offend him, since it is an apology for not having written on this subject before. For (to cancel, if I may, some of these sins of mock modesty) I assert roundly that I know a good deal about George Selwyn, his period and his contemporaries, and that if anybody was to write an article about his recently discovered letters, that article quite reasonably should be mine. And here it is, you say: yes, but it might have been here a long while since. Let me explain. Some few months ago I read a paragraph in a paper to the effect that a large number of Selwyn's letters to the fifth Earl of Carlisle had been discovered at Castle Howard, and that a selection of them was to be published. The *prima facie* importance of this to people interested in the society of the last century was obvious. George Selwyn, we know from universal testimony of the time, was one of the most important figures in it, of a great

and enduring reputation as a wit at large and as everybody's friend. We knew a great deal about him—his life in London, his sojournings in Paris, his intimacy with that splendid profligate and racing-man, the Earl of March, who lived to be "old Q," the last Duke of Queensberry, his lazy jokes and chaff, his adoption of Mie Mie and his troubles with her fiery and flighty mother, the Marchesa Fagniani,—we knew all this from that delightful collection of letters to him which everyone quotes, and which prove very pleasantly in what sincere affection "dear George" was held by statesmen and ne'er-do-wells, by wives, wits, and wantons. But we had of Selwyn's own writing two or three letters only, and those when he was a very young man and was bothered about money—letters sufficiently unremarkable. Consequently the paragraph I have mentioned vastly excited me, and I wrote in haste to the publisher in question. He obliged me with an "advance copy" of the book, and I was congratulating myself on the business-like promptitude with which my inevitable article would appear, when lo! I heard that these new letters and many others besides had been published by the Historical

George Selwyn, his Letters and his Life. Edited by E. S. Roscoe and Helen Clergue. London: Unwin.

The MSS. of the Earl of Carlisle, preserved at Castle Howard. (Historical MSS. Commission Fifteenth Report, Appendix, Part vi.)

MSS. Commission more than a year ago. Now, this was a grievance, and this personal chatter of mine is excused by the public quality of the grievance. The Historical MSS. Commission performs a work of which the importance for the political and social history of the country cannot be overstated. Lord Carlisle's MSS. certainly do not form its least important volume. Yet so little noise was occasioned by its publication that I, who am a diligent student of the so-called "literary" papers, precisely in order that amid the tedious accounts of the trash which fills the contemporary book-market I may hit upon the like discoveries, read nothing whatever about it. Probably the fault was either mine or that of the "literary" papers. But I suggest that if the Historical MSS. Commission were to issue its publications in a less forbidding and official-looking form, in volumes easier to handle and printed on better paper—all of which it might do without a large increase of cost—and were to advertise a little, or otherwise insist on impenetrable editors understanding its importance, some of the purposes for which it exists would be better served. However, after wandering for an hour or so in what I do not hesitate to call the purlieus of Fetter Lane, I tracked the belated treasure to its lair: and now I can begin my article.

First, as to the merits of the selection. It can be safely recommended to those whom the subject attracts, but who are

not already familiar with the persons and topics which occur. The editors' notes are clear, succinct, and sufficient. The late Mr Jesse was somewhat diffuse, and the incessant biographies which interrupted the letters were sometimes superfluous. Mr Roscoe and Miss Clergue have avoided this mistake: enough is told one of the important people, the very minor characters are swiftly dismissed. The style of biography of which Moore's Byron and Lockhart's Scott are the earliest examples, the style in which the letters are interrupted by a thread of narrative, was not in this case open to the objection occasionally noticed in the others, that one is confused by the two voices of the biographer and the biographeed; because the events of Selwyn's life were so few that the narrative consists merely of an occasional note on politics and the position of his correspondent, as Commissioner in America or as Lord Lieutenant in Ireland. But a drawback to easy and continuous reading exists for a reason in which, practically, I find my only ground for criticism. Selwyn was a careless writer. Evidently he did not watch his pen closely. He has gone so far astray as to write "make take" for "may take," and he habitually writes a great deal more "like a gentleman" than like a grammarian: nominatives and accusatives were all one to him, and he always writes "neither . . . or." Well, that being the case, it was surely enough to note it and assure the reader that the faults were

Selwyn's and not the printer's. But both the Historical MSS. Commission and the editors of the selection correct him every time. As thus: "neither . . . [n]or," "I [me]," "who[m]," and a whole army of "*(sic)*"s. Selwyn writes, "terrible long": and why not? "Mighty fine" continues to this day. It annoys one to see "terrible (*sic*) long," and confuses one's attention. But perhaps this is a small matter. The selection, as a selection, is good. Many of us have a violent prejudice against all selections as selections. But in this case if any but genuine amateurs were to read the book a selection had to be made. Many details of past politics which are (or are not) familiar from other sources were wisely omitted, and many lengthy passages dealing with the more technical aspect of Charles Fox's debts, his multifarious bonds and annuities and so forth, were perhaps (though personally I find the whole story entertaining) rightly thought too voluminous. One principle of omission which in such books I believe to be a radically bad principle was not in question. I refer to omissions made on grounds of "decency" or "refinement" or whatever it is called when people are afraid of the common possibilities of life, and I call it a bad principle, because one reads such books largely to observe differences in manners, and greater freedom of language and allusion is one of those very differences—so that the omissions give a false effect.

In this case there are two omissions—one concerning the wild Lord Baltimore and a wickedness he committed, and the other a son of Lord Onslow and a very unpleasant event which ruined him—which, I think, might have been kept, if only to show that the period was no better than our own; but the editors have the justification that such things were alien to the general tone of the letters. Selwyn hardly ever uses a coarse expression, and is far apter to ask kind questions about a man's children than to talk scandal about a man's wife. On the whole, then, the selection is to be cordially praised.

To speak, now, of the letters as a whole. The date of the last of those to Selwyn published in Jesse's book was September 1780. The last of these was dated but a month before Selwyn's death in January 1791. So there is a gain of ten years. On the other hand, the correspondence in Jesse begins when Selwyn was at Oxford: the first of these was written in 1767, when Selwyn was forty-eight: he was thirty years older than Lord Carlisle. However, the intervening years are not largely represented in Jesse, and it is probable, to judge from the rather jerky letters to Selwyn which occur in the interval, that he himself was not so assiduous a correspondent as he became with cooling blood. There is a break between 1767 and 1773; but since Jesse prints several letters from Lord Carlisle in those years, the unfortunate explana-

tion must be that Selwyn's were not kept. As for the matter and manner, it must be said at once that whoever was sanguine enough to expect another Horace Walpole must be entirely disappointed. Walpole's cold and impersonal habit of regarding life may be a less sympathetic quality than Selwyn's affectionate and intensely human disposition, but it made a far more entertaining writer. Selwyn wrote, it is true, of everything in the purview of a man who lived almost entirely in London—save for his long stays in Paris in the earlier years—who went everywhere and knew everybody, and who had, on the whole, better opportunities for intimate observation in important matters even than Walpole: he writes of all this more or less, but also he hurries quickly from it to write of *Mie Mie's* health, or to inquire after the health of Lord Carlisle's children. That was what really interested him, and no one but a churl could read the result and not love him therefore: no one but a nurse could read the result and not wish that his zeal had been a little less incessant. Selwyn was lazy, and whether Walpole wrote for posterity or not, his observation and wit are incomparably keener. As for style, Walpole's we know; Selwyn's carelessness of grammar is beside the point, except to a pedant, but he was also careless in thought, and therefore often involved and obscure in phrasing. His habit, too, of frequently using French where English would have done as

well, though in him a natural habit, does not make for an easy style.

The letters, then, are no such possession as Horace Walpole's. We ought to remember, of course, that we have only these to one correspondent—a few at the end to Lady Carlisle—a man thirty years younger than the writer, and one whose attraction was largely that he was the father of children to whom Selwyn felt as a grandfather. We have not—and would that we had!—his letters to Gilly Williams, or Edgumbe, or Horace Walpole himself, which three with Selwyn formed the “out-of-town” society at Strawberry Hill, or March or “Bully” as they called the second Lord Bolingbroke, or his brother Harry St John, “the Baptist,” or in the younger group to Charles Fox or Storer, to whom he was not concerned to be a mentor as he was to Carlisle. We have not those letters; but those we have, apart from their interest and attractiveness as touching the writer's character, to which we shall come later, give us both innumerable details of social interest and a complete picture, painted unconsciously and little by little, of perhaps the most agreeable society these islands have known. Something was said last month in ‘*Maga*’ of the licence which power, exclusiveness, and security made possible in this society. Something might now be added of the social ease and gay intimacy and understanding, the light-hearted but not insolent assumption that “Charles's”

faro bank or "Bully's" divorce were matters of prime moment, which were made possible at the same time, and the like of which can never exist for cultivated and intelligent folk again. We may build up an agreeable little society; but it is accidental and partial, and that greater bully the spirit of the age has ordained that if it is to be intelligent it may not be gay. Something of this might be added, but ineffectively; the charm is not to be had at second-hand; you may get it of Walpole or Selwyn, not of me.

At one point the political interest is considerable—the time (1782) when Fox overthrew Lord North's Ministry and Lord Rockingham came in. Selwyn's position was typical of the intelligent sinecurist of the period; but no one else has given us so frank and amusing an exposition of the intelligent sinecurist's dismay. He had commanded four votes in the House, and still commanded two: as a matter of course he held one of those lucrative posts with no duties attached which rewarded such "political services." Such an arrangement seemed to him to be natural, and indeed necessary to the stability of the country. He does indeed admit a hint that, as a matter of theory, he saw objections to it. When Burke brought in his bill to abolish certain of these posts, Selwyn wrote: "I believe there is no actor upon the stage of either theatre who, repeating what the author has wrote, does not at the same time recite his own private sentiments oftener than

our pantomimes in Parliament" — impartially of both sides; but he voted quietly against the bill. The passage, by the way, contains the first reference to the younger Pitt in the letters: "Jack [Townshend] did better than the time before, but was so eclipsed by Mr W. Pitt, that it appeared to impartial people but an indifferent performance. This young man, Mr Pitt, gained an universal applause. I heard Lord North say it was the best first speech of a young man that he had ever heard." He disapproved of measures, obviously thinking the American War mismanaged—as indeed so did every one else: "I cannot divert myself of thinking upon what must occupy everybody's mind, which is our public calamity and disgrace." But he was not for dismissing men—men who had made that excellent little arrangement about the sinecure. So that when Lord North fell he was appalled: he thought Fox and his friends mad. It was natural enough. That system of "the king's friends," by which George III. had contrived to do such enormous damage to the country, had existed a good many years; and Selwyn, who knew Charles Fox as an unprecedented and shameless spendthrift and gambler, could not "see" him as a Minister. But his lugubrious fears for the constitution, for Carlisle's future, for his own place, are curious and entertaining reading. Fox's abuse of the king horrified him. "He spoke of all coming to a final issue now within a very short space of time; he

talked of the King under the description of Satan; . . . he has adopted all the supremacy he pretended to dread in his Majesty. It seems a dream when I survey his figure and know his history." There is an odd passage in this connection of Lord Selborne imitating George II.'s manner in the House of Lords in the presence of his grandsons; this other and very curious passage (in the light of history) concerning Pitt: "He is a young man who will undoubtedly make his way in the world by his abilities. But to give him credit for being very extraordinary, upon what I heard yesterday, would be absurd"—one is reminded of Charles Greville's doubts of the young Disraeli;—and in the beginning of the American War it is "a little dispute." But Selwyn had not a political mind, and in this regard he is accidentally curious only, not important.

Through all the letters marches that grand, noble, ironic procession of Charles James Fox. As a statesman he was not understood by Selwyn, who nevertheless remained on good-humoured terms with him socially. But as the prince of impecunious spendthrifts, Selwyn observed him with unfailing humour and irony, really scandalised though he sometimes was, and really indignant on Carlisle's behalf, who was one of the many victims of Charles's complicated system of loans and bonds. Early in the correspondence he urges Carlisle to sue Charles: "If you are shocked, you will be singly so;

Charles will not be so, it is my firm belief." Later on, when Fox was in funds, Selwyn "contrived to wrench out of Charles's black hands 50 pounds for Spencer by watching the opportunity of his play." Fox had a brief period of prosperity when he ran his famous faro bank at Brooks's. That faro bank indeed marks an epoch in our social history, and the mere fact that it was held in the face of the world at Brooks's—at Brooks's!—by the chief member of the Opposition, on the verge of being a Minister, tells us what a long journey we have made since then. (It was at this time, I suppose, when Fox's friends came to consult him on politics in the intervals of his banking, that Brooks's first took its tone of a Whig club.) Fox went into partnership with other congenial spirits, of whom Hare—"the Hare with many friends"—was the chief, and they seem to have run their bank day and night, relieving one another for statesmanship and sleep. They were successful, and if only they could have resisted the temptation of punting against one another, might have made fortunes. "I saw Charles to-day in a new hat, frock, waistcoat, shirt, and stockings; he was as clean and smug as a gentleman, and upon perceiving my surprise, he told me that it was from the Pharo bank." (There is a neat pun about "Pharaoh's daughter" in another place.) "He then talked of the thousands it had lost, which I told him only proved its substance, and the advantage of

the trade. He smiled, and seemed perfectly satisfied with that which he had taken up: he was in such a sort of humour that I should have liked to have dined with him. His old clothes, I suppose, have been burned like the paupers at Salt Hill." At another time, by the way, Fox's ingenuity, in talk at White's, "planned out a kind of itinerant trade, which was going from horse-race to horse-race, and so, by knowing the value and speed of all the horses in England, to acquire a certain fortune"—so do great minds anticipate the future. Selwyn has a longer passage than Walpole's on the seizure of Charles's furniture:—

"You must know that for these two days past, all passengers in St James' Street have been amused with seeing two carts at Charles's door filling, by the Jews, with his goods, clothes, books, and pictures. He was waked by Basilico yesterday, and Hare afterwards by his *valet de chambre*, they being told at the same time that the execution was begun, and the carts were drawn up against the door. Such furniture I never saw. Betty and Jack Manners are perpetually in a survey of this operation, and Charles, with all Brooks's on his behalf, in the highest spirits."

A year later Charles was Secretary for Foreign Affairs. But even Charles was not allowed to go all lengths without some mild protest. "This Pharo Bank is held in a manner which, being so exposed to public view, bids defiance to all decency and police. The whole town as it passes views the dealer and the partners, by means of the candles and the windows being

levelled with the ground. The Opposition, who have Charles for their ablest advocate, is quite ashamed of the proceeding, and hates to hear it mentioned." What *would* the present Liberal party have said to its ablest advocate? Regretfully I tear myself from Charles, and proceed to other points of interest I have noted.

There is, of course, a great deal about Mie Mie. At the end of Jesse's book she was still a baby; by the end of this, a young lady going to her first ball. (Selwyn had taken her on a visit when she was four: one can hardly help wondering if his friends did not sometimes find Mie Mie rather in the way.) She goes with Lady Caroline, Carlisle's daughter, to the Richmond Theatre to see "that *étourdi* Lord Barrymore play the fool in three or four different characters." There is nothing to clear up the mystery of her parentage. But, in fact, I do not think there was a mystery. The town of course said that Selwyn was her father, because he adopted her, and Jesse was undecided between him and the Duke of Queensberry. I agree with the editors of this selection that the latter was the likelier man, else he would never have left her the fortune he did leave, being by no means an affectionate person; but I go farther, and think it conclusively proved by a letter to Selwyn himself (in Jesse) from the Rev. Dr Warner, in which "Old Q's" likeness to her is noted quite casually. If poor Mie Mie was the daughter of one profligate, she lived to marry

another and a worse, even that Lord Hertford who was the original of Thackeray's Steyne and Disraeli's Montford, and who was very easily treated by both novelists, if Charles Greville's account of him is to be believed. Mention of the Rev. Dr Warner reminds me that when I first read Jesse's volumes, many years ago, I was indignant with the picture Thackeray drew of him, a picture of an unprincipled parasite, with "Rabelais and Horace at his greasy finger-ends" and so forth — why greasy? — a picture which I imagine suggested Parson Sampson in 'The Virginians.' Selwyn's own testimony confirms the opinion of Dr Warner's good sense and good feeling which any impartial reader of his letters in the books Thackeray saw would have formed.

"I believe him to be a perfectly honest man: he is uncommonly humane and friendly, and most actively so. . . . The Archbishop, who had been applied to in his favour by the late Mr Townshend, said he was too lively, but it was the worst he could say of him. Lord Besborough served him once essentially, and esteems him. The family of Mr Hoare, the banker, has assisted him, and so he has been able to support his mother and his nearest relations, whom his father, with a great deal of literary merit, had left beggars."

Some of the most amusing of Warner's own letters dealt with the matter of the Dowager Lady Carlisle and "the baron," as the foreign adventurer whom she unwisely encouraged is always called. Jesse, by the way, with perhaps excessive

scruple, omitted the lady's name. Selwyn, the good-natured, tried to interfere, and the lady "has called me every name but that by which I should be described, and that is your friend," and the baron wanted to cut his throat. But at this point there is some slight confusion of dates, and I think that Jesse or the Historical MSS. Commission or the editors of the selection are at fault. It is clear, however, that Selwyn and Warner refer to the same transaction. The baron was ultimately discomfited. . . . As early as February 1781 there is a mention of George IV. and his engaging habits. "Where the Prince sups, and lies, and with whom, are the chief objects of the politics of a certain class of people. All agree that at present the agreement between him and the King is perfect. The speculation is only how long it is likely to last. His Royal Highness stoops as yet to very low game. In some respects it may be better." The MSS. of Lord Carlisle, by the way, contain a few characteristically frothy and effusive letters from the Prince. . . . In 1781 there is a mention of White's, which reads a little oddly. "*Our Club at White's commence à tomber; la grande presse n'y est pas; c'est un asyle toujours pour les caducs, et pour ceux qui n'ont pas une passion décidée pour le jeu*—" the stage would seem to have been transitory. . . . In 1782 Selwyn met Beckford—not the famous alderman, Chatham's friend, but his (now)

more famous son, who wrote 'Vathek' and built Fonthill, and lived to acquire the very evil reputation which Byron noticed in one of his letters, and commemorated (I am pretty certain) in his 'To Dives, a Fragment,' which was not published till 1832. "I was last night at Lady Lucan's, to see young Beckford, who seems to possess very extraordinary talents: he is a perfect master of music, but has a voice, either natural or feigned, of a eunuch. He speaks several languages with uncommon facility, and well, but has such a mercurial turn that I think he may finish his days *aux petites maisons*; his person and figure are agreeable." . . . In the later years of the letters there is of course a good deal about the French *émigrés*, who gathered in great numbers at Richmond, where Selwyn, the Duke of Queensberry, and other of their English friends, had houses. English society, indeed, had never — with the possible exception of Charles II.'s court — been so cosmopolitan as in Selwyn's day, and has hardly been so since. Indeed, the society of Paris, as he and his friends knew it, was never recreated. That society was France, just as Selwyn's was England, and the two were intimate and familiar: Selwyn himself, and his friend Lady Hervey—widow of the famous Hervey of the memoirs—were almost more at home in Paris than in London. The editors of the selection think that the English did not rise to the occasion of hospitality at the Revolution, and of course we

all have read of well-born Frenchmen turning fiddlers and dancing-masters at the time; but at first there was a very genuine and substantial outburst of sympathy on the part of their English friends for the *émigrés* who had entertained them in France, and Selwyn's letters show it in more than one passage. . . . Admiral Biron's name, the poet's grandfather, is spelled *sic*, and so Byron spells it once, saying that it was the old form. . . . Last of these miscellaneous matters, I must mention one which has a personal interest for me. George, Lord Morpeth, Carlisle's eldest son, was a little boy in 1772 at school at Neasden, and Selwyn writes: "When George meets me, he accosts me with these words, 'Quomodo vale my petite sodale'; où il a péché cette plaisanterie I do not know." But if any one who was at my preparatory school, Temple Grove, chances to read this article, he will remember a certain dear ungrammatical chant—

"Quomodo vale Mi sodale
Visne edere pomum
Si non vis Mirabilis
Dulce redire domum"

—we sang it without stops,—and it is quaint to find that there were small boys singing it a hundred years ago.

A word of Selwyn's correspondent. It is the tendency of most biographical writers to make their geese into swans, and I think that Carlisle's qualities have been exaggerated. Because he wrote verses and was at the same time a man of society and of the world, he has

been compared with his kinsman Byron. Jesse goes so far as to say that, if they had been of an age, Byron, instead of abusing him heartily, would have found in him a congenial spirit. I hardly think so. Carlisle was really a very colourless, ordinary person. He wrote extremely bad verses. Byron's "paralytic puling of Carlisle" was quite a fair description (and Byron did not know that Carlisle was actually paralysed at the time): he fell in love with Lady Sarah Banbury, with whom all the world fell in love; he had some ambition, and got no farther than being Lord Lieutenant; he lost £10,000 in a sitting at play, which, on the whole, was rather foolish than otherwise, and about which he made a tremendous to-do, bewailing and repenting. No doubt he was an amiable youth when Selwyn first began to be his friend, grew into an amiable man, and begot amiable children for Selwyn to pet. No doubt when Byron came of age he was a very respectable old gentleman, and was quite justified in looking askance on his unmanageable ward. But he was not a remarkable man.

And now for Selwyn himself. Mr Roscoe and Miss Clergue's little biography of him is very pleasantly written, and says enough of the events of his uneventful life. Those events do not of themselves promise anything very wonderful, and I am inclined to think that for preliminary interest it is necessary to read the letters in the oft-referred-to Jesse and see how various and strong were his

powers of friendship: then will the allusions in his own letters to his many friends be read in their true significance. For his outward life, the new letters do little more than emphasise the reluctance with which he went down to his pretty house of Matson, the loathing he had for the fuss of his election for the neighbouring town of Gloucester, and the terror with which he looked forward to dinners with aldermen and judges. They are not often witty, in the strict use of the word. But it has long been clear that even when we allow for the gloom which time casts over jokes and puns, Selwyn's reputation as a wit must have been due in reality (an allowance of jokes being of course presupposed) to his more general gifts for society, his instinct for the right tone at the right time, his good-humour and quaint imperturbability. I noticed the other day an account of him Lord Holland (Fox's nephew) gave to Charles Greville: "He describes him as a man of great gravity and deliberation in speaking, and after exciting extraordinary mirth by his wit and drollery, gently smiling and saying, 'I am glad you are pleased.'" I fancy the great gravity and the rest of it lent reflected colour to the wit and drollery. And all of us remember sayings which at the time and on their occasion have gone straight to the very heart of our sense of humour, and repeated afterwards are quite without effect. In the letters, however, the context of atmosphere which the reported witticisms cry for is supplied, and

Selwyn's demure flashes of irony or pleasant nonsense are often delightful. "Mr Brereton is returned to the Bath, and the street robbers seem dispersed" — Mr Brereton's play was respected. And here is a passage on Ministers much in Horace Walpole's vein. Selwyn had been asked to take a long journey to meet Pitt and dine on turtle. "The turtle I should have liked, but how Mr Pitt is to be dressed I cannot tell. The temptation is great, I grant it, but I have had so much self-denial as to send my excuses. You will not believe it, perhaps, but a Minister of any description, although served up in his great shell of power, and all his green fat about him, is 'to me a dish by no means relishing, and I never knew but one in my life I could pass an hour with pleasantly, which was Lord Holland'" — the first Lord Holland, Fox's father. But no, no; in this respect Selwyn is not Horace Walpole.

When Selwyn was dead Dr Warren wrote a letter to the 'Gentleman's Magazine' to urge that his reputed love of executions was merely the chaff of his friends; and though, as Jesse pointed out, the testimony against this view was too universal not to be believed in part, I think Dr Warren was so far right, that Selwyn was too lazy and indifferent to contradict many of the stories told against him. This opinion is borne out by the letters. In 1777 a satire called "The Diaboliad" appeared, in which this taste of Selwyn's was dragged in, and he writes: "I

am only attacked upon that trite and very foolish opinion concerning *le pene ed i delitti*, acknowledging it to proceed from an odd and insatiable curiosity, and not from a *mauvais cœur*. . . . I forgive him his mention of me, because I believe that he does it without malice, but if I had leisure to think of such things, I must own the frequent repetition of the foolish stories would make me peevish." In another place: "It is my singular fate for ever to pass for something which I am not, nor cannot be, nor desire to be — sometimes indeed for what I should be ashamed to be. But I am used to this." One must remember that to see executions was a general amusement of the time, and that a general habit is sometimes a sufficient explanation of contradictions in character: there is no doubt that the thinking and acting Selwyn was kindly and humane. . . . His good-humour hardly ever fails, but it is clear that the politics of 1782, as I have said, both aroused his seriousness and upset his equanimity, and at this time his expressions grow more violent: Lord Melbourne, who asserted that he had bought a seat in Parliament of Selwyn, is "this fitz scrivener, fitz coachman, this fitz cook"; and the Duke of Portland, who was spoken of as Carlisle's successor in Ireland, is "that jolt-headed calf."

But the note which is never silent for half a page is his love for children. It is pleasant enough to think of him, a man with no "natural" ties, save to a few nephews and nieces, con-

stituting himself the universal godfather to all the little girls and boys he knew, and finding in that, as even friendships dropped out one by one in his old age, a sufficient employment and consolation. "The christening is to be, as I understand, tomorrow. I hope in God that I shall be well enough to assist and name the child, and eat cake, and go through all the functions of a good gossip. If I am obliged to give up that which seems to have been my vocation, *c'est fait de moi*; I must declare myself good for nothing." He repeats (the letter, by the way, might have been in the selection) some chaff of Gilly Williams: "Heaven is remarkably indulgent to you, to secure you a nursery *in perpetuo*. The moment the old one is fledged, and takes to wing, you have another, with clouts, and a pap-spoon, to which you are equally attentive." That—a little unkindly put—was because Selwyn refused an invitation when he was anxious about Lady Caroline and her baby, and rather indignantly he asserts the reasonableness of his affections. But to be a good gossip had indeed become his vocation.

I have quoted a little lengthily, because the letters are new, are of a most sympathetic writer, and will bear the process. But I do not pretend to have quoted anything very wise or witty. That is not the order of the letters, and, once more, we must remember the correspondent, whom Selwyn loved but who was not (it may be) one who stimulated his powers, and

we must in fairness believe that if we had others—to other correspondents—the wit would be found. Where are those others? I will not believe they were all destroyed and lost. Somewhere, in some rubbish room in some old house, are lying bundles of letters in which Selwyn exchanged pleasantries for pleasantries with "Horry" Walpole, satire for satire with the first Lord Holland, or chaff for chaff with Gilly Williams. I exhort all representatives or inheritors of old families—they need not be so very old either—to hunt in those rubbish rooms.

Meantime I think that something more than a case has been made out for the interest of the letters we now have. And interesting or not for their matters of fact, they perform the good work of rousing one's affection for a man. I have always thought that Thackeray, who made him out nothing but a pleasant-humoured loafer and consumer of good things, spoke in his haste and for effect; and now I am certain that had he read these letters he would have changed his mind. They show us the other side of the good-natured man of the world who loved clubs and good dinners, a little quiet gambling, a little cynical talk at night—the side on which lay playful tenderness for children and deep and anxious affections. He who had no child of his own was above all things in the best sense of the phrase a fatherly man—also, in his age, just the least little bit in the world of a dear old woman.

G. S. STREET.

A LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

"WELL, you see, sir," he said to me, "that we always have been a Scriptural family."

"A Scriptural family?" What did the fellow mean? I tried to get him to explain himself.

"You are not Jewish, Binns, surely?" I said.

"Oh, dear no, sir, thank you; I said 'a Scriptural family,'" and the quiet smile of superiority that wreathed his features was clearly meant to imply that if Jonah Binns was so far willing to gratify my impertinent curiosity as to afford me information on the subject of his family history, he really could not undertake to supply me with the spirit of understanding also. After all, I was only a churchwarden, subject to the yearly decree of the *vox populi* as heard at a vestry meeting, whereas he as parish clerk—for the parish clerkship is a freehold, mark you—was a very much more important functionary.

I had found Jonah that day, as I happened to be passing through the churchyard, standing opposite to what I may not exactly call the Binns family vault, but opposite, at any rate, to a row of tombstones which recorded the fact that several successive generations of the family had held the office of parish clerk before going the way of all flesh,—for even parish clerks are mortal. And the parents and the godparents of one and all these men had gone either to the Old

or the New Testament in search of a name. There was a Matthew and a Silas, a Hezekiah, a Job, and a Malachi, who had served Church and State in this one vocation and had been gathered to their fathers; and now Jonah the son of Malachi, the son of Job, was reigning in his father's stead.

Finding this worthy personage so standing in contemplative admiration of the tombstones of his ancestors, almost as interesting, no doubt, to him as family portraits are to those who either purchase or inherit them, I had hazarded some remark as to the origin of the Christian names, and now found myself put into my proper place and left there to content myself with the information graciously vouchsafed unto me, that the reason for the nomenclature lay in the fact that the Binnses one and all were members of a Scriptural family.

"Was there anything else that you might wish to know, sir?"

The inquiry was made in the soft and unctuous tones which Jonah Binns, when not engaged in his professional duties, was commonly wont to adopt in speaking to people of lower degree—people, that is, who were neither Binns by name nor clerks by profession; and I could not help feeling that there was a something in the intonation that implied at once a dismissal and a gentle hint that an idle animal like myself had

better go on his way satisfied with what he had got, and not take up the valuable time of so important a functionary. So feeling, I naturally elected to stand my ground.

"No, thank you, Binns."

"I thank you, sir," and seeing that I made no sign of moving, he shortly left me. I am afraid, as I look back upon those days, that I did not love friend Jonah as I ought to have loved him. Perhaps it is an infirmity of human nature—my own human nature, I mean—this inability to feel in charity with all men,—with all men, I repeat, and more particularly with Jonah Binns. Yet Jonah and myself had many feelings in common, both of us being, according to our different lights, among those wallowers in the mire of old-time prejudice in Church matters whom the more highly educated nowadays call Protestants. There was just this amount of difference between us, that whereas I myself gradually fell into the way of being guided by those who professed a more perfect knowledge in these matters, Jonah was the more consistent and conscientious of us twain, putting, as I may say, the accent on the middle syllable of the word, and being, like Martin Luther of old, a Prot^{est}ant. It is not, however, on record that he so far followed in the footsteps of the early Reformer as to sacrifice to his principles either his official position in our church or the emoluments thereof.

And now for a brief space I would say a few words about Jonah Binns, the parish clerk,

rather than Jonah the individual.

Going back, then, to the good old days when it appertained to the office of the parish clerk, and enhanced the dignity of the holder of the same, to say "Amen" at the end of each prayer, I am inclined to think that Jonah said it better than any man I ever heard of. He made, and to his dying day, when he got the chance of saying it at all, continued to make, two distinct words of it. There was a stentorian "A," and then a pause which almost seemed to constitute a challenge to any misguided member of the congregation who might entertain the idea of substituting B or C or X or any other letter. But we are an unenterprising lot in our part of the world, so that I never did hear that "A" disputed or the banns forbidden. So soon as the congregation might have been considered to have digested the fact that A was A and no other letter, "men" was distinctly and firmly enunciated, and then the congregation was at liberty to add its own humble contribution of minor Amens, and the parson to proceed with the next prayer.

Later on, when we marched with the times, put off our black gown, and, in the place of being a prayer-saying and amen-saying congregation, were promoted to the category of a "choir or place where they sing," Jonah resented the change intensely, and up to a certain point I sympathised with his feelings. Voices in our part of the world are not

melodious, and the young women who formed the staple part of our earliest choir seemed to be imbued with the idea that they were singing their hymns to a Baal, who was "talking," or "pursuing," or "on a journey," or "sleeping."

In one respect Jonah had the advantage of me in those days. He sat in a far corner of the church, and for a whole year had the satisfaction of having a select audience of old men and children to listen to his Protestant "Amen"; but I found myself, on the contrary, sitting in the front seat of the audience of the choir, who shrieked their "Ah-men" with a laudable resolution to drown the voice of the distant Jonah, and his voice took some drowning, I can promise you.

One young person in particular, whose lung-power might have entitled her to qualify as prima-donna to the Glee and Madrigal Society of London tile-cats, sat on the outside of the choir in such a position that I got the full benefit of her performance.

It was anent this Siren that the schoolmaster, who—for so he was pleased to denominate it—trained our choir, solemnly addressed me when I met him on the road one day.

"Miss Charlotte Ives," he remarked, not without conscious pride, "will soon be going up to Highsea."

"Any chance of her going up there before next Sunday?" I inquired.

Being in matters geographical very much behind the times, I had not the most remote idea

in what part of the globe the place—for it sounded like the name of a place—was situated, but I hoped that it might be somewhere, if not exactly in the Arctic regions, at any rate a good way off from our village.

"Oh yes, I hope so," and he rubbed his hands.

"How very nice for her," I said; "I hope she will stop there."

The man looked rather puzzled, but made no further comment; and I, thinking that I had said quite the right thing under the circumstances, went on my way rejoicing at the thought that I might now postpone my contemplated visit to an aurist for a more or less indefinite period.

But, lo and behold! when that next Sunday came, there, in her accustomed place, wearing her most highly decorated hat, stood, knelt, and yelled Miss Caroline Ives.

I felt aggrieved, and imparted my grievance to my wife, having for many years past been wont to hold her responsible for matters that may occur to annoy me in the course of the service.

"I thought," I said, "that that awful girl was going to Highsea."

"Going where?" she asked in visible surprise.

"Highsea—I am sure that is the name of the place. The schoolmaster told me so."

"The schoolmaster told you that she was going to Highsea?" she repeated slowly. "Why, he told me"—and then suddenly she burst out into a fit of hearty laughter, "Oh, you

delicious old goose! why, high C is a note in music."

But to return to Jonah. When after a year or so our worthy clerk found out that the self-imposed task of trying to shout down the voice of Miss Caroline Ives and her fair associates was beyond the powers of mortal man, he lapsed into a sulkily silence on ordinary occasion, and wisely reserved his Amen for the Baptismal Service, and other functions where he could trumpet it forth without risk of interference. And it was at this period of his career that he began the practice, which he continued till the end of the chapter, of making himself personally responsible for the spiritual education of every child christened in our parish church. No longer allowed to lead the responses in the order of morning and evening prayer, he made up for the omission in the Baptismal Service, and repeated every response from start to finish at the top of his voice, to the infinite relief of timid sponsors and the manifest disconcertment of occasional visiting parsons, who seemed at a loss to understand why it was that in our church there should always be an additional godfather over and above the number prescribed in the rubric. Possibly Jonah may not have thought it incumbent upon himself to inquire at a later period whether his numerous godchildren duly went to church and school and learnt in the vulgar tongue those necessary things that he had taken upon himself to pledge that they

should so learn. It is more likely, I fear me, that, like a good many other godparents, he conceived that his duty in those respects began and ended with making the responses, and he certainly carried out the injunction of repeating these in a clear and audible voice.

I do not wish to wrong any man, and should be loth to say hard things even of this man who loved me not, and whom I never loved as I should have done, this Jonah Binns. But as I never saw him go out of his way to address a word, good, bad, or indifferent, to any little village boy or girl, I fancy that he must have allowed his interest in his numerous tribe of self-sought godchildren to flag until some time after they might be said to have arrived at years of discretion,—until such a period, in fact, as that when the young man or the young woman, as the case may be, will under ordinary circumstances be contemplating the idea of taking to himself or herself a partner for life. Then once again the claims of paternity came to the fore, once again the long-lost nursling was invited to nestle under Jonah's wing, asked to tea, perhaps, or addressed on the Queen's highway—at any rate, given to understand that he or she had been wholly restored to favour.

For not only is matrimony, as a gentleman who sent me two tin candlesticks when I was married said, a high and holy estate for the parties more immediately concerned — by which remark I always main-

tain that he wished to imply that had matrimony been anything different the candlesticks might have been silver—but, furthermore, custom has ordained that certain fees and benefactions shall be bestowed upon the parish clerk, and politeness has now and again suggested that this important functionary shall in addition be invited to the marriage-feast, if there is one. Here may I insert that in times very long past it was the custom in our part of the world for even the humblest couple to give a feast of some sort on this great occasion, to which a general invitation was issued to all who cared to come, provided that a suitable present was either in evidence beforehand, or a contribution put into the plate which was passed round after the meal. My informant told me that, being a solitary boy at home, he made it his business to attend every wedding in the countryside, and that his modest half-crown always ensured him a cordial welcome. Probably the wedded pair made a better thing out of it than a doctor who in these modern days collects his fees from his country clients by bidding them all to a feast at an inn, when each guest finds his year's account in an envelope under his plate, and is expected to pay it in the course of the evening. Alas! that now and again a burly farmer puts in an appearance, who, after eating, drinking, and making merry, pays about a shilling in the pound on his year's doctoring, and requests that the balance may

be carried forward to the next account, substantiating thereby a claim to be asked to the next year's banquet.

But to return to our wedding. I have good reason to believe that the blushing bride of the lower orders, if they do blush in those circles, is not wholly averse to receiving a chaste salute from the personage who has played a manful part in the tying of the matrimonial knot. The exact part that the great Jonah did play on these interesting occasions I am not prepared to attest of my own personal experience. Never having been a parish clerk myself, I am not, indeed, qualified to express a positive opinion as to what it appertains to that official to do, and what to leave undone. Indeed it does so happen that it not only has not been my fortune to be myself married in our parish church, but I have only once in my life been present at a wedding there. And on that one occasion I was so deeply agitated myself, that I was in no state to notice how Jonah behaved; for I was giving away the only cook I ever really loved to a confounded dairymen from London—quite the worst day's work I ever did in my life, and one that I have since repented, not in sackcloth and ashes, but in the sacrifice of all the pleasures of gastronomy, so far as my daily food is concerned. But, arguing by analogy, I could hazard a shrewd guess that Jonah, following out the line that he had adopted on those other occasions, added yet

new obligations to an already lengthy list, by pledging himself to love and comfort the wife and to serve and obey the husband. This much I do know,—he kissed my cook; a piece of gratuitous impertinence for which I was sorely tempted to punch his head then and there in the vestry.

But the schoolmaster was abroad, and our education in church matters proceeded apace. Then came a day when the fair Caroline and her attendant mauses were gently but firmly informed that their services in the choir could in the future be dispensed with. For we arrived at the dignity of a surplined choir, and custom has ordained that the surplice is not a decorous or appropriate article of attire for members of the fair sex. And yet I have hanging up in my room at this moment the picture of one of the highest ladies, and certainly the most beautiful lady, in our land, clad in an Oxford D.C.L. gown, and methinks it becomes her vastly. Nor can I for my own part see why the surplice should be a forbidden garment. However, I had no particular desire to see or hear Miss Caroline Ives, either with or without a surplice, so that I did not at that time advocate the appropriateness of the costume. And the young person being now fallen from her high estate in our parish church, and conceiving herself to be an injured individual, did shortly enlist herself in the ranks of the Salvation Army, so that I lost sight and cognisance of her. Yet if it is, as I have been informed,

the case that promotion in that army is partially dependent on the power of the voice, I cannot but be convinced that at quite an early stage of her career she was promoted to the dignity of being a field-marshal, even if she has not been rewarded with the order of the Black Eagle. Great was the consternation of Jonah Binns at our new departure. And yet I bethink me that he cannot have entertained any serious objection to singing as a high art; for I remember that in the days of my youth, when we were probably a more prosperous and certainly a more harmonious race, when crops were rich and farmers fat, when labourers wore smocks and touched their hats to the squire, when we welcomed the harvest home with a bountiful supper, our Jonah was in great request as a songster, and for several years favoured the company with a ditty sung in mellifluous accents. I really forget whether there was a tune, but the words of the refrain still linger in my memory—

“ Franz Muller did his victim kill,
And crossed the raging main;
They caught he in America,
And brought him home again.”

And I still seem to see Jonah stepping off the table at the conclusion of some dozen verses, and crossing his hands on his breast while he bowed his acknowledgments of the plaudits that greeted him.

“ Mr Briggs’s murderer, ladies and gentlemen,” he would say, it always being the custom at our harvest-suppers to sing the

song first and announce the title afterwards. It was, furthermore, something after the manner of the law of the Medes and Persians that the same man should sing the same old song year after year, and it would have been held to have been a gross breach of etiquette had any one except Jonah Binns taken upon himself to chant the tragic tale of John Briggs and his murderer. As well might Thackeray have attempted to annex *Pickwick* or *Dombey* or any other of Dickens's heroes. Ah me! those were good old days when the world was a bit younger, and we were a little less highly educated, and a little more hearty.

Now and again, then, a grave suspicion has haunted me as to whether, if Jonah had been offered a surplice and a seat in the choir, his conscientious scruples as to the orthodoxy of the attire as well as of the procession to the chancel would have been so strongly accentuated. I do not think that the fact of his joining the choir would have deteriorated from the dignity of his office as parish clerk, for the simple reason that he would at once have asserted his prerogative, and assumed the post of chief minstrel. For there are those who are by nature leaders of men, whether of choirmen or otherwise. But there might have been a difficulty as to his place in the procession, though I think that even that matter might have been amicably settled by his being allowed to walk half-way between the rector and the curate, except

on those occasions when the bishop—for we had a bishop handy—was present, and then of course he would have immediately preceded the bishop. Unfortunately, however, Jonah was not so invited, and thus it came to pass that his conscientious scruples were very strong indeed, and he took occasion to stop me on the road and tell me so.

"Do you know where we are a-going to, Mr George?" he said, and I thought it very affable of him to use my Christian name, and argued to myself that he was either very much perturbed in spirit, or wanted something that I could give him very urgently.

"Well, I am not going anywhere very particular myself, thank you, Binns," I answered.

"Oh no, sir; I was not alluding to you in particular, sir. I was thinking of the parish."

"I've not the most remote idea." For then it occurred to me that he was troubled in his mind about one of the annual excursions to which our Benefit Society treats the members by way of getting rid of any superfluous cash that may have accumulated.

Now he lowered his voice, and said in a sepulchral and, truth to say, somewhat beery whisper—

"On the hard highroad to Rome!"

"Bless my life, Binns! what makes you think so?"

"I wish it was only thinking, sir," and he shook his head solemnly. "I knows it: a surplised choir, weekly collections, daily services with no clerk, and

no one what you may call responsible to say "Amen"; worshipping flowers and crosses! Oh, it is dreadful to think about."

"If you feel so very strongly about it, Binns, why don't you chuck the job and let somebody else be clerk?"

"Oh, but, sir, it is a freehold, and they cannot interfere with me. I think it is my duty, sir, to remain at my post. But I thought I might mention it to you, sir, as churchwarden."

"All right, you have mentioned it. Anything more?"

"Just one little thing. Do you happen to know, sir—as churchwarden, you should know, sir—who is to wash those surplices, sir? My wife takes in washing occasionally, and can clear-starch and get up fine linen."

I did not exactly relish the idea of being instructed in my duties as churchwarden by Jonah Binns, nor, having on an evil day once sent some shirts to Mrs Binns to be washed, had I much confidence in her powers as a laundress, so I even put him off with a proverb.

"You want to hunt with the hare and run with the hounds, my good fellow," and so left him, and I doubt whether he loved me any better after that. Most certainly I was never "Mr George" again to him.

But the wind is often tempered to the shorn lamb, and so it was tempered now to that shorn lamb Jonah Binns, though not in the way of his wife getting that little laundry job. The sudden death of an uncle, who

lived next door to him, and dying left no son to succeed him in his vocation, threw into Jonah's ever-expectant mouth a ripe plum in the shape of a snug undertaker's business. The hour had come and the man, and the latter lost no time in availing himself of the occasion. Within a week of the uncle's demise a neat little brass plate on the door of his house recorded the fact that Jonah Binns, Parish Clerk and Undertaker, was there resident. Now, a ready-made business is a very good thing in its way; but in order that it may really pay, it is necessary that there should be a steady supply of customers, and I take it that an undertaker's business is no exception to the rule,—for I regret to say that from the day on which he stepped into his uncle's shoes Jonah found a new interest in life in contemplating with ghoul-like rather than melancholy pleasure the latter end of humanity. He who had hitherto with hearty voice and ready courtesy taken upon himself the charge of the spiritual education of our rising generation; he whose portly form and urbane smile had graced many a wedding-breakfast; this Jonah who heretofore had regarded funerals as rather a necessary nuisance than otherwise, albeit still condescending in his manner and still unctuous in voice,—began, I fear me, to regard each and every one of his fellow-parishioners, without distinction of age or sex, in the light of a possible customer.

That he at once joined the Anti-Vaccination League goes

without saying. His adopted godchildren were still welcome to learn those things which he had undertaken to see that they should learn, if other people took the trouble to teach them, or they might leave them unlearned. But to be vaccinated! to be inoculated with a disease borrowed from a cow! this were heresy indeed, and relic of barbarism. In marriages and the giving in marriage Jonah still took a kindly interest. Indeed if the parish had suddenly taken up the line of Mormonism, and every man in the village imported from afar some thirty or forty strange wives, I fancy that he would have viewed the change with complacency. I firmly believe that had Solomon offered to settle in our midst, Jonah would have resigned the parish clerkship in our favour. For such a state of affairs would have tended to increase the population, and an increase in the population meant an increase in the number of possible customers. The springing up of new industries and the building of new houses—in most cases jerry-built and gloriously insanitary—things which threatened to change a hitherto respectable parish into an unwholesome and unsavoury community, Jonah, in old days an obstructionist to progress, now viewed through rose-coloured spectacles. Alas! alas! what a falling off was there!

It perplexed me not a little, I will confess, for a time, how one and the same person could properly fill the two parts of parish clerk and undertaker, as

it struck me as a matter of some difficulty for the one individual, Jonah Binns, to be in two places at the same moment. But genius will triumph over all obstacles, and where there is a will the way will not be found wanting. It appeared, then, to Jonah, the son of Malachi, that it was now high time Urijah, the son of Jonah, should begin his preparation to follow in the footsteps of his father, and so the young man—he was only five-and-thirty or thereabouts—henceforth acted as understudy to Binns the elder, on some occasions playing the part of parish clerk, on others that of undertaker. There were, to be sure, certain delicate distinctions made. If the way was long and the wind cold, or even in other cases where it was the case of a cheap coffin and a modest burial, Urijah headed the funeral procession and Jonah played the clerk. But the positions were reversed when the funeral procession started from a handy place, and the perquisites ran to hatbands and black gloves, or where the mourners were regaled before or after the interment.

All this and more I might have forgiven Jonah. It was no particular business of mine, to be sure, if he became a pluralist, and it is only human nature that in a tradesman prompts the desire to drive a good trade. Nay, it may even pass under the title of a laudable ambition; and if Jonah Binns had not made the coffins some other person would have had to do it.

But professional zeal carried our friend Jonah just one step too far, and then it was that he fairly put my back up. Some time before the institution of our surpliced choir, Miss Caroline Ives, having, I presume, duly reached high C—it might have been high Z for all that I knew—gave vent to such ear-splitting shrieks that she routed me from my old seat in our church. I never, even as a boy, thoroughly enjoyed hearing a pig killed, and therefore was totally unable to appreciate the beauty of the young lady's vocal efforts, and preferred taking her, like the pig, at a safe distance. So, having negotiated a change with a deaf old party in a red cloak and poke-bonnet, I had ensconced myself in a seat at the bottom of the church, where I could enjoy comparative peace and the privilege of finding myself in the vicinity of Jonah. It sometimes amused me to watch our clerk's attitude during the sermon. If the rector preached, Jonah condescended to listen to the sermon—listening, however, I could not but note, with the air of a man conscious that, if he had the chance, he could make a far better job of it himself. Probably a good many other men besides Jonah have had this feeling. Like Galba, we are many of us in theory the best possible emperors, so eminently worthy of that imperial purple which we never get the opportunity of wearing. But when it fell to the lot of the curate to give us his views upon doctrinal mat-

ters, Jonah folded his arms, closed his eyes, and slept, or professed to sleep, aggressively; and there was that on his countenance which seemed to say, "I suppose you must preach when you are told to preach, but you really cannot expect a parish clerk to listen to a curate. *Sus Minervam*, indeed!"

But in these latter days, when the parish clerk had become an undertaker, there was no sleeping in the sermon. Jonah was very much wide-awake, and intensely interested—not in the sermon, I fear, but in the backs even more than in the faces of his fellow-parishioners. He used to take them in rows and study them attentively, now and again uprising from his seat in his eagerness to ascertain whether a man or a woman some three or four pews off was really quite so tall or short as he or she looked, or whether the appearance of the stature was deceptive, owing to the different ways different people have of sitting. Having satisfied his curiosity as to this point, he would purse his lips and appear to calculate, and even surreptitiously write a figure on his shirt-cuff before passing on to the next figure in the row. For two or three Sundays I watched him with some curiosity to know the why and the wherefore of this unusual proceeding; but at last I gave it up as a bad job, and elected to mind my own business. But there came a Sunday when a child would persist in coughing, and I, looking

round suddenly to see where the noise came from, caught Jonah's eye fixed upon myself, and distinctly saw his lips frame the words "Six feet," and in the instant grasped the fact that he was taking my measure.

Now, I do not know that I altogether appreciate the situation of being measured by my tailor, who, as the years roll by, makes what he possibly means to be complimentary remarks upon the alteration of my figure, and kindly suggests to his assistant that he should allow an inch or so in the waistcoat. Most certainly I had every reason for objecting to being deliberately measured by that ghoul Jonah, a considerably older man than myself. He caught my eye, the beast, and at once closing his own affected to be asleep; but I watched him intently till I saw the tell-tale colour overspread even that coarse red face and mount to the tips of the protruding ears. And I saw his evil piglike eyes half open, and then hurriedly close again when he saw that I was watching him, and I knew that Jonah Binns, parish clerk and undertaker, felt that I had found him out.

Once, a few weeks later, I caught friend Jonah tripping—tripping, I will in all fairness to the man say, in a manner to him wholly unusual, and under circumstances where the *lapsus lingue* might almost be held excusable. In short, he used a bad word beginning with a big, big D. Poor Jonah, how unfortunate that I should

have been the man to hear him, and how unlucky the whole incident! There was to be a particularly smart funeral, with a possibility of baked meats and sweet wines, and Jonah had got himself up in the most correct and lugubrious attire for the occasion—in short, he was wearing his very best undertaker's costume, donned with more than ordinary care and precision. And his pet cat had come to the garden-gate to see him off, and purred and rubbed itself against his master's glossy legs, and behaved as an undertaker's well-fed cat should behave. But Jonah was in a hurry and paid little heed to that cat—so little heed, in fact, that forgetting, as he turned to latch the garden-gate, that the cat was there, he fell right over the animal, plop on to a mighty mud-heap at the side of the road. And the mud was soft, and Jonah a man of some weight, and the result of that fall was disastrous, extremely so, and Urijah had to act as undertaker that day. The cat uttered a ghastly yell and fled incontinently, having taken the previous precaution of clawing Jonah. And Jonah picked himself up, and when he had inspected his hat, which had rolled off on to the road, and when he had looked at his waistcoat, which was an inch deep in mud, and when the thought of that funeral banquet came over him, he lifted up his voice, and for the benefit of society at large said the one word "Damn!" Fortunately for him, society at large was not present to hear him and be

shocked; but I had the good luck to come round the corner at the critical moment to witness the catastrophe and to overhear the remark. And I will admit that I was rather pleased than shocked.

Even then Jonah tried to shuffle out of it.

"It is damp, sir," he said with a sickly smile.

"Yes, damp without the *p*, Binns," I answered with purposed brutality. I was not going to let off a beast of an undertaker who had had the impudence to take my measure.

Alas for the fallibility of human hopes! There reigns in our village now, no longer as understudy but as legitimate proprietor of the double part of parish clerk and undertaker, Urijah, the son of Jonah, who at once marked his accession to that high dignity, and gave a notable proof of his filial affection, by gracefully and successfully "undertaking" his father.

"The flower fadeth" is what they put on Jonah's tombstone. Being somewhat dense in these matters, I could not see the exact application. Nor yet, I think, did Job Billing, who does see most things—when he is sober.

"Summat like a peony, I reckons, mister," he said.

"And why like a peony, Job?"

"Grate red face and not much count on asides," he replied.

And I, seeing that the man Job was, which he commonly is not, in such condition of mind or body that he might be able to give me further information, did then question him on that other point, which had long vexed my mind.

"Can you tell me the origin of these names, Job? Why were they all called by Bible names?"

"Whoy, don't yer know, mister?"

"No," I replied, and I pulled out my notebook, not always having a ready memory.

"Then I'll tell yer, then. This is how it wor. There were moy grandmother, as were Jonah's grandfather's sister; so as his'n grandfather and my grandmother were brother and sister belike. Do yer see?"

"Yes," I said.

"And his'n name were Job, weren't it? Well, that were how I came to be christened Job myself," and with that he gave his second cousin's grave a pat with his spade and walked away.

THE VICTORIAN DRAMA.

THE year 1841 will always be marked with a white stone. Quietly enough it was ushered in upon the world; but as it declined towards the winter, its sky was illuminated by monstrous comets. All men wondered what these appearances might portend, one declaring that Armageddon was at hand, another foreseeing the near approach of a golden age. On the 6th of October, in our *annus mirabilis*, it was evident that the expected was about to happen; shooting-stars were observed in every quarter of the heavens; a flaming tiger walked unharmed down Fleet Street; a strange luminosity flashed over the "dear old Lyceum theatre." Yet none was found wise enough to explain these sudden marvels. "Was it that it preceded by a very few weeks the date of the birth of that eminent patron of the theatre, . . . his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales?" Or "was it that about this time were produced in London close upon sixty years ago two plays that have remained stage classics to this hour" — "Money" and "London Assurance"? No; neither of these events, momentous as they were in our national history, was sufficient to explain the miracles of that auspicious day. But we are in doubt no longer. At last we know why that tiger wandered down Fleet Street, and paused somewhat furtively at No. 141. At last we know

why the swift effulgence lit up the good old house in Wellington Street." On October 6, 1841, Clement Scott was born.

Unhappily he came into being a few months late. Two days before he was born "Macready announced that Drury Lane would reopen under his management on the 27th of December." Well, he missed that pronouncement, and the passage of time can never cure the eating regret. Nor is the worst yet told: "at Covent Garden," says the great man, "just when I opened my eyes in this wonderful world I might have seen in one cast Charles Mathews and old Farren, Mrs Glover, and Mrs Humby!" But, alas! his eyes were not opened quite wide enough, and as he could not be taken to Covent Garden, he dreamed play-bills in his cradle, and saw vague visions of Edmund Kean. After such a birth, it is small wonder that he grew up "a strange, rather silent, introspective, and thoughtful boy." But 'twas ever thus: genius does not gladly join in the rough sports of childhood; rather it sits apart, like Eugene Aram, brooding over the misunderstanding of the present, and the horrid torment of the future. But Clement Scott's character was secluded from the beginning. With such a destiny as his, he was misunderstood in the very places where he looked most eagerly for sympathy — at home and

at school. This is the more strange, because not only was his father a man of letters, but Arthur Sketchley was his father's curate. Moreover, at Marlborough his headmaster was Archdeacon Farrar, a distinguished writer, to whom his impassioned style is more profoundly indebted than to any other. But genius must pay its penalty, and Clement Scott was soon to emerge from the shadow of neglect to the full sunlight of public appreciation.

As Horace was born a poet, as Marlborough was born a soldier, so Clement Scott was born a dramatic critic. The vocation would not be denied, and a brief sojourn in the War Office did but serve to make the critic acquainted with his fellow-craftsmen. Of course, like many another hero, who persists in the course marked out by genius, his determination was opposed. His mother, for instance, "knew, none better, the pain that would be in store for him, and she feared that the slightest shock to so sensitive a nature would stifle ambition altogether." But he triumphed in the end: his sensitive nature was determined to stand the racket, or, in his own phrase, he "took up the reins of that fatal charger, dramatic criticism." Why the charger is fatal we are not told; we are told that during the last forty years Mr Scott has performed prodigies of valour. "I had no grey hairs then," he writes pensively; "but I know I went into the battle with

my life in my hand: fighting for a good cause, and fighting I think to secure the victory." If we knew not better, we might have believed that Clement Scott had freed the oppressed, and drawn a valiant sword wherever tyranny raised its head. However, it is not in the tented field that he received the scars which honourably disfigure him. His blood was shed, with many a bottle of ink, in the gutters of Fleet Street. Until we read Mr Scott's book,¹ we had no notion that dramatic criticism involved such desperate risks to life and limb. We have known peaceful, amiable critics who have spent years in the theatre without so much as breaking a leg. But Mr Scott is not of their kind. He has suffered! O how he has suffered!—"I hope," to quote his own words, "with some advantage to the art that I loved in boyhood, and love better still in the evening of my life." There speaks the true hero: so long as the battle is won, what cares the soldier for the limbs he leaves upon the field?

Unfortunately for us, Mr Scott, being a modest gentleman, nowhere in his two ample volumes discloses the risks and sufferings which have already grizzled his hair. We know that he has praised more actors and actresses than any man of his generations, that he has strained a naturally generous vocabulary to express the inexpressible—the infinite—glory of our British Stage. But to

¹ *The Drama of Yesterday and To-day.* By Clement Scott. London: Macmillan.

discuss "the immense talent and originality" of "the Lyceum Knight," for instance, is not obviously hazardous, and we still wonder where our hero fought the fights to which he refers with so noble a sentiment. To descend to plain prose, Mr Clement Scott has been more fortunate than most: he has reached a pinnacle of fame to which his talents hardly entitle him. Editors have never refused his copy, and now his merits are publicly celebrated in a monument, con-fected by himself, of some thousand pages. More, he confesses that the public, with a constancy worthy of Mrs Micawber, has never deserted him! And as for the profession, which by the way he loves, "I leave it and its professors," he explains with splendid scorn, "one and all to their own conscience. I have helped them more than they have helped me. I never turned against them." What, then, is the trouble? Did Mr Scott find at last that the adjectives of adulation failed him? We do not think so, since, being always thrifty of his style, Mr Scott never shrank from giving to one actor the praise he had manufactured for another. "And but herself admits no parallel"—this useful phrase does duty for a round dozen, and it is not much trouble to repeat when once its pertinence is assured. Why, then, did Mr Scott quarrel with all those whom he had covered with the flattery of forty years? Alas! he does not tell us. His reminiscences furnish no evidence of

malice, and assuredly his enemies are foolish as well as ungrateful. For without doubt Mr Scott is the best friend that the actor ever had.

But from end to end of the book you may recognise a kind of discomfort. The great critic is, as he would say, no *laudator temporis acti*—he, too, likes his Latin tag; but his utterances contradict him. Somewhere or other there is a "rift within the lute." In the good old days, when at the Arundel Club you might enjoy "a chat with some of the jolliest and cheeriest fellows in the world," a general spirit of loyalty was abroad. "So it used to be; so it will be again before long." All "the jolly fellows" sang each other's praises, and were ready at a moment's notice with help or compliment. Log-rolling, in fact, was in fashion long before its name was invented, and seems to have vanished from the world, so says Mr Scott, very soon after its formal discovery. And Mr Scott regrets it. He cannot bear to disappear from his pedestal as his idols disappear from theirs. He sighs for the days when Tom Robertson and Byron (not the author of "Don Juan," of course) were universally accepted as men of genius. For he lived in the sunshine of their smiles, and caught in the act of appreciation a flash of their notorious brilliance. But nowadays the harsh world has turned its face even from Robertson, and only too few are found to agree with Mr Scott that Harry Greenbank

is a lyric poet. Wherefore Mr Scott is sad, and persuaded to believe that the world decays.

However, one quality Mr Scott possesses more highly developed than any man of his generation. His sentimentality is never in doubt. If the public has never deserted him, he has never deserted the public. Indeed, he worships the people, or such of it as haunts the pit, with a constant heart. "I love to hear the people laugh over a good comedy," he says in his jovial way; and you are quite sure he does. Whatever we may think of his head, there can be no kind of doubt that Clement Scott's heart is in the right place. None of your tragic endings for him, none of your psychological introspection, none of your Mrs Tanquerays with their shady pasts! Give him a good old cup-and-saucer comedy, and a long night afterwards with "the cheeriest fellows in the world." That's the sort of man he is! He desires to make everybody happy, to flatter everybody, to take the kindest possible view of human infirmity. But the actors won't let him. "They want such a lot of praise," he complains, and it is easy to recognise a genuine cry from the heart. They *do* want a lot of praise; and if Clement Scott doesn't satisfy them, then no man ever will. Such, in fact, is the tragedy of the dramatic critic's career. Mr Scott cares nothing for the drama, and very little for the stage; the smell of sawdust and oranges does not excite him. But he adores the actor and the

actress. If ever a man was stage-struck, that man is Clement Scott. Why he was not a mummer himself, we do not know. Maybe he believed, in sincere humility, that he was not worthy to follow the great calling. Maybe his voice and his presence did not support his ambition. But from the first he took the romantic view of *the* profession, as his friends call it, and he firmly believed that all the women on the stage were virtuous, and all the men miracles of courage. To enter a green-room must have seemed heaven to his enraptured imagination; to sit at the same table with "dear old Johnny" or "the clever little manageress" was, it appears, the end of his desire. And how dreary it all is! If ever there was a craft whose practitioners should live apart and be no more known when their work is done, it is the craft of the stage. For, while actors are all alike, they are disqualified by their temperament for general intercourse. When in the old days they were cloistered by prejudice, they were assuredly better actors, and probably better men; at any rate, their faults were not so egregiously advertised as they are to-day. In the first place, the mummer is everywhere a familiar figure; he earns his bread by exposing himself to view. He cannot walk in the street without being recognised, and by a perverse reasoning he concludes that recognition is a proof of greatness. To be known, says he, is to be a man of genius, and on this insecure

basis he establishes a vast colossus of vanity. In the second place, the mummer, if he be distinguished in his craft, must always possess more temperament than intelligence. It is his business to act (in the strict sense), not to think, and the result is that his knowledge of men and things is generally bounded by play-bills on the one hand, by press-cuttings on the other. He is, therefore, seldom a cheerful companion to those who do not belong to his own class. Lack of intelligence, combined with an overweening vanity, might appear insuperable obstacles, yet modern society has taken them in its stride, with the consequence that actors and actresses are no longer rogues by Act of Parliament, but men and women like the rest of us. It sounds a platitude; it is really a paradox. For actors and actresses, for all their good qualities, are seldom, if ever, men or women. Their vanity has no better justification than a narrow gift of imitation; their wealth (it is vast) comes so easily to hand that they esteem themselves wiser and wittier than the rest of mankind. But they are not, and their childlike arrogance puts them outside the pale of humanity.

And as their vanity has an insufficient basis, so it produces an ineffectual result. The mummer lives only in the adulation of Mr Clement Scott and his colleagues. When he has sought the solace of retirement, his work is not only done but done with. Nor is there the smallest hardship in this.

The applause which the actor wins is louder and stronger than the applause that greets the poet, the general, or the statesman. But it is compressed within a smaller space; it is, so to say, an extract of popularity's beef; and when once it is swallowed, there is, or there should be, an end of it. However, Mr Scott does not take this view of the mummer's profession. No sooner has a man acted than in our critic's eyes a halo glitters on his brow. And the halo continues to glitter—still in the critic's eyes—long after the mummer has laid aside his transitory work. There is something almost pathetic in Mr Scott's ingenuous admiration. He loves all actors, even though he has never seen them, and he speaks of them all in such terms as would seem extravagant if applied to Homer, Shakespeare, or William Pitt. Indeed, he ascribes to them all the virtues and qualities of all the characters they have ever played; and if perchance they personate a villain, that is a proof not of wickedness but of versatility. So it is that anything which relates to the stage affects Mr Scott more poignantly than the affairs of the State. For instance, it was "under a burning sun in Egyptian desert" that he heard the news of Fred Leslie's death. It fell upon him "with a thud and a shock." Fred Leslie dead! "I could think of nothing else," he writes. "My companion shook off the intelligence with feeling words of regret; they were busy pointing out the battle-fields of Tel-el-Kebir

and the scene of the midnight charge at Kassassin. They tried to rouse me from an inevitable stupor of melancholy. Don't you want to see the actual scene of your own poem, 'The Midnight Charge'? they asked me as I sat moodily in a corner of the carriage, gazing, eternally gazing, over the desert, and thinking of home and the dead artist! No, they could not rouse me." How, indeed, should they? They had never sat in Box 14 and heard the immortal glee, "The Moon has got his Trousers on." Not even the reference to that famous poem, "The Midnight Charge" (a subtle, sly touch that), availed to move Clement Scott from his reverie. Empire and warfare, save that warfare waged in Fleet Street, are ridiculous when "one of the greatest artists of our time" is dead. Such is the anecdote which gives us the best measure of our critic. As we have said, if ever a man was stage-struck, that man is he who once did the theatres for the 'Daily Telegraph.'

Ah! how he has loved the stage! What panegyrics he has composed of the actors! Yet not even his erudition has driven him aside from the praise of his own country. Though he has always been the champion of free-trade, though he has welcomed the talent of Fechter, Delaunay, and Sarah Bernhardt, his heart has ever been "true to his Poll." It is London which is the real home of art. But again he shall speak in his own words. "We who love the drama, the dramatists, the players, the very

atmosphere of the playhouse, have excellent reason to be proud of the Victorian era of Dramatic Art." We have—there's no doubt about that; and here we discover Clement Scott's talent. He can appreciate: once he has sat at the same board with "dear old Johnnie," or the inimitable tragedian, he knows precisely where to lay his hand upon genius. And he approaches genius, as he should, hat in hand. To repeat what he says about Sir Henry Irving, for instance, would be impossible. It is panegyric, doubly distilled. We verily believe that whenever he thinks of this great man he drops involuntarily upon his knees. But his practice is uniform; he praises them all. Here, for example, is a dainty appreciation of Miss Ellen Terry: "Whereas in the delight and joy of temperament, in the irresistible impulse of individuality, in her beauty, grace, and captivating allurements, in the gentle sway of her queen-like qualities, and the peerlessness of her reign over the hearts of men and women alike, the stage of no country in the wide world has ever seen another Ellen Terry."

"Quæris Alcidae parem? nemo est nisi ipse."

"And but herself admits no parallel." That of course is putting it strong. We who have seen Miss Terry a hundred times may well wonder what it all means. But it means nothing,—it is merely a vague and wandering expression of personal enthusiasm. Mr Scott

seems to believe that mummers are not the servants but the masters of Drama, and so he worships them all. "Marie Bancroft (Lady Bancroft)"—don't forget the bracket—"stands unrivalled." They all stand unrivalled. Never was genius so frank and free lavished upon any other profession. You have but to walk into the first green-room that comes, and you will find the fine flower of England. There is nothing these heroes and heroines cannot accomplish. They can write, they can govern, they can instruct the people. In brief, they are demigods, not men and women. Who wrote Tennyson's drama—"Becket"? We have always thought that the work came from the pen of the Laureate. Not a bit of it. It was only "possible" when it had passed through the hands of the "craftsman," and it is unnecessary to mention the name of that craftsman even in an undertone. But they are all equally endowed—Sir Squire, Mr Wyndham (why not Sir Charles?), Lady Bancroft, Mr Tree (why not Sir Herbert?), Mr Leno (why not Sir Dan?), and if ever any one of them needs a panegyric, why, he knows where to get it.

Of course to produce this effect of sugar, dashed here and there with vinegar, Mr Scott has employed a style of his own. He has attempted nothing less than to put his great heart upon paper. The sentimentality, which wells up within him the moment he enters a green-room, can only be expressed in honeyed

eloquence. So he is forced to use a kind of baby language. He proves his admiration by diminutives and Christian names, a trick which brings us to the sad conclusion that the whole stage is beset by a tiresome familiarity. For instance, Mr Scott counted among his friends "Willie Mathews, son of the brave and bright and cheery champion, Mr Charley." The "artistic Bancrofts" rarely march without the otiose epithet. Islington is always preceded by the obvious adjective. The Haymarket is "the dear old oblong theatre." Need we say that the playhouse of his early predilection was "the merry little Strand"? And of course "the clever little manageress" explains herself. Should this gallant gentleman mention the ladies, is he not forced to interpolate "God bless them!" Of course he is, and the marvel is that he never lowers his tone through a thousand pages. If a common man dies, well he dies, and his friends grieve over his loss. If a mummer dies, there is an immediate opportunity for sentimentality. If the mummer be a lady, it is a broken heart that carried her off. Why broken, Mr Scott, why broken? If the mummer be a man, the sentiment is different, but no less profound. "The same kindly heart," says Mr Scott, "was as deeply touched when Johnny Toole, whilst acting at Manchester, heard of the passing of Charles Mathews." At any other moment it would have been "Charley," and we

may admire the reticence imposed by a "passing" upon Mr Scott's easy style.

But the truth is—we must state it frankly—Mr Scott has neither knowledge of, nor interest in, the drama. He has been a dramatic critic for forty years, and his enthusiasm is purely personal. Now, the drama, in the actor's despite, is a possible form of art which, though it is moribund to-day, may perhaps revive. But Mr Scott neither knows nor cares anything about it. To cover Sir Henry's retreat, he declares that "actors who have reached the topmost rung of the ladder have never been remarkable for elocutionary excellence, but the reverse." If that be true of England, it is true of no other country, and it explains the mad success of the Music-Halls. At any rate, it is typical of Mr Scott's method: there is no problem of the stage of which he offers even a tentative solution. For instance, the paradox of Diderot might perhaps have engrossed him, he might have wondered whether the actor does or does not feel the emotions he is bound to portray. But he merely begs the question in a paragraph. "It is only your insensitive and often indifferent actor," says Mr Scott, "who can instantly break away from chaff and conversation and begin acting somebody else." Has Mr Scott ever been in the actor's *foyer* of the Comédie Française? Has he ever heard of Kean's exclamation to his son when they were playing Othello, "We're knocking 'em, Charley"? Has it ever occurred

to him that a mummer who felt all that Hamlet felt would die a natural death after ten representations? No, none of these things have ever occurred to him. Pitt perished with the Austerlitz look upon his face. An actor might act Pitt a thousand times, Austerlitz look and all, and never die of the enterprise. And Mr Scott's long experience might have taught him that to counterfeit a sentiment by mechanical means is not the same as to feel your frame shaken by that sentiment. But Mr Scott is content to consult "the Lyceum Knight," or another, and the actor is always resolute to prove that the emotions of his part are his own. The vanity is natural, for if you be not a king, it is passing pleasant to pretend that for two hours you not only acted but felt like a king.

Again, there is another point of the drama which Mr Scott might have elucidated. What part should scenery play in the economy of the stage? Of the three elements which go to make a play, which is the greatest—the dramatist, the actor, the carpenter? Had Mr Scott been a real critic, he might have found abundant material for a judgment. He has seen Charles Kean of whom Douglas Jerrold declared, when they told him that Mr Kean had elevated the drama, "So he has; he has hung it on a clothes' peg." He has revered the grandiose productions of "the Lyceum Knight." But Mr Scott expresses no opinion;

an ox is upon his tongue, and he fears to discount the voice of flattery. Nevertheless the problem is worth solution, and Mr Scott's experience, had it been sincere, would have been invaluable. However, Mr Scott is silenced. In the first place, Sir Henry Irving was pledged to a solid, inartistic presentation of what he plaintively believed to be reality. In the second place, no dramatist—not even Lytton or Shakespeare or Tom Robertson himself—was ever of the same importance in Mr Scott's eyes as “good old ——,” or “the brave little ——.” How, then, should he attempt an answer to an interesting question? It would have been as much as his life was worth, and was he not already scarred and wounded beyond recognition?

All the same, the question is worth asking: How do the playwright, the actor, and the carpenter divide the stage? The answer, which is obvious, seems a paradox in these days of scenic effect. Of course, the play comes first, and for the play's interpretation the actor and carpenter are mere hirelings. If they perform their work of interpretation efficiently, they have done all that is expected of them. We know little, and care less, of the men who interpreted Sophocles, or Shakespeare, or Racine. The plays remain; the actors long ago sunk into the oblivion which is wont to overtake them. But nowadays that is all changed. The modern actor patronises Shakespeare, whom he is kind enough to

decorate; or he takes hold of a musical comedy, and adorns it on an equal scale. In either case his work is the same—elaborate and inappropriate, while his interpretation leaves out of sight the original drama, which it is his business to act. The servant, in fact, has become the master, and all things are topsy-turvy. As one of the triumvirate grows large the others decrease, and while the actor is a colossus, the dramatist has become a dwarf. It is like the monkey and the barrel-organ; the larger the monkey, the smaller the organ. But the actor, who now believes himself a king of his art, has a serious danger ahead. He depends entirely upon his carpenter, and who knows? the carpenter may rise in his wrath and declare that he—and not the actor—is the real author of the piece. He would be as well justified as his master, and doubtless the public would back him, for the public loves brick and mortar far more than poetry.

But the carpenter is the drama's worst enemy. The actor may misinterpret the play which is entrusted to him, the carpenter destroys it. For the essence of the stage is illusion. The men and women who walk the boards speak a dialect which the world knows not, and act rather in accordance with convention than with nature. The rooms in which they disport themselves are obviously not rooms; the lofty castles which frown upon their misdeeds are not castles at all; and the more clearly the car-

penter realises the scene, so much the more he detracts from the illusion of the stage. All — writing, acting, decoration — must be kept in the same atmosphere if the result is to impose upon the spectator. But this is what the dramatic critic refuses to understand; and as for the actor, he determined when he went into management to revise Shakespeare, and he has raised up for himself a monster before which Frankenstein himself might have shuddered. As it stands, it is a pretty triangular duel, and we don't much care which wins. We merely desire to record the fact that Mr Scott is so engrossed in the sentimental admiration of the mummer, that he has never been able to take a sincere interest in the stage.

However, all dramatic critics are not as Clement Scott. Mr William Archer, for instance, is the 'Daily Telegraph's' antithesis.¹ It is impossible to imagine Mr Archer addressing his colleague as "dear old Cle-may." For Mr Archer is austere, erudite, and philosophical. Why or how he became a dramatic critic is one of the secrets which will never be revealed, and it is obvious that he takes no stock in the Bohemian familiarity so dear to Mr Scott. On the contrary, he judges all the poor little plays which he is asked to witness with an intelligent gravity which is almost gro-

tesque. No doubt he keeps the example of Hazlitt before him, but he does not remember that without Kean Hazlitt's criticism would have had no effect. After all, you may be gifted with learning, appreciation, and intelligence; yet if you be a dramatic critic your career may be barren, because there is no possibility of your ever being asked to criticise anything. To demand of William Archer his opinion of nothing better than "The Manœuvres of Jane" is like condemning Matthew Arnold to review nothing but the last novel from the circulating library. It is a sorry jest, which does not help the march of literature or the drama. None the less Mr Archer is an extraordinary phenomenon. For many years he has visited first nights with all the severity of a high ambition. He has sternly attempted to distinguish between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and he has done his work so well that we cannot but regret that he ever thought that such a work was worth doing. At any rate, he is Clement Scott's antithesis; he is neither stage-struck nor a hero-worshipper. He is never likely to call Mr Toole "dear old Johnny," and when he finds a play that is worth his sad and serious criticism, we shall begin to believe in the future of the British stage.

Of Mr Walkley it is easier to speak.² For Mr Walkley

¹ Study and Stage. By William Archer. London: Grant Richards.

² Frames of Mind. By A. B. Walkley. London: Grant Richards.

is a pert echo of the French. He believes that he is a disciple of M. Lemaître, a sorry Philistine; but really he is a willing pupil of that amiable *bourgeois* the late M. Sarcey. And, like his master, he can quote Aristotle, can Mr Walkley, and in the original Greek. So that he is well equipped to pass judgment on Mr Pinero. Yet we cannot but regret his vocation. He is not a very good critic of the drama, and we feel that his facile wit and quick perception might have carried him further on the road of success than the half-hearted appreciation of second-rate plays will ever carry him. His admirers have called him the

modern Lamb, which, of course, he is not; but he is an intelligent journalist who is far above the work which his journals ask him to perform. Of course, for all his French and Greek, he has not the grasp of principles nor the wide reading which Mr Archer throws away upon an ungrateful task; but if only there were a theatre to criticise — who knows? — Mr Walkley might acquit himself moderately well. However, our English theatre has found in Mr Clement Scott precisely the critic which it deserved, and it is a thousand pities that ungrateful actors have permitted him to leave the “good old Strand” and cross the Atlantic.

"WHO RIDETH UPON THE WINGS OF THE WIND."

MY God, who makest all Thy winds to blow,
Whether our foolish wills desire or no;
Thanks be to Thee that this is so!

Thy sharp-wheel'd chariot from the shuddering East
Thou drivest: and the lowering clouds are gone,
And the keen air shines clear,
Smiting like fear;

And every man and every trembling beast
That Thou dost blow upon
Must cry to Thee to cease,
And give them peace:

But Thou, who lovest, heedest not their moan.
For in her loathsome lair
Disease sits crouching there,

A foul and spotted thing, more dreadful than the dead!
And when Thine East wind rides
Over her shrinking sides

She shrieks and cowers, and all her hideous power is fled!

Yea, call Thy fierce East wind and bid it blow,
And it shall bless us so.

And Thine the stormy breath of the far North,
Where ice-fields glitter and where snows abide,
And all the fast-lock'd seas their frozen secrets hide.
Thence do Thy winds rush forth,
Proud conquerors, to pile the cloudy sky
With darkness, and o'ershadow the dumb Earth
With fear lest she should die.

But lo! Thy gentle snows descend, and keep
Her warm and covered deep

In a soft sleep,

Feeding the secret sources of the year's appointed birth.

Yea, call Thy strong North wind and bid it blow,
And it shall bless us so.

And Thine the wild West wind, that from the seas
Blows the wild rain, and moist abundant showers
Whose fruitful hours
Bring the warm Earth's increase,
And noons of lovely joy and eves of peace;
When the green fields, refreshed, smile up to heaven,
And all the unclouded night to the bright Moon is given.
Call forth Thy Western winds and let them blow,
That they may bless us so.

And Thine the soft breath of the South, that glides
On tranquil-flowing tides;
And moves among the murmur of light leaves,
And golden tops of bending harvest-sheaves;
And through the garden goes
To rife the rich bosom of the rose
Of all its sweets, and wafts away the prize—
And then of so much sweetness faints and dies!
And lives again, when sunset thrills and glows
With mingling hues that only sunset knows;
And laps in cool delight
The star-enchanted Night;
And breathes itself away in whispered sighs,
And so of its own sweetness faints at last—and dies.
O! softly let Thy South wind breathe and blow,
Still to delight us so.

Thus shall the Earth rejoice,
Hearing her Maker's voice
In storm and tempest, or sweet airs that blow:
While all Thy winds obey
Thy bidding, night and day,
Blessing us so.

ADA BARTRICK BAKER.

THE OLD TAVERN LIFE OF LONDON.

AS Dr Johnson's name is among those which are indelibly associated with the tavern life of London, we make no apology for commencing this paper with a quotation from Boswell's *Life*. "No man," said he, "but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house as if it was his own. At a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome: and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, and the more good things you call for, the more welcome you are." Sir Walter Scott refers with sympathy to spending what Falstaff calls the sweetest morsel of the night "in the genial licence of a tavern." And certain it is that the modern club system, which has gradually driven the tavern out of the field, provides no substitute for that genial licence. We are writing with the Christmas of 1899 in full view, and whatever convivial, sociable, or bacchanalian elements a man has in his composition must come uppermost at such a time. Most men worthy of the name have some of this good seed implanted in them at their birth, though the cares of the world and the frost of respectability may have choked or killed them, so that the eventual result is only

lemonade or toast and water. To such unhappy persons these pages will be addressed in vain. We write for those in whom the good seed has brought forth abundant fruit, and who are prepared to celebrate Christmas and drink the New Year's health in punch, port, or claret, with all the honours.

We remember very well a distinguished man of letters who died young some thirty years ago, who used to deride the idea of keeping Christmas in a family manner. He had a charming wife himself, and some of the nicest little children you ever saw; but he thought that it behoved all choicer spirits to celebrate Christmas at a tavern. "Some fellows," he would say, "ought to get together round a piece of beef, and have their six tumblers afterwards, which would just carry them through all their favourite ideas." But I doubt if a tavern could be found open on Christmas Day now within the sound of either Bow Bells or Big Ben. It could have been then; and, whether or no, such was the ideal Christmas feast of a wit and a scholar who might have looked any man of letters in the face. Reminiscences of "tavern life," however, harmonise very well with all the social traditions which belong to Christmas, and a book¹

¹ *Old London Taverns: Historical, Descriptive, and Reminiscent; with some Account of the Coffee-Houses, Clubs, &c.* By Edward Callow. London: Downey & Co.

just published comes opportunely to assist us in placing a few old tavern scenes and customs before the reader's eye. We do not purpose to ascend the stream of time to any great distance. We propose on this occasion to deal only with something which we can realise more closely: the tavern life of which some echoes lingered on into our own time, and may be heard occasionally even now.

It is difficult to say when this stage of tavern life, the remains of which living men can still remember, first became fully established in London. The public in general know very little of it before the Augustan age. In the seventeenth century there seem to have been fashionable Ordinaries at which the man about town dined before he adjourned to the gaming-table, with which most of these houses were equipped. The Ordinary described in Scott's '*Fortunes of Nigel*' is a good specimen of the class; and later on—from 1698-1736—White's Chocolate House was another. It was not till the last-mentioned year that it was turned into a club, and some years afterwards, when old Almack's was turned into Brooks's, these two became the leading west-end clubs; and George Selwyn, Lord March, and their set passed a large part of their time in sauntering from one to the other. But these establishments were not exactly either taverns or coffee-houses in the sense in which the word is used in the '*Spectator*,' the '*Tatler*,' and the Society literature of the

eighteenth century. We shall find in none of them the kind of tavern life to which Mr Callow more particularly refers, and which, though contemporary with the drinking-bouts and duels of that reckless aristocracy which lives again in the pages of Mr Thackeray, seems much nearer to ourselves. For the old tavern life we have in our mind's eye we may go as far back as the reign of Anne.

It was the usual habit of Addison, we are told, "to meet his party at Button's," where they dined, and sat late over their wine and punch. They seem to have finished the evening there, though some of them, of course, might have been going to the theatre after dinner, or out to supper after that. Dinner was not so late down to the end of the eighteenth century as to make supper impossible. But the wits who dined at Button's probably remained there till bedtime, unless they had invitations to some later entertainment. They were all free drinkers, and soon drove away the more delicately organised Pope. At this time tavern life was a good deal coloured by politics. There were Tory taverns and Whig taverns, just as there were Tory clubs and Whig clubs; but though this distinction has never died out in the case of clubs, it does not seem to have survived beyond the middle of the century in the case of taverns. And Button's and Will's, it must be remembered, were something more than

dining - houses. They were coffee-houses as well, where men met for conversation, and the intercourse was general. When Johnson first came to London this system was still flourishing, and in the Irishman's account of how a man could live in London for £30 a-year it occupies a prominent place. "By spending three pence at a coffee-house, a man might be in very good company for two or three hours every day." But we hear little of this kind of thing in Johnson's later days. The old coffee-house system seems to have declined with the decline in the position of men of letters. Their society was no longer sought by those who had once thought it a privilege to meet them: and the coffee-house, which had been the common ground on which they met, gradually faded away.

But the later essayists of the eighteenth century teem with descriptions of it, as it still existed in the latter part of George II.'s reign, when it seems to have been a pale reflection of its former self. Thus Button's was supposed to survive in the Bedford, Covent Garden, of which Colman has left us an ironical description in the 'Connoisseur.'

"This coffee-house is every night crowded with men of parts. Almost every one you meet is a polite scholar and a wit. Jokes and bon-mots are echoed from box to box; every branch of nature is critically examined, and the merit of every production of the press, or performance at the theatres, weighed and determined. This school (to which I am myself indebted for a great part of my education, and in which, though

unworthy, I am now arrived at the honour of being a public lecturer) has bred up many authors, to the amazing entertainment and instruction of their readers. Button's, the grand archetype of the Bedford, was frequented by Addison, Steele, Pope, and the rest of that celebrated set, who flourished at the beginning of this century, and was regarded with just deference on account of the real geniuses who frequented it. But we can now boast men of superior abilities; men who, without any one acquired excellence, by the mere dint of a happy assurance, can exact the same tribute of veneration, and receive it as due to the illustrious characters, the scribblers, players, fiddlers, gamblers, that make so large a part of the company at the Bedford."

Ex uno disce omnes. Here we see the old coffee-house life, in its decadence indeed, but still dying hard. The coffee-house critic and coffee-house politician were still noted characters. The latter is amusingly described in the 'Citizen of the World.' After picking up what news he can at George's or Garraway's, he adjourns to the Ordinary for more, and spends the evening in adding to his stock, only to find next morning that it is all a bundle of lies. What a true description of the newsmonger of our own day!

We have mentioned George's, which is now the George Hotel at the top of Devereux Court, just opposite St Clement's Church. It was said that Sir Robert Walpole was sometimes seen there, but this is contradicted by Horace, whose letters, it is needless to say, are redolent of club life. Below it lay the Grecian, both houses being much frequented by the Templars, who seem to have been in bad

odour with the wits and the satirists all through the century. Pope's "pert Templar" describes what was thought of them in that day, and Colman is still more severe upon them. But they were among the main-stays of coffee-house and tavern life in its later stages. The coffee-houses were all places where coffee was drunk and men assembled for conversation, whether on business, pleasure, politics, or literature. But it seems that they did not all discharge the functions of a tavern. Colman tells us that after spending most of the evening at the Bedford coffee-house, he went to finish it at the Bedford Arms. As he comes into the Piazza the fire blazes so cheerfully in the Bedford Arms kitchen that he cannot resist it, and goes in with a friend to partake perhaps of a Main-tenon cutlet and a bottle of Burgundy; or it may be, if it is winter, with a stewed breast of veal and a bowl of punch: for they ate and drank heroically, the gallant gourmands of the eighteenth century.

We learn from Roderick Random—who, with that wonderful wardrobe supplied to him by Strap, made such a good figure, as he expresses it, in the region of Covent Garden—that it was customary for men to meet at the coffee-house to make up their party for dinner at the tavern, and sometimes after dinner to go back to the coffee-house again. Occasionally the two were combined, the coffee-room and the dining-rooms being in that case separate apartments.

The Covent Garden taverns in those days, and long afterwards, were the favourite haunts of young university men up in town for a lark. Colman meets Bob Classic and Tom Latin at the Bedford, and hears them arrange their plans for the evening. Jack is off "to meet the finest girl upon town in the green boxes." But they all assemble again later at night, and Colman and his friend, who have turned in for supper, hear them in the next room, where they are entertaining some ladies. They never leave the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, and the landlord always welcomes them to the tavern,—for, says the waiter, they have all their meals in his house, and eat and drink, and pay "better than any nobleman." They came up to town with their quarter's allowance in their pockets, and emptied them in a few days at the taverns, the theatres, and in the society of Polly and Sally. Not much more than fifty years ago there was a fellow of a College at Oxford, a middle-aged man, and an admirable classical scholar, whose idea of an outing, he used to say, or his friends said it for him, was to go up to town with a fifty-pound note and spend it in three days. This man, as may easily be imagined, was a most efficient Proctor.

We have now reached the Johnsonian era and the many legends connected with the old scholar which still haunt Fleet Street. His favourite tavern was the Mitre, which lay, and still lies, between King's Bench

Walk at the east end of the Temple and Fleet Street. But when Boswell first made his acquaintance they often dined or had supper at the Turk's Head, a tavern in the Strand -- not the Turk's Head in Gerard Street where the club met—and kept “by a good civil woman who had not much business.” The 25th of June 1763 was the memorable day on which Boswell first met Johnson at the Mitre. They had both been dining at Clifton's—an eating-house in what was then Butcher Row, at the back of St Clement's Church, and famed for its mutton-chops—and they arranged to meet later on at the Mitre. “We had a good supper,” says Boswell, “and drank two bottles of port.” This was often repeated; and poor Bozzy, *bon vivant* as he was, found the doctor rather too much for him. They often sat up till one or two o'clock in the morning drinking port; and Boswell was obliged to admit that these *noctes caenaeque*, even in the company of the gods, affected his nerves for some time afterwards. On the 6th of July he gave a supper at the Mitre to Johnson, Goldsmith, Tom Davies, Dr Ogilvie, and some others, on which occasion the Doctor uttered his memorable witticism about the noblest prospect which a Scotsman ever sees.

It seems to have been a common practice to dine at some such place as Clifton's, or else at an Ordinary, and go to a tavern afterwards for supper. The Ordinary was cheaper than

a regular tavern like the Grecian or the Mitre, where we were told by a very old gentleman, who died about thirty years ago at the age of ninety-five, that you could not dine in those days for less than 5s. You were expected, of course, to take wine, and a good deal of it too; nor was it any cheaper then than it is now. In 1710 Swift was charged 8s. a bottle; and at Kivat's, a celebrated French Ordinary in the City, the landlord said that 7s. a bottle for the best wine was below the average price. What kind of wine was it, then, we may ask, which was served to the gentlemen at the Pine-apple in New Street, Covent Garden, where Johnson used to dine when he first came to London, and which seems to have cost them only fivepence? The Doctor's cut from the joint was sixpence, bread a penny, and the waiter a penny. “But it cost the others a shilling, for they drank wine.”

Of course the whole neighbourhood within a mile of the Temple is rich in Johnsonian traditions. In Fleet Street, besides the Mitre, both the Cheshire Cheese and the Old Cock claim to have been honoured by his presence. What these myths are worth may be judged of from the fact that a waiter at the Old Cock, the original Cock, the Cock of the plump head-waiter, once told the present writer that he remembered Dr Johnson very well, and pointed out the box in which he used to sit. As the waiter was a young man about thirty, and Johnson had then

been dead eighty-six years, the waiter's information must be placed on a par with that of the man who said he knew Gulliver, and that he lived at Wapping. Neither the Cock nor the Cheshire Cheese are mentioned in Boswell. But there is reason to believe that Johnson visited the Grecian. The reader may remember the attorney in one of Thackeray's novels who, being rather ruffled by the *de haut en bas* manner of a client,—"for in those days a gentleman was a gentleman, and an attorney was his very humble servant,"—went off to dinner at the Grecian and soothed his feelings with a bottle of port. This house still existed as a tavern down to 1843, and was an interesting link. Steele says in the 'Tatler' that he gets all his literary information from the Grecian, and Addison sometimes dined there. The Devil Tavern, adjoining Temple Bar, which has long ceased to exist, was, we know, frequented by Johnson. It was here that he gave his supper to Mrs Lennox in honour of her first book in 1753. But this was before Boswell's time. It was also, as we know, a favourite haunt of Steele's.

For a long time there continued to be coffee-houses appropriate to particular callings, and even to particular countries. Garraway's, of course, was the merchants' house. The house of call for physicians was Batson's, hard by, among whom some wits and scholars might be found. Jonathan's was for stockbrokers, and the Jerusalem was a shipping house. At St

Paul's Coffee-House the clergy used to assemble, and to the Chapter, which lingered on into our own day, came the book-sellers. "At Forrest's," says Colman, "I am a Scotchman, at Slaughter's a Frenchman, and at the Cocoa Tree an Englishman." The last mention of the old coffee-house system which we have been able to discover is in Cumberland's periodical, the 'Observer,' where, as late as 1789, he mentions a coffee-house in the City where persons, otherwise strangers, met for general conversation on literary or other subjects.

The chop-house, again, was distinct from either coffee-house or tavern. In the City, Dolly's, which lasted down to our own day, was flourishing in the reign of George II., and was even then famous for its steaks. Joe's and Tom's were both houses of considerable antiquity, the former renowned for its liver and bacon, and we can remember often going down from the Temple to dine there. Among the City eating-houses we catch the first glimpse of Irish stew: a grave citizen, "worth a plum, orders a two-penny mess of broth, with a boiled chop in it." But it was observed that he didn't eat the chop, but after consuming the broth, took it away with him inside a roll to serve for his next meal.

The *vates sacer* of tavern life among modern writers is undoubtedly Thackeray. He revelled in it. When Harry Warrington comes to London, he puts up at the Bedford, and dines with Mr Draper at

the Cock. That establishment, however, must have been conducted on somewhat different principles in George II.'s reign from those which governed it in the days of Queen Victoria, for Mr Draper had ordered what he called "an elegant collation there" beforehand, a thing unknown at the Cock when the plump head-waiter held sway. In 'Vanity Fair' Dobbin and George Osborne dine at Slaughter's in St Martin's Lane, a house which seems in Colman's time to have been much used by Frenchmen. There he and Mr Chopper, Osborne's head-clerk, and the two ensigns, Spooner and Stubble, have "a famous dinner" together, before the officers depart on the Waterloo campaign. When Dobbin revisits the house after ten years in India, John, the old waiter, receives him as if he had only left the day before, and supposes he'll have a roast fowl for his dinner. These faithful old waiters at these old taverns regarded regular customers as friends, and practised much the same familiarity with them as the old-fashioned man-servant used with his master's family in which he had lived perhaps half a century, and for whom he would have died. In 'Pendennis' we have Dick's and the Albion. Of Dick's Thackeray seems to write with special interest, as if it had been a favourite resort of his own in early days; and Dick's too had its history. Steele tells us of a visit to it with some country friends, who were so punctilious about etiquette and precedence

that he thought he should never have got them into the narrow crooked passage leading to the coffee-room, which was only pulled down the other day. This was in 1709, and thirty years afterwards Horace Walpole mentions Dick's as a house where new poems, plays, and pamphlets might be seen.

The room, looking out on Hare Court and its plane-trees, remained quite unaltered to the last. Here we may picture to ourselves Cowper, then a Templar, lounging in to breakfast in his morning gown, and thinking over his next Villager—the name by which he signed his papers in the 'Connoisseur.' Here the two journalists, Jack Finucane and Mr Trotter, "cut their mutton" with Mr Bungay, the publisher, to arrange about the new paper, the 'Pall Mall Gazette.' The three drank two bottles of port between them, and each man had two large glasses of brandy-and-water afterwards. It was from Dick's that young Mr Dawkins of the Inner Temple had his grill sent up for breakfast after a night out with Mr Blewitt, a habit of which Mr Deuceace availed himself to make the young man's acquaintance, succeeding in the end in stripping him of every penny and cheating his confederate at the same time. But more of Dick's later on.

Captain Strong, in 'Pendennis,' when besieged by bailiffs in Shepherd's Inn, used to slip out by a secret exit, go to the play, and sup at the Albion, a noted house by Drury Lane. Philip Firmin

dines with Mr Winton, a celebrated epicure, at the Blue Posts in Cork Street, then, and long afterwards, famous for its beefsteaks and its old port at 15s. a bottle. Of the Cave of Harmony and the Back Kitchen, beloved of Warrington and Pendennis, and Bardolph and Costigan, and Hoolan and Doolan and Archer, we shall speak immediately, when we pass on to our own personal reminiscences.

The tavern life of London had been some time upon the wane when Tennyson wrote "Will Waterproof"; but it was not yet a thing of the past. It was gradually killed by the club life which developed so rapidly in London during the second quarter of the present century. Before that date it was ceasing to be the regular custom of "men about town," men of fashion, or distinguished men of letters to dine or spend the evening at places like the Mitre, the Grecian, Dick's, the Bedford, or the Albion. But the genial licence of a tavern still had its attractions for a very good class of customers, and private clubs still continued to meet at the Covent Garden or Fleet Street houses down to within thirty years ago. The old drinking habits, too, lingered on into the last generation, and died hard. We were told not long ago by a colonel in the army that he had been a member of a little club which in the early days of Queen Victoria frequently dined at the Hummums. He remembered on one occasion that

the chairman, a well-known *viveur* of the period, at twelve o'clock at night, called to the waiter to put on the table "half-a-dozen more of the '20." For many years after this the Inns of Court continued, as we have already said, to be the mainstay of the old-fashioned taverns, which still survived in their neighbourhood; and at several of those which we have mentioned, between the hours of five o'clock and nine, might be seen barristers, law students, scholars, artists, poets, journalists, magazine-writers, coming in and going out in a constant stream, and discussing the plain but admirable fare which the tavern kitchen then supplied.

When the present writer first took chambers in the Temple after leaving Oxford, the Cock had lost but little of its "original brightness." To dine there on a cold winter night, when you had youth, health, and appetite on your side, was a luxury not to be surpassed, in my opinion, by the most exquisite dinner that could be served at a West-End club. A great point was to secure the box just opposite the huge fireplace, in which a splendid red fire burned with a clear glow the whole evening, while an enormous kettle singing on the hob served to fill the pewter jugs which were supplied to the toddy drinkers. A dinner at the Cock in any part of the room was excellent. But in that box it was simply delicious. You ordered your chop and sausage, or point-steak—there are none such to

be got now—and perhaps a second chop “to follow.” With these would come large boiled mealy potatoes, likewise unknown in the vegetable world of this degenerate age. A quart of stout and a Welsh rarebit, such as I have never tasted elsewhere, completed your dinner. And then, oh, then! came the jorum of hot mixed punch, in which brandy, rum, lemon, sugar, and boiling water were mingled in exact proportion. To sit over this, either with a congenial friend to discuss the merits or demerits of Disraeli, or Gladstone, or Palmerston, or Tennyson, or Macaulay, or Scott, or Buckstone, or Mathews, or Keeley; or with only yourself for a companion to build castles in the air till, as you finished your second big tumbler, you had fortune at your feet,—to do this, I say, was a delight which is not to be enjoyed anywhere but in a tavern; and in none that I ever entered so well as at the Old Cook.

Capital port could be got there if you wanted it, but it was seldom called for. Whisky - and - water was the general beverage, though there were men who habitually consumed large quantities of sherry after dinner in preference to either port or toddy. Under this hospitable roof we have seen Mr Swinburne keeping up the Tennysonian tradition, Dante Gabriel Rossetti with his dark handsome face, Mr Brett the famous painter, Dutton Cook, James Hannay, Holt Hutton, and others, if I could only remember their names,

who either were then, or have since become, famous. While the tavern life was kept going by such company as this, it still retained much of its old vitality.

If you stepped over the way you came to Dick's, still unaltered from the days, already mentioned, when Steele took his friends there from Shire Lane. This was the house chiefly patronised by Templars. Here would come to the roast joint, or stewed beef, men afterwards famous alike in law, politics, and literature. Here might be seen Robert Bourke, brother of Lord Mayo, then living in the Temple; Charles, now Sir Arthur Charles, formerly a judge of the High Court and now Dean of Arches; Honeyman, who also attained a seat on the bench; Turner, afterwards Chief Justice of Madras; Marriott, now Sir William; Fawcett, Judge Advocate at Constantinople; A. G. Marten, sometime member for Cambridge, with a leading practice in one of the Vice-Chancellor's Courts; Whitley Stokes, the well-known oriental scholar; Griffiths, Attorney-General at the Cape; H. W. Sotheby, a grandson of the poet, a Fellow of Exeter, and a first classman; Frank Conington, brother of the Professor, a Fellow of Corpus, and one of the staff of the 'Spectator'; Ormsby, one of the first Saturday Reviewers, and others of lesser note, but “gentlemen all,” and for the most part university men, who all helped to give a tone to that famous tavern, which has, as

we have seen, a history of its own reaching back to the Augustan age.

We have written more at length about Dick's and the Cock because so little has been said about them by others—Mr Callow only gives two lines to the former—and because it was here that the real old tavern life of London breathed its last,—

“And here
The prints of its departing step
appear.”

That is to say, at the New Cock and the Cheshire Cheese its *extrema vestigia* may be traced. But that is all.

The above celebrities whom we have named as frequenters of Dick's did not all dine there. But many of them were members of a club which met there every night for nine years, known as the Rambler. The club session was from the 1st of November to about the middle of June, and for these eight months the members, who never numbered more than two- or three-and-twenty, and seldom mustered on any one night more than nine or ten, continued to meet every evening after dining downstairs in the coffee-room without ever getting tired of each other. Like Addison, the Rambler “met his party” at Dick's, and we fear, too, that, like Addison, he often sat late into the night. This goodly fellowship was broken up about thirty years ago; but less than ten years ago about a dozen survivors were found to meet together at dinner, but, alas! not at Dick's. That historic temple of Bacchus and the

Muses had fallen upon evil days. Its successive stages of decadence reminded me of the well-known life of a racehorse, “The High-mettled Racer,” who, after undergoing various indignities, died between the shafts of a dung-cart. However, the house is now pulled down. The crooked passage down which so many brilliant wits and scholars had lurched into Fleet Street is dust and rubbish. Not long ago we took a last look at the old coffee-room window, now dark and dirty, from Hare Court, and thought of the many merry meetings we had known there; of the many genial comrades who started on the race of life at the same time as ourselves, “fellows of infinite jest,” who are now in their graves, and spared one long-drawn sigh for the fate of the dear old tavern whose glories had ended so ignobly.

Another club of much the same kind, which met, however, only once a-week, had its home at one of the Covent Garden taverns. Here came Professor Masson, Samuel Lucas of the ‘Times,’ Shirley Brooks, Hepworth Dixon, Sir Charles Taylor, and others whose names I have forgotten. Another such was the Fielding, but I don't know whether a club of this nature is entitled to a place in any sketch of tavern life, because of this dinner or supper was an essential part; and I don't think “The Club” either dined, supped, or drank anything to speak of. Many other clubs of the same description might be mentioned, but they hardly come within the scope of this article.

But the Cave of Harmony and the Back Kitchen deserve more than a passing notice. The first represented Evans's and the second the Cider Cellars. Both presented many of the features of genuine tavern life. Bardolph, described by Thackeray in "A Night's Pleasure," must have been a familiar figure in the taverns of the eighteenth century. He had a great contempt for the majority of the company, as being ignorant of Greek; and with some reason, as the old wretch, says Thackeray, could still turn a slang song into Greek iambs, or a police report into the language of Herodotus. The waiters knew when to bring him his fresh noggin, and after five or six of these he would reel home to his chambers in the Temple, where he lived in solitary bachelorhood, sustained to the last by the proud consciousness of that superiority to the vulgar herd which his classical scholarship conferred upon him. Bardolph was not an imaginary character. The present writer has seen him. He was a fellow of a college, a double first, and a highly cultivated man in general. Yet this was the life he led, and this was the kind of man for whom the tavern life of the last century was made.

Both at the Cider Cellars and at Evans's the company, we needn't say, was very mixed. The former was rather more patronised by the "young swell," who used to come there in evening dress from "Lady Whiston's"; the latter by journalists, actors, and dramatists.

Not but what there was a mixture of all four both at the Cave and the Kitchen. We have seen Lord Hopetoun and "Cherry Angel" come into the Cider Cellars at two o'clock in the morning to listen to such well-known moral songs as "Sam Hall" or "Joe Mug-gins," while at the same table would be the lawyer's clerk, described by Dickens, who "goes half-price to the Adelphi, dissipates majestically at the Cider Cellars afterwards, and is a dirty caricature of the fashion which expired six months ago." As for the supper, there was more variety at the Cellars. I remember in particular the salmi of wild-duck one used to get there. Ye gods, how good it was! If we remember right, at Evans's the menu was limited to steaks, chops, and kidneys; and here might be seen Buckstone, Sergeant Ballantyne, poor Frank Talfourd, Billy Hale, Albert Smith, and other birds of the same feather, it being considered almost as great a privilege to sit at "the Sergeant's" table as it was to be admitted to another Sergeant's room by the sleek Mr Mallard. At the Cider Cellars Colonel Newcome, who remembered it a very different kind of place, volunteered to sing "Wapping Old Stairs," which was listened to quite respectfully. Private individuals were allowed to sing at either place if they chose; and I remember a literary gentleman of Scottish extraction striking up "Bonnie Dundee" at Evans's, which he sang at the top of his voice to a tune of his own, to the great amuse-

ment of the whole room, and Paddy Green in particular, who never offered to interrupt him.

It was a good thing to see Evans's some forty years ago at the time of the cattle show. The farmers took possession of the place; and to see their jolly round red faces on the broad grin over some decidedly broad ballad, or nudging one another when anything particularly racy caught their ears, was to the student of mankind a treat. But all this kind of thing is quite over now. The Cider Cellars have long ago emptied their last barrel, and Evans's, instead of dying game—*qualis erat*—like its contemporary, degenerated into something little better than a music-hall. In spite of the undesirable quality of the songs with which Mr Sharp, or Mr Ross, or Mr Moody were requested to oblige the company, we have a kindly feeling for these old taverns still, where, as Lady Agnes Foker said, you met "all the wits and authors, people who are not in society, you know, but whom it is a great privilege and pleasure for Harry to meet." For Lady Agnes was of the same period as Major Pendennis, in whose time, as he expressed himself, "poetry and genius and all that kind of thing were devilish disreputable." So they took refuge at the Cave of Harmony.

In our notice of Fleet Street taverns we have as yet said nothing of the Rainbow. This was originally one of the old coffee-houses, and is mentioned

by Macaulay in his account of them at the time of the Revolution. In the 16th No. of the 'Spectator,' written by Addison, there is mention of the Rainbow, but the allusions to it in the eighteenth-century essayists are extremely rare, and its career as a modern dining-house dates from 1820.

We have found Mr Callow's a useful book of reference; but, as might be expected, there are some omissions in it, and it is rather a handbook like Peter Cunningham's than any account of tavern life. But it is very well done, and should henceforth be the standard work upon the subject. We fear, however, that the rising generation, nurtured in clubs, and "wallowing," as Thackeray says, in easy-chairs, will not retain much interest in the old convivial world of which we have here given a few glimpses. All the more reason why this should be done while there are still some survivors who can appreciate them. With the old tavern life have disappeared its riotous Bohemianism and reckless orgies: "the gipsy and the Mohawk" have vanished from the literary profession; the punch-bowl and the dice-box are seldom either seen or heard in a house of public entertainment; but with these evils have disappeared also a good deal of hearty good-fellowship, of frank sociability and fearless originality, on whose grave, while we welcome the salutary change, "one human tear may drop and be forgiven."

HARE COURT.

THE WAR OPERATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.—II.

BY A MILITARY CONTRIBUTOR.

THE "theatre of the war" has, from the commencement of the campaign, been situate in northern Natal; but towards the end of November it had extended to Cape Colony, where it touches the boundary of the Free State on the west, with the entire breadth of that country, about 300 miles in extent, separating it from Natal.

It had been apparent from the first that the strategy of the campaign would move in this direction. Cape Town was the first port of call for the transports; there was direct railway communication between it and Kimberley or Pretoria, which, although it was certain to be interrupted the farther it was from Cape Town, would still be available from thence to within almost striking distance of the Transvaal—say, for 500 miles. The mountains which enclose the Free State on the east are left behind. The only obstacle then between Cape Colony and the Free State is the Orange river, a mighty flood at times, now low, flowing through several snag-encumbered channels, between great banks of sand and mud, spanned by substantial bridges which, if they were found to have been destroyed, could soon be rendered passable for troops.

The country through which the Orange river flows is flat, stony veldt, with numerous scat-

tered koppjes: it has been compared with the Soudan, the chief difference being that the one is stony sand, the other stony veldt. Farms are scattered widely, each house substantially built, surrounded by gum-trees. From the southern boundary of the Free State, as far north as Pretoria, the veldt is well adapted for the movements of a British force provided with cavalry and field artillery: the transport, which would be mules and oxen drawing light waggons, could move parallel to the column almost everywhere, and subsistence for the cattle is invariably to be found by the wayside. It is, on the other hand, unsuited to Boer tactics, which depend largely on the existence of boulders. An advance through the Free State would be self-supporting to a large extent: the farms there are larger and better stocked than are those in the north-west of Cape Colony or in the Transvaal. Again, from a strategic point, an advance from the west, threatening Bloemfontein, would be almost certain to detach a large number of Boers round Lady-smith; for with Bloemfontein in our hands we should be on the direct line to Pretoria, 250 miles distant, and in a position to cut the communications with their base, the country before us being level and open, with no obstacle except the

Vaal river, which is crossed by many "drifts."

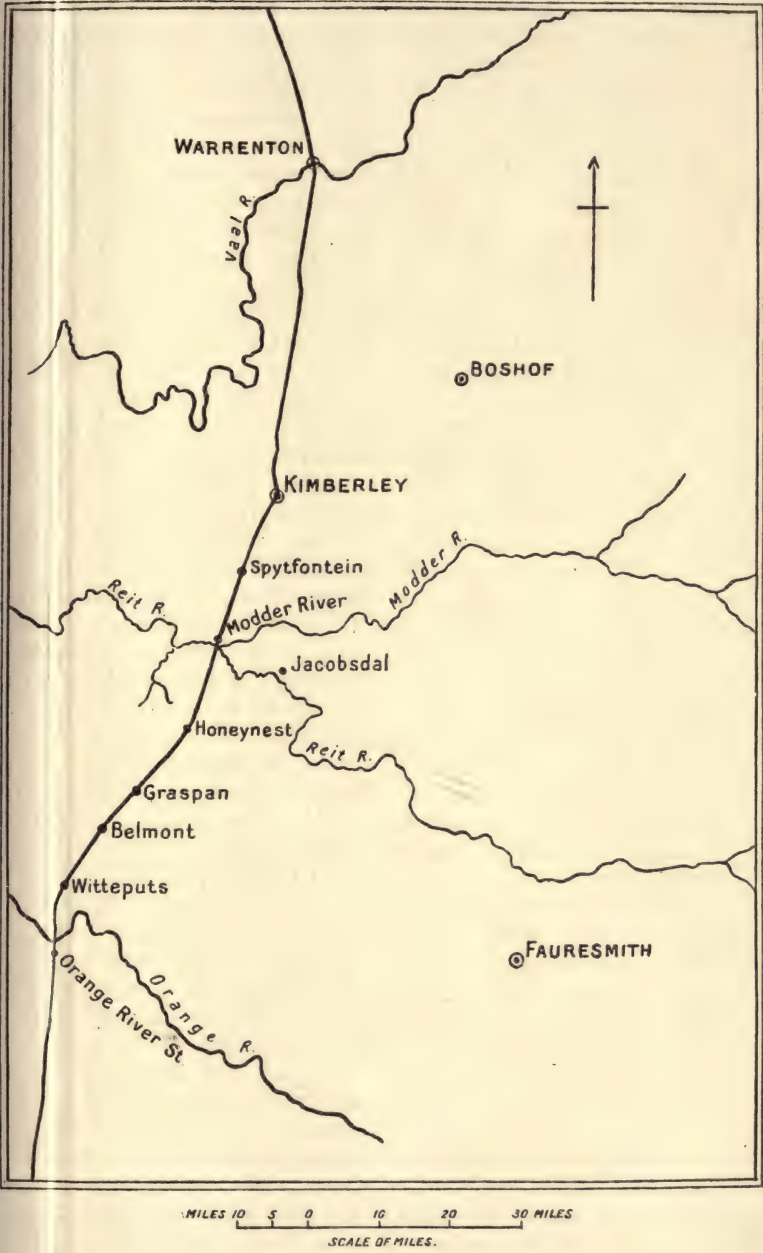
The intention to move a column by this western route was carefully concealed from the public, until it leaked out that a relief column had arrived at Orange River Station on the 8th November, and that Gough had found the Boers in force, with some guns, in a strong position seven miles east of Belmont; and having gained a knowledge of their strength and dispositions, had retired to Orange River Station with the loss of Colonel Keith-Falconer, who was shot while making a sketch, three officers and three privates killed or wounded. Orange River Station commands many points of strategical importance besides the bridge over the Orange river, and had been gradually formed into a military camp which may be considered the key of the western border.

On the 12th November General Methuen arrived, and on the 21st inst. moved out with a light flying column, to effect the relief of Kimberley, seventy-five miles north. No tinned rations were carried, fresh meat being relied upon during the march, which usually began at 3 A.M., breakfast on cocoa, pitch camp near the best water, and dine when the transport arrived. It was this column that was destined to exercise a considerable influence on coming events.

The night of 21st they slept at Witteputs, eight miles from Orange river, and continued the next morning in the direction of Belmont.

At an early hour on the 23rd inst. the division moved off towards the Boer position, and after a five-mile night-march, the Guards Brigade, which was leading, came upon it. They found the Boers on a line of koppjes, a few miles east of Belmont Station, and attacked at once: the Scots and Grenadier Guards had advanced to within fifty yards when the Boers opened a scathing rifle-fire which staggered them, forcing them to take cover, and much independent fire took place till day broke, and our artillery were able to come into action. The Guards then climbed the koppje, still under a heavy fire which the Boers had reserved, and at 4.10 A.M. the position was captured. Immediately in rear of it was another line of koppjes, which was defended in the same determined manner. Then the Coldstream Guards, with the 1st Northumberland and 2nd Northampton regiments in support, under a fierce cross-fire, rushed up this second ridge, and with the assistance of the artillery, urged forward by loud cheers, carried it, the Boers flying in confusion, when a third ridge in rear again gave them the opportunity for a final stand; a rush was made and the position carried—the Naval Brigade coming into action for the first time with four guns. The 9th Lancers were sent in pursuit, but were not able to account for many of the fugitives, owing to the rocky nature of the ground to which the Boers clung with tenacity. Their laager, with stores, horses, and

LORD METHUEN'S ADVANCE.



cattle, 50 prisoners, including a Commandant and 6 field-cornets, remained with us, who lost 226 killed and wounded, the Grenadier Guards losing 85 of that total. A fresh case of the treacherous abuse of the white flag is reported: Lieutenant Willoughby, seeing it hoisted, rose to receive it, and was shot down.

This action was the first instance of the purely offensive on our part, and though the assault of so strong a position is terribly costly in the lives of officers and men, its moral effect on the enemy should be far greater than that of the tactical success. It becomes yet another lesson that the British soldier is no longer a thing to despise, a man who runs away before Boer valour; that he can and does stand up to his enemy in a resolute, cheery way, which no amount of gallantry, fine shooting, and carefully chosen positions can intimidate.

It is a matter for reflection and regret that each hardly fought victory which our men have won was not followed by the absolute rout and surrender of the beaten foe,—that our soldiers did not reap a better reward for their hard-earned bravery. In every case the Boers have escaped with little loss after the actual assault. Now, it is laid down that the defeated enemy must not be allowed a moment's breathing-time if the defeat is to be turned into a disaster: he must be pursued with relentless vigour, without pause or rest, be ridden down, harried with continual shocks, and, with the aid of

horse artillery, persecuted till he drops. Yet with this maxim before us we find the Boers after Talana Hill escaped in masses, disorganised for the moment, but with sufficient cohesion left to rejoin the columns which were moving up to join in the fight. At Elandslaagte darkness helped them, but not before sufficient use had been made of the white flag; and at Belmont we hear of a badly beaten foe retreating with their wounded to another position in rear, where they can attempt a fresh stand.

That this has happened is not the fault of our mounted men: the reasons for it are not far to seek. First, The cavalry and horse artillery were in too small a proportion to the other arms. Secondly, The country that the Boers clung to was most unsuited to mounted action. Thirdly, Our officers and men were continually deceived by tricks which lent themselves to escape, both treacherous and dastardly.

After Dundee, when in full flight, the Boers, under cover of a white flag, obtained an armistice, and then shelled the 18th Hussars, who had in consequence checked their pursuit,—a manœuvre which led to the capture of the squadron and the escape of forty prisoners who were in its custody; at the same time the guns which we had got into a position which commanded the Boer line of retreat ceased firing because of this armistice imposition, and the enemy escaped annihilation. At Elandslaagte the white flag was raised on three occasions, and under its

cover many men escaped, the approaching night assisting them; and at Belmont, after the successful abuse of the white flag, the majority of the beaten men took off under cover of the boulders strewn about, where the mounted men could hardly follow. In this case the cavalry were worn out with overwork. The Boer is an adept in running away when he has had enough of it; he is mounted on a rough-and-ready pony, used to the country, knowing a boulder as well as he knows his master, and always ready to dodge ant-heaps or ant-bear holes, which are everywhere: our big English horses look with dismay upon boulders, and break their legs in the ant-bear holes, all eagerness to get to a bit of level going. Just now the Cape Mounted Rifles, disbanded long ago, would be priceless, as are the Mounted Volunteers. They know the country, their horses know it, and the "slimness" of the Boers is thrown away on them. Our mounted men have yet to learn a lesson from them.

The colonists were not slow to recognise this, and on 24th November the Government authorised them to raise a mounted force amongst themselves to check Boer raiding, each man to provide his own horse and equipment, the corps to appoint its own officers.

As was expected, the beaten Boers, retiring unmolested from Belmont, found a convenient place for their delaying tactics at Gras Pan, since called Enslin, about seven miles north of that place.

The position was in the shape of a horseshoe, which encircled the plateau on which our troops were advancing. When they started there was no sign of the enemy, the hot shell-fire of our guns had been too much for them, and, thinking the place was deserted, they exposed themselves needlessly. But the Boers were crouching behind those ironstone boulders, waiting their time, and when the sailors and marines were within 200 or 300 yards of them, they were all of a sudden surrounded by a blaze of fire. No troops could stand against it; they were caught in a trap: still those that were left struggled on, up the steep side of the koppje; but they reached the top only to see the Boer guns being taken away at a trot, and the Boers themselves disappearing. The position was won, the victory was with us, but what was the cost? Nearly 200 men were down, 90 of the Naval Brigade among them.

From the position gained our troops were put in heliographic communication with Kimberley.

Most of the assaults on Boer positions, including the two last mentioned, were frontal attacks, which, under the present supremacy of the breechloader, are certainly costly, unless the way is sufficiently prepared by artillery. It is probable that the positions did not lend themselves to flank-attack, the koppjes on which they were placed shaping themselves more into circular redoubts, adapted to an all-round defence, while the tumble of boulders of which

they are built renders preparation by artillery extremely limited, especially when shrapnel is used. The position which the Guards attacked at Belmont consisted of a succession of ridges dominated on the right centre by a lofty koppje, the whole moulded into a series of roughly shaped bastions. A flank-attack was hardly possible, because there was no flank to attack. No doubt Lord Methuen was fully aware of the tenderness of the Boers as to their flank, and of the value of working round them so as to threaten their ponies in rear; but koppjes and boulders are very much on the side of the Boer in South Africa.

On the 27th November the troops left Gras Pan, or Enslin, and at 4 A.M. the next morning started on the eight-mile march that was before them. Any one who knows Kimberley will recognise their path: if there is anywhere on earth a picture of dreariness, it lies between De Aars Junction and Kimberley; rugged, waterless, mostly treeless, with boulders everywhere, the whole quivering in mirage under a cloudless sky. This is what had to be crossed by our soldiers, with sixteen hours' fighting at the other end. The Modder river, along the north bank of which the Boers were posted, joins the Riet river just west of the railway-station, the road to Jacobsdal lying in the fork. The rivers are about thirty yards wide, with steep banks fringed with thorn-bush and ridges of koppjes here and there, and are easily fordable

except in flood-time, when the stream is rapid, and dangerous to cross. There is an excellent drift at the bridge, over which both railway and road are carried, and a mill-dam just below. At the time the troops arrived both rivers were in full flood. The Boer strength was about 11,000, under the command of Commandants Kronje, Prinsloo, and Delarey, with ten guns.

When Lord Methuen approached the station, he found himself in a re-entering angle—the town in the centre, the flanks stretching either way for several miles: these, already strong by nature, had been still further strengthened by trenches, with head-cover of sand-bags, and all kinds of breastworks. The houses were strongly fortified, the guns posted at points from which a converging fire could be brought to bear on the bridge-head. The low walls round the pleasure-grounds opposite were lined with riflemen, the farm-buildings strongly occupied, capable of bringing a double tier of fire on the attack. German experience said, after the siege of Paris, that the capture by infantry of a wall, properly defended, was an impossibility: with artillery we could hope to succeed.

The advance commenced at daybreak, after coffee had been served out. At 5 A.M. our guns opened fire, attempting to make the enemy disclose his dispositions, the infantry lying down in rear of the river's bank, the Guards on the right, guns in the centre, the 9th Brigade on the left, the Lancers and

mounted infantry reconnoitring along the bank. No Boer was to be seen in the buildings opposite or behind the walls, where they were concealed. The artillery fire on both sides now became incessant, continuing without a moment's pause for five hours.

At 10 A.M. the Brigade on the left advanced to deliver a feint, in hopes to draw the attention of the Boers from the bridge, which the Guards were to rush and force the passage. To do this they fell in and moved steadily under cover of an old reservoir; but the instant they showed outside, and were within 150 yards of the apparently unoccupied walls, the Boers, concealed behind them, opened a most appalling fire—walls, farm-buildings, houses vomited out continuous torrents of lead, and the Grenadiers, who were leading, seemed to be almost cleared off the ground by the storm of bullets. A Maxim with the Scots Guards was disabled and the detachment with it struck down by the concentrated fire of three Boer machine-guns. The shape of the ground lent itself to a scathing, converging fire, and they fell back reluctantly, gaining what cover they could from the flat-lying land.

At three o'clock a battery arrived from Belmont, after a forced march of thirty miles, and at once went into action. If the Boer guns were silenced at one point they shifted position and opened afresh. The plain was swept by a continuous stream of bullets—everywhere

our men well within range. At one time twenty Guardsmen, under Colonel Codrington of the Coldstreams, managed to ford the river on the right under a terrific fire of rifles, rendered hotter, when they approached the opposite shore, by a Hotchkiss; but as they were not reinforced they had to retire, two men being nearly drowned.

At dusk, on the extreme left, 300 men of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders succeeded in crossing, and effected a lodgment on the north bank, and from that time the Boers began to draw back. As the sun was setting the fire slackened; but even when night had fallen musketry fire was still proceeding. The farmhouse in which the enemy had placed a gun was razed to the ground by the fire of our batteries, which had continuously shelled their position, and they could be seen carrying away their dead and wounded from the trenches. Night fell at last on an undecided victory, and the troops retired from the river's bank to sleep on the field of battle, after fighting sixteen hours without food or water, and suffering much.

Next morning at daybreak the Lancers were sent across the bridge, followed by the Highlanders; some Boers in a house fired on the leading company, the door was burst open and they did not fire again. With this exception the troops crossed without any opposition, to find the whole of the Boers had left the position during the night, retreating towards Jacobsdal: they took their

guns with them, leaving their wounded and the ambulance train behind. It was ascertained that the Free State Artillery fled first, all discipline being at an end in their ranks after the fire of our shells.

The scene in the Boer intrenchments was one of ruthless destruction. The British losses were 23 officers, including Colonels Stopford and Northcott, and 452 men killed and wounded. Lord Methuen was slightly wounded.

The urgent necessity of relieving Kimberley to use as a base for further operations against Bloemfontein again precipitated a frontal attack against a carefully prepared position, and the action was confined to an artillery duel, in which our guns were at a disadvantage by the absence of projectiles calculated to thrust a foe out of the cover afforded by walls and houses. Thus Lord Methuen's project to force the passage of the bridge with the Guards was frustrated.

The daring of Colonel Codrington's small party in crossing the river on the right was, unfortunately, not supported; otherwise it seems probable that it would have had a considerable influence on the Boer mind, for when the Highlanders crossed on the left they immediately began to melt away. So the action remains to the artillery, who were asked to do the impossible with the appliances at hand. But why?

The training of a gunner and of an infantry-man are so radically opposite that if they exchange commands they will both be at sea. A gunner is

not used to handle bodies of men, and will busy himself with details. To the infantry-man great distances are unintelligible: he cannot grasp that when the enemy is a mile off, and he is just about to move around, the gunner is not in it, the beggars are too close; at three or four miles the gunner is in the thick of it—the infantryman tells his men to lie down and have a smoke.

The action at Modder river resolved itself into the attack of a village with artillery only; when the place is shelled out the infantry can drop in. But our guns fired from 5 A.M. till nightfall, and the village held out; if they had continued for a week, the result would have been the same. Formerly a field battery consisted of four guns and two howitzers; until very lately twenty common shell went with each gun, now they carry nothing but shrapnel, which is useless against men under cover. Of late the War Office has administered artillery on infantry lines; but guns are so intensely technical that it is but common-sense to administer them with technical ability. If our artillery had been administered by an artillery-man the Army Corps sent to South Africa would not have been unprovided with common shell or with the means to search interiors with vertical fire.

The present campaign has only emphasised the fact that artillery will be the ruling factor in the wars to come, but the farmers of an obscure State in the heart of Africa have put

forth guns before which ours have had to take second place. We acknowledge that artillery is the arm of the future, and send our generals into the field content to lean for advice in its manipulation on officers in command of so-called "brigade divisions" of three batteries. The tactical employment of artillery is an art that devolves on a higher rank than that of lieutenant-colonel.

Daily communication with Kimberley was now established by heliograph, when we learned that rations had been reduced all round, but supplies were still ample, and that the garrison and civil population were in good health and spirits. Sorties had been frequent, with varying success. On the day that the action was fought at Modder river the garrison advanced against the Boer position south of the town, Major Scott Turner leading, attacking on its right flank and seizing the laager and three redoubts; in a fourth work the enemy offered a stubborn resistance, Major Scott Turner being unfortunately killed, when the force retired after destroying many stores and capturing a quantity of shells.

Lord Methuen was now in a critical position; his small force was alone in the sandy waste, a rapidly increasing Boer army in front, through which he must force his way before Kimberley could be relieved: in his rear was a country, altogether hostile, traversed by a single line of rail, seventy miles in length, to Orange river, his nearest base of supply, and that nearly 600 miles from Cape

Town, connected with it under the same conditions, a mere thread to represent the artery through which the life-blood of his army must course.

The Boers knew this and saw their opportunity. On December 8, a force of 1000 men under Commandant Prinsloo made for the railway at Gras Pan, where the lie of the ground is favourable to concealment, blew up a culvert, cut the wire, and stopped all communication. The news was quickly sent to Belmont and to Modder river, the former despatching the 12th Lancers, two battalions infantry, and two guns. On arrival at Gras Pan they found two companies 2nd Northamptonshire Regiment, who had been sent from Modder river, guarding the station, and completely surrounded by Boers, who were firing heavily. The Lancers charged them, forcing them to take to the koppjes and thence to retire eastwards, the guns shelling them out till they were in full retreat towards Jacobsdal. The firing had hardly ceased when the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders arrived by train from Modder river and took possession; the culvert was repaired, and communication restored after forty minutes' break.

As soon as the engineers had completed the trestle-bridge across the Modder, Lord Methuen crossed and pitched his camp on the north bank about a mile from the river, setting himself to work to make his men comfortable after their arduous march. He had been reinforced by the 12th Lancers,

a battery of horse artillery, a howitzer battery, the rest of the Highland Brigade, and a mixed naval and colonial force.

The Boer position was seen to his front, barring the way to Kimberley. It consisted of an irregular line of koppjes in the shape of a semicircle, bisected by the railway, the horns of the circle pointing towards the Modder; the western portion consisted of a detached group of low hills considerably farther south than the main position, which rested upon Magersfontein on the east, where the hills were higher, running in an easterly direction, terminating on the east with an abrupt saddle-rock some 150 feet high. The intrenchments ran along the whole front, about two miles in length, due east and west; lines of strong shelter-trenches had been made at the base of the hills, running back through the different valleys in order to allow a safe retreat. On the east several walls had been placed higher up the hills, giving a double tier of fire. The country in rear was level, well suited to the action of cavalry in pursuit. An entanglement of barbed wire had been made in advance of the trenches.

On December 9, Lord Methuen ordered the howitzer battery to the front to shell the Boer position at a range of 7000 yards to ascertain its effect and to make the enemy disclose their dispositions, the shells charged with lyddite bursting among them and throwing up clouds of dust extending 200 or 300 yards, and visible for ten miles. A demonstration was

made at the same time with an armoured train to observe their position on the koppjes which lay to the west of the main line.

On the 10th inst. he decided to attack their left flank which rested on Magersfontein, and sent forward the artillery to prepare the way for the infantry; a naval 4.7 gun opposite the western end, a howitzer battery and half of another field battery against the eastern flank where the assault was to be delivered. These guns commenced firing at 4 P.M. and continued till dusk, the Boers replying rather languidly with some 4-inch guns which after a time were withdrawn.

On the 11th inst. the Highland Brigade, who had lain out in the pouring rain all night, advanced at 2 A.M. in quarter column, the Guards' Brigade on their right and rear; it was pitch dark and a drenching rain falling. The ground was dotted with bushes and sloped gently up to the line of hills which the Boers occupied. These did not rise abruptly from the plain, their base being marked by a line of intrenchments upon which the 2nd Black Watch, which was leading, came unexpectedly. They must have stepped out to avoid the drenching rain and so struck them in the formation in which they had moved off and before they had time to open out. Just in front of them was a cactus hedge entangled by wire, and they were in the act of struggling through it when a man on the hill above flashed a lantern, and the Boers who were lying in their trenches

poured a most terrible and sudden series of volleys into the crowded Highlanders; they were enveloped in fire, the high hill on their right was lined with Boers who were able to bring a heavy cross-fire which, added to that in front, checked the advance, and compelled the men to lie down and take what cover they could. It was here that most of the casualties occurred.

General Wauchope fell at the head of his gallant Highlanders, with his face to the foe. His was a soldier's death, and we who are left behind, soldiers and civilians, will miss his cheery, cordial, honest face from our midst, and mourn his loss. Soldiers, who knew how thoroughly his interest in life was bound up with the welfare of the army—civilians, as a friend who never made an affectation of superiority, and as a politician who knew his own mind and who fought such a good fight for the Unionist cause in 1892 against Mr Gladstone. All hearts will go out in sympathy to his widow, as to the very many others who are left to mourn the brave.

The 2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry were holding the line of the Modder on the east on the right of the Guards, the remainder of the Ninth Brigade in reserve, the 12th Lancers and Mounted Infantry patrolled to the north. The Horse Artillery battery was pushed forward to rising ground on the right of the position, which it partially enfiladed. The artillery in rear shelled the enemy's position from daylight. The Highlanders—those that were

left—still lay under what cover there was when the Boer fire surprised them, unable to move or stir; so at 1.15 P.M. the 1st Gordon Highlanders were sent to support them. They advanced in open order, utilising every scrap of cover, and pushed resolutely forward till they crept within close distance of the enemy, and held on steadily under a heavy fire. The guns were now sent forward to assist the infantry, who could make no head against the ceaseless magazine fire, a howitzer directly in front of the Boer left, and two batteries of field artillery in rear of the Highlanders, where they remained exposed to a heavy rifle fire for four hours. Then the Boers came out in some force from the centre of their line of koppjes, when the field batteries wheeled round and made them retire. The Horse Artillery coming up at a gallop further completed their discomfiture.

When night set in our men slept on the position which they had fought on during the day. On the 12th inst. General Methuen finding that his men were thoroughly wearied out, and that the Boers occupied their trenches strongly, retired in perfect order to Modder river to recruit himself. The Boers were said to number 12,000, while Lord Methuen had not more than 11,000—hardly sufficient to attack an enemy in superior numbers in a carefully prepared position with any hope of success.

The assault of the Highland Brigade was intended to be a surprise; it failed, and the position was not carried. Nor was

it possible to have been a surprise; the two armies had been facing each other for some days, each expecting that something was about to happen, nerves on both sides strained to the utmost. With our superiority in artillery it would seem to have been the better plan to have relied on its power to cover the advance of the infantry, and then in the ordinary way laid down for the capture of a field work to have rushed the place and got in with the bayonet. As it was our infantry advanced, when the Boer trenches were full of riflemen, posted after the Boers' own heart, in daylight: could not these terrible Lyddite shells have kept the trenches clear till they were masked by the close advance of the Highlanders, when it would have been only a question which would have been in them first, the bayonet or the Boer?

The tailors have invented a cap on the German model for our Staff; it would seem as if they had invented the head that wears the cap. The Staff are said to be the brains of an army; if they are, then the scouts are the eyes. Yet on every occasion in this campaign when they should have been used they were conspicuous by their absence. Scouts would have warned the column approaching Nicholson's Nek not to run its head into a Boer force which was waiting for it; scouts would have told the Naval Brigade at Gras Pan that the boulders round the koppjes were full of Boers looking for them; scouts at Modder river would have seen that the

walls on the other side of the stream were bristling with rifles, and the Guards would have been saved; scouts would have run back to that column of weary men who were following General Gatacre through the night, and let them know of the precipice in front and of the Boers lining the top; scouts at Magersfontein would have told General Wauchope that the enemy were close in front with their magazine rifles at the "ready," and he could have opened out from quarter-column in time for the charge; and scouts at the battle of Colenso would have seen that the river's bank was full of Boers, and the guns would have kept their distance.

There are many books which lay down rules for scouting, none of them better than the Cavalry Drill Book, which every staff officer has in his pocket, where it seems to have remained. Regimental officers with their men have gone straight on, trusting to the brains they are told are in rear. They have won the day, but they will not win another: they have done what they were told to do by gentlemen who wear caps on a German model.

When the late General Hamley was at the head of the Staff College, he taught us much military common-sense out-of-doors,—to ride across country and observe the value of the ground we rode over; to appreciate the cover it offered, and the means to utilise it when approaching a given point; to ride away to a distance and return to him at a gallop with an intelligent report of what

we had seen. The professors, indoors, among other things taught the statistics of several campaigns, and to print neatly the names on our maps, and I fear we did not pay as much attention to them as we should have done: to Hamley we did, and we remember what he taught us, and the lessons we learned of him have been of much service to many of us.

No doubt the moral effect has been great: at each successive action we have piled it up, till it makes quite a respectable lump to our credit, yet it was not sufficient to prevent the Boers from holding their rifles straight in the trenches at Magersfontein and telling us to try again. Napoleon said that the moral is to the physical as three is to one; but he did not fling quarter-distance columns against stone walls with muskets on the other side. The up-to-date soldier is now cram-full of theory—the theory of war; the books he has read, the lectures he has listened to, tell him of many campaigns,—of the “iron bar” of Frederick, of the flexible columns of Napoleon, of the thin line of Wellington, and of the loose movements of Lee and Jackson; but he has not read the book of human nature or of common-sense.

Soldiers are students now, knowing all about “fire-action,” and “shock-action, and “time-and-space” problems; while the poor tired fellows outside are marching and counter-marching, or threatening some one who does not care a rap, and would like to get some breakfast. The military student has read so many books that there can

be none left for the enemy to read, and so he treats him as the ignoramus he ought to be, and orders poor hungry Tommy to go for his trench, or his wall, or his houses, he won't be there; just give him your bayonet and then you can have breakfast. But in South Africa science has been nowhere, tactics have given way before the “best man” who sits supreme on the veldt and on the koppje, every fight has been fought in the face of the text-books; once only we looked them up, and lost two regiments and retired. We have had to fall back on Tommy Atkins. “Here goes, breech-loader or not! I'm on!” says the soldier; and his bayonet flashes out, the glitter of it clears the way, there is a man behind it who cheers, and sticks his heels into the hill, and clenches his teeth—Majuba! the top is gained—the best man has won.

News from Mafeking continued to be received during the month, always cheerful and confident; only once was a note of despondency sounded, when some fears of the water-supply were expressed. On the 19th November Commandant Kronje left, no doubt because of news about Lord Methuen's column, and Commandant Snyman took his place, with orders to “shell them into submission.” Trenches had been dug and pushed so close that the garrison could see the bandoliers across the coats of the Boers; but with all this cheery and gallant talk to us on the outside, we hear that on November 15 “the situ-

ation is daily becoming more serious: the shell-fire, it is true, had done comparatively little damage, but there is no doubt that as the Boers continue to sap and approach by parallels, their shells and rifle bullets will render the streets impassable and the fortified positions extremely dangerous." Already the defenders had lost more than fifty brave men, and the number of the investing Boers made it impossible for Colonel Baden-Powell to do more than keep them from gaining the place by storm. For a month the garrison had lived underground in cellars or bomb-proof shelters, and the health of the men had suffered in consequence; by day the streets were dangerous, for the siege-gun and a battery of seven field-guns were firing at the town continually: still there was no talk of surrender, but it must have been no laughing matter; the Mauser bullets whistled through the streets, 6-inch shells hurtled overhead, wrecking the buildings wherever they struck, smashing into the hospital, the convent, and even the women's quarters without discrimination. On one day sixty-three shells were fired into the town, oddly enough without doing any damage; but the next day a 16-pounder was brought up and wrought great havoc, though with no loss of life.

On the 17th November, Captain Fitzclarence led a bayonet charge against the Boer trenches and did a great deal of mischief to the defenders, with the loss to himself of thirteen men, hit during the retreat, which he decided was

necessary, as his force was too small to occupy the position permanently. Another day, the last of October, the defence of Cannon Koppje by the South African Police was a most brilliant engagement, the enemy bringing the 94-pounder and four field-guns to bear on the koppje, which was quite isolated, and under cover of their fire made a most determined attempt to carry the koppje by storm; our loss was two officers and fourteen men, the Boers bringing up waggon to carry off their own wounded. It is pleasant to read that, between the hurtling of shells and the whistling of bullets, on the 12th November there was a mutual suspension of hostilities, and the garrison arranged a cricket-match and sports. On the 18th November, the Boers drew the garrison out by making a show of going away and leaving the big gun apparently in a state of being dismantled; but Colonel Baden-Powell found them hidden in force, so as to surprise him when he came to take advantage of their negligence: he was not taken in, and the garrison continued to "sit tight."

The new commandant seemed not to be satisfied with the destruction wrought by the 94-pounder, and tried shifting its position, now nearer now farther away, treating it as a teetotum on a larger scale; Mafeking at all events, in this instance, gave the Boers something to do—to haul a siege-gun about promiscuously is not child's play. The enemy did not seem to have any combined plan of attack; there was much

galloping about and indulgence in pantomimic warfare. At different times bodies of their troops were seen to approach within the three miles' limit and perform extraordinary evolutions, but with no result.

As the siege dragged on the strain of the situation began to tell, and some grumbling ensued, the chief anxiety being the position of the women and children. Business, of course, was at a standstill; and as there was no work the distress among the wage-earning population was acute, to meet which Colonel Baden-Powell distributed rations at cost price to all, and free to those who had no money. In the town were a collection of civilians accustomed to careful feeding and comfortable surroundings, who were called upon to live under conditions that would test the endurance of the hardest soldier, and to them half-a-crown a-day was allowed, to make matters a little more endurable.

On 19th November the Boer laagers began to break up, and the long lines of waggons streamed off, probably for Kimberley. Most of the guns disappeared, only the 94-pounder remaining. The veldt in front of the town could be seen cut up in long trenches and gun epaulments, laagers here and there, herds of cattle, lines of horses beside the commissariat waggons, the chief laager rendered somewhat more human by the presence of women and children. It was a strange picture of the savagery of war. There was

not much change in the situation till a report was received that after November 27 the enemy had continued to shell the town with increased effect, and rations had been reduced, in view of the probable long siege, but water was plentiful, and that all was well up to the date of writing.

The near approach of the relief column to Ladysmith acted like a tonic to the spirits of the garrison, and they made up their mind to treat the Boers to a surprise. It was a pity that it came off at night, and so deprived the well-dressed Boer ladies, who came down by excursion trains from Pretoria to see the fun, of the still further pleasure of seeing their husbands run away.

On the 7th December a column composed of the Natal Carabiniers and Natal Light Horse, 600 in number, under General Hunter, left camp at 10 P.M. for a dash at the guns which had annoyed the town of late more than was pleasant. The men moved off to the base of Lombard's Kop, on which the disagreeable guns were placed, and at 2 A.M. on the 8th inst. set off up the hill. They found the Boer picket asleep, and had climbed up some hundred yards past it before the men awoke. The sentry fired his rifle, and ran off shouting to the Boers on the top of the hill round the big guns, who fired several volleys and then fled down the opposite side. The guns were seized, a 6-inch gun, a 4.7 howitzer, both of which were

destroyed with gun-cotton, and a Maxim, which was brought away, the men of the Light Horse carrying away the breech-blocks to ornament their mess-table. Meanwhile, to distract the enemy's attention, Colonel Knox, with a squadron of the 19th Hussars, rode round Pepworth Hill, burning the Boer shelters and cutting their telegraph-lines. On the return of the troops General White thanked them for their services, particularly Major Henderson, Argyll Highlanders, who was in command of a colonial corps, and was wounded in two places.

On the night of the 12th inst. another sortie was made, to capture Surprise Hill and destroy the 4·7-inch howitzer mounted there. 500 men of the 2nd Rifle Brigade, under command of Lieut.-Colonel Metcalfe, left camp and reached the crest of the hill undiscovered, and drove off the enemy. The gun was destroyed by gun-cotton. As the troops were returning they found the way barred by a great number of Boers; but they forced their way through, using the bayonet freely, and regained the town, with the loss of 4 officers and 52 killed and wounded.

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On the 23rd November General Buller left Cape Town for Natal. There were then about 14,000 men in Natal, south of Ladysmith; General Hildyard at Estcourt with 4000; and General Barton at Mooi river with as many more, the whole under command of General Clery: the rest of the troops

were at Maritzburg or Durban.

The investment by Boer armies of Kimberley on the west and of Ladysmith on the east forced General Buller to divide his force, sending a relief column to either place, the gap between them consisting of the Free State, a distance of about 300 miles; and it was deemed expedient to ensure communication between these two columns, particularly as reports had from time to time come in that Free State commandoes were generally in motion along the Orange river where it marks the line of demarcation between the Free State and Cape Colony, appearing and disappearing mysteriously, their object unknown, till on November 13 a force of 600 Free Staters, with three 12-pounder guns in charge of Commandant Olivier, marched upon Aliwal North, took possession of the public buildings, hoisted the Free State flag, and declared the town and district part of the republic. English residents were given fourteen days' notice to quit, and the name of the town changed to Olivierstown.

It became apparent that the Dutch in that part of Cape Colony were thoroughly disaffected. Free State agents were busy amongst them holding out inducements to throw in their lot with them, and many farmers had been commandeered, often against their will. The railway across the Stormberg range that leads to the coal-fields had been destroyed, and both rail and telegraph had been cut at Rosmead Junction on the west, thus interrupting

THE CAMPAIGN IN NATAL.



communication between Naauwpoort and Port Elizabeth. On November 29 General Gatacre concentrated a force at Molteno, and commandeered five trains with 1000 bags of wheat and flour which were in danger of being taken by the enemy.

General French, on the left, was in occupation of Arundel, where he was closely watched by the Boers, and had been reinforced on the 8th December by the 6th Dragoon Guards and New South Wales Lancers. On the same date General Gatacre, at Putter's Kraal, heard that a force of about 2000 Boers were in position at Mooi Kop in the mountains near Stormberg, twelve miles north of Molteno. So, on the afternoon of the 9th inst., he started by rail with 2nd Irish Rifles, 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers, two batteries field artillery, and about 800 mounted infantry, to attempt a night-attack on the Boer position, which commanded the railway towards Arundel, as well as the direct line from East London into the centre of the Free State. The force detrained at Molteno, where the men had some food, and started at 7 P.M. for the twelve miles' night-march. It was a memorable one. The moon shone brightly till half-past eleven, and then went down. On and on went the men, tramping over a rock-surface road, kicking against stones, pulled up by large boulders which had fallen across the road, or striking off across the veldt, where the footing was better and the ceaseless tramping was silenced. Thus for seven hours the force slipped

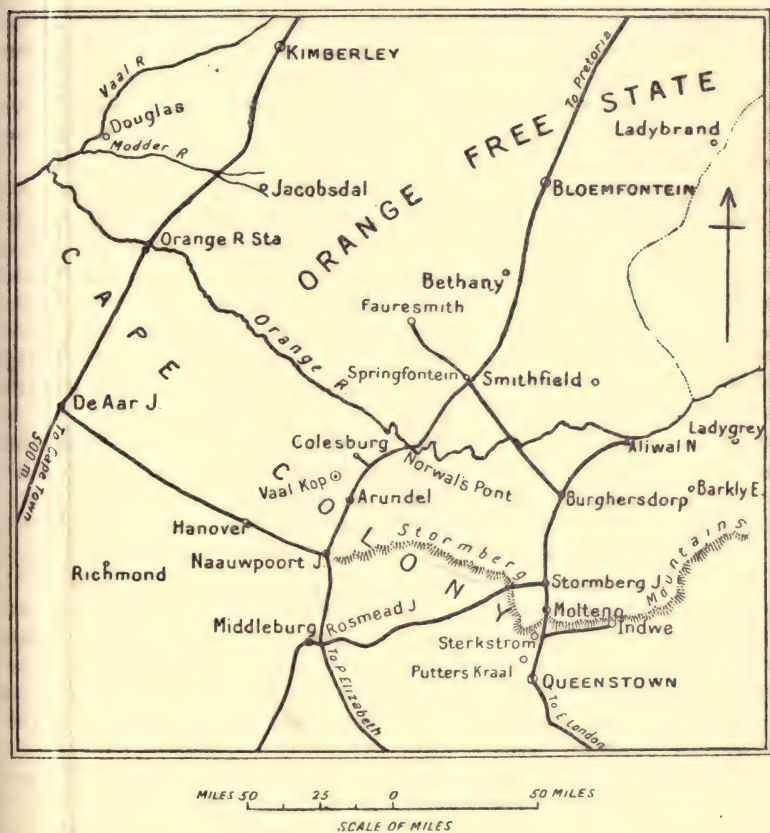
and tumbled along till a natural basin was reached, at the end of which Mooi Kop, believed to be the Boer position, stood out in strong relief against the morning sky. Daylight was just breaking, and it was comparatively light. The column was under the guidance of a policeman who professed to know the way. Somehow in the darkness he must have missed it, for it was four o'clock in the morning when they came up to their destination, having made a detour of some miles. The men, tired and footsore, moved on wearily, only anxious for the halt to sound that they might get some rest, when, all of a sudden, the Boers appeared lining the top of a precipice that overhung the road, and opened a furious fire on the column marching in fours on the plain beneath: it was in vain that the Northumberland Fusiliers tried to scale the rocks—they were too steep, and many were wounded. The Irish Rifles seized a koppje near and held on, supported by the mounted infantry and Cape Police, the guns assisting. But their position turned out to be in the centre of a tremendously hot rifle-fire poured in from three different directions, in flank and rear, and they were forced to retire.

Meanwhile our artillery had come into action, and drew the fire of the enemy's guns. A protracted artillery duel ensued against the Boers, who had retreated into a redoubt they had constructed at the corner of the koppje. The position of our infantry being untenable and the Boers in overwhelming

numbers, they were given the order to retire on Molteno, the guns remaining to cover their retreat. The enemy brought their guns along the tops of the koppjes and followed our troops on the road below for miles, sending shell after shell down

into the valley. Their practice was good, their shells dropping and bursting on the roadway close to our men, yet few were hit. Finally the Boers gained a koppje commanding the road at closer range, and from this position opened with

THE CENTRAL CAMPAIGN.



rifle-fire. Seeing that the situation was hopeless, General Gatacre collected and withdrew his force from ridge to ridge for about nine miles under the fire of the Boer guns, which were remarkably well served.

Unfortunately one of our

own guns was overturned in a deep nullah, another sank in a quicksand, and both had to be abandoned. The troops reached Molteno at eleven o'clock on the 10th, after some thirty hours' hard work, including a desperate engagement lasting

three hours with an enemy estimated to number 6000, in a practically impregnable position, and one which it was hopeless for a small attacking party to carry.

The question asked is, "Why was so small an attacking party detailed to attempt the assault of a practically impregnable position?" General Gatacre says, "The idea of attack on Stormberg seemed to promise certain success." But the two conditions essential to the success of a night-attack are to know thoroughly where you are going and the road that leads to that point; and to keep the enemy in absolute ignorance of your intention and movements. These two essentials General Gatacre had learned at the Staff College. Had he any personal knowledge of the road to be traversed? The best local information is very often misleading: there are turnings to be avoided; features of the landscape look quite different by day to the same when seen by night. Such matters local knowledge does not take into account. And was he quite sure that the Boers did not know that he was coming? Why, the country was a nest of spies; every other man was on the Boer side. How could 2500 soldiers, with their guns and waggons, get into a train at a country station, get out again at another, and march away, occupying some two miles in length of a country road for a good many hours, while every one was looking the other way? There is no

answer. General Gatacre attempted the impossible on an empty stomach, with the aid of a policeman.

On the 12th December General Buller decided to advance towards Ladysmith in order to effect its relief. On the morning of that day General Barton's Brigade, with some naval guns, pushed forward within four miles of Colenso, a movement which caused some activity in the Boer laager, but no firing.

At 4 A.M. on the 15th General Buller moved out of Chieveley in full strength, with the intention of forcing a passage of the Tugela by one of the two existing fords. These are about two miles apart, the intention being to force one or the other with one brigade, supported by a central brigade. It will be noticed these two drifts cross the river where bends occur—that on the east where the near bank is salient towards the enemy, that on the west where our bank faces the re-entering bend which he sees in front of him. Thus the passage of the first would be disadvantageous, that on the west in our favour.

General Hart was told off to attack the western ford, and General Hildyard that on the east, General Lyttelton in the centre to support either. General Hart appears to have met with a stubborn resistance, and he was foiled, not being able to force a passage. The Irishmen, with the 1st Connaught Rangers in front,

struggled across the river, a few being drowned in the passage, and gained the enemy's bank. But the position was untenable, and they had to retire. It seems probable from this that our artillery was unable to keep down that of the enemy, which would concentrate itself on either or both of the points of passage. General Hildyard then attempted to force the eastern drift, the 2nd East Surrey regiment occupying the railway-station and the houses in Colenso near the bridge; and he was preparing to advance to the ford, when, by some terrible accident or mistake, the whole of the artillery which had been sent back to assist his attack was put out of action. The disaster seems to have been caused through Colonel Long, in command, desiring to be within effective range, and so advancing close to the river that was full of Boers, who surprised the guns by a galling fire at close range, killing all the horses. Brave efforts were made by officers and men to drag away the guns; several were wounded, and General Buller would not allow another attempt. They were a veritable shell-mark, and the troops were ordered to withdraw. The Boers in considerable force made several attempts against the right flank of the general movement, but were checked by the mounted troops and part of General Barton's brigade. The day was intensely hot and most trying to the troops, whose conduct was excellent. Ten guns were abandoned and one

lost by shell-fire. The losses in General Hart's brigade were very heavy, falling largely on the 1st Inniskilling Fusiliers and 1st Connaught Rangers, Colonel Brooke being dangerously wounded: the 2nd Devonshire regiment and the Artillery also suffered severely. The total loss in killed, wounded, and missing was over 1100 men.

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The news of this fresh disaster dealt a severe and sudden shock, and for a moment we were as men stricken with an unexpected blow. It was but for the instant. Then with one accord we stood up to face it. The Cabinet Ministers held a meeting in the afternoon of the day when the intelligence was received, and on the next, it was announced that, as the campaign in Natal was likely to require the presence and undivided attention of Sir Redvers Buller, it had been decided to send Lord Roberts to the Cape as Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, with Lord Kitchener as his Chief of the Staff. Acting on the advice of the military authorities, the Government also approved the employment of volunteers and yeomanry.

It is no figure of speech to say that as soon as the Government let out their long-pent-up energy the nation as one man sprang to arms. Before night-fall the offers of service had largely exceeded the requirements. The competition to go to the front was embarrassing. The feeling among the Volunteers was one of pure and un-

alloyed delight, and commanding officers were besieged by a rush of applicants to be among the selected few.

From distant parts of the empire came the demand, "Stand firm; carry the thing through!" Canada offered at once 1000 well-equipped men; Sydney was prepared to send a battery of 15-pounders with the complement of men; the Canadian Militia Department was flooded with offers to serve. Even the Continental papers recognised "the calm manner in which the British nation confronts all the strokes of destiny, and the dignity with which they abstain from branding their generals as traitors," and perceived in the appointment of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener "the proof that the South African campaign will be carried out to the bitter end."

The decision to send Lord Roberts as Commander-in-Chief to the Cape was not in any way meant as a reflection on General Buller's action on the Tugela: the Government and the nation had still the firmest confidence in him; but, considering the critical position in Natal, thought it unwise that he should be absent from Cape Town, several days' journey by sea, when his presence was so urgently needed on the spot. The enormous increase in the force in South Africa required that the command should be held by an officer of supreme rank.

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Some men still hold down their heads and cry out that

we are beaten. So we are in small matters, and the croakers ask, "Why?" Tell them this. The Boers have invented a new system of warfare, and we have been trying to beat them with our old system. The Zulus did the same, and beat us at Isandhlwana; but we beat them out and out at Ulundi. They started with quite a new system, and we met it with our old one and they beat us. They were the best fighters in open order in the world: we sent out the 24th Regiment in skirmishing order and they killed every man; but they could not shoot, and could not attack troops in close order, so we formed square and they gave in.

The Boer can move ten miles to our two; he is a very good shot with his rifle, and lives and fights in a country where Nature has built a fortress at every mile. He has an excellent pony, and carries no impedimenta. His tactics are to garrison a fortress with a few hundred men and induce us to attack; he shoots a couple of hundred of us, we shoot twenty, and he slips away on his pony, to repeat the operation at the next fortress. We bury our dead, take a couple of old waggons that he has left behind, and call it a victory. The tactics of the Peninsula are not the tactics for South Africa. We want artillery to shake him out of his fortress, and mounted infantry and cavalry to catch him when he is running to the next. We can leave the infantry behind to look after camps and communications; no Boer will touch

them. All the Boer army cannot take Ladysmith; and Baden-Powell with 600 Colonials keeps them out of Mafeking. General French at Arundel is the only one of us who has learned how to "conform" to the Boer tactics, and he beats them.

A cloud of despondency lowered over England as the mail brought news of reverse after reverse. Men had watched Buller's initial strategy, and said it was the relief of Kimberley and of Ladysmith which made the subdivision of his army necessary: they had waited patiently all the time he had placed himself on the Tugela, while the Boers were rendering themselves impregnable, and said the delay was only to make the blow more crushing when it came. They had watched Lord Methuen deal blow after blow with sledge-hammer power, but with a display of tactics such as might be expected from a conscientious navy; and lastly, to crown all, they saw the man in whom all their trust reposed attempt to cross a river in the face of a strongly intrenched enemy, and lose eleven guns in the attempt. Here was the sledge-hammer with a vengeance. To force a river-line in face of a strongly intrenched enemy is a very costly matter, if our men's lives are to count. To force a river is essentially a matter of tactics. The place of crossing is selected, the troops that are to pass, secretly, got into the neighbour-

hood; meanwhile false attacks are delivered along the river's course, to deceive as to the true point of crossing; a few men get across, and a footing is established at the opposite bank under cover of the guns, and the passage will be accomplished. If it cannot be done in this way, try another—don't try the sledge-hammer again. But the guns; we lost eleven!

At Modder river, when Colonel Codrington led his gallant score of Coldstreams across the river, was there no one on the general's staff who saw it and could have hinted to him the fact, and that if he could send some more to support them the Boers would not like it—they would begin to melt away, as they did when the Highlanders got across on the left? There were plenty of men lying close under cover: if he had sent some of these, the Guards need not have made that fatal rush for an impossible bridge, and he would have caught many Boers who got away to fight another day at Magersfontein.

Have we not tried this night-attack once too often? A burnt Boer dreads the fire, and he is on the look-out about dawn for the bayonets that have tried that game before. Sir Garnet Wolseley made a successful night-attack on Tel-el-Kebir, and caught Arabi napping. Would he have succeeded a second time if that Egyptian had taken up another position?

At breakfast when we read in our morning paper of yester-

day's fight the whole scene is before us: the stony koppje, the climbing dots of khaki in amongst the stones, the bearded men peering through the cran-ies up above, the puffs of smoke, and those tell-tale thuds when the men in khaki lie down suddenly; another scramble, a precipice in front, a fire in their faces like the blast of a furnace, one more rush, a catching of short breaths, a gasp, a yell, and the top is won with a wild cheer, and the black-bearded men are streaming down the other side. How brave! how glorious! what noble soldiers! and the glory of the men out there seems to reflect back on ourselves—a little of it. But we do not see the afterpiece, the thunderstorm; when the soldier-atoms lie crouching, cold and shivering, on the sodden ground, the rocks they cling to for some shelter, a blaze of unholy light, the lightning like steel knives that stab and glitter, the thunder crashing through the deluge and the darkness. Curl together, men! Get warmth somehow, for there is none here; cold and wet and soaked, with a junk of "bully-beef" inside and death and deluge on the

other. All the long night till the moon shines out to stare upon the tragedy; then the first streak of grey, with the inevitable bullet: there will be more soon, but they are better than the everlasting darkness. It will be one more day scored off towards home, and there will be a cup of coffee soon—hot! All this is left out of the picture which we see at the breakfast-table.

Officers who are intrusted with the command of men would do well to remember that a soldier is a man as themselves: under his red coat beats the same heart, are the same hopes, the same fears, the same resolute will to succeed, the same lack of physical strength to endure after a given point. To push men into railway-trucks under a broiling sun for some hours, to crowd them along a mountain road in the darkness for many more, when they are carrying their arms with an extra supply of ammunition, and with little or no food to sustain themselves, is to reach that point: the fight that is to come is beyond it, and human endurance throws up the sponge.

Note.—By an oversight in our account last month of the storming of Talana Hill, the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers were inadvertently omitted. The hill was stormed by 1st Royal Rifles, 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, and 2nd Dublin Fusiliers, with the 1st Leicestershire Regiment in reserve.

BRITISH POLICY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

It has been very satisfactory to see how the whole country sprang to arms the moment that three reverses to our generals in a single week, all from the same cause, marching straight into an ambush, became known. And also to find that the Government, without an hour of hesitation, summoned to its aid its two most successful generals, Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, and despatched them with suitable reinforcements to the scene of action, there to take the supreme command. Both circumstances show that the national peril is duly appreciated, as also the momentous nature of the issue raised by this war, which has now been in progress for nearly a quarter of a year. It has been sanguinary and marked by a succession of strenuous encounters, which have served to display the marked and well-known characteristics both of Briton and Boer. All of us anticipated some reverses at the outset. Those which have befallen us are serious, and bring home to all of us the perils of the position, and the serious nature of the efforts which may be necessary to redeem it, and bring the war to a successful conclusion. Numerous families in Great Britain have been plunged in sorrow and mourning; and one can scarcely realise the concentrated misery of desolation which must have already been wrought through-

out the length and breadth of the two republics. It is more than ever necessary for those whose personal lot is cast outside this sphere of strife and misery, of splendid achievement and of mental and physical suffering, to formulate in their own minds a clear idea of what is the policy behind it, what is the ultimate end and aim which this portentous struggle is intended to secure.

Public opinion, which, since the Jameson Raid and the German Emperor's telegram, fastened with a tenacious grasp on the South African problem, has come with rare unanimity to the decision that the misgovernment, oppression, and corruption of the Boer Government, headed by President Kruger and dominated by his Hollander clique, shall cease. Its existence was a standing menace to the peace of South Africa, and was intended and came to be generally recognised as a continued defiance to British power. Unless that travesty of human government is cleared off the stage of the world's drama, this war will have failed in its object. It will not have re-established British power; it will not have conciliated the confidence either of white colonists or the native races; it will not have impressed the colonial Dutch, either north or south, with the sense of British paramount authority. The terms of the ultimatum

addressed to this country last October by the Transvaal Boers distinctly raised that issue, Shall the British forces be driven into the sea and British authority be excluded from the Cape, or shall the two Dutch republics cease to exist as States possessing or claiming national independence? Although those terms must in fairness be taken *cum grano salis*, as coming from an ignorant and fanatical group of men intoxicated by the possession of enormous and recently acquired military strength, nevertheless they must be taken seriously. The whole course of the war has shown that they were seriously meant; and their very extravagance shows how utterly disastrous to the peace, order, happiness, and good government of Boer and Briton, white and black, it is that executive power should be vested in men who are at once so desperate and so incapable of appreciating the far-reaching consequences of either decision of the issue which they raise.

But is there anything in the past history of the Transvaal republic, in the character and conduct of President Kruger and his immediate associates, or in the probable results of the overthrow of their Government, which ought in the slightest degree to relax British determination to repel the claims of the Boers? As for the history of the relations between British and Dutch, it is not necessary to go farther back than 1814, when the former, having occupied the Cape during the Napoleonic wars as a half-way

house to India, and having defeated the latter, obtained the permanent sovereignty by a formal cession of it from Holland in exchange for an equivalent. That cession of sovereignty involved the transfer of allegiance by the resident Dutch to the British Government, which had already twice conquered them, and was regarded as hostile. But nearly a century has passed away since then. Some of the Boers trekked away from time to time from British rule, while others were absorbed into Cape Colony as loyal British subjects. The trekkers had a rooted distaste to the restraints and habits of civilised life: they preferred to open up new countries with the rifle and the plough, to drive back the savages, and clear the way for that very civilisation which followed in their wake; but to which, as it overtook them, they were bitterly opposed. Though the British Government was less arbitrary and oppressive than the Dutch Government had been, it was far from being either mild or paternal.

The Boers had many grievances. They fled from them in order to live in what has been called a pastoral, patriarchal way, moulded on the records of the Bible,—a way of life which is often referred to in their favour, but which the natives found oppressive to the point of extermination, and they themselves found to be an insuperable bar to progress. The last exodus, in which President Kruger, then a boy, took part, was in 1836. The British

Government, however, did not renounce, but occasionally asserted, its right to treat them as British subjects. The Boers repudiated this claim, and considered that the sovereignty was territorial, from which they could escape by trekking. Their first conflict was for the possession of Port Natal and the territories adjacent. They were defeated, and Natal was constituted a British colony in 1845.

Some of the Boers remained in it as British subjects: the majority, including the fiercer spirits, trekked again, but cut off apparently for ever from access to the sea, the command of the coast being a vital part of British policy, however reluctant we were at that time to extend the responsibilities for government. The Transvaal, and possibly the Orange Boers, were those who refused to settle in Natal. As for the Transvaalers, they shot down the Matabele who were in possession and without firearms. They thus established themselves and became practically independent; but a proclamation in 1845 reserved the right of the Crown to treat them as still its subjects. Some sort of republics were set up in the Transvaal; but as there was no government at all south of the Vaal, the British sent troops to Bloemfontein to keep order, and in 1848 established the Orange river sovereignty, which was asserted against Boer hostility in 1848 by Governor Sir Harry Smith. So far the only trace of Boer independence resulted from their trekking away

from British rule, their status as British subjects remaining, and where necessary actively enforced. Then in 1852 came the Sand river convention, by which the Transvaal Boers obtained rights tantamount to a grant of conditional independence. And in 1853-54 came the voluntary abandonment by Lord Aberdeen's Government of the Orange sovereignty, and the establishment by convention at Bloemfontein of a free and independent republic, which, down to the present time, has successfully and peaceably managed its affairs on sound principles borrowed from the adjacent colonies.

The Transvaalers, on the other hand, were distracted by internal feuds, and involved in almost incessant strife with the natives. Their independence collapsed in 1877 from bankruptcy, and to escape annihilation at the hands of Kaffirs and Zulus. Their annexation to England was their own doing to escape a worse fate. But with Boer cunning they managed to preserve, by a collusive protest, a loophole of escape from it, to be availed of after their liberation from the worse evils which were then impending. The marvellous resuscitation of their independence, subject to suzerainty, which was effected in 1881, is written in characters which will never be effaced, in the ordinary history of this country. It must in fairness be admitted that there is nothing in these antecedents which renders it inequitable to enforce that forfeiture of independence which results from

flagrant breach of its conditions and is virtually offered on the reverse side of their ultimatum.

Then with regard to the character and conduct of President Kruger and his immediate associates, with whom we do not wish to confound the better and more worthy class of Boers in either of the republics, is anything to be found which can reasonably relax the resolution of this country to abolish the republics which it allowed to come into existence under other circumstances and with views which they have persistently thwarted. The animus of the President has been one of deadly hate and hostility to this country; his ambition, which can scarcely be called moderate, has contemplated the establishment of a Dutch republic on the ruins of British authority; and even, as Lord Loch stated in a recent letter to the 'Times,' the possession of a navy wherewith to consolidate its position as a first-class Power. He stands out in the history of South Africa as a man of first-class powers of action combined with a narrow-minded and ignorant obstinacy, the consuming purpose of whose life has been to make a people, a Government, and a State, and to vindicate its existence and independence against the power of Great Britain. He has had the advantage of being on the spot; he could play upon the ineradicable aversion to English rule which animates every Boer, until taught by experience; he was confronted with British vacillation of purpose, the weak-

ness which even a great Power shows on the extreme confines of an enormous empire, the unwillingness to extend responsibility so long as it could be avoided.

There is no doubt that the abandonment of the Orange territory by Lord Aberdeen's Government, in spite of the protests of influential inhabitants, and the establishment of the Orange republic, which of course involved the abandonment of existing obligations, told heavily against us when the fate of the Transvaal was trembling in the balance. Sir Bartle Frere mentions in a despatch quoted by Mr Fitzpatrick the reluctance of pro-Briton Boers to oppose the Voortrekker party in the matter of revoking the annexation. "Assure me," said an old Boer, whom long experience had taught to acquiesce in and welcome the British rule which he had formerly opposed, "that we are not to be deserted by the English Government and left to the mercy of these malcontent adventurers, and I and my people will gladly turn out to assist Colonel Wood." We hope the pledge was never given and acted upon, for if it were, it was most shamefully violated, when, in spite of the most solemn assurances by Mr Gladstone in Parliament and by his generals in South Africa, British and native residents in the Transvaal who had settled there on the faith of those assurances were deserted and ruined.

That retrocession of course established Mr Kruger's power,

and weakened the prestige and power of this country by confirming that belief which Sir Bartle Frere says was industriously propagated, that England would give up the Transvaal as readily as it formerly did the Orange Free State. When that belief was reduced to a certainty by a capitulation which, with the abandonment of Gordon, involves the Cabinet of 1880-85 in eternal discredit, it became impossible to convey to the minds of the Boers, the white colonists, and the black inhabitants any idea of the real power of the British Government. As we descended in public estimation Mr Kruger went up, till at last he was the only visible embodiment of power in the eyes of the Boers. It is worth while to remember at the present moment that, prior to the actual retrocession, and after treating with the leading Boers on that subject, Sir Bartle Frere recorded his belief that the real malcontents were far from being a majority of the white population, or even of their own class of Boer farmers. He thought that by a steady exercise of British authority the sentimental grievances of the minority would not survive the prosperity which good government would bring; and on the other hand predicted the very evils from which we are now suffering as a necessary result of retrocession.

Mr Kruger, of course, was elected President shortly after the retrocession, and has been re-elected ever since, his power having become almost autocratic after the defeat of the Jameson

Raid. With the recovery of independence began the reign of corruption and misgovernment. Concessions were granted for personal reasons as far back as 1882. Their government raided the territory of chiefs in the British protectorate, attacking Mafeking, and proclaiming the transfer of the territory to their own protection. The British Government was induced, mainly by the interference of Mr Rhodes, to make a determined stand against this. The Warren expedition, which cost us a million and a half, compelled the withdrawal of this proclamation. Then came the discovery of gold-fields and the incursion of the Uitlanders, who, as Mr Kruger often complained, were never asked and were not wanted. It is this incursion which may yet prove to have been the ruin of Mr Kruger. His statesmanship was of that order that he was at once convinced that to grant them the franchise was equivalent to pulling down the Transvaal flag, although the Uitlanders were by no means anxious to hoist the British flag in its place, confidence in this country being at an extremely low ebb. He was also convinced that he could tax them as heavily as he liked, and by means of his concessions indirectly plunder them to a large extent. He was further convinced that to discharge any of the duties of administration towards them in the shape of good roads and railways, adequate police protection, water-supply, security to life and liberty for the native

labourers as well as the white residents, would be a work of supererogation, which the hateful intruders had no right to expect at his hands.

The chief characteristics to be observed in Mr Kruger's career, over and above his intense hostility to everything British, are tyranny and corruption. The latter very much undermined his authority with the Boers themselves, and might even in time have upset it altogether if it had not been for the immense accession of power brought to him by the failure of the raid. Mr Fitzpatrick draws attention to the fact that at one period of his presidential career he "lost much of his personal popularity and influence with the Boers, and incurred bitter opposition on account of his policy of favouring members of his own clique, of granting concessions, and of cultivating the Hollander faction, and allowing it to dominate the State." He imported these Hollanders over the heads of the Cape Dutch, many of whom were well fitted to render the required services, simply because the Cape Dutch were British subjects, and did not sufficiently represent to his mind the principle of hostility to British rule. A progressive party came into existence opposed to his policy and pretensions, with General Joubert at its head. It nearly defeated the President at the polls. The General received more than 7000 votes, and Mr Kruger less than 8000, after resorting to every device which cunning and intimidation could suggest,

At a later date General Joubert was on the Commission which was appointed by the Boer Government to inquire into Uitlander grievances, and emphatically reported in favour of their removal. It is in the nature of things that tyranny and corruption breed opposition; and if it had not been for the accumulation of armaments and the intense hostility to Great Britain which Mr Kruger and his colleagues managed to infuse into the minds of both Transvaal and Orange Boers, the problem of misgovernment might have been solved by the slow action of time and the surrounding influences.

The tyranny, however, exercised over the Uitlanders struck a much more responsive chord in the heart of the Boers. The evils of corrupt administration were dwarfed in their eyes by the grandeur of dominating over the English-speaking people at Johannesburg, and the proud consciousness that arms and armaments were in existence and accumulating to support that domination by overwhelming force. Dr Leyds might carry off all the odium which attached to Hollanderism and corruption. Mr Kruger retained to himself all the credit which was derived from success in oppressing the Uitlanders, defeating the Raid, and building up a great military State. It was this credit which gave him his autocratic authority in the Transvaal and his overwhelming influence in the Orange Republic. It is useless to refer in detail to the

grievances of the Uitlanders. They are the commonplace of the subject, admitted by the Boers themselves in their famous report to their own Commission.

All that need be said is, that Mr Kruger overacted his part, probably with the sinister intention of forcing on a war for which he was prepared and we were not. He had overacted his part a little earlier in these proceedings when he closed the Vaal river drifts, with the object of forcing all traffic to pass over his own railways on his own terms. This produced an ultimatum from the British Government, and as upon that question the Cape Colony and the Orange Free State had interests identical with ours, Mr Kruger gave way. Having repeatedly broken the London Convention of 1884, which it is understood that he held in utter contempt, he had twice encountered open hostilities—once, when the Warren expedition terminated the Boer occupation of Stellaland and Goshen, and again when the Cape Volunteers were mobilised to resist the closing of the Vaal drifts against British and colonial commerce.

A fair review of President Kruger's conduct leads to the conclusion that he does not represent any principle of government which is dear to the Boers or any interest which they have at heart. He represents one principle only, that of intense hostility to British power, which, except so far as he has disseminated it, was confined to the fiercer and more

uncivilised Voortrekkers. Of that principle he is the embodiment. In promoting the spread of that sentiment he has been principally aided by the widespread feeling amongst the Boers of the interior that British military power, if it really exists, is too distant to be worth taking into account, and that the conquest of South Africa was feasible before a military force adequate for its protection could be landed on its shores. When that illusion is dispelled, Mr Kruger's power will be at an end. There is no sufficient evidence that there has been anything approaching to a general conspiracy of the Dutch race to overthrow British power in South Africa. The Cape Dutch have always been loyal. Their interests lie in the preservation of British rule rather than in the substitution for it of such a Government as that which has wrought such dire confusion in the Transvaal. The probability is that they are attached to the British connection, with a devotion tempered by the tie of sympathy for their kindred who are willing or unwilling victims of Mr Kruger's ill-starred ambition. They are not fighting men, and are without warlike organisation. They have recently voted an annual contribution to the Imperial fleet, and they demonstrated their loyalty at the time of the Jubilee in 1897. Though they never attempted to stay the tyranny practised in the Transvaal, there is no evidence that they approved it. Even the Orange Free State, though unfortunately for itself it has

joined in this war, had never displayed any hostility to us. It had always been on the best of terms with the British Government, and within its territories Dutch and English burghers had dwelt together in as much peace and amity as in the Cape Colony. It is not known that they had made any warlike preparations. Their forces were a mere militia with no training or experience; and, if reports are to be trusted, were charged during recent battles with cowardice by the Transvaalers, who claimed to act as officers over them. They have probably been armed from the inexhaustible arsenals of President Kruger, who really represents in his own person the whole spirit of this hostile policy, preparation, and aim.

Considering the President's great age, there is much to be said in favour of the great reluctance the British Cabinet exhibited to embark in this war. If the option had rested with us, and if, as General Joubert has boasted in one of his letters, their vast supply of new guns and war material were rigidly screened from notice, and only the older and less serviceable material allowed to be seen, it was a fair inference that on the disappearance of the President the scene would change and internal dissensions replace the warlike fervour inspired by a single man. The option, however, was not with us. The vast accumulation of the munitions of war was the factor which precipitated a conflict already determined upon, for which the Boers chose

their own opportunity, leaving by the terms of their ultimatum no room for doubt that the war on which they embarked was one of aggression and annexation. So far from there being anything in the conduct of President Kruger and his immediate associates which ought to relax British determination to do away with these republics, it seems to us that it tells all the other way. The only result of their independence is that in one of them a Government was established founded on the principle of tyranny and corruption which rendered it hateful to all its subjects, Boer and Uitlander alike. Its designs, ruthlessly carried out, were hostile to the peace and orderly government in South Africa. As they unfolded themselves, and were backed by increasing preparation, the other republic was swept into the vortex of the excitement, and the spirit of hostility spread far beyond their borders. The result has been a serious and sanguinary war, which has necessitated an expedition of more than 100,000 men, with all the risks to our interests in other parts of the globe, involved in our present intense preoccupation in one locality. It has given occasion for an outburst of hostility to us in nearly the whole Continental press. It makes every one feel that, unless this gigantic opposition to us is speedily quelled, there is no saying what complications of a far-reaching character may not ensue.

The worst reflection of all is, that the whole calamity

is one which might and ought to have been avoided. All are agreed that the Majuba capitulation has much to answer for. But what have successive Governments of this country during the last decade been about in allowing the growth of this great military Power in the midst of one important portion of the empire. If we did not know of its growth to these portentous dimensions, we ought to have known. These heavy cannon and war material have all been carried in ships, and have been landed either in Delagoa Bay or at the ports of Cape Colony. Why was our Government in ignorance of them, as Lord Wolseley has confessed. Or if they were not in ignorance, why was their disembarkation or transit allowed? They could only be intended against a State which had suzerain rights to preserve, and was responsible for the peace of South Africa; and if stopping them was an act of war, it was as justifiable a cause of war as the closing of the Vaal drifts or encroachment on neighbouring territory.

It must be recognised that the conduct of President Kruger and his associates, which no successors must be allowed to imitate, is a main reason why no resettlement of South Africa will be satisfactory which allows the establishment of independent States, Boer or other, freed from British control. A second reason of hardly less importance is, that under our system of party Government,—

Government by fervid orators and frequent elections,—no Ministry has the nerve to take a resolute step, the immediate necessity of which is not apparent to the average voter, however imperative it may be for the purpose of warding off future peril, even of an overwhelming magnitude. And great as the peril has been, it might have been still greater. It is nothing to be proud of that such a race as these Boers should have hemmed us in for weeks and even months at Mafeking, Kimberley, and Ladysmith. But what if they had succeeded altogether, and carried out their plan of campaign, and left to us the task of reconquest of the whole dominion? We have been within measurable distance of that overwhelming calamity; and we owe the risk of it principally to President Kruger and his associates, but partly to the inherent weakness of our system of popular and party Government, very advantageous in many respects, but frequently defective for the purpose of securing to us an efficient and far-seeing policy abroad. It seems to us most unsatisfactory that the British public should wake up in the year 1899 to find that for years past a great catastrophe has been in course of preparation, steadily persevered in with persistent malignity, and that the appointed guardians of the empire have as steadily neglected, either from the faults of their Intelligence Department, or from supine indifference to peril, to take the necessary precautions. Nothing whatever has been

done in past years to nip the growing peril in the bud; but at least we have to congratulate ourselves that the very efficient Government of India despatched with the utmost speed a few thousand troops to Natal, which, with the aid of marines and guns from a man-of-war, was able to stem the invasion; and also that at a distance of more than 6000 miles the necessary military preparations were more or less advanced.

The moral of it all, as far as future policy is concerned, is that we owe it to the security and safety of our empire that this experience shall not have to be repeated. Fortunately public opinion is thoroughly aroused, and we hope and believe has decided that, at whatever cost in men, money, and effort, there shall be an end to Boer domination and Boer schemes of hostility from the Zambesi to the Cape. The whole of this vast expedition will have been thrown away if any vestige of an independent Boer State remains as a nucleus for disaffection and hostility to our rule. If Boer power and resources can grow in twenty-two years to their present pitch, from 1877, when they had 12s. 6d. in their treasury, were without machinery of government, and were imploring annexation as the price of preservation from destruction at the hands of Zulus and Kaffirs, to 1899, when they claim, as the greatest military Power in South Africa, to turn the English out and substitute their own ascendancy, it would be madness to conclude this war

by anything short of their complete subjection to the British Crown. We had better quit South Africa altogether than leave within its limits, under the guise of independence, the nucleus of another hostile State free to become, under British neglect, another formidable foe to British dominion. We should be rash beyond description if we trusted the Boers' moderation and prudence; we should be unwise if we cast upon British Administrations in the future the duty of continued watchfulness, and, further, of opportune interference, by any decisive action. The whole genius of popular government forbids any hope that that duty would be discharged.

Further, are the probable results of the overthrow of these two republican Governments such as to make any reasonable man reluctant to have them displaced? It seems to us that not merely for the reasons already given is that overthrow within our right and duty, but that overpowering necessity constrains us to make every effort in that behalf, for the alternative is a humiliation before the whole civilised world which we cannot afford to undergo. It is satisfactory to reflect that there are no substantial reasons why the Boers should have so stoutly objected to become British subjects. Their interests are precisely the same as those of the English, their rights and duties would be the same; they would be sure to have either at once or eventually, as inhabitants of an English colony, the same

constitutional methods as other white subjects of making their grievances, their wishes, and interests known, and of having them secured and safeguarded. The only objections to it are the sentimental ones of dislike to civilisation and its restraints. But experience will have shown them that they cannot get away from those restraints. From the time of Sir Bartle Frere downwards it has been observed that the more experienced, the more educated, and the more progressive amongst them have the least repugnance to life under the British flag. Those who are still untouched by civilisation, whose experience for two centuries of a solitary pastoral life has given to them an absolute incapacity for commerce and industrial pursuits, who belong to a past age, and are utterly ignorant of the modern world, its social institutions, relations, and politics, are the men who most tenaciously cling to an independence, which means to them the being let alone, immunity from all claims of their fellow-creatures. But these men, in a well-ordered State, will necessarily be a declining force. The better class amongst them, when they contrast the increasing prosperity and social order which British government always brings in its train, and the liberties which it secures, with the state of things which has existed since 1881—the constant unrest, the ascendancy of a tyrannical old man and his Hollander associates, the public plunder, the

stern repression of the aims and wishes of the progressives amongst them, the military tyranny, the enforced service in the field, with its losses of life and its desolation, all for no practical, as distinguished from a sentimental, good—will be forced to the conclusion that they have profited by the change.

But it is when we turn from them to the white colonists that we perceive the absolute impossibility of again falling short of the obligations of empire. With the whole civilised world looking on, and after having made gigantic efforts and sacrifices, we cannot terminate this contest without providing the British and other white inhabitants of South Africa security from further inroads and hostilities by their troublesome neighbours. Confidence in British power must be established: it cannot and must not be again betrayed. The Orange Free Staters were abandoned by Lord Aberdeen, the Transvaal inhabitants, white and black, were abandoned by Mr Gladstone. The colony of Natal also has its claims. It shared in the general disaster caused by the Majuba capitulation. When Zulu power was overthrown, in no small degree owing to the help given by Natal, the Boers were allowed, of course by Mr Gladstone's Government, to raid over all northern Zululand and there to establish an independent republic, the union of which with the Transvaal was accomplished in 1887.

But not merely that. Natal has borne the chief brunt of the disastrous neighbourhood of a hostile and encroaching Power. It must have been the consciousness of the impossibility of living under or in relations with the Transvaal Government which has kept Natal so loyal to the mother-country, for she has had little cause for gratitude. It is Natal which, directly war broke out, had to bear the brunt of the war and to feel the full force of our inadequate preparations. Nevertheless, the colony at once and without hesitation threw in its lot with the Imperial Government, assisted it in every way, and sent a powerful body of volunteers—a large proportion, in fact, of her male population—to the battlefield. Her carrying trade to the Transvaal—a chief source of her revenue—has in consequence been arrested, and her sufferings have been great from her territory having been made the scene of war, and her farmers exposed to the raiding attacks of the Boers. These sacrifices and services place her in a position of a valuable ally, who cannot be deserted and left to the tender mercies of her exasperated neighbours without mortal injury to the credit and honour of the empire. Fortunately the arrival of Indian troops prevented her from undergoing immediate subjection and annexation by the Boers; but it did not prevent the whole of the northern territories from being subjected to all the horrors and miseries of war. Her claim is manifest to com-

pensation rather than neglect. Probably confiscations of the properties of disloyal subjects, and charges on the Transvaal revenues, will form an adequate fund for that purpose; and if a regular and civilised government is established in the Transvaal, her neighbour will attain to a prosperity in which she will necessarily share, both from extended markets for her farmers and an increased carrying trade over her roads and railways. The special correspondent of the 'Times' recently drew attention to her claims and the grounds on which they rest. "What Natal wants above all," he says, "is such an addition to her limited territories as will afford an opportunity for her expansion in the future, and when the dominion of South Africa is at some future date realised, will secure her influence in its councils which she has so well merited in her stormy half-century of existence." The encroachments of the Boers will have to be cancelled, and Swaziland, together with pieces of the Transvaal and the Free State, be given to Natal, which has in the past and present established claims upon us, and will in time to come be an important constituent of the future settlement.

But our present consideration is the impossibility of contemplating any other result to this war than the establishment of British supremacy in South Africa, at whatever cost in men, arms, and money. It is always the tendency of war to become unpopular as time goes on; but we trust that the general public

has so completely grasped the full bearings of the situation, that they will resolutely persist in the present struggle until the only result is attained which is consistent with the security of the empire, our debt to those who have fallen, and the claims of our loyal colonies and colonists. We have had reverses in the course of this struggle, and we may have some more, but there must be no faltering in the accomplishment of our purpose. We cannot afford to fail. The interests which we represent will not admit of another concession to the Boers. If we make any settlement with them on any other terms than our recognised ascendancy, we shall have to fight it out all over again, possibly on worse terms, and with a still more powerful foe; the only other alternative being, in the terms of the ultimatum, to quit South Africa. In the present war, at all events, having regard to those terms, no foreign Power could attempt to intervene as a friend. Intervention would be tantamount to a declaration of hostility, especially after Lord Salisbury's speech at the Guildhall; and whatever temporary successes the Boers may achieve, under conditions favourable to their peculiar methods of warfare, all will admit that we are undisputed masters of the ocean ways.

Further, there is the great question of the future of the black population, which is not allowed to take part in this contest, but whose sympathies are, there is every reason to believe, very generally on

the side of the British. They have never had considerate treatment at the hands of the Boers, who evidently regard them with the contempt and disdain natural to a race which is physically stronger, but in point of intellect and mental cultivation is little if at all superior. The Boers' one mode of dealing with the natives in the Transvaal, over and above the usual mode of political oppression, is to raise revenue from a deleterious drink which they encourage them to consume, knowing that it utterly incapacitates them.

Mr Bryce says that the more thoughtful men in the colonies agree in the magnitude of the issues which are involved in the native problem. They hold "that the three chief things to be done now are to save the natives from intoxicating liquor, which injures them even more than it does the whites; to enact good land laws, which shall keep them from flocking as a loafing proletariat into the towns, as well as just labour laws; and to give them much better opportunities than they now have of industrial education." It would be in vain to expect that this great native problem could ever be solved or helped to a solution by the blundering incapacity which in the Transvaal drove an industrious, prosperous, revenue-contributing population like the Uitlanders to a frenzy of discontent and rebellion by sheer perversity of mismanagement. Slavery or extermination would

be the expedient of the Transvaal Boer; and when we consider the engagements, tacit or expressed, which we have in the course of a century entered into with the black population, forming the tie of a sovereign race to a subject population, we must recognise in their interests and political future one of many considerations which forbids the acquiescence of the British people in any failure of the great purpose of this war.

The Bishop of Zululand recently sent to the London 'Spectator' a letter written by an educated native to the 'Natal Mercury,' expressing what the bishop declares is the opinion of the greater number of the native people, whether educated or uneducated, in his part of South Africa. The writer says the natives are loyal to British rule in recognition of England's just policy towards them; because they are more impressed by England's justice in peace even than by her prowess in war. They refuse, he says, to avail themselves of this supreme opportunity to rise and hurl themselves on the defenceless Cape, on Natal, and on Rhodesia. "There is an almost universal hope," he says, "that the Imperial arms will be victorious; and that a Government which, by its inhumanity and relentless injustice, and apparent inability to see that the native has any rights a white man should respect, has forfeited its place among the civilised Governments of the earth; and should therefore be deprived of power so scandalously abused—

formerly by slavery, and in later years by disallowing the native to buy land, and utterly neglecting his intellectual and spiritual needs." The fears expressed in the home press on every reverse to the British arms that the Cape Dutch will rise, may be tempered by the reflection that if they do there is a vast native population on our side, whom at present it is right as well as politic to restrain from hostilities. "Speaking for the Zulus," says the writer, "I believe that if any emergency arise in which England would be willing to put their loyalty to the test, they would respond with readiness and enthusiasm equal to that with which they fought under Cetywayo, only fighting then under the British flag." It is these Zulus whom Sir Bartle Frere crushed in the interests of the Boers; it was terror of them which led to the Boer cession of the Transvaal to us in exchange for protection; it was their annihilation at Ulundi which led to the Boer demand for retrocession. To this day it is contended by many that the Zulu war was a mistake of Sir Bartle Frere's.

This native question is one of the most urgent in the whole of South Africa. The native population is more than four times the amount of the white population. It does not die out as in America, North and South, in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Only Bushmen and Hotentots disappear. The remaining native races are sturdy, grow swiftly by natural increase, and

are reinforced by a steady stream of immigration from beyond the Zambesi and even from British India,—a stream which will in all probability increase as time goes on and the roads Capewards, by rail or water, are multiplied. Such a question will task the powers of responsible government, even when a Government is alive to its responsibility, and has had vast experience in dealing with subject and conflicting races. It is impossible that such a question can be abandoned by us, without grave dereliction of duty, to the Boers. From first to last in their proceedings there is no trace of any enlightened aims, or of any conscious capacity for the work of administration, which to the Anglo-Saxon is a trade which he learns by instinct. All that they have done hitherto is to import a worthless Hollander clique, with brains, no doubt, but without character, who have fattened on corruption, exploited the Uitlanders, and forced upon the Boers a military tyranny culminating in their staking their lives and their independence in the hope of stemming the tide of civilisation which they are too much of savages to appreciate.

Notwithstanding the gravity of the native question, it is the white question which is now the predominant one—the question who is to rule in South Africa, Boer or Briton. The native question is kept at present in the background; though it is difficult to believe that a vast resident population can be excluded from all voice in the

ultimate determination of an issue in which they are so vitally interested. We trust that the issue will be confined within the present limits, and that the home Government will be left to settle it with the two republics, without directly summoning to the conflict a portion even of the native regiments in India. But whatever may happen, however many reverses or difficulties may be before us, the question raised by the Boer ultimatum must be fought out to the bitter end. The struggle cannot, with any regard to the safety either of South Africa or of the British empire, be compromised. It can only be terminated by the establishment of British power over the two republics, for the sole and sufficient reason that we cannot be conterminous in South Africa with a Power which is at the same time of great military strength always available on the spot, and also for all purposes of government wholly uncivilised. If the issue at stake was one of freedom, if the Boers were people rightly struggling to be free, one would say that if a whole nation down to boys of sixteen is willing to take the field and fight it out for that end, their determination should be respected and their freedom allowed. But this is not a fight for freedom. The whole history of the Orange Free State for half a century shows that Great Britain never wanted to interfere with its freedom. Nor does she want to interfere with the freedom of the Transvaal or to take over its government and ad-

ministration. This war arises because the Transvaal has raised, and induced the Orange State to join in raising, contrary to the tenor of its past history and to its present interests, the flag of tyranny, corruption, and of deadly hatred and animosity to this country. It wants to establish a domination over the two British colonies, and even over the Orange Free State, and to eject the authority of Great Britain.

The only alternative to our ascendancy being completely vindicated is our retirement from the country, and with it the relaxation of our hold on other portions of our empire, which means our decline in the scale of nations. Any compromise which left to the Transvaal the semblance of independence, would enable it to begin all over again the work of creating a great military Power, with an accumulation of war material and the pursuit of war machinations which we could not interfere with, except by the renewal of hostilities on a still larger scale. We must battle it out now or never. To compromise would be to abandon all the advantages of our pres-

ent greater resources in men, arms, and money, and of the isolated position of our antagonist, cut off while hostilities last from all except surreptitious communications by sea. We trust that there will be no paltering at any time with the tremendous issue which lies before us. It is a struggle which we believe will collapse at no distant period from the exhaustion of our foe.

But we must not rely on that. We have, unfortunately, foes at home in the shape of a Little Englander party, the growing dissatisfaction which will result from a long war, the relaxation of national resolve. We must put forward all our strength; and if there is some sense of indignity, a latent feeling that the occasion is not worthy of the effort, we at all events escape the imputation of being a strong Power oppressing a weak one. That idea has vanished. We are confronted in this war by a foe of unexpected strength and resources, under circumstances which render it of literally vital importance that we should prevail; and we must, at whatever cost, stick to it till we do.

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SHOT, SHELL, AND BULLETS.

"LE feu est tout, le reste n'est rien." So spoke that absolute master of war, Napoleon. Such words a hundred years ago were rather more apposite to a genius, a seer, a prophet, than to the eagle-eyed general who had personally proved again and again the power of *l'arme blanche* in the hands of his trusty veterans. But the time has now come when these words may be taken as soberly stating an undoubted and incontrovertible fact. Slowly but surely the missile, which always had its place in war as long as war has existed, has asserted its ascendancy until it literally occupies the whole field. Whether or no cold steel will ever lose its moral power is not for me to prophesy, but none will deny that its material effect in battle has practically passed away.

Battles being won and lost, and the fate of nations depending, under God, on this same fire so eulogised by Napoleon, I propose, at this time of national stress, when all thoughts are following those who are so nobly contending for the empire, to set forth as briefly as I can certain facts explaining and illustrating the nature, character, and properties of the projectiles used at the present day.

The first point to which it is necessary to call attention is, that there is no special scientific mystery veiling the behaviour and effect of the modern fire-impelled projectile. It is quite true that its energy is imparted to it by blazing gases, which start it on its journey with much noise, flame, and shock; but the flight of the most modern shell or bullet has

very much in common with that of the smooth stone which, impelled by the muscular force of the shepherd lad of Bethlehem, was the immediate means of the death of Goliath, and the deliverance of the sorely tried Israelites, thousands of years ago. Moreover, a fair understanding of the whole matter is not beyond the compass of the ordinary man in the street, provided that he is made aware of certain controlling facts.

In the sacred narrative of the death of Goliath we have three essential facts with reference to the projectile which David used, which facts apply with equal force to the fighting material of the present day. We read, David ran to meet the Philistine—that is to say, he took up a range suitable to the missile that he was using. He did not waste his energies by attempting to obtain an effect at an impossible range—nor did he come unnecessarily close: at the right distance he took a stone and slang it. The first and all-important point in fighting with missiles in all ages is the distance at which they can be *effectively* used.

The second point is the necessity of so controlling the missile that it will strike the mark intended. "David smote the Philistine in his forehead." Of supreme importance is the accuracy of the aim.

But neither a proper choice of the range nor accuracy of aim will produce any material result unless the projectile has the energy necessary for its deadly work. "The stone sank into

his forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth."

Of course all these three considerations are interdependent. The effective range is governed by the attainable accuracy and by the energy remaining at the end of the flight. The necessary accuracy depends in great measure on the energy of the projectile. Had David had at his disposal a more powerful missile, capable of piercing the Philistine's armour, such precise accuracy would not have been necessary,—he need not have hit the unprotected forehead. Again, with greater accuracy he might have slung his stone from a greater distance, always supposing the striking energy to be sufficient to bring the Philistine to the earth; and so the problem may be infinitely varied.

But now, as in David's time, the three desiderata in attacking an enemy by the use of projectiles are long range, accuracy, great effect. There are of course other considerations, such as rapidity of discharge, which is, however, closely allied to accuracy, because an inaccurate weapon may compensate for its inaccuracy by the rapidity with which it delivers its projectiles. Again, mobility is of the first importance, otherwise it may not be possible to engage the enemy when and where desired, or to avoid his assault when it is advisable to do so. Nor is the moral effect to be despised. A battle is lost, not because so many on the losing side are killed or wounded, but because those left alive and fit for fighting are demoralised:

thus, a missile which produces a great moral effect may be superior to another which is actually more deadly, but of which the moral effect is small.

In ancient times the great difficulty which beset the man who fought with missiles was the lack of energy available. Except in a few cumbrous and complicated engines which were only used for sieges, there was only the muscular strength of the human body to draw upon, and this proved utterly inadequate to deliver a heavy blow at a considerable distance. Arrows and javelins had therefore to be made very sharp, and depended more on their piercing power than on the energy of the blow struck. And this piercing power was easily met and counteracted by the use of armour.

The invention of gunpowder as a propellant at once introduced an entirely new state of things. A mere thimbleful of this mean black-looking stuff endued its happy possessor with far more than the strength of Goliath for sending his missile hurtling through the vitals of his enemy, armour or no armour. Indeed if the armour was sufficiently thick to stop the ponderous bullet carried by the arquebuse, the blow from the bullet was quite sufficient to knock the man-at-arms clean off his horse, when he became quite helpless. The fact was that the arrow, which at its best had a velocity of some 250 feet per second, was superseded by a bullet somewhat heavier

than the arrow, and travelling about five times as fast. It had therefore fully twenty-five times the energy, or, in other words, the knock-down blow was twenty-five times as great.

It is as well to explain these two terms, velocity and energy. The velocity is measured by the number of feet traversed in a second. Thus a cricket-ball hit hard travels about 100 feet per second, which is about the rate at which a carrier-pigeon flies. A golf-ball may start at 150 feet per second, an arrow at 250 feet, a pistol-bullet at 750 feet, a rifle-bullet at 1500 to 2000 feet, and so on. But the energy of the blow delivered by a projectile when instantaneously stopped in its flight is proportional not to the velocity but to the velocity multiplied by itself or squared; so that if the velocity be doubled the energy is increased fourfold. But the energy is directly derived from the propellant, the pinch of villainous saltpetre. So that if we wish to double the velocity of a bullet we must produce four times the energy, to obtain which we must increase the charge fourfold. And we cannot have energy forward without energy backwards, or recoil. If we take a pistol with 750 f.s.¹ velocity, quadruple the charge, and give our new weapon four times the length of barrel for the gases to expand in, we get a rifle with twice the velocity obtained by the pistol, or 1500 f.s.; but we also increase the recoil to such an extent that if a rifle

¹ Feet per second.

was held like a pistol it would fly back into the face of the firer. We very soon get to a limit in striving for high velocity and energy—in fact, the inevitable drawbacks of high energy are so great that the Lee-Metford rifle of the present day has not half the energy of the arquebuse which compassed the death of the Chevalier Bayard.

When armour was abandoned, much of the energy of the arquebuse went with it, and the musket or old Brown-Bess was gradually developed,—a much lighter and handier weapon than the arquebuse, and with less recoil, which still delivered a tremendous blow at close quarters. The energy of the bullet from Brown-Bess was about 2000 ft. lb.¹ or about forty times as great as the blow from a hard-hit cricket-ball, and twice that delivered by the Dum-Dum or other expanding bullet fired from the Lee-Metford rifle at short range. Moreover, the wound made by the musket-ball was nearly six times as large as that made by the ordinary Lee-Metford bullet, and probably decidedly worse than anything that the Dum-Dum bullet can do. It is most unlikely that modern war will ever produce such terrific effects as were caused by the delivery of a volley at close quarters from old Brown-Bess. Those struck were in a moment violently hurled to the ground, and the dreadful volley, invariably followed as it was by a bayonet charge, must

have been far more trying to the spirit than the prolonged contest and continual fire that marks the modern battlefield. Is it wonderful that under this stress one side or the other usually gave way before the bayonets were ever crossed?

But great as was the energy and terrible as was the effect of the bullet from Brown-Bess, it was only at short ranges that it produced these decisive results. It was considered useless to fire at a longer range than 200 yards, and at 400 yards' range the bullet was quite "spent" and harmless. What was the cause of this? It was due to the tremendous resistance of the air to a spherical bullet. It has been calculated that on starting the musket-bullet experienced a resistance from the air equal to a weight of 10 lb., steadily retarding it. Such a tremendous retarding influence soon took all the energy out of the bullet. Moreover, owing partly to the loose fit of the bullet in the barrel, but also owing to the air resistance, it was found impossible to obtain accuracy from a smooth-bore, except at very short ranges. The same musket which would hit a playing-card at 20 yards would miss two men standing side by side at 100 yards. The loading was of course very slow: thus if a company delivered an ineffective fire at 150 yards, their opponents could close in to 50 yards before they had time to reload, and at this range a volley was decisive. However, for centuries all this was accepted as inevitable, and

¹ I.e., equal to the blow struck by a 200 lb. weight falling 10 feet.

for some 200 years nothing was done to materially improve the musket or its bullet, although the principle of rifling is at least 400 years old or more.

The lack of range and accuracy of the musket was somewhat compensated for by the introduction of the smooth-bore field-gun. This weapon was at its best at a range of 300 to 400 yards, when it discharged a number of balls some $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. in weight, styled grape-shot. Thus, at a range where the musket was harmless, the field-gun could deliver as deadly a volley as that from, say, two dozen muskets. Moreover, the grape-shot had at close quarters quite energy enough to dispose of two men in succession. But circumstances frequently arose where a range of more than 400 yards was required, and then the field-gun had to load with round-shot, which made it efficient up to 1000 yards, or more. The round-shot, in common with the grape-shot and all spherical projectiles, after striking the ground, behaved very much as does the ordinary cricket or golf ball. It bounded along not far from the ground, though occasionally rising if it struck some stone or similar obstacle: if the ground was fairly smooth, it would sweep some hundreds of yards of ground, knocking over several men in its progress, but finally slowing down so much that it could not only be plainly seen, but readily avoided. On rough ground the round-shot lost much of its terror: not only did it sooner come to a stop, but it would frequently fly over the

heads of those against whom it was aimed. We may look down upon the round-shot now as a crude and primitive missile to load such an important weapon as a gun with; but the fact remains that the average round-shot of old did more execution than the average shell of the present day,—for though the projectile has improved, the ingenuity of man in avoiding its effect has improved at a greater ratio.

But at its best the old-fashioned field-gun was a very crude weapon, and its spherical projectiles, like the musket-bullet, were greatly impeded by the resistance to the air, while its accuracy also was extremely poor. Still it outlived its prototype, the musket, some years.

It was not till after the Crimean war that the smooth-bore musket was finally superseded by the rifle, although it had been known for centuries that giving a spin to a bullet enabled it to get through the air with much less resistance, especially when the bullet was long and narrow, as was possible when rifling was used: it also greatly improved its accuracy. But when rifles came into general use, it was realised that the range of the infantry small-arm had been quadrupled, and that a most deadly fire could now be poured in up to, say, 500 yards, whilst some effect was actually produced at the hitherto unheard-of range of 800 yards. It was, therefore, most desirable that the field-gun should be improved in range, otherwise the men and horses would be liable

to be overwhelmed by a shower of rifle-bullets, not only well outside the range of grape-shot, but before the comparatively long-ranged round-shot had made its influence tell on the tide of battle. For some years mechanical difficulties stood in the way. It was found impossible to make a serviceable rifled-cannon out of the old and well-tried material, cast-iron; and even the tougher brass or gun-metal gave very indifferent results. Wrought-iron and then steel were, however, requisitioned, and some thirty-five years ago the smooth-bore was finally condemned in favour of the rifled-gun. The new field-gun easily attained a range of 4000 to 5000 yards; but it was speedily realised that extreme range was no longer a matter of anxiety: what was urgently needed was greater effect at distances where the rifle-bullet was comparatively harmless, and yet where the rifled-gun could make accurate practice—such as at 1500 to 2000 yards.

The rule in the battlefield has always been that like is opposed to like. In the old days when a battery of smooth-bore guns prepared to send its round- or grape-shot tearing through a column of hostile infantry from a range where muskets were harmless, it found itself confronted by an opposing battery, which hurled back shot for shot, and protected the otherwise helpless infantry by drawing the fire of the artillery on itself. The fighting weapons have changed but the same principle

holds, and the artillery has still to oppose artillery as well as to destroy and demoralise any force of the enemy's infantry that comes within its reach. An opposing gun makes a very small mark, and with all the increase of accuracy that the rifled gun attained it was found most difficult to hit either gun, carriage, or limber. Moreover, the rifled projectile on striking the ground behaved in an entirely different manner to the old round-shot. It no longer continued in the same direction, as does a swift cricket-ball, keeping close to the ground. Directly it touched the ground it was sharply deflected to one side or the other, and usually rose high in the air, passing well over the heads of those who would have been cut down by the ricochet of the old round-shot. It was therefore most desirable to increase the area of destruction at the place where the projectile struck; and though this might entail the breaking up of the projectile and the consequent loss of the effect which the old round-shot produced at a considerable distance from the point first struck, this was immaterial with the rifled gun, which, owing to the tendency to glance, could not be depended upon to do any harm at all beyond the point where the shot first grazed.

Accordingly the shell was introduced, and for fighting in the field shot have been relegated to the museum of antiquities. The only guns which still use shot are those which have to pierce armour, such as ships' guns and the guns of coast de-

fences, and these only use shot when the armour opposed to them is so thick as to be impenetrable by the best and toughest steel shells. Like many other comparatively modern implements of war, shells were known for many centuries before they came into general use. How long ago they were used in China is an open question; but they were certainly used in India 500 years ago, and have been used in Europe for three centuries at least. The original shells were simply hollow spheres of cast-iron filled with powder, a hole being left for the insertion of the fuse or slow-match. They were used almost exclusively in siege operations, being lobbed out of a mortar or howitzer at a high elevation with a very small charge, which also ignited the fuse. The shell was thus dropped into the enemy's works, where on the burning out of the fuse it exploded, throwing its fragments with considerable violence in all directions. The fuse was for a long time the weak point: it often got put out in the air, or was extinguished on striking. Again, when a shell fell, there was commonly time to get clear of the force of the explosion before the fuse burnt out. The fuse which satisfied our forefathers, and which was in use up to a very recent date, consisted of a tapered plug of hard wood with a hole up the centre, filled with finely ground and tightly rammed gunpowder, or with a composition closely allied to gunpowder. This composition, when lighted, burnt fiercely, in the same manner as the

ordinary squib — when burnt through, the shell burst. If it was required to shorten the time of burning, the end was simply sawn off, or a hole was bored through the side of the fuse, to allow the flame to communicate with the powder in the shell when only a certain proportion of the fuse composition was burnt out. But, however carefully fuses were sawn or bored with the view of making a shell burst directly after it struck the object, the results were anything but satisfactory: the shells would either burst long before they reached the object, or some time after they struck.

Then the percussion-fuse was devised, which explodes a shell immediately it strikes. The usual method is to have a small weight inside the fuse, which is held in its place until the gun is fired: the consequent shock releases this weight, which is then free to fly forward on the least retardation of the shell. On the shell striking, the weight flies forward, hits a percussion-cap, and explodes the shell.

It was doubtless thought when shells with percussion-fuses were first introduced that a shell bursting close to a hostile gun would of necessity disable it. Not only was this found to be untrue; but it has frequently happened that the gun itself or its carriage has been hit by a shell which has duly burst, and yet no harm has resulted to the gun. Such an incident happened during the bombardment of Montmédy, and is narrated by Prince Kraft. The shell from a heavy fortress-gun hit and left a graze on one

side of a comparatively light field-gun at which it was fired: it killed the man who was laying the gun, but did no more damage. The gun continued to fire, bearing on its side a glorious scar. Many similar incidents occurred in the Franco-German war, which showed that shell were not more liable to disable a gun than shot. Thus gun-wheels were hit without injury to the carriage; the breech-wedge was demolished, leaving the gun still serviceable; the sight was shot away, and no further damage was done. And though the splinters of shells were often fatal to men who would have escaped altogether had round-shot been used, the destruction due to the introduction of shells was far less than had been anticipated. Indeed it is extremely doubtful if the destruction caused by modern artillery will ever come up to that wrought by the smooth-bore guns of one hundred years ago—not because the modern guns are inferior to their prototypes, quite the contrary, but because the latter fought at such close ranges, and the target was also far more favourable.

The disappointment which was felt by many as to the effect produced by common shells with percussion-fuses is not altogether a thing of the past. Only a short time ago there appeared in the papers a statement that the Boer shells were very inferior: one had struck between a man's feet and burst, and had done him no harm. Now this was just what was to be expected from a thoroughly efficient common

shell: the man between whose feet the shell struck was almost bound to escape, whatever may have happened to any one else.

In order to explain what happens on the percussion-fuse of a common shell acting, it is necessary to describe the shell itself and its properties.

A common shell for a field-gun is in shape and size very like an ordinary pint-bottle: the head, however, is dome-shaped, so that if the neck of the bottle be knocked off, the similarity is greater. The metal of the shell may be either cast-iron or steel. If the former is used, there is less room for powder, because the weakness of the cast-iron necessitates thicker sides to the shell than if it was made of steel. Cast-iron, however, breaks up well. What is required in a shell is that it should stand a heavy pressure from outside safely, and yet burst readily into a large number of pieces. It is also desirable that it should hold as large a bursting-charge as possible. The metal most in favour in England for the manufacture of shells is cast-steel: it is much stronger than cast-iron, and therefore allows of the walls of the shell being made comparatively thin, so as to admit of a large bursting-charge. It also breaks up into numerous fragments on the burst taking place. Forged steel has also been used; but it is too tough, so that a shell made of this metal only tears up into a few large pieces, very much as if it was made of leather. The preparation of

a shell is a very simple matter: it is simply filled with powder as full as it will hold, and the fuse is then screwed in at the top. Some shells, such as those used in the naval 12-pounder, have a solid-pointed head. In that case there is a hole through the base (corresponding to the bottom of the bottle), through which the shell is filled and into which the fuse screws. The fuse is invariably made of metal, and acts as a plug for completely closing the shell.

When a shell bursts the action is not by any means instantaneous. After the ignition of the fuse the bursting-charge of the shell takes some little time to develop sufficient pressure to burst the shell. This is owing to the comparatively deliberate way in which gunpowder behaves on being ignited. There are many explosives that detonate in one-millionth of a second or thereabouts, but a shell charged with gunpowder will take some five-thousandths of a second to burst. The time does not appear long; but if the shell be travelling at 1000 f.s., it will have moved 5 feet from the point of impact before it bursts. If the velocity be as much as 2000 f.s., the shell will not burst till it has gone 10 feet from the point struck. Hence a shell which glances off the object struck flies from 5 to 10 feet in the new direction before exploding, and then bursts well clear of the object.

And what is the effect of the burst? Our bottle-shaped shell breaks up into fragments

not very dissimilar to those into which a glass bottle breaks. It is common to find the base of a shell entire, though it sometimes breaks into two or three pieces. A bottle behaves in much the same way. The sides break up very unevenly; there are some large splinters, each one constituting, say, one-twelfth of the original shell, whilst there are some tiny fragments smaller than a pea. The head, like the base, sometimes remains entire, and sometimes breaks into two or three pieces. The distribution of the fragments depends in the first place on the velocity and direction of the shell at the instant when it burst. Most shells in the field are exploded by striking the ground. If the ground be hard, and the range be moderate, so that the shell is not falling at a very steep angle, it rebounds from the ground, commonly turning to the right as it does so, and bursts when it has risen a foot or two. The effect of the burst is that the head and base continue to travel in the same direction that the shell was taking before it exploded—that is, they continue to rise sharply. The head goes somewhat faster than it did before, the base somewhat slower. The pieces from the walls are thrown to either side of the new track of the shell, at varying angles and at various velocities. But all continue to travel onward with about the same velocity at which they were going when the shell burst. The result is that the fragments diverge

from the place of burst, forming a cone, the angle at the apex being about 45° , which is sufficiently nearly represented by the capital A in "Magazine" on the outside of 'Blackwood.' Outside this cone there is absolute safety, whilst inside it there is some chance of being hit, depending mainly on the number of pieces into which the shell breaks and the distance from the point of burst. An ordinary common shell may furnish from twenty to forty pieces: half of these fly up into the air and come down "spent" at some distance off, hurting no one. A few from the under side of the shell strike the ground a few feet beyond the place of burst and stick there. From half-a-dozen to a dozen remain which may be dangerous, as they fly more or less along the ground, and these alone are likely to do any harm. But their velocity is very speedily reduced by the great resistance of the air, and unless there are a number of men within, say, ten yards of the place of burst, it is most probable that no one will be hit.

A man standing upright and fairly in the cone of fragments, but 20 yards from the place of burst, would escape seven times out of eight; or if eight men were standing at this distance from the place of burst, only one would be hit. If the shell be large and the ground stony, this might be somewhat modified, for the gases from the shell will pick up a certain number of stones and thus increase the number of splinters,

which are always more numerous from a large than a small shell; but even then a common shell is not very much to be feared in the open.

When the range is long and the ground is soft, the shell simply plunges into the ground, where the burst is completely smothered, and no harm whatever is done. Much dust is thrown up, much more than when the shell bursts above ground, and unpractised gunners are often encouraged to continue firing at too great range because the fire appears to them to be very effective, especially when the enemy are seen to be close to the place of burst. A shell, especially when fired at a moderate range, may very frequently penetrate some distance into the ground and then turn upwards, bursting on or near the surface: such a shell, if it has stopped before it bursts, may do a good deal of harm, but if it is rising rapidly, when it bursts the fragments are thrown harmlessly into the air. The bursting of a shell will not in itself drive the fragments very far or very fast. The injuries caused by the pieces of a shell are mainly due to the velocity with which it was travelling before it bursts. Thus a "spent" shell from a field-gun bursting on the surface, though it throws a good many fragments along the ground, does not give them much energy, and only the large pieces are likely to cause serious wounds. Larger shell, such as those fired from guns of position, are more formidable in this respect, but mainly be-

cause the fragments are larger: they do not travel with much more velocity than those from a small shell.

When a common shell bursts amongst walls or buildings or in a confined space it is seen at its best. The fragments and gases from the shell glance off the walls and strike those who would otherwise have escaped; men are blown down who would have been untouched in the open; and the moral effect is generally much greater.

But even under the most favourable conditions a common shell leaves much to be desired, and it has therefore been almost entirely superseded in the field by shrapnel.

The common shell fails because of the small number of hits that can be obtained with a single shell. The shrapnel is designed to carry a large number of bullets which remain in the shell until it has almost reached the object. The bullets are then blown out by the bursting-charge, and act like a volley from a number of muskets or pistols, so that a hundred hits may be made by a single shell.

Externally the shrapnel is very like the common shell, but the bursting-charge is very small, and lies in the bottom of the shell. The body of the shell is filled with bullets numbering some two hundred in the ordinary field-gun shrapnel. They rest on a diaphragm which separates them from the bursting charge. In the older patterns of shrapnel these bullets were not very dissimilar to that of the old Brown-Bess,

which weigh fourteen to the pound. But the anxiety to obtain more hits has resulted in the reduction of the size of the bullets, which now run thirty-five per pound—that is to say, they weigh somewhat less than half an ounce, and being round they greatly resemble the pistol-bullet of a hundred years ago. The head of the shell is somewhat loosely riveted on, so that it is readily blown off by the small bursting-charge. At the apex of the head is the combined time and percussion fuse which communicates by a tube passing through the bullets to the bursting-charge in the base. The fuse is the most important part of the shrapnel, and indeed without good fuses it is impossible to obtain any satisfactory results with modern Field Artillery. And not only must the fuses be good but they must be properly set. The best fuses will give but poor results when manipulated by unpractised hands.

In shrapnel practice a certain number of rounds are deliberately wasted on opening fire in order to ensure the efficiency of the remainder. The initial rounds are fired with the safety-pin locking the time arrangement of the fuse, so that the shell does not burst till it strikes the ground, when it is exploded by the percussion part of the fuse. There is some effect, but not anything like that obtained by a burst in the air. The point of graze of the shell is, however, most carefully observed, the object being to ascertain whether it is short

of or beyond the target. If short, the elevation of the gun is then increased, if over, it is decreased, and this is continued until it is certain that the shells are striking close to the object. This finding the range, as it is called, sounds easy enough, but really is most difficult, and there are various systems in vogue for carrying it out. Here is an instance from Prince Kraft, taken from his experience at Sedan:—

"I betook myself to the other batteries in order to see if they were hitting the mark; I was in that mood which inclines us to interfere a little too quickly. 'Captain,' said I, 'your shells are all over.' The captain laughed and said, on the contrary, they were all short. I pointed out to him the burst of a shell far in rear of the enemy. 'That is not one of mine,' he said, decidedly. But I desired him to give 500 paces less elevation; he did so, and I saw that he had been right. I then allowed him to find his own range, which he very soon did. What struck me was that he never looked at the target, but only at his battery, on the flank of which he stood. I asked why this was, and the captain answered, 'The one-year volunteer, Klopsch, is watching the flight of each shell, standing to windward of each gun as it is fired, and gives me a sign which we have agreed on after each shot.' You may observe that there are many ways of finding the range. If each battery had a one-year volunteer with eyes as sharp as Klopsch's there would be no difficulty in finding the range. But there is no general, fixed, and certain receipt for doing so. Practice is the only one that I can recommend."

When the range has been found, it is still necessary to find the proper setting of the fuse, the object being to burst the shell some 50 to 100 yards short of the target. The distance short is judged by the

height above ground that the shell bursts. Since the shell is falling as it approaches the target, the higher it bursts the farther it is from the target. Thus at 2000 yards' range a shell bursting 20 feet high is 100 yards short, one 10 feet high is 50 yards short, and so on. If a burst 100 yards short is desired, the fuses are adjusted to that graduation which it is estimated will cause the shells to burst 20 feet above the object. If the shells burst too low or too high, the fuse is altered till the desired result is obtained. But why should the shell be burst 100 yards short, and how is the fuse set? When a shrapnel bursts, the body of the shell remains entire, the head simply flies off, and the bullets are projected out of the body of the shell and go on towards the target with a slight increase of velocity, due to the push from the bursting-charge. But they do not hold together like the charge of shot from a choke-bore, for the spin of the shell scatters the outer rows of bullets considerably,—only those coming from the middle of the shell go straight on. In this way the bullets form a cone, the angle at the apex being from 8° to 10° . This cone is very similar to the cone of rays coming from the lens of a magic-lantern, which from the extremity of a room 50 feet long throws a picture some 8 feet in diameter on the screen. At 50 yards from the point of burst the bullets would fill a circle some 7 to 9 yards in diameter, and there would be from five to

eight bullets on every square yard within' this circle. At 100 yards from the point of burst the diameter of the circle holding all the bullets would be 14 to 17 yards, and there would be only about one bullet on each square yard. In the first case with the shell bursting 50 yards short, a man standing up would be hit in three or four places; but if it burst 100 yards short, only about two men out of three would be struck by one bullet each. If the target consisted of one row of men standing a yard apart, eight would be hit in the first case and eleven in the second; but if the men were lying down, the shorter burst would be the best, as some six men would be hit, against three or four at the greater distance. The best target for shrapnel is naturally a number of ranks of men, say 20 yards apart: the bullets which pass over the heads of those in front will strike those in rear. A group of men offers an excellent target, whilst, on the other hand, a single line of skirmishers or single rank manning a trench affords a very poor target. Where the target is a small one, such as a group of men manning a gun, the shell should be burst fairly close up; but when the enemy are scattered, as in a retreat, the fuse may be set to burst sooner with advantage.

A word or two is desirable as to the fuse itself, on which so much depends. The principle is similar to that of the old-fashioned wood-fuse: there is a train of composition which

burns away whilst the shell is flying through the air, and when the flame comes to a certain point, which is in this instance a little pellet of powder, the position of which can be varied at pleasure, the flash ignites the powder and fires the shell. By moving a ring on the fuse the position of the little powder pellet can be altered as desired, and thus the time of the burst of the shell is governed. But the train of composition is only some four inches long, and whilst this is burning out the shell goes 4000 yards. So that one inch of composition represents 1000 yards, and one-tenth of an inch 100 yards. If a flurried gunner sets his fuse only one-tenth of an inch wrong the shell becomes useless: for good practice he ought not to vary his setting more than one-thirtieth of an inch—and this with shells and bullets flying past him is not an easy thing to do. He may also set his fuse correctly, but may alter the setting in clamping the ring, or he may leave the clamp slack. The result of any of these mistakes is that the shell becomes harmless. An immense deal also depends on the care and skill with which the little 4-inch train of composition has been prepared. As was the case with the old wooden fuse, it is tightly pressed, but not into a hole, for a groove in the brass body of the fuse takes the place of the central hole in the wood-fuse, and the filling of this groove is a delicate operation. The weather at the time of manufacture has a considerable effect on the uniformity of the

composition, and the shrouding of Woolwich in a damp river-fog may materially affect the efficiency of a shell fired a year afterwards at the Cape. The accuracy attained by the time-fuses is also dependent on the rush of air past the head of the shell as the missile tears its way through the air. If the shell gets unsteady and wobbles about like a badly spun top, as may sometimes be the case, the fuse will not burn regularly, and all the care of the fuse-maker is obviated by some little error in the manufacture of the shell. As a matter of fact, the accuracy of our fuses is now remarkable. It is seldom that the time of burning of a given length of composition, say, three inches, varies more than one-fifth of a second, and it is common to fire fuse after fuse where the error from the mean is only one-tenth of a second.

With all its killing power under favourable conditions, the shrapnel shell has not a high moral effect. The comparatively feeble burst nearly 100 yards away is not startling, and though the swish of the sheaf of bullets may not be pleasant, it is not nearly as disconcerting as the roaring rush of the comparatively harmless common shell, whose explosion is also far more terrifying. Although the shrapnel bullet has less energy when striking at, say, 3000 yards' range than even a pistol-bullet, it inflicts a very nasty wound, distinctly more serious than that inflicted by any modern rifle, even including in this term the Martini. This is because the bullet is spherical,

and though the velocity may not be more than 500 to 600 f.s., this is quite enough to cause fatal injuries by piercing the body, even though the energy of the blow be relatively small.

The sphere of action of the field-gun, with its shrapnel shell, extends from that range where the power of the rifle-bullet is on the wane to the point where the shrapnel itself does little harm. What these ranges are naturally depends on the power of the rifle that propels the bullet and on the characteristics of the gun firing the shrapnel. All the magazine-rifles with which the infantry are now armed are similar in throwing a light and extremely long bullet with a very high velocity, which reaches in some instances 2200 f.s. The cartridge, with charge and bullet complete, only weighs about half what the Martini or Snider cartridge weighed. A soldier can therefore carry double as many rounds for the same weight, and he can miss twice as often, and still produce an equal effect. This encourages long-range firing. Moreover, the high velocity greatly improves the shooting at long ranges. The result is that at 1500 yards the magazine-rifle produces an effect which the earlier rifles of, say, thirty years ago only produced at half that range. And it is only under the most favourable conditions that field-guns can expect to remain in position within less than 1500 yards of good infantry without terrible loss. The extreme range of the modern rifle is well over 3000 yards. But no weapon save a howitzer

is ever effective at its extreme range, because the difficulty of directing the fire is so great. And, as far as present experience extends, even the latest rifle can do little at 2000 yards. At 1500 to 2000 yards a field-gun can deliver an extremely efficient shrapnel fire. It is easy to get the range at this distance, because the fall of each shell can be clearly seen, and the accuracy being excellent, the shell may be trusted to go very close to the object laid for. The velocity of the bullets is high, and as the shell approaches the ground at a small angle, the bullets sweep along the ground more or less horizontally, covering a considerable depth. As the range increases, the difficulty of hitting increases greatly. In the first place, it is very difficult to see the enemy. I remember an instance on our practice-ground at Okehamp-ton, when a battery of field-guns was being tested in comparison with a battery of howitzers at a target representing a field-redoubt manned by dummies, who showed more of head and shoulders than the Boers ever do. The range was long, but much less than 4000 yards. Both batteries fired away all the rounds allowed without sending a shell near the "enemy." They both mistook a row of stones or some such deceptive appearance for the heads of the "men" manning the parapet. Even when the object is clearly seen, the difficulty of ranging is greatly enhanced, for it is much more difficult to locate the fall of the shell. Then the time-fuse is

getting to the end of its tether and burns irregularly, added to which the gun begins to be inaccurate, so that when the range has been obtained and the gun correctly laid, the shell, owing to the inaccuracy of the gun, may after all go wide of the mark. Again, the velocity of the bullets is small, and the shell having lost velocity but retaining its spin, scatters the bullets widely. Finally, the shell has such a steep angle of descent that most of the bullets plunge down from the place of burst, which is some 30 feet high or more, and stick into the ground instead of sweeping along it. Our fuses burn up to about 4000 yards' range, and the trials that have been made at long ranges with field-guns show conclusively that the effect obtained at ranges approaching 4000 yards is so unsatisfactory that very little is likely to be gained by having a special fuse to burn longer still. The longer a fuse burns the more irregular it is, and our existing fuse would be spoilt by trying to make it burn longer. If long-range fire of shrapnel is desired, a new fuse is necessary.

But could not greater range be obtained by giving more velocity to the shell, just as the magazine-rifle has extended its effective range owing to its high velocity? Well, remember that the Lee-Enfield bullet is only half the weight of the Martini bullet. If the field-gun shell is to lose half its weight, it will have to part with more than half its bullets, which is out of the question. The alternative would be to increase the weight

of the gun. We have an instance in the naval 12-pounders which were used at Ladysmith and Colenso. They weigh 12 cwt., as against 7 cwt. for the field-gun, and, in order to get a high velocity, fire a shell 2 lb. lighter, with some thirty fewer bullets. The accuracy, remaining velocity, and angle of descent obtained with these guns at 5000 yards is about the same as that for the field-gun at 4000 yards: thus the common shell of the naval gun has about 1000 yards longer range than that of the field-gun. But shrapnel is far the best projectile in the field, and the fuse of the shrapnel for the naval gun only burns to 4500 yards, as the increase of velocity from 1580 f.s. to 2200 f.s. causes such an increase in the rate of burning that the fuse burns out sooner. Moreover, the regularity of the fuse is not so good, when thus fired with very high velocity. The difficulty of seeing the object and of locating the graze of the shell remain. Thus the enormous sacrifice in mobility entailed by the great increase in the weight of the gun may be taken as extending the effective range of shrapnel no more than 500 yards, and this at some considerable sacrifice of efficiency at shorter ranges, owing to irregularity of the fuse and the reduced number of bullets. Moreover, to obtain the high velocity the charge has to be doubled, and there is consequently a great increase of recoil, which makes quick firing out of the question. It is a curious thing that many newspapers have drawn invidious comparisons between the

“quick-firing” naval guns and their slow-firing fellows in the Field Artillery. The fact is, that the naval gun is only a quick-firer on its rigid ship’s pedestal. Directly it is put on a field-carriage the comparative clumsiness of the carriage and the violent recoil makes rapid fire out of the question, because so much time is taken up in running the gun up and relaying it after recoil. The lack of mobility due to the great weight makes it impossible to take up many positions that would be otherwise desirable, and there seems no indication whatever that higher velocity is likely to be adopted for our field-guns.

One lesson of the war in South Africa is the value of the magazine-rifle to men in intrenchments. The magazine can be charged by a man in absolute security. He then bobs his head up, blazes off his eight or ten rounds, and bobs down again below ground. What is urgently required is a projectile which will strike a man whilst under cover.

There is nothing new under the sun, and the sort of projectile which is now coming in for the attack of trenches is essentially on the lines of the original shell which our forefathers used—that is, a shell which is lobbed into a trench or other sheltered position, where it bursts. The ordinary common shell from a gun when fired against a trench is deflected upwards as it strikes the parapet. The burst may either be smothered by the earth of the parapet, or if the shell bursts on or near the surface, the pieces fly upwards, or at least horizon-

tally : very few take downwards, and none of these have sufficient downward angle to cause the least apprehension to a man in the trench. I may quote a case in which some 10,000 shells—mostly from field-guns, but many from guns of position—were fired against trenches held by the dervishes before Suakim in 1888. The range was generally very short, 1000 yards or so, though a good deal of firing was done at 2000 and 3000 yards, and some with reduced charges, to get a plunging fire. Common shell, shrapnel, and ring-shell (the latter a common shell built up from rings, to facilitate its breaking up) were all tried, but with very little result. If a man showed his head he might be dropped by a shrapnel bullet; but the dervishes soon got sharp enough to duck to the flash of the gun, when they were quite safe. Some ancient smooth-bore mortars were then mounted, and much better results obtained, a proportion of the shells falling into the trenches and exploding there with considerable effect.

If a parapet is manned to resist an infantry attack, the guns get some chance; but preparatory artillery-fire does very little harm against well-designed trenches, for the defenders quietly sit at the bottom of their trenches, where they cannot be hurt. As soon as the infantry get within effective range they bob up, and by firing a large number of rounds in a very short time from their magazine-rifles, produce the maximum effect with the mini-

mum of exposure. As is well known, some of the guns now being used at the Cape fire lyddite shells. These are simply common shells filled with lyddite in lieu of powder. Lyddite, in common with other high explosives—such as gun-cotton, melinite, ecrasite, dynamite, &c.—is far more violent in its action than gunpowder. The fact is, that a shell filled with lyddite not only gives off much more gas than if it was filled with powder, but this gas is developed in a much shorter time and at a higher temperature. Such a shell bursts the moment the fuse acts; there is none of the delay which exists in a powder shell. The great energy developed is first manifested by the way in which the body of the shell is crushed and torn, some of the pieces being no bigger than a paring from a finger-nail. The pieces are also more numerous, and they are projected with higher velocity than those from a powder shell. The cone formed by the fragments of a lyddite shell, instead of having an angle of only 45°, which is that of the ordinary powder shell, may have an angle of 160° to 180°, many of the pieces going nearly at right angles to the former path. The gas is also very destructive close to the place of burst; but in the open its effect is very local, so that if we take the case of such a shell as that thrown by the 4·7-inch gun, the fatal effect of the gas might not extend for more than a dozen feet or so from the place of burst. The gas, too, takes the same direc-

tion as the splinters; if, therefore, a man be close enough to the place of burst to be killed by the gas, he would also be cut to pieces by splinters, so that in the open the gas does not add to the number killed, though it doubtless increases the moral effect. In an enclosed space the gas, being confined, does much more damage; and a shell actually bursting in a trench would send its gas flying along the trench with fatal results for, say, 30 feet or more. But even with lyddite it is not easy to get a shell from a gun to injure men in trenches. It is impossible to get the shell into a trench, and if it bursts on the parapet outside, it will not do much harm. The only thoroughly efficient lyddite shells from guns are those which skim the top of the parapet, bursting as they do so. But to attain such a result the minutest accuracy is necessary, and such accuracy is quite unattainable except at very short ranges, such as 1000 yards or less, where the gunners would stand no chance against the rifles of the defence.

When the gun fails the howitzer comes in. A howitzer is to the gun what the pistol is to the rifle—a short light weapon firing a heavy projectile with a small charge: thus the 4·7-inch gun is 16 feet long, weighs 45 cwt., and carries a 45-lb. shell. The 5-inch howitzer is 5 feet long, weighs 9 cwt., and carries a 50-lb. shell. The charge for the 4·7-inch gun is 97 oz. of cordite, that for the 5-inch howitzer from 11½ oz. down to 3¾ oz. of cordite. The latter tiny charge

is used at short ranges, and though only 1-26th of the charge of the gun, it will send the heavy 50-lb. shell 1500 yards; whilst with the 11½ oz. charge the range of the howitzer is 5000 yards. A howitzer differs from a gun in being fairly effective at its extreme range. No practical man ever troubles himself about the extreme range of a gun, as a gun becomes useless some time before the extreme range is reached.

But the howitzer in question is really a substitute for the field-gun, which weighs 7 cwt. and has a 14-lb. shell. It is, however, considerably heavier, and the ammunition is very cumbersome; it is therefore less mobile. Still, it can be moved and worked in the field almost like a field-gun. The howitzer fires at high elevations, in the hope of dropping its shell into the enemy's trenches, where they would be burst by percussion-fuse. Or the howitzer can drop shell over a hill which protects those encamped beneath it from gun-fire. With the howitzer, as with the gun, the great difficulty is the observation and correction of the fire. Accuracy is also of supreme importance. The accuracy of our field-howitzer is such that at 3000 yards about one shell in twenty can be dropped into a trench 6 feet broad. This does not appear to be particularly good, but a trench 6 feet broad is a tiny mark. The howitzer would easily hit a lawn-tennis court two miles off every other shot, always supposing it could be clearly seen where the shells are falling; but then a dozen trenches could

be placed side by side in the length of a lawn-tennis court.

A howitzer can use shrapnel if the enemy appears in the open, and shrapnel even from a howitzer are more formidable in the open than are lyddite shell; but a howitzer-battery is hardly a match for a field-battery, as the latter, especially if it has the quick-firing equipment, would silence the former by a rapid shrapnel-fire. The rôle of the howitzer is almost exclusively the attack of troops under cover: it is not well suited to fighting in the open. Its projectile is therefore essentially the lyddite shell.

The conditions of the present war, where intrenchments have played such a large part, are in all probability exceptional. Weapons suited to fighting in the open must in the future,

as in the past, form the principal armament of our troops; and though the deadliness of such weapons is in great measure checked immediately an enemy intrenches, no campaign can be won by always remaining on the defensive.

Improvements in projectiles will certainly continue to be made in the future as in the past, and there is no doubt that the rate of fire, especially from artillery, is likely to be increased. But there is no present indication that we are at all likely to see any very revolutionary changes in the weapons at present in use in South Africa; nor is there any reliable evidence that our guns or projectiles have in any way failed to produce those results which could reasonably be expected from them.

“THEY DIE NOT.”

IMPERIAL battles' last avengers stand:
Death with a robe of fire and direful Fear
On the dim edge of space; moaning and drear,
The steep wave-clouds roll onward in grey band
Like thunder-wolves beneath; up from the land
Comes a perfume, an odour sere, and Death,
Catching the smoke of blood and failing breath,
Wheels down in vulture flight with eager hand.

With folded wings borne through the trembling air
Riseth like bubbles from the muddy deep
A mist of many spirits: a bloom of sleep
Compels awhile, yet is high God aware,
And looking down shall heave up from their dust
A blade whose brightness Time shall never rust.

R. L. A.

THE TORY FUTURE.

IN affairs of State, the Englishman, luckily for the world as for himself, is guided by political instinct. It takes at least a revolution to make us produce a political theory. Our love of practical order has little to do with our intellects—though our particular respect for decency sometimes leads us to provide a cloak of dogma for the nakedness of accomplished fact. Our cataclysms are not arranged for us by political philosophers, nor even by the interpreters of political philosophy, the Edisons and Huxleys of that learning, but by the free play of economic conditions. We have never builded on the sand-bank of ideas, to be shifted by every current of doctrine. Our “dark foundations” rest on hard prejudice, on slow-grown institutions: the roots of our polity, rather, lie deep in the hereditary fabric of the British mind.

But though to politise in advance is foreign to our nature, too protracted a deference to exploded and inapplicable dogmas is dangerous to our interests. It is worth while, therefore, to explain to the people, and to their busy legislators, that Liberalism is very dead indeed.

National character, and national success, are results of a binding polity. A tight polity, says Bagehot, gives us in time a sense of “prescriptive governability,” which is the sentiment of order. The most successful nations are those which, like Eng-

land, can maintain in general a balance between the sense of order and the delicate principle of progress. The Romans, in the thick crust of their legality, kept hidden a little seed of adaptiveness which gave them their empire. Like ourselves, they were capable of growth, and were saved the dioramic scene-shifting common to communities whose intelligence overrides their traditions. The folly, or crime, of our Liberals of the earlier part of this century was that, for commercial and occasional purposes, they set themselves to loose the bands of the national polity altogether. Misled by the very completeness of our acquired “governability,” and by the comparatively high standard of civilisation which it had produced, they assumed that the time had come when we could dispense, for most purposes, with the political organism itself. Government, henceforward, was to be a mere matter of police. Internationally, even police would be unnecessary. Civilisation would make war impossible. Money-getting, the one motive recognised by political economy, was the only passion possible to civilised man. And, as is still the custom of enthusiasts whose ignorance of the past gives them dreams of an instant millennium,—though theirs was but a sordid millennium for millionaires,—they flung aside the idea of duty; applied themselves to a greedy enjoyment of the present; and

left it to posterity to repair their mistakes and to remedy the destruction they effected.

In the study and the lecture-room it is understood, of course, or explained, that the conclusions of political economy, based on data from which the main factors of human life are eliminated, are not to be applied forthright to politics. But in Parliament, and in politics, they were the mainstay of Liberal doctrine: and a pseudo-science, which was no more than an ill-digested accumulation of statistical half-facts, selected from too narrow a field of phenomena by poorly-educated and not over-wise doctrinaires, was used by noisy and interested adventurers to justify the pre-determined sacrifice of the land to the pecuniary ambitions of the manufacturer. Under the guidance of the landed class, England had beaten Europe off the seas. The French war had been profitable to commerce, and it left the world open to the manufacturer. In the peace which followed, the control of the carrying trade, and special advantages in the possession of available coal and iron, together with our lead in the matter of railways and steam shipping, left us free, given cheap labour and unlimited markets, to manufacture for the world. And therefore England sacrificed the landed class. The agriculturist, to begin with, was cajoled or threatened into the appearance of a bargain. Lord John Russell pledged the Reformers to a removal of burdens from the occupiers of land in compensation for the Repeal

of the Corn Laws. But the bargain was never intended to be kept. The real end in view—the exploitation of labour by the manufacturers—was to be secured by the ruin of the landed interest. The Tories were bemused in Parliament by the specious clamour of the doctrinaires. The Chartists were batoned, at Manchester and elsewhere, into a sense of what was good for them by the young men of the manufacturers and their Irish mercenaries. And the cry for a cheap loaf was adroitly raised to set the two classes, the producer and the consumer, the agriculturist and the artisan, by the ears—to the profit of the political successors of the one and masters of the other. Cobden, a peculiarly unscrupulous representative of the manufacturers, who openly gloried in his power to mislead both Parliament and the masses, battled for cheap food, as he himself declared, simply for the sake of low wages—and invested his own money in the protected monopolies of Algeria. He was the apostle of the economic department,—a Judas who commanded to the last the admiration of his fellow-disciples. Bright, who attended rather to the political side of Liberalism (a more genuinely complacent prophet, the reversal of whose every prediction has made him of actual service to the nation as a species of Quaker helot, a warning against the very fatness of middle-class ignorance, an ensampler of how not to predict), yet proclaimed for adulteration as a form of com-

petition—an ingenious port-manteau of the ideals of free trade and cheap food. Liberalism and the Free-Trade dogma were invented, in reality, to cover low wages and an export trade. But they came into power on the cry for a big loaf; and on the strength of the contention, since demonstrated false by experience, but still justified by the economists, and still clearly true to the wage-earning intelligence, that no duty on corn means cheap bread. For the purposes of their private and immediate interests, therefore, the manufacturers, who thenceforward for some time were to control the national policy, set themselves to show that, philosophically, absolutely, and for ever, it was to the advantage of the State that manufacturers, and the servants of manufacturers, should obtain their raw products duty free. They bluffed the country, Parliament, and themselves, and they attempted to bluff the world, into a conviction of the abstract righteousness of Liberalism, and the demonstrable advantages, in all circumstances, of free-trade. The foreigner did not argue: he took silent and persistent advantage of the situation. The debtor countries (and our colonies) in two generations ruined our agriculture by exporting their agricultural produce to pay the interest of our loans. The consumer was satisfied: manufacturers prospered, for a time. But now that the period of our commercial and manufacturing monopoly has passed, the debtor countries are threat-

ening to ruin our manufacturers also, by paying the interest of our loans in manufactured articles. And consequently the modern manufacturer, who discovered some time since that Liberalism had served its turn, is crying out, half-ashamedly, for one form or another of tentative protection. This is the real, or economic, history of the Liberalism that is dead, though it has left its dogmas to intimidate and befog our politicians, who were brought up on them in their youth. With its plausible cosmopolitan side, its hostility to the commonwealth, its sentimental attempt to loose the bands of our body politic, we are not, for the moment, concerned.

Coincidentally with the loss of their markets abroad, the manufacturers lost political control at home. Left, by their own policy, in face of the proletariat, they showed the characteristic weakness of the middle class—which, though producing capable administrators, is unfit to rule. The wage-earning classes, having gained their share of political power, and being, in spite of a deteriorated physique,—the result of adulterated food, and too little of it, in the period of Liberal predominance, which has given us a generation showing more signs of a continued want of nourishment than you shall find in any other civilised people,—more intelligent than their fathers, have asked for, and obtained, from a half-comprehending Conservative party, an economic reformation;—to the gradual undoing of Liber-

alism, or rather in successive curtailments of that domestic licence which was greeted by early-Victorian Liberals as the last result of civilisation.

Our market regulations, and insistence on the purity of products; our factory regulations, and interference with the freedom of labour; our meddling with the rate of wages; with the employment of children; their education; the housing of the working classes; pension projects; even the Companies' Act and Money-lending Bill, — all these are strictly anti-Liberal measures: interferences, in the interest of the general, with the higgling of the market, and the right of the individual to swindle and oppress. They constitute, as a body of legislation, which should be considered in its entirety, a marked reversion to the ideas of the Tudor, or organic, or national, period: and are distinctly socialistic, in the sense in which Toryism itself is necessarily socialistic, because it is founded on a respect for the social organism. Toryism, it is perhaps as well to say, for the benefit of weak-kneed brethren, may be distinguished by its enforcement of a constant regulation and reformation of the body politic, or its maintenance in good health; as opposed to socialism, which would insist on the destruction of all economic and political institutions, as preliminary to an attempt to form a theoretical polity. Now here, precisely, we have a fertile source of confusion, which it is a chief object of this paper to remove. The survivors of the

old Liberal individualism, sick of dead dogmas, and with the fear of radical spoliation in their hearts, have taken refuge, manufacturers and all, in the ranks of our so-called Conservative party: to which their influence must necessarily be destructive unless kept in check; unless, in a word, the party sets steadily before its eyes the pure principles of Toryism. It is no doubt right, as well as inevitable, for us to profit by the accession of numerical strength—to avail ourselves of the numbers and individual weight of this ex-Liberal reinforcement. But that is no reason why we should allow either the early politico-economical, or liberalised, training of our own rank and file, or the presence in our camp of this strong element of refugee Liberalism—the *ci-devants* of Manchesterdom—to influence our creed. We are menaced by dangers from within as well as from without; by a rising discontent amongst our strongest partisans, as well as by the contempt and distrust of the mass of indifferent voters who govern the swing of the pendulum; because neither we ourselves, nor the country at large, appreciate clearly the difference between the counter-revolution and a policy of sop. While achieving the social reformation, we find our measures regarded—and we are half inclined to regard them ourselves—as a series of bribes to a menacing proletariat, extorted from the fears of a plutocracy struggling to maintain itself in power, rather than as what they are, a

reversion to the natural principles of the Tory party, which were only obscured in 1832, when the nation was captured by Liberalism, and when Conservatism was invented to save the face of the older members of the party, who—convinced against their will, and doing violence to their instincts, which would have led them better than they knew—conformed, in appearance, to the main Liberal principles, reserving only a saving reluctance to put them into practice. The time has come for a return, consciously as well as in practice, to the principles of active Toryism. For not only is a policy of vote-catching, always and under all circumstances, the worst of all means for catching votes, but it saps, as Lord Lytton said in 1875, the very vitals of the party itself. A vote-catching measure which loses a Tory may gain a Liberal. Yes; but for that measure only. The friend will be lost for ever: the enemy gained but for a single night.

Toryism in its essence, or Toryism properly so called, is less a philosophy than a frame of the Anglo-Saxon mind—which is perhaps the reason why it has never been analysed. No Oriental could be a Tory if he tried, though Solomon had a firm grasp of its principles. Nor could a Hellene, though there is much sound doctrine in Aristotle; nor a Roman, though the best Romans may remind you of our Parliament in the days of Pitt. The French aristocrat, even of the old French, was as foreign to the true Tory spirit as the

agrarian *junker* himself. The Celt, of all times and conditions, is out of court, as an incarnate protest against the nature of things; for the nature of things is precisely what the Tory accepts. You shall not find the doctrine set forth in Bolingbroke, though he was the first Tory leader; nor in Disraeli, though he would have revived a spirit of which he was himself incapable. It is not, as Cardinal Newman and others have vainly imagined, a loyalty to persons; but rather, on the precise contrary, a loyalty to institutions. All political parties, no doubt, as Ruskin complains, resolve themselves, in a sense, into two: that which holds, with Solomon, that a rod is for the fool's back; and that which holds, with the fool himself, that a crown is for his head, a vote for his mouth, and all the universe for his belly. Yet the Tory, though he objects to folly, will no more rest satisfied with the most efficient of bureaucracies than with a paternal despotism. Again, this faith (or frame of mind) is no prerogative of the landed classes—though the landed classes, by force of their traditions and duties, are its natural custodians and exponents. Two great antagonistic principles, says Croker, lie at the root of all Governments—stability and experiment. "The former is Tory, and the latter Whig; and the human mind divides itself into these classes as inevitably as between indolence and activity, obstinacy and indecision, temerity and versatility," and the other an-

tinomies inherent in human nature. But Toryism is not a love merely of repose, nor of law and order, to the exclusion of progress; nor a devotion to Bagehot's "legality," to the exclusion of "variability." Croker was as far from comprehending his party as Cardinal Newman and the rest. A review of the history of parties will lead the hasty observer to confusion. Toryism is the national as well as the popular party; yet it is not to be identified, because of the Jingoism, with an aggressive foreign policy, any more than, because of Eldon and his comrades, with a harsh repression of the masses at home. There have been Tory peace Ministers since the age of Anne, as well as Whig Cabinets which were all for war. Pitt was for trade and peace; Liverpool, Peel, Aberdeen, were only too pacific; Palmerston was a Liberal, with the Whig tradition. It is in the word national that we get our first hint for a definition. The oldest Toryism was an expression of nationalism, a protest of the nation, under the leadership of the older gentry, against the dominance of the Whigs. Whiggery was a family conspiracy for place, a sort of oligarchical Plan of Campaign, pursued by a social caste, founded originally on the confiscation of Church lands, which settled its hold on its possessions in the Great Rebellion, seized control of the State at the Revolution, and used the cant of a democratic philosophy—which resulted, abroad, in the establishment of the republics of France and America—to cover

an attempt to put the English Crown into commission, and to convert the king into a Doge. But the creed the Whigs adopted represented, after all, one aspect of eternal political truth, and it fundamentally, though insensibly, modified their ambitions. They had found it to their interest to profess a special devotion to progress: and progress made them its apostles *malgré eux-mêmes*. The balance was struck between two parties, each of which represented thenceforward one side of the basal antinomy existing in every English mind; and Whiggery, or the successive substitutes therefor which inherited its traditions, became, as the perennial Opposition, an essential factor in the British constitution—a constitution which is not written, and which it is unnecessary to reduce to writing, because it has a psychological basis in the individual citizen. And if it be objected that the Opposition is not an Opposition, when it is in power, that is not to the point. The Whigs, Liberals, Radicals, and Home Rulers of the past; the inchoate congeries of fad-mongers of the present; and their Socialistic or other successors of the future, are all alike, on whichever benches their leaders may sit, in Opposition, in the sense in which the devil, as the first revolutionary and the first critic, was the first Whig. They represent the solvent, decomposing acid in the body politic, in opposition to Toryism, to the national spirit, to the party which conserves the unity and the

institutions of our national organism.

The immobility which, though not inherent in Toryism, became characteristic of it in the early decades of this century, was itself the result of a national movement carried to an extreme. The national character, excited by its innate antipathy to the ideas of the French Revolution, crystallised in the sheer obstructiveness of a clique. Burke's "disposition to preserve, and an ability to improve," as the standard of a statesman, expresses very fairly the Tory ideal: but it was spoken before the reaction had had time to set. It was said of Eldon that "no man, in the history of the universe, has the praise of having effected so much good for his fellow-creatures as Lord Eldon has thwarted." But Eldon was the evil genius of his party, as well as of the nation. His views represented nothing worse than the fanaticism born of a desperate struggle, in which England was pitted against the world. But they left Toryism under a stigma which has obscured its aims and hampered its usefulness—a stigma which, if those few years be left out of account, is entirely unmerited. This, of all parties, if its history before and after Eldon's time be considered, least deserves to be blamed either for obstructiveness or for oppression. The Tories were ever the popular party, in the sense in which *populus* may be opposed to *plebs*. The Whigs, though they flattered the mob and played with academic sedition, existed

to maintain their own oligarchical privileges. The Liberals battled in name for the liberties of the people, but in reality for the temporary economic predominance of certain sections of the middle class. The Radicals, through their arch-Radical, who is gone, showed their contempt for the populace, which they inflamed to intestine hatreds, by the very coinage of the phrase which sets "the classes" in contrast to "the masses." The Tories, as the upholders of all classes alike, or all classes which are useful to the commonwealth, are the best doctors for the diseases, and the best adjusters of the inequalities, of the community. As such they knew themselves, and were recognised, before Waterloo; and as such, on the record of Conservatism since 1832, they would know themselves and be recognised now, by both the rural and the urban populations, if the air were cleared of the memories of Eldonism.

The Opposition is the party of Progress, with a capital P, and without any delicate principles;—the party of change for the sake of change, or for the sake of advertisement. The Tory party is for stability, good government, and national growth. The one would promote and foster the healthy exercise by all classes of their proper functions. The other would always rather sacrifice institutions to envy, or destroy privileges in a plausible passion for uniformity, than take any practical steps to further the national prosperity. National-

ism, then, or a due respect for our organic development, is the basic element of Toryism; and not a "spirited," or unnecessarily aggressive, foreign policy. A disposition to preserve and the ability to improve is the test of a Tory statesman, and we have no need for a domestic policy of sop. We cannot afford to indulge even the most patriotic desire to purchase a free hand in foreign affairs, nor the most eager determination to open new markets for our merchants, at the cost of a sacrifice of principle in the shape of bribes to the electors. But to convert a policy of sop into the social reconstruction, we have only to envisage our measures as what in the main they have been and what for the future they must be,—as the essential outcome of Toryism; to let our own ideals, in a word, inspire the Unionist party, rather than the atrophied beliefs of our allies, the *ci-devant* Liberals. Finally, and above all (to continue our examination), it is in the idea of duty—to ourselves and our neighbours; to the State, that is, as well as to the individual—that we find the essence of the Tory creed.

To secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number was the end of government according to the French Revolution, and was preached by the politico-economic school as the gospel of Liberalism. It is the end of government, no doubt, in the sense in which happiness is the aim of the individual. But your best Epicurean was, after all, a Stoic. Happiness, even for the individual, is not

to be found by aiming directly to secure it. It is a sort of by-product of the healthy exercise of all the faculties, in conformity with the idea of duty. Bentham's doctrine was a deliberate reversal of the idea of devotion to the State, whereby civilisation was built up. The dictum implicitly contained not only the Declaration of Independence, but the Revolution of 1789; and not only the Revolution of 1789, but the doctrines of the Manchester School. It was Individualism as against Patriotism; it set the individual above and before his country. "The greatest number" assumed that most mischievous of all falsehoods, the equality of man; and "the greatest happiness" covered an understanding that happiness was a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. The phrase, in short, was an extension of materialism—a kind of national sensuality. It is the gross mistake of the hedonist carried into the domain of politics. And it involved the whole of Liberalism, with its innate hostility to the national organism as such: with its corollaries within and without; of internationalism, or the desire to dispense with nations *inter se*; of the leveling of classes at home; and of Free Trade, by which both consummations were to be attained. It is doubtful if several of the most eminent of the Liberal statesmen who are now—fortunately—dead had a full conception of their duty to the State. Conscience they may have had, in the sense in which it is a trouble to certain sec-

taries, ignobly anxious to save their own souls. But philanthropy, cosmopolitanism (or constructive treason), the whole cult of the individual, in his various collective aspects, seems to have obscured in them the sense of their trusteeship, of their responsibility to a particular organism—their own nation; with its history, its present interests, and its future. Toryism, as the champion of that organism, is a condition of the national life. It has destroyed, and survived, its opponents in the past; for its own life does not terminate, like theirs, with the settlement of a particular question. Its eternal principles may next have to deal with what-not forces of disintegration. But in itself, as a desire to hasten slowly, to test institutions, to compromise, to abide by forms, to maintain authority,—to maintain, withal, the prosperity, and foster the qualities, of the English race,—it is coexistent with the national life, because it is founded on the stronger of the opposed twin tendencies which make the Englishman's character the microcosm of his country's politics, or on that which, to our thinking, gives it its dominant and essential flavour. It is a proposition to be put gently, and not, of course, to be pressed too far; but it seems to be the case that a first-class administrator, general, employer, or philosopher, if he be of English blood, is always a Tory, though he may not always know it. Indeed, with any Englishman, if he is not a Tory, if the other side of his character prevails, there is

usually some reason for it: it is because of some defect. Either his sentiment prevails over his wits, or he has suffered some injury in mind, body, or estate: his ambitions are thwarted; he is insufficiently educated; or, again, he has some interested motive (hereditary, perhaps, or otherwise not of necessity discreditable), the effect of his environment. He is abnormal: his balance is disturbed. And this, it is fair to suggest, is why so many men, in their riper judgment, turn to the party which for the time represents Toryism,—this, and not, as is often maintained, mere selfishness, or a stupidity that grows with years. The years go by, and the disturbed balance is adjusted. To say so much is not, we hope, uncivil, nor to deny that there are exceptions to all rules; but merely to conform to our original contention, that while the Englishman, as such, has a desire for both stability and progress, the former is his dominant and characteristic tendency. At all events, conversely, the reason why we make good administrators—why the average Englishman, picked haphazard abroad, may be expected, for example, to make a success of governing any African district at a pinch—is because he possesses the qualities which are essential to Toryism, and knows how to maintain authority while respecting institutions. There are notorious instances of men (appointed by the Liberals) who have made bad administrators. But that is because they have been specially deficient in the

qualities of their race. Take the normal Englishman, and if he is a good administrator he becomes a Tory, as, if he is a Tory, he is likely to become a good administrator. That is why it is fortunate that Liberalism is dead: that is why the Conservatives are in power; and why, if they will avoid affronting the electors by a policy of sop, they will remain in power. The pressure of foreign politics has made the country serious, has thrown us back on good government. The Conservative party necessarily, as containing the successful men, contains the business faculty of the nation.

After all, we are Anglo-Saxons, and we have something in us of the early Saxon brutishness and unthrift. When, after some years of business management, the people feels that it has accumulated enough prosperity to allow it to kick, it lets loose its natural resentment against the man who is successful above the average, and turns the Conservatives out of office. When, again, after a period of mismanagement by cranks, adventurers, ambitious professional men, and business failures, the outlook, at home or abroad, seems sufficiently menacing, control is usually allowed to revert to the men of affairs. The outlook is sufficiently menacing now, and the voters know it. But, even so, we can only retain control if we retain their respect. Nothing, even in the old days, when some conformity to Liberalism was a necessity, ever did the Party so much harm, in its inmost constitution as

well as in repute, as the reproach of "dishing the Whigs." Nothing could be more fatal or more unnecessary than to incur a similar reproach now, when Liberalism is as dead as Whiggery,—when we are free, openly and consciously, to revert to our proper policy. To reform, now, is to restore, and quite another thing from the old reform of demolition and change. We can command the goodwill of all classes by a steady pursuit of our own traditional objects. And we should only court disaster by any adherence to the perished ideals of the Liberalism which has gone, or to discredited formulas which the Opposition itself has abandoned. The Liberals were no friends of the people. The manufacturers made no attempt to further their "greatest happiness of the greatest number" by increasing wages. On the contrary, they were the bitter opponents of social legislation: much as the Whigs, though they taught the middle-classes that liberty was the chief good, were careful enough to keep political power in their own hands. The grandmotherly or socialistic legislation of late years is to be justified only on Tory principles: on those of the "robust" individualistic Liberalism it would have been out of the question. When the working classes, therefore, see it voted for by men, past middle age, who, though they call themselves, some of them, Conservatives, were yet nurtured in a bastard philosophy which was essentially Liberal, they not unfairly (since Toryism finds no spokes-

man) look upon it as a series of bribes, insulting to the one Party to the bargain as degrading to the other, and expensive and unsatisfactory to both. The legislation which is to come will demand, even more strongly, a thorough investigation of the foundations of our creed, and an explicit return to its first principles. Not only have we to continue to restore to the artisan the health and the opportunities for enjoyment which he lost in the day of Mr Gradgrind, but the producer all round (whom Ricardo himself recognised as the first care of the statesman) will demand protection for his interests. The textile industries, as well as agriculture, now want relief from the dead hand of Cobden, whom Parliament fears with a mighty superstition, but whom the more practical country ventures to hold mistaken as well as out-of-date. The failure of our supplies of men for the mercantile marine, again, cannot be dealt withal while Liberalism infects our councils. Yet the sore has grown almost past healing, and if it be not healed we are done. Sound beer cannot be enforced till we see the labouring man's stomach as a national, and therefore a Party, concern. We may not attempt to deal with the recalcitrancies of our own supporters amongst the shipowners and brewers, while we continue to depend on a vague and instinctive alliance of interests, rather than on a formulated and compelling creed. We cannot, perhaps, hope to return forthright to Protection, any more than to

the Navigation Laws, or to the Catechism. Yet, with doctrines as with fashions of dress, the old is less offensive than the out-of-date. And the Catechism itself will not sound strange, to a Tory. My duty towards my neighbour (runs an instruction to be learned, at one time, of every parson) is—to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters; and to learn and labour truly to get my own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me. The destruction of status, the abolition of the idea of duty, and the substitution of absolute freedom of contract for them both, was part of the appointed task of Liberalism: the logical outcome of the premature judgment of the doctrinaires that the necessity for nations had passed, and that civilisation might thenceforward be intrusted to the guardianship of a commercial brotherhood of man. But it was Liberalism, and not the nation, that was found superfluous; and the danger may be before long lest we interfere too much, rather than too little, with freedom of contract, which, after all, is essential to political growth as well as to economic prosperity. Something, no doubt, is to be allowed for the reaction of our disgust.

It is small wonder, after all, that the Little Englanders, whose language we now scarcely understand, continue to take themselves seriously. They are the only survivors of a faith which was held, less than forty years ago, by the greater part

of the nation. Adulteration, low wages, excessive hours, child labour, cosmopolitanism, an objection to armaments, peace at any price, all the negations of duty to one's neighbour, to one's country, even to common honesty and common humanity, which in their unholy sum made up the early-Victorian millennium, the paradisiacal dream of the enfranchised trader, help us to understand the inveterate hostility of early governments to trade. The primitive statesman was right in treating the roving merchant as a danger to his "tight politics," which alone made progress and civilisation possible. Whoever speaks two languages is a rascal, was the old proverb. Two languages meant two moral codes, and two religions, or none at all. Enlargement of mind may be bought too dear, we have found, even in these latter days, if it teach us to forget our duty as citizens. But Providence set apart the nations; and we have only to see, now, that the reaction does not go too far. We may be grateful if it guide us to a respect for sound learning and clean living, for sacrifice, training, efficiency, a sense of public duty, and the guidance of the many by their betters; to a belief in that Toryism, in a word, which makes for the correlative prosperity of all classes, for the safeguarding of all institutions, and for the furtherance of the country's interests abroad. To achieve such an end we might be induced to consent even that our rather overgrown middle class, and the distributors, too numerous, and some of them almost too wealthy, who in

great part compose it, should be forced to retrench. Their growth is evidence of prosperity; but its excess may be unwholesome.

Yes; upon the whole it is good to know that Liberalism is dead. Sickiness or dry-rot, it has passed with the period of our manufacturing monopoly; left us, though with a rich cargo, with a damaged ship and a somewhat enfeebled crew, listening to the rising winds which premonish us of a time of national stress, when we again may have to face a world in arms. Providentially, we have had many warnings, and a respite of which we are taking full advantage. We have left us, after all, our ancient national spirit, great resources, and a very present resolution to retrieve the past. We have allowed our mercantile marine to decay, and our agriculture almost to perish. In place of the rough tarpaulins and the men from the plough-tail with whom we beat Europe before, we have now a large population, chiefly urban, with a deteriorated physique, but, thank God! of the old courage. We have also the price of what we have lost, in a vast accumulation of wealth, which we have lent out at usury. It is for the navy, then, to stand between us and the predatory and debtor Powers, till we can restore the health of our body-politic, and set agriculture on its legs again (for agriculture has touched bottom now that the waste places of the world are nearly filled); and until a new generation shall grow up, to which these things shall be as an evil dream.

BUSH - WHACKING.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD.

II.

AGAIN the kaleidoscopic picture is shattered; once more its scattered fragments shuffle and re-form. Time has slipped by; the dreaded future has become the awful past; the present is a thing terrible but insistent, claiming the energies of the white men and their followers, calling for action, filling up the hours of daylight completely, but giving time for melancholy thought when darkness brings a period of rest and idleness. As I sit in my comfortable chair, the glow of the fire warming me, the luxuries of civilised life about me, the great world's centre roaring at my feet, the memory of those days is upon me with a strength so irresistible that my mind is goaded with their restlessness, is tortured with their suspense, is racked with the old anxieties, the old despair. My feet are sore with much tramping, my bones ache with toil and long exposure in damp jungles. An almost insufferable sense of strain possesses me. And yet . . . and yet . . . well, men are queerly constructed creatures, and those days held an interest, an excitement which fascinated. Would I not barter the monotony and the comforts of the present for the wild free life of that season of trouble, with all its disappointments, its privations, its mischances? Almost I think I would make the exchange with gladness!

It is early morning, and the mists are hanging low above the valley. A force of Sikhs has been camped for some days in a palm-shaded village, waiting for word of an enemy which vanishes utterly for weeks at a time. The political officer has had no rest, for he has passed hurriedly from village to village, from waiting column to waiting column, picking up odds and ends of information, counselling the movement of men from one point to another, herding the native chiefs, who are busy balancing themselves upon the fence watching for indications of the manner in which the miserable little struggle will result. He is thinner than when we saw him last, for he has been working incessantly, living upon what he can get, which in his temporary camping-places is often barely worth the trouble of eating, sleeping out in rain and evil weather, eluding foes who set a watch upon his movements, running constant risks, and all the time bearing upon his shoulders the heavy responsibility for all that is done or left undone. Youth helps him still, nerving him for his work, conjuring and juggling with events, gilding the commonplace with the glory of romance, making notable adventures out of trivial happenings. To his own intense surprise he finds that he has become quite callous to danger. The

time when he saw Death grinning at him behind every jungle tree, waiting for him inexorably at the end of every march, when all Nature seemed hushed and expectant of the coming of the King of Terrors, has passed away. He has gone with his life in his hand so long, has encountered so many dangers unharmed, that peril is now something which is powerless to impress his imagination. In his heart of hearts he has ceased to believe in its existence, or, at any rate, in its ability to affect or injure him. Custom also has hardened him. He no longer yearns over the troubles of his enemies, though his sympathy with them is no less keen than of old. He recognises to the full how necessary is the action which he is taking; his imagination helps him to see all the good which in the end will result from the ugly little war; his insight shows him a future which is justification for all the evils of the present. Life is a better thing to him than it was three months before. His faith in the mission of his race has returned to him. Moreover, the wildness of the existence he is leading holds for him a mighty fascination; he is happy in his work; responsibility stimulates but does not frighten him; he knows himself to be the right man in the right place, and the knowledge delights him. Although he realises it but dimly, the years to come can hardly give him anything better than the satisfactions he is now enjoying.

The rebels, now barely a hundred strong, including women and children, have taken

to the jungle. It is the business of the white men to discover their movements, to follow them up relentlessly, to hit them when the chance offers, to keep them always on the run, so that they may not spread the disaffection, or gather strength for a further tussle. Late on the previous night the political officer has come into camp, bringing news that the rebels are in a great belt of forest close to the village, and now the force is moving out to fall upon them if the opportunity occurs.

Jêlâyang and a foreign Malay named Klâna, the Wanderer, are sent forward by the political officer to ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy, and if possible to bring word to the column without suffering themselves to be seen. The two men shoulder their rifles, give the bundles they bear upon their backs a shrug into an easier position, salute, and disappear noiselessly into the jungle. The commander of the force notes the time of their departure, and half an hour later falls in his men and starts in their wake. The forest closes behind the rear-guard, the sounds of the village grow faint in the distance and then are still. The purring and ticking, which are the sleeping breath of the jungle, sound monotonously; the tramp of the ammunition-boots of the Sikhs on the dank soil of the path is heard like the beating of distant native drums; there is an occasional clink and jingle of side-arms; a sharp word of command; a laugh or an exclamation from some of the Malays. The heat of the

day increasing steadily, the khaki uniforms of the men begin to show huge black patches where the perspiration soaks them. A great stillness has fallen upon the world. Hour after hour the little force tramps on slowly, methodically, silent but persistent. The path, hemmed in on either hand by giant trees, underwood, and thorn thickets, is so narrow that the men have to march in single file. On the flanks of the column low hills, bearing the jungle with them, run upwards, and overhead the sky, seen through a network of branches, appears incredibly remote. Two miles an hour is the pace of the advance, and the monotony of the sounds of feet upon the sodden mould, the sameness of the forest before, behind, on either side of the thin ribbon of leaf-strewn footpath, makes time pass with lagging feet, so that a man is tempted to believe that he has been marching thus for æons of time. A melancholy dusk pervades the quiet jungle, the "dim religious light" that seems to cast a strange peace over all things. Men march forward as in a waking dream, their movements mechanical, requiring no effort, no thought. They feel as though they had done nothing else since the beginning of things, that they will do nought else to the end of time. The interminable forest seems to them to be the only world they know—nay, to be the only real world in existence; they themselves the only human beings in a vast solitude.

Suddenly in the distance a shot rings out, breaking in a rude explosion upon the peace

of the silent world. The column halts like a single individual. Every man is standing in the attitude he occupied when the sound reached him, —some with outstretched feet suddenly arrested, some with uplifted arms, some with hands extended in the direction of a swaying creeper. All are leaning slightly forward; every face is tense; every faculty seems to be concentrated in a single effort, the effort of listening. It is only for an instant, and then tongues begin to wag.

"They've scuppered one of my scouts," says the political officer. The same thought is in every mind, is being voiced by every one, is being passed from man to man down the long line in a variety of outlandish dialects. The column closes up and moves forward cautiously. Half an hour later Jělâyang slips out of the jungle and makes his way to the political officer. His face is working as though the muscles were being twitched by some unseen string at the back of his head; his eyes are prominent, brimming over with fear; in the interior of the red-rimmed socket where his nose should be, something leaps to and fro nimbly like a misplaced uvula; he is shaking like an aspen, and his words, always indistinct, come from him in tripping gushes, with many halts and stumbles. The political officer lays a heavy hand upon the man's shoulder, and bids him tell his news. Jělâyang collapses in a limp knot upon the ground at the white man's feet, and breaks into an exclamatory splutter—

"*Ya Allah! Ya Allah, Tûan!* The Wanderer . . . verily 'tis fortunate that it was not thy servant! 'Twas a narrow escape. The bullet sang close by my ear. The Wanderer fell . . . if Fate were as evil as men say, it might have been thy servant. How far ahead? How should a man know when fear holds him in its grip? How long has it taken me to come hither? Allah alone knoweth! Fear was behind me rustling in the underwood; my feet sped before him, I ran and ran till breath left my body, for a long time I ran. Maybe for an hour of the white man's counting—maybe as long as it takes to boil a pot of rice. Who can say? To me it seemed that I grew old in that flight. Where are the enemy? In the jungle. Many tens of men. How many shots were fired? But a single shot. How many of the rebels did I see? May I sin if I saw even so much as one tail of all of them, only the white powder-cloud leaping from the brushwood. Yes, *Tûan*, the place is very difficult—a gut between two hills, thorn scrub and trees, and the path running between where only a single man may pass at a time. *Tûan*, I am sick; may I go hence to my home? My wife, *Tûan*, is near her time, I—"

The political officer cuts him short, and bids him keep close behind him. He gives the commander the news that he has squeezed out of the terrified scout, and the little column moves forward cautiously.

"I feel for all the world as I used to do before a football

match against a much heavier team!" whispers a subaltern in the ear of the political officer. The boy is grinning, but his voice has a tingle of excitement in it. Poor fellow! It was on the strength of this day's experience of bush-whacking that he was selected for duty in Benin five years later, and he was the first man to fall, "shot like a rabbit in a ride."

The men move forward silently. Each one of them knows that a nasty little engagement will be fought within the hour, that some of their number must inevitably be hit; but all advance willingly, strung up by an excitement which is distinctly pleasurable. Each member of a force going into action cherishes the conviction that he individually will come through the business scathless. It is this wholly delusive faith in his own star which each man holds that renders warfare in which the odds are against you possible. When for a moment the belief is lost, the blind fear we name panic results.

The political officer keeps Jêlâyang close behind him, and from time to time he questions him as to their distance from the enemy. The scout is still in a shuddering state of terror; but the white man's influence with him is strong enough to draw him back into the jaws of that death from which he has so recently emerged. At last a point is reached where the path, which for a mile has passed through flat country, suddenly takes a turn to the left, running into a narrow gut between steep hills. So dense is the jungle

that it is only with difficulty the contour of the ground can be discerned; but Jëlâyang, with feet treading lightly in readiness for a headlong bolt, mumbles huskily that it is round that bend that the Wanderer lies dying. The little force is split up into three: ten men under the subaltern scrambling into the bush on the left; ten more under a police inspector breaking off to the right; the remaining twenty Sikhs, with the commander and the political officer, halting where they are upon the path. The flanking parties are allowed ten minutes' start, so as to enable them to get to the rear of the enemy if possible; but both the commander and the political officer know by bitter experience how difficult it is for men to keep their bearings, or to execute any manœuvre, in such dense forest. The ten minutes of waiting tries the nerves of the stoutest. The forest is hushed; there is no sound, no sign of life. A great peace hovers over all, yet in a moment the little force will be fighting furiously, and it is for this that they are waiting. The suspense is soul-searching.

"Time's up," whispers the commander. "Forward!" "For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful!" says the political officer irreverently, and the four Sikhs of the advance-guard run forward, their bodies bent double, their eyes roaming swiftly, rifles at full cock, fingers on triggers. Next come the commander and the political officer, with sixteen Sikhs and half-a-dozen armed Malays

following. The baggage-coolies lie down behind their loads, and a ripple of shudders passes over them.

In an instant the bend of the path is left behind, and the heavy stillness is broken by a wild clanging of angry rifle-shots. The rebels are posted in force on the hills, which are nearly a hundred feet in height, running up steeply from the edge of the slender footpath. They fire volleys from the right and left front and from each flank,—ill-directed volleys, for men shooting from a height almost invariably fail to depress their rifles sufficiently. The white puffs of smoke leap out from the brushwood or from behind trees, then suddenly stop, and hang low in the heavy air; the jungle echoes the clang of the explosions, which ring out fierce and penetrating; the bullets ping and slap, striking the trees a foot or so above the men's heads; and each Sikh, as he comes into action, empties his rifle in the direction of the heaviest smoke. It is the only indication of the presence of the enemy at which he is able to take aim.

"They are strongest on the left!" yells the commander, and the bugle sounds the charge. The Sikhs rush roaring into the thorn thickets—without the stimulant of excitement a man could not win his way through them, but now they present no obstacle to the advance—and fling themselves up the hill. The fire of the rebels does not slacken, and now they are getting the range. A Sikh, who is a yard farther up the hill

than the political officer, is struck mortally, the bullet passing through his right arm, and burying itself deeply in his body. He gives a gulp, and falls, bent almost double, under the white man's feet. As the political officer leaps over him, he feels the clutch of the poor fellow's hands snatching at his boot-heels, and as he turns to look at him he sees the Sikh, doubled up into a shapeless ball, roll over and over through the thorn-thicket down the steep slope. As the man goes he gives vent to strange sounds, partly gaspings, partly whimperings, partly groans. Then with a thud he brings up short against the trunk of a tree, and lies very still. The Sikhs, wild with excitement, are emptying their rifles recklessly. They can see nothing but the enemy's smoke-clouds; but they do not seem to aim even at that. One man fires his rifle so close to the commander's head that the powder blisters his neck, and the political officer cries out in alarm, thinking that his comrade has been shot. Several of the men have equally narrow escapes at the hands of their fellows, before the commander can get hold of a bugler-boy to sound the "Cease fire." The bugle blares, and the men tear their way through the underwood and the scrub, fixing their bayonets as they run. A shrill voice cries persistently in the ear of the political officer. "*Túan ! Túan ! Túan !*" it pipes repeatedly. At last the white man turns wrathfully upon the speaker. "What do you want?" he shouts. "*Túan,*

behold I am wounded. Have I thy leave to retire?" It is a Sikh, and as he speaks he points to a spot in his putties where a bullet has passed through his leg above the ankle, without breaking the bone. "Go!" says the white man, and the Sikh limps back down the hill for a few steps, and then subsides upon the ground in a sitting posture. He has expended all his strength in following the white man to ask leave to retreat. That is the beauty of the Sikh as a fighting machine. On the Day of Judgment he will ask an Englishman's permission before obeying the trump of doom!

The rush up the hill occupies only a few instants of time; but three or four other men are knocked over before the crest is reached. The smoke still smothers the hill-top; the bare places behind the giant barriers of root which the enemy have occupied are the only trace of their recent presence. As the men halt, a far-carrying hoot sounds from the jungle, the *sórak*, or war-cry, raised by the band of retreating warriors. It is a savage sound, high-pitched, full-throated: you can hear the note of triumph at death inflicted on an enemy that runs through the yell; there is a gaiety, a reckless light-heartedness in the cry, that inspires the idea that the war-party is pleased with itself, and holds its foes exceedingly cheap. And so it well may. Here is a force within shouting distance of the rebels, grouped on the crest of the deserted hill which has been wrested from the enemy at the cost of many lives. The

white men and their Sikhs are tingling to be at the Malays; but the jungle has closed, and pursuit is impossible. Even though they can hear the *sórak*, they cannot distinguish from which point of the compass the sound comes, for the jungle echoes toss it to and fro, bewildering the ear. The flanking party under the young subaltern has vanished. It has missed its way, and the political officer and the commander shout and search for nearly half an hour before their men are all collected together on the path. The subaltern is bursting with protests and explanations. He cannot understand how he managed to miss the enemy; he kept what he believed to be his bearings by aid of the compass in his hand; he crept forward, he says, expecting every moment to be into the midst of the Malays, and then of a sudden the firing began nearly half a mile to his right, and he has been hacking his way towards the sound ever since! The political officer tries to console him.

"It always happens in this jungle - fighting," he says. "Flanking parties aren't a bit of good: they are bound to get lost. Out of the show? Well, that's not much to be sorry for. A few of our fellows knocked out of time, and not one of the rebels injured. They've checked us, which is all they hoped to do; and when we've buried our dead we'll move forward again until they check us anew. We can't hurt them while they cling to cover, and they can hurt us; but we are obliged to keep them moving, no matter what the cost, until we've worn them to

the bone. It will take some doing yet."

He turns away with a heavy heart, and scrambles down the slope to the path below. Here the Tamil dressers are busy attending to the wounded. The Snider bullet is practically expansive, and the Malays love to doctor their lead with ground-glass and jagged fragments of crockery ware; therefore the hurts sustained are grisly things to look at. But, alas! men will not die outright. The more painful and horrible the injury the more the obstinate life seems to cling to the mangled frame; and here in mid-forest, with only the rude camp appliances at hand, the sufferings of the wounded are terrible. Klâna, the Wanderer, lies stretched upon the path as he fell nearly two hours earlier. The bullet has passed through him, entering close to the base of his spine, and plunging downwards. He screams horribly when he is touched, be it never so lightly, though while still he seems to be numbed with the shock of his wound into merciful insensibility.

The subaltern and fifteen Sikhs are left with the baggage-coolies to guard them and the wounded, and the rest of the column forms up, and marches forward through the gut of the hills, which are now empty of life. The rebels are so fully aware of the presence of the force that it is certain that any attempt to find their camp will prove useless; but it is the duty of the commander to try if he can do so, and the little column presses forward resolutely. It is nervous work, for every tree

may be the hiding-place of an ambush, and after a brush with the enemy the ubiquity of his skirmishers becomes a conviction. But the rebel chiefs have done all that they think necessary for that day, and the men pass unmolested, and at night-fall they return to the camp, which has been roughly stockaded by the baggage-guard.

The darkness falls over the earth, and the sounds of the jungles awake, purring, ticking, gurgling, hooting, crying savage watchwords. The tree-frogs are persistent, their clear notes speaking as no other earthly song can do of the vast loneliness of the forest places. The wounded in the little camp groan ceaselessly, in a manner that frets men's nerves to excruciation, and speech is heard only in hushed whispers. Presently snores blend with the other sounds, and the camp is sunken in the deep sleep of fatigue. Every half-hour the sentries posted around the camp shout one to another, reporting that all is well, and then the noisy silence of the forest night-time falls heavily with an intense melancholy.

There is no light in camp save where the political officer lies reading a book. It is Anthony Hope's 'Mr Witt's Widow,' and the wit, the frivolity, and the extravagant possibility of the situations come as a delight, their sharp contrast with the realities close at hand relieving the intensity of the white man's thoughts. Years hence, if he chance to open the book casually, the printed page, with its tale of London streets and London drawing-rooms, will speak

to him of many things little dreamed of by the author who devised it. The groans of the wounded men in the stockade, the grunts of the sleeping coolies, the weird cries from out the forest, the tramp of sentries' feet, will sound again for him; the hopelessness of the attempt which he is making to get at close quarters with the rebels will once more be the thought over which the words of the story are woven like a thin veil: the book can never be for him the comedy conceived by its author; farce though it be, it will always tell to him the tale of a squalid tragedy.

Again the picture is shattered, vanishes, and is replaced. Once more, as I sit musing, the earth slips forward on its race round the sun with all the speed of thought; as in retrospect I trace events, month succeeds month; skirmish after skirmish follows hard upon the heels of other dreary little fights; hourly the rebels edge their way nearer and nearer to the borders beyond which lie the Benighted Lands. From time to time the jungle yawns, swallowing them up, leaving the white men, who dare not relax the pursuit lest the fugitives gather strength and spirit for a renewal of more serious disturbances, to seek vainly for the veiled spoor of their enemy. The peaceful folk who people the villages scattered up and down the countryside are bound to the outlaws by many ties. They are of the same race, born in the same land, bred in the same faith; some of the rebels are their kinsmen; always are

they filled with fear of the unscrupulous leaders of the band, whereas they have learned that the Europeans, with their quaint love of justice, hesitate to punish traitors unless ample proof of their guilt—evidence most difficult to procure—is forthcoming. Accordingly stealthy word is brought to the rebels, whenever the opportunity serves, of all the white men's movements, so that the enemy seems to be endowed with omniscience; supplies are conveyed to them; the localities in which they have their camps, which are secrets widespread through the villages, are carefully concealed from the eyes of the white men's scouts. To cut off the rebels' food - supplies, and so to make hunger lure them from their hiding-places, is the white men's sole chance, but this is not easy. The land must be administered, crops must be planted, tended, and reaped as though nothing untoward were going forward; life must be suffered to run on in its accustomed channels; the welfare of the whole district cannot be neglected because there is trouble in its midst. Therefore it is impossible to check adequately the direction in which the peasants' rice-stores may empty themselves.

In all parts of the district small forces of armed police are camped, trying to set a guard upon well-known waterways and jungle-paths, patrolling the neighbouring villages, waiting for the order which shall presently send them in pursuit of the flitting foe. The impossibility of their task is what strikes you. Their

camps are nicked out of the forest on the banks of the great rivers, and the jungle fences them in with its impenetrable walls. The whole body of the enemy might pass within a half-mile of them and no man would be one whit the wiser: they cannot hope to command even the routes upon which they are setting a watch, for a *détour* of a few hundred yards is all that is needed to evade them. They can only sit where they are until the time arrives for them to move forward on the track of the enemy. Then they must follow up folk who expect and are always prepared for their coming, losing man after man in assaults upon positions to hold which no serious attempt is made. Vainly they must try to head-off and ambush a foe skilled in jungle lore, who is thoroughly posted up in all their movements, while they remain in ignorance of his schemes and intentions. To these little bodies of weary fighters the rebels have long ago become beings awful and mysterious. The foe, nimble and invisible, which strikes from out the forest, killing and maiming without ever laying himself open to a counter-stroke, impresses the imagination. He is something intangible, like a creature of another world: in their minds he becomes endowed with preternatural cunning, magical skill, superhuman energy. Victory in each encounter lies inevitably with him. All hopes of ever "getting even" with him have vanished long ago; yet discipline and the habit of obedience still send the men onward when the word

comes, and there is no lagging in the unequal fight. Formerly each advance was made gladly; it was the long - looked - for chance — the triumph of hope over experience. Now men go no less readily, but their faith in the coming of an opportunity is dead. Their action is now the triumph of discipline over despair.

The sole desire of the rebels is to delay their pursuers, to check their advance, so that the limping women-folk, sore spent with toil and hardship, may seek safety in flight: the object of the white men is to keep the fugitives moving restlessly. Both parties attain their aim; but the whole price is paid by the forces of law and order in the frequent killing and maiming of their men. No; not the whole cost, for the sufferings of the rebels during these latter days of trouble are becoming acute. From time to time little bands of stragglers are captured, and the shrunken frames of the prisoners tell their own tale. These pitiful groups of men, women, and little children are wasted with famine, and withered with disease. The gloomy dusk of the vast tree-roofed forest, in which they have dwelt so long in sodden dampness and wretchedness, has bleached their brown faces to a sickly yellow tint; the shapes of their skulls show in crude hard lines beneath the taut skin; their limbs are dried up and brittle, mere sticks of bone with ugly bosses at the joints; they are covered from head to heel with hideous skin-diseases, bred by making their beds for months

on the moist leaf - strewn ground; their stomachs are distended to an impossible size by the dropsy resulting from the sodden trash with which the miserable creatures have sought to stay the pangs of hunger. They sit huddled together despairingly, waiting with a stupid patience for the death which, they never doubt, is now in store for them. They have sounded the depths of a misery so profound that they have learned to view with indifference the last great terror. They have avoided him while they still had strength to move. Now they are exhausted, beaten — let Fate have his way. The white men tend and feed these poor creatures, clothe them in clean garments, and send them back to their villages, watching over them until health and prosperity have returned to them; and the outcasts carry away with them a groping wonder at the methods of their incomprehensible masters, and curse the chiefs who have nerved them to endure to the last by hair-erecting tales of the tortures which await the captured. In after-years the British Government has no more loyal subjects than these poor folk who fought so long against her dominion.

Once more the Sikhs are on the war-path. News of the enemy's proximity has come, and an armed force has moved out on his trail. It is a big column, carrying supplies for a couple of weeks, and the political officer has gathered together a hundred Malay villagers to aid in the transport of the

stores. These men are now squatting on a narrow footpath in the rear, with a guard of Sikhs standing behind them at attention. Round a sharp bend in the path, at the foot of a dip which slopes downward abruptly, a second force of Sikhs—the centre of the column—is halted, motionless but expectant. Farther along the path, out of sight but within easy ear-shot, the advance-guard is hotly engaged with the hidden enemy. Shots and cries—the shrill *sórak* of the rebels, the hoarse roar of angry Sikhs, the white men's words of command—ring out crisply and fiercely, amplified by contending echoes. The curtain of dense greenery hung upon huddled tree-trunks shuts out every sight. The sounds give no indication of how the tide of battle is flowing. The halted Sikhs are strung up to a pitch of painful intensity of suspense. The brown faces of the men, framed in their bushy fringes of beard, work and twitch, their eyes protrude as though straining to see through the baffling masses of foliage, their hands grip their rifles nervously till the veins and muscles rise in taut cords. A political officer and the wing-officer in charge of the centre of the column are seated upon a log by the side of the path, talking together in low voices, speculating upon what is going forward ahead. They know how difficult it is to restrain their men from firing at nothing if they are allowed to carry their guns ready loaded before the time for fighting has arrived, and as this adds yet another danger

to the hampered jungle strife, they refuse the Jemadar's prayer that the rule may for once be relaxed. Experience has also taught them that as a rule only a very few men can come into action at the same time in such dense forest, so they sit now patiently awaiting the order which sooner or later will call them forward to help the vanguard. The prolonged inaction in such close proximity to a fight is trying in the extreme, and it frets their nerves torturingly; but it is part of the game as it has to be played, so Sikhs and white men alike are forced to possess their souls in such patience as they can command.

Suddenly the sound of a succession of volleys, blending with shrill war-whoops and bass cries, bursts in a tumult from the rear. The slender snake-like column is being attacked simultaneously both at its head and its tail, and, like the reptile it resembles, it squirms and wriggles throughout its entire length. The Sikhs in the centre face about and await the attack, with tense alert faces; the Jemadar begins to plead anew for permission to give the order to load; the white men leap to their feet. An instant later there is a wild hurroush upon the path to the rear, and a mob of yelling Malays, all scampering legs and wildly waving arms, flings itself round the bend, charges down the steep incline, and precipitates itself headlong into the string of halted Sikhs, wedging the line into a crowd and shattering its formation. Empty rifles are clubbed, the

Sikhs yell lusty invocations to Gûru Nânuk to aid them in their strife, and a fierce rough-and-tumble fight ensues. The pack is so close in the narrow space between the walls of forest that most of the Sikhs cannot get their arms free to grapple with the Malays; but near the fringe of the struggle the latter are knocked over right and left, are stamped upon by heavy ammunition-boots, are pounded with fists and rifle-butts, the Sikhs striking them where and how they may.

"Call the brutes off!" screams the political officer despairingly. "They are my baggage-coolies!" As he shouts he is clutching the loosened hair of one Sikh with both hands, dragging him roaring from above a prostrate Malay, whom the man is bent upon killing on the spot, and with his right leg he is kicking hard at another Punjaubi who is rolling over and over with his fingers buried to the knuckles in the throat of a white-haired village elder. The wing-officer in charge of the Sikh detachment throws himself into the heart of the *mêlée*, shouting orders at the tip of his voice, and cuffing his fellows off their unresisting prey. In a few minutes order is restored, and the Malays, who in running away from the fighting in the rear have met with such a warm reception from their allies, rise up shaking themselves, and rubbing their bruises ruefully.

"That is the thing which I cannot abide," says the village elder between his pants for breath. He is feeling his neck with cautious fingers, as though he feared that it had been

wrenched away from his body. "These Sikh-men are verily *chêlâka*—accursed! They have no acquaintance with folk. Moreover, they lack patience, their hearts being very hot and angry hearts. It is not fitting, *Tâan*, that they should thus manhandle me, an elder of the village of Chikâ!"

The political officer does his best to smooth the wounded feelings of the headman; but his European companion has subsided on the log, and is rolling about and hugging himself in an ecstasy of delight. The Sikhs, too, are grinning through their beards, showing sets of white and glistening teeth. No great love is lost between them and the Malays at any time, and the little *contretemps* pleases them.

More months, crammed with petty incidents, glide by me as I sit peering into the misty past. The rebel chiefs, who have shed their followers like autumn leaves, have crossed the border and are safe in the Benighted Lands. Only an odd dozen of fighting-men still cleaves to them. They are desperate and outcast, deprived of wealth, position, home; of the shady, well-loved villages where they were born, of the cattle in their grazing-grounds, of the majority of their fickle women-folk, of the power to tyrannise as of old over the peasants who so long have been their driven serfs. The Benighted Lands—the free, wild places whither the law of the white men has not penetrated—lie before them, peopled by folk of their own race, of their own faith, of their own crude views as to the

eternal fitnesses; but their hearts are still roaming through the pleasant country of their birth, ever they live again in memory in that golden past filched from them by the strangers against whom they have warred so impotently. Who shall tell of the wells of hatred and malice which lie sunken in their souls,—of the burdens of bitterness and despair which they bear with them into their unwilling exile? Who shall picture the regrets, the fancied might-have-beens, the grief, the ravings, the futile hopes, the vain plans, the desires for revenge, the imaginings of victory yet to come, the dreams—the idle, torturing dreams—which rack them sleeping and waking?

In the Benighted Lands the marvellous cohesion of the Muhammadans stands them in good stead. “Islâm sâma Islâm!”—“We be Muhammadans amidst Muhammadans!” they say, and the villagers give them of their best unquestioningly, in the Prophet’s name. Food, raiment, house-room, all are forthcoming, and the outlaws are the honoured guests of the whole countryside; and at night-time, when the day’s toil is ended, the villagers gather round them in the dimly lighted huts and listen to the tales they have to tell of the great deeds which they have wrought against the infidels. The outcasts are dealing with simple folk, who are ready to appraise them at their own value, to believe any marvels which they may imagine or invent. Can it be wondered at that, taking advantage of a credulity so limitless, the warriors give full play to their

gifts for devising fairy tales? They magnify their petty squabble with the powers of law and order into a holy war: forgetting the sordid motives which first urged them to rebel, they develop of a sudden all the fiery enthusiasm of the fanatic; they pose unblushingly as crusaders, who have risked and lost all things for the Prophet’s faith. Presently strange stories of their prowess begin to be passed from man to man, from village to village. At their war-yell forty Sikhs fell dead to the ground; the bullets of the infidels flattened themselves impotently against the bodies of the faithful, doing them no hurt,—a villager has himself seen one of the disks of lead, a useless Christian missile; the principal chief has recently spent three months in Kâyang-an—Fairylan—absorbing the magic arts which render human tactics helpless; all the rebels are invulnerable; white men and their soldier-folk were slain in tens of thousands! It is hinted that the Sultân of Stambul, the King of Siam, the Emperor of China, and every other potentate known to Malay tradition, down to the King of the Birds himself, are in league with the outlaws to drive the white men screaming from the land, and to make universal the faith of the Prophet throughout the world. And all these things are believed; no internal evidence of their falsehood has any force; their inherent improbability does not weigh in the balance against their picturesqueness, their attractiveness. In the Malay Peninsula the age of

miracles is still with us. The tales which the strolling minnesingers recite to the simple people—tales of dragons, giants, monsters, and fairy princes and their loves—are held to be relations of sober history. Why then should men fall a-doubting because the marvels of ancient story are brought a little closer through the medium of personal experiences?

Gradually the excitement, the enthusiasm, and the fanaticism spread. The *râjas* who rule the Benighted Lands share the infection. They treat the outlaws with kindness and courtesy, while loudly assuring the British Government that they are making strenuous efforts to effect their capture. The priests and professional holy-men flock from all sides to see and speak with the heroes who have done battle so manfully for the faith, and a local saint of great repute lifts up his voice and boldly preaches a war against the infidel.

This man is one of those picturesque figures only to be found in modern Asia. He is a survival of the middle ages, a patent anachronism whose existence is only possible in a land where blind faith in supernaturalism goes hand in hand with a passionate love of the marvellous and a wholesale adoption of each man's estimate of his personal worth. The saint lives secluded in the retirement of a shady sleep-steeped village. He is rich in flocks and herds, loves his fruit-groves and his flowers, is surrounded by a number of youths who sit at his feet and run quickly to do his bidding, and weekly he preaches after the Friday congregational

prayers to throngs of devotees. The sainthood has been passed down from father to son almost since the beginning of things. A far from usual knowledge of the Muhammadan Scriptures, a gift of ready speech, a vast display of ostentatious piety, a certain asceticism of mien, are the saint's stock in trade. The imagination of the people, aided by the saint's own genuine and unbounded faith in his own claims to sanctity, accomplish the rest. Stories are told of the little useless miracles which he has worked,—such as the introduction of tiny fish into the heart of a cocoanut, where no fish should be,—are repeated solemnly, and are accepted without inquiry or proof. Great strength of character, enormous belief in himself, the long years during which the habit has been formed of dominating all men by the force of his will, have given to this man a personality impressive, powerful, magnetic. A little, shrivelled, glassy-headed man, from out whose deep sunken eyes there glares the soul of the fanatic—in modern Europe we had labelled him a "crank"; in modern Asia, his fellows, taking him at his own estimate, know him for a saint. Therefore, when he lifts up his voice and preaches a *jahâd*, bidding men battle for the faith, the outlaws have no difficulty in gathering a respectable number of adherents so soon as they unfurl the green standard of Muhammadan war. All the best ruffians in this outlying flange of Southern Asia flock to their side: the young bloods who are always "spoiling for a fight," the sweepings of the

Benighted Lands, the men with nothing to lose and everything to gain, join them. The calls of religious enthusiasm might, perhaps, be withstood; but when coupled with a certainty of victory—for has not the saint foretold the event?—and the prospect of unlimited loot, they are found to be irresistible. The saint distributes charms against knife-thrust and bullet-wound, scratches texts from the Kurân on the blades of weapons with a rusty nail, and predicts the triumph of the forces of the faith. Then he retires once more to his fruit-groves, his flowers, and his devotees, to fast rigorously and pray for success and a great slaughter of the infidels.

So once more the rebels are on the war-path, and a devastating little raid follows. But during the absence of the outlaws from the land of their birth the chiefs and people have learned to love peace and to prefer the rule of the impartial white men to the old *régime* of violence and disorder. Accordingly no rising takes place in favour of the raiders; and the latter are forced to confine their operations to a mere corner of the land, where they do comparatively little harm. Later, inspired by their confidence in the prophecies of the saint, they attempt to stand up to the white men in a stockade—a piece of rashness which results in forty of their number being laid out for burial one fine morning, while the shattered remnants of the force plunge headlong back

across the border, seeking shelter once more in the Benighted Lands.

But now the patience of the British Government—a thing which can withstand a vast strain—has reached the breaking-point. The Resident, who is responsible for the wellbeing of the frontier State, pleads for permission to disregard boundaries, and to take such steps as may be necessary to purge the Benighted Lands of the rebels, whose presence across the border is a menace that cannot be ignored. The slow wheels of the most ponderous Administration in the world revolve at last; cog clutches cog; across eight thousand miles of sea and shore the motor-power is transmitted from a dusty room in Downing Street to the palace of an Asiatic governor, and thence to certain isolated posts in the heart of the Malayan forests. A little ragged force of irregulars—the tiny ram which is propelled by the gigantic machine—springs of a sudden into being, and is pushed forward into the wild jungles which lie beyond the uttermost limits of the empire.

All these things are shown to me flitting past hurriedly as I sit marking the progress of events,—things which, as I see them, are etched in with such detail that they might well take a month in the telling; and now the last phases of the fierce fight for peace are visioned in my memory with a distinctness which will not be denied.

(To be continued.)

A LIGHT OF THESE DAYS.

"Not 'better than our Fathers,' we
Can wisely boast ourselves to be."

IF the sons and daughters of the lower orders echo the words of Mr Andrew Lang's introduction to 'Maga's' thousandth number, all that I can say is, more shame to them! For whereas the rustic pupil of forty years ago received his education at the hands of a generation of teachers to many of whom the bewildering question of the relative value of "wanst nought" and "twice nought" presented a real difficulty, the children of the present day enjoy the advantage of listening to the words of wisdom that fall from the lips of a highly trained and eminently scientific set of instructors, men and women with all the "logies" at their fingers' ends, and endless certificates of efficiency and capacity to teach in their pockets.

My conscience! what would I not give to have the chance of seeing our immaculate, highly cultivated, and, truth to say, vastly conceited board-school master, Erasmus Wilkins, sitting cheek by jowl with my ancient friend Bet Cave at an educational conference? Alas! that the dream cannot be realised, for the simple reason that good old Bet was gathered to her fathers some forty years ago, leaving behind her a whole tribe of grandchildren, and a precious memory of snuff, spectacles, birch-rods,

and forcible language. I doubt if the worthy dame ever had much erudition, or was even wholly dependable in matters of orthography; but she taught the infants in the parish of my childhood their letters, by the aid of the aforesaid birch-rod and forcible language, and I can promise you that our parishioners were not a whit behind the inhabitants of the surrounding villages in the matter of education. That old Bet kept the parson of the parish as a sort of bogie man in reserve, to be invoked when other punishments had lost their terror, only argued her sense of the proper connection between Church and secular education. To be sure, those were days when "Church and State" was the ordinary and popular toast at convivial meetings in our part of the world—a fashion not in vogue nowadays.

"'Drat the child!' I says to un, 'there's the Reverend a-coming round the corner.' And then they minds their books."

This threat, or perhaps I should call it this hint, of unknown pains and penalties, was brought to bear at such times as an attack of rheumatics forbade the use of the more ordinary weapon. Perhaps the clergyman did not wholly appreciate the rôle that he was thus called upon to play, and

occasionally was known to object to being cited as the *ultimus terror* of the youthful delinquents. And I must in all honesty record that there was one terrible day when the parson for the time being—not the bugbear parson—having had some difference of opinion with Mistress Cave, that lady so far forgot the respect due to the cloth that she not only “dratted” her spiritual adviser, but even menaced him with personal violence, and had in her mind to employ—not her legitimate and child-compelling weapon, from a suspicion perhaps that a long frock-coat might be an obstacle to complete success in that direction, but—a bowl of soapsuds that stood ready to hand. Whereat the parson, being a man of peace, and dreading damage to his garments, beat a hasty, though we will hope a not undignified, retreat. Yet all things considered, and even giving in that bowl of soapsuds, the parson of the parish stood, as a rule, on better terms with the old snuff-bedaubed instructress of the rising generation than our rector of to-day commonly stands with the board schoolmaster. The latter having, in common with most members of his class, that most satisfying of all possessions, a vastly good opinion of himself, although not a bad churchman in his way, probably considers that he is a better all-round man than the parson, as being more up to date in the matter of education—nay, even a skilled labourer as opposed to a very ordinary workman.

“You see,” remarked the great Erasmus to me one day, “teaching is a high art. We are what I may almost call Government officials, and the Government watches how we do our work. Now in the Church, you know, it is entirely different,” and as I listened, I felt that he meant to imply that any fool might be a parson, but only a very wise and learned person of the Erasmus Wilkins type might aspire to be a board schoolmaster.

I like the man Erasmus well enough. If at times he affords me considerable amusement, at other times I find myself admiring the pluck and the pertinacity which has constituted him, in his own eyes at any rate, such a universal genius. It would be a lengthy task to record how many certificates he holds which qualify him to give instruction in various arts and sciences, or even how many are the subjects on which he actually does lecture. If I want a sack of oats it does so happen I buy them from a farmer or a corn-merchant; but if I wanted instruction in the matter of growing oats, or, to speak more generally, in scientific farming, Erasmus Wilkins is ready to impart it for a small consideration. It has not come to my knowledge that any of our farmers, a very good lot of farmers as times go, have been in the habit of attending our schoolmaster’s classes, or even of courting his advice. But Mr Wilkins does teach Agriculture, and it is the farmer’s loss if he will not avail himself of golden opportunities.

“O fortunati nimium, sua si bona
norint
Agricolæ !”

It is probably only foolish and old-time prejudice that prompts me to call in the family doctor, who comes from afar, if my child has whooping-cough, or is sickening for measles. For had I the hardihood or a certain lady's permission to do the doctoring myself, I could hardly go wrong if I took the advice of Erasmus Wilkins, duly certificated as he is to lecture upon the Laws of Hygiene, and so perfectly conscious of his own ability to prescribe and mix the drugs for any ailment.

It has not yet been recorded in our parish magazine that when a labourer tumbles off a rick and breaks his leg the services of the board school-master have been called into requisition. But I have been given to understand by that gentleman himself that he is fully competent to render the first aid, for all I gather to the contrary, the last aid to the wounded, and that it is the opportunity to practise the healing art rather than the requisite skill that is wanting. Nay, so learnedly doth Erasmus discourse upon the subject, that he would almost tempt me to break a limb myself in order to enjoy the privilege of having it strapped up on really scientific principles. How often have I heard the great man sigh, and how frequently have I seen him shake his head over the shortcomings of the parish doctor.

“I shouldn't like to interfere with the poor man's practice,

Master George, or to take money out of his pocket, but——” and that “but” was clearly meant to imply a far more efficient surgeon was ready to hand, if only people had the sense to send for him.

Music, of course, Mr Wilkins has at his fingers' ends, and he plays the organ in church on a Sunday with an energy that sets at defiance all the silly little bits of information such as “piano” and “pianissimo” contained in the score. It is not the fact, as I had once fondly imagined, that our church is crowded on Sunday evenings because the rector is known to preach a good sermon: the people really come that they may hear the organ properly played. Such at least is the explanation offered by the organist.

And then how marvellously has Erasmus trained our choir! What a volume of sound does this wonderful combination produce under his fostering care! There is nothing to compete with it in our district. I speak advisedly; for although I seldom go to other churches in the neighbourhood, Mr Wilkins has told me so in as many words. “I shouldn't be ashamed of them if they were to sing before the Queen at Windsor,” he said to me once. “I have been to St George's Chapel and heard the choir there. And I won't say that there are not a few good voices; but you know, Master George, that there is a great deal of difference in the way voices are trained.”

And indeed, having had to

vacate my old seat in church owing to the conviction that if I remained where I was, in the vicinity of the choir and the organ, premature deafness would be my lot, I may testify of my own knowledge that either the Sleeping Beauty or Rip Van Winkle, had she or he attempted the task of slumbering within ten yards of our choir when at its best, must have had either a premature awakening or a most discomfortable form of nightmare. Far be it from an unmusical wight like myself to disparage the energy of our vocalists or the skill of their trainer. But yet I have noticed a pained expression steal over the face of a lady of my acquaintance, who is reputed to have some knowledge of the art, when the noise has been more stupendous than usual; so that the thought has occurred to my mind that, as in other matters, so in the matter of singing, quantity and quality are not synonymous terms. However, Erasmus evidently is of a contrary opinion, and Erasmus, like Brutus, "is an honourable man."

It having pleased that august body which kindly superintends technical education in our district to account the proper learning of the French language as a high art, and therefore a wholly appropriate occupation for our young tinkers and ploughboys, the good Wilkins graciously volunteered to accept the office of French instructor. In a spirit of not wholly impertinent curiosity I ventured to inquire of my

learned friend how he proposed to give an adequate knowledge of the French language to Corydon and Phillis in the short space of the twenty - four hours during which he had undertaken to instruct this particular technical education class during the winter months.

"Oh," he said, "that is only a matter of proper teaching. I was at a Preceptor's College, and there we made a special point of getting at the gist of a subject in a few short lessons. I shall take a short sentence, analyse it, and discuss the etymology of the words. Here, for instance, is a sentence I have prepared," and he handed me a bit of cardboard on which was printed, I may say by himself, "Le fils de mon frère est un très beau garçon."

"It looks very nice," I remarked, though I could not help thinking to myself that if the sentence was to be accepted as representing an actual fact, Mr Wilkins's nephew must have taken after his mother's side of the family. "But what do you do next?" I inquired.

"Under my instruction I have no doubt but that my class will thoroughly master that sentence on the first night," was the answer. "And then we shall go on to longer and more involved sentences, so that by the end of the course my pupils should converse quite fluently, and that is the main point after all."

"And about the accent?" I mildly inquired.

"Oh, they will pick that up from me as I go along."

As Mr Wilkins had kindly read his initial sentence aloud for my benefit, I had my doubts as to whether Corydon's accent, if he really picked it up from his teacher, would quite pass muster in Paris, and even fancied that he might be better understood if he kept to English. But I was glad, nevertheless, that Wilkins should pocket the honorarium offered for the teaching of the French language by our local Education Committee, and I am sure that his pupils got full value for the money when they were informed that their instructor's nephew had the merit, in addition to his good looks, of being "always kind to the cat of his family, which catches many mice in the garden."

I ought to add that it was only when I came to read this sentence in print that I fully appreciated the good points of the family cat. For when Erasmus read it aloud to me, not being a skilled interpreter, I gathered the impression that the animal's favourite diet was buttercups, and that Mr Wilkins had temporarily forgotten the correct French rendering for this "unwonted food." And now I have something in the nature of a tragedy to chronicle,—a less gruesome tragedy perhaps than some, inasmuch as it had a distinctly comic side. On Monday morning I received the following communication from my friend Wilkins:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is my intention on Thursday next to give a Public Exhibition of the

Proficiency of the Pupils who attend the Board School in Mental Arithmetic and other branches of Education. The pleasure of your company is requested, and you will be invited to put any appropriate question that may occur to you.
—Faithfully yours, ERASMUS WILKINS.

"The doors of the Board School will be open at 7 o'clock."

My first impulse was to decline the invitation. Eight o'clock is my ordinary dinner-hour, and independently of the fact that I had a man coming to dine with me, I am unenterprising enough not to care for shows of any kind or at any hour of day or night, and this particular form of show just at my dinner-time did not appeal to me in the least. So I even wrote a polite note to the worthy Erasmus, pleading a prior engagement, and expressing my readiness to take the proficiency of any pupil of his, whether in mental arithmetic or in any other branch of education, for granted, &c., &c. However he was by no means satisfied to accept my excuse, and when happening to meet him on the road I found that he had really set his heart upon my being present, and was inclined to make a personal matter of it, I effected a compromise, and agreed to form one of the audience during the display of mental arithmetic, on the distinct understanding that I should not be expected to put any questions. For I seemed to have read a story some-

where about a bishop and a caterpillar.

The eventful evening came, and I will plead guilty to having made a slight mistake in the matter of my costume. I have been told that a man who, with the courage of his own opinions, went to Lord's arrayed in white ducks and a straw hat when the rest of the male sex had donned frock-coats and tall hats, albeit he was not easily disconcerted, did rather wish once or twice in the day that he had stopped at home. And again, a friend of mine, when he was run out in a country match up in Yorkshire, seemed to be rather unreasonably annoyed at the incident; but later on in the day condescended to explain that it was not the fact of being run out that upset his equilibrium, but that he felt it *infra dig.* to be run out by "a d—d exciseman." Some similar sort of feelings now, I will acknowledge, possessed my soul when, having, after due reflection, made up my mind to put on a decent morning coat for Mr Wilkins's entertainment, I found, to my surprise, that the man himself and two or three members of the audience were attired in dress clothes, with white ties, smart button-holes, and everything else up to date. However, I will let that pass, and describe the show to the best of my ability. We, and by we I mean the more—dare I say it?—highly educated part of the audience, were seated on a sort of dais at the upper end of the room, while a goodly muster of the parents of the

school-children either sat on benches or leant against the wall at the lower end. The centre was occupied by the children; but just in front of our dais was a large vacant space, in the middle of which stood Erasmus Wilkins with a gardenia in his button-hole and a white wand in his hand, looking, so at least I thought, very much like the man who stands in the ring and acts as master of ceremonies at a circus.

"By your leave, ladies and gentlemen," he said, bowing to the chairman of the school board, a gentleman who in private life is occasionally kind enough to kill and cut up a pig for me, and charges half-a-crown for the job. On this particular night he was looking quite at his best, having donned for the occasion a dress-coat which had once been my property, but had passed out of my possession at our recent rummage sale. I had acted as a salesman on the day of the sale, and did not seem to identify Mr William Ives as the original purchaser of the garment, but it possibly changed hands later on. In due obedience to the proverb which warns us not to talk to the man at the wheel, and lacking the hardihood to proffer advice to the chairman of a school board, I did not presume to suggest to Mr William Ives that the poor dress-coat during the tenancy of its first proprietor had not been in the habit of being buttoned up all the way down or yet of being worn in company with a bottle-

green scarf tied in a huge bow. And, after all, these things are only petty matters of taste, and I see no reason to doubt that Mr Ives's taste in the matter of personal adornment is quite as reliable as my own. At any rate, he had done what I had neglected to do, namely, put on a dress-coat, and so had the advantage of me.

But to proceed. Permission having been graciously conceded by the chairman, sharp at the word there stepped forward into the arena twelve boys in their Sunday best, and with that extra pennyworth of hair-oil which a late Bishop of Peterborough always declared to be a *sine qua non* addition to the ordinary toilet affected by the rural candidates at a confirmation. A wave of Mr Wilkins's wand, and a bevy of giggling damsels also appeared, and as they wore white dresses and white cotton gloves, for the moment it looked as though the affair was going to resolve itself into a country-dance or kiss-in-the-ring. But no! Mr Wilkins now again bowed to the chair.

"These boys and girls will now show you a few ordinary exercises in mental arithmetic, at the conclusion of which I shall invite any member of the audience to put any arithmetical question that may occur to them. Now, children, attention all!" and there followed what I considered at the moment one of the most extraordinary performances that I had ever witnessed in my life. Speaking at exactly the same rate as if he were reading aloud

a lengthy English sentence with two or three commas in it, Mr Wilkins proceeded to dictate a sum much after this fashion:—

"From 247 subtract 166, take square root, multiply by 34, halve result, add 77, divide by 5, subtract a quarter, multiply by 12, subtract twice 7, divide by 40, square," and then, just as I was beginning to wonder how much longer this awful sum was going on, he came to a sudden stop, and exclaimed, "Hands up those who have finished!"

Up went twenty-four hands without the slightest hesitation, and twenty-four voices proclaimed with one accord that the answer was 100.

"Has any lady or gentleman any reason to doubt the correctness of the answer?" inquired the great Erasmus, bowing to the platform; and as most of the audience were, like myself, absolute strangers to an exhibition of the sort, no one had the temerity to question the accuracy of the working. I will own that for an instant a wicked thought flashed across me that if the answer given had been a million instead of a hundred, it would have been much the same thing to most of us. But happening to catch the curate's eye, and knowing that he was a bit of a mathematician, I signalled to him for information, and gathered from the nod that he gave me that the answer was correct. Our curate, I should say, if not a man of many words, and for that very reason a distinctly popular preacher in this part of the world, generally speaks to

the point when he does open his lips, and is seldom likely to "give himself away."

The entertainment then proceeded merrily enough, much on the same lines as I have indicated, and no one could have failed to be impressed by the rapidity of the working as well as by the uniformity and accuracy of the answers. Just as I was pondering in my mind how in the world our young clodhoppers could have been brought to this pitch of perfection, Mr Wilkins, on the termination of a particularly intricate sum, suddenly turned round, and addressing the dress-circle, if I may so call the occupants of our platform, inquired with a suave and very superior smile if any lady or gentleman would now have the kindness to put a few questions in arithmetic. As well might the ringmaster—I must really apologise for harping upon that circus—invite some respectable matron in the half-crown seats to doff her skirts, appear in the light and airy costume affected by the lady performers, and ride bareback on a piebald horse or jump through paper hoops.

Instinctively all eyes were turned upon the worthy chairman, who rose quite grandly to the occasion, and expressed our feelings in a short but wholly characteristic oration. It was a disappointment to me that he did not think it consorted with his dignity to stand up when he delivered himself, as I was curious to know how the coat-tails were standing the buttoning-up ordeal.

"I dunno as I ever clapped

eyes upon a primer piece of schoolin' not in all my born days. It's a credit to its teaching and the man as taught it."

I fancied that I had heard our worthy chairman make a similar speech once or twice before under not exactly similar circumstances, but far be it from me to make reflections on the oratory of the leaders of the people.

Of course we all said "Hear, hear," and Mr William Ives smiled upon us benignly.

And now comes the sad part of my story. It is indeed a melancholy circumstance that some men never seem to know when they are well off, and, intoxicated by success, fail to appreciate the fact that there is a point at which it were better to stop. As that great man Napoleon Bonaparte tempted fortune once too often and marched upon Moscow, so now that other great man Erasmus Wilkins most unnecessarily and most unadvisedly rushed upon his fate. It may have been that just for the moment my esteemed friend was, to borrow a slang expression, "a little bit above himself," and, as I think I have already sufficiently explained, in his case this is saying a great deal. For at all times and on divers grounds our board schoolmaster has been prone to fancy that one Erasmus Wilkins is a person of no ordinary mental calibre. At any rate, he now evinced a slight want of tact in addressing what I must call the gallery as opposed to the dress-circle by the

title of "people," after calling us "ladies and gentlemen," making a sort of invidious distinction where a difference could hardly be said to exist. For, as our baker had once been at pains to inform me when he caught me smiling because he had spoken of the great Alfred who "mucks out my sties" as "a very affable gentleman," it is the custom in our part of the world to call every man who pays twenty shillings in the pound a gentleman, and every woman who wears black stockings a lady. Moreover, it was with a sort of half-pitying and half-contemptuous air that Mr Wilkins now inquired, "I suppose none of you people there want to ask any questions?" and his tone, too, evidently implied that no one was expected to say "Yes," or even to speak at all.

Not John of Anjou or any one of that brilliant ring of spectators who graced the lists at Ashby with their presence, not the redoubtable Templar himself, could have felt more astonished—nay, I might even say, more disagreeably surprised—by the Knight of Ivanhoe's sudden and altogether unlooked-for defiance than was Erasmus now, when a voice from the gallery was heard, "I've a moind as I'd loike to ask a thing or two, if as how you're quite agreeable, Mister."

Horresco referens, where angels—for we were, as I have said, a bit aloft—had feared to tread, now rushed wildly in a big journeyman blacksmith. I saw, as he stood up, that he

was, like myself, wearing a sort of undress uniform, the difference between us being that he had on an apron but no coat, while I had a coat of a sort, but, being neither a bishop nor a blacksmith, could not aspire to an apron. The man was well known to me by sight as a mighty hitter on our village green, respectable enough, though, unlike Alfred, not always affable in his manners, which were rather those of an Orlick than of a Joe Gargery. That he could shoe a horse or ring a sow against any man in the parish were points in his favour; but he was the last person in the world whom I should have suspected to see volunteering to act as mathematical poser. It was not till the rector was discussing the evening's proceedings with me on the following morning that I learnt that our Orlick, having had some difference of opinion with the board school attendance officer, considered himself as an aggrieved individual, and bore a grudge against the schoolmaster as a real or imaginary *particeps criminis*. However, there he was, apron and all, standing side by side with the spruce Wilkins, who, in his character as ringmaster, did not seem wholly to relish the prospect of the clown's assistance. The latter appeared to be in no way abashed by the publicity into which he had suddenly thrust himself; but, after favouring me with a nod of recognition, proceeded to pass the time of day to the chairman of the school board.

"Evenin,' Bill, old man;

Widder Haines were a-expecting of you to kill her pig to-night, as you'd said as you would. But I reckon as you've got a better job a-sitting on up yonder."

Our chairman grinned feebly, but made no response; and so Orlick, who seemed to be in an unusually benignant frame of mind, addressed his next remark to me—

"Warm in here, Master Garge, bean't it? I'm all of a muck sweat, same as when you and I run that six as you hit."

Here Mr Wilkins, who had seemed to take the allusion to his superior officer's extraneous vocation as a reflection on the board school, interposed.

"Now, my good man, will you be good enough to put your questions if you have any to put. The children are waiting."

"P'raps I shall, and p'raps I shan't, Wilkins," replied Orlick, "don't you worrit;" and having thus reduced Erasmus to a state of silent though boiling indignation, he turned to the *corps d'élite* who were standing expectant.

"Now, then, you kiddies," he said, "I'm a-wondering which of you fine scholars could tell a chap how much a third and a half a third of twopence half-penny makes?"

The boys stared at the girls, and the girls simpered at the boys; but for a moment there was a dead silence.

"Don't all like to speak at once, don't yer?" suggested the examiner. "Well, now, young carroty," and he picked out no

less a person than Master Wilkins, junior, the flower of his father's flock, "how much be a third and half a third of twopence halfpenny?"

"Two pence," said the boy stolidly.

"You won't do much good shopping, my lad. What do you say?" and Orlick nailed the biggest girl, who had hopes of shortly becoming a pupil-teacher, and who now dropped a curtsy and whispered, "Please, I don't know."

"Well, then, you ought ter, if as how you'd ever been learnt anything. Come," and he addressed the *corps d'élite* collectively, "ain't none of you going to tell a chap?"

Three or four of the children took courage and made wild shots, none of which seemed to satisfy the examiner; and at last, trembling for the credit of his class, "*pater ipse gregis*," the great Wilkins stepped into the breach. And here I am sorry to record that Erasmus was not in that calm frame of mind in which a man either reasons or calculates, but rather following the line which the gentleman, whom that out-and-out ruffian Mr Facey Romford designated "Hard-and-Fast," tried when other people had apparently exhausted every wrong way of spelling Cat, he made a rash and final plunge.

"It is a very silly question, boys and girls," he enunciated with stiff magisterial dignity, "but perfectly simple if you go the right way to work. The answer is one penny three farthings."

"Get along with you!"

promptly ejaculated the blacksmith, "you're the worst of the whole bilin'. I ain't a-going to stop here no longer to hear sich nonsense talked," and with that he stumped off out of the room, followed—oh, how fickle is popularity!—by the tremendous applause of the gallery. And indeed the man Orlick, as I have chosen to call him, having signally overthrown the general of the opposing forces, might be said to have vindicated his claim to the *spolia opima*.

"The man is either mad or drunk," protested the now infuriated Wilkins, and he might have gone on to say harder things. But just at this juncture I saw a slip of paper fall at his feet. He picked it up, glanced hastily at something written upon it, grew very red in the face, and crumpling up the paper thrust it into his waistcoat pocket. Then after a moment's pause he did what was not only a very honest

but under the circumstances a very plucky thing to do.

"A gentleman on the platform," he said, "has kindly reminded me that a third added to half a third is of course the same as half, so that the answer to the question is one penny one farthing."

And as it was now half-past seven, I thought that this was a convenient opportunity for me to get home to my dinner.

If on the one hand the scene left on my mind a suspicion that the instruction given by our board schoolmaster was rather more showy than effective, it is on the other only fair to add that I have never since that day heard Erasmus Wilkins say a single word to the disparagement of the curate. For I need hardly say that it was the latter gentleman who had cut the Gordian knot, and supplied the clue to that great mystery which had fairly baffled the Master and his apprentices.

FROM A COUNTRY-HOUSE IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY MRS A. S. BOYD.

THE wharves and streets of Auckland bespeak industrial prosperity, and the clear exhilarating air is redolent of health. Not that the climate invariably strikes the visitor as perfect. During our first few weeks in Auckland the rain rained and the wind blew to such an extent as to keep our friends in a chronic state of apology for their weather. Our later experience, however, atoned for all, and convinced us that the much-lauded climate deserves all, or nearly all, the admiration it claims. Though the sun's rays are stronger than in England, the sea-breezes pleasantly temper the air; and even in the height of summer the nights are cool enough to necessitate the use of a blanket—an article one is only too glad to dispense with during the same season at home.

A long-continued thunder-shower in England gives a modified idea of what tropical or semi-tropical rain can be; but the possibilities of colonial dust are practically unknown to dwellers in Britain. New Zealand rain has been known to keep a large excursion party penned up in a railway-train at a station during a complete day—a step beyond the shelter of the carriages meaning a complete drenching. To gain a remote conception of antipodean dust is to picture us on Boxing

Day driving through Auckland to the wharf, our faces coated with a thick layer of grey dust which penetrated even through double gossamer veils, every little while being obliged to stop the horses and sit with closed eyes and bowed heads until that particular segment of the dense dust-cloud had blown past.

Dress is expensive in New Zealand, and, in consequence of such weather vagaries, lasts but a short time. I reckoned that, were I resident in Auckland, it would cost me four times as much money to dress as it does in London. In the first place, the materials and making would cost twice the sum; and in the second, the combined influences of sun, dust, and rain are such that the completed garments would last only half the period. Light washing materials are cheap, and as a rule girls wear coloured cambric frocks in the morning and white *piqué* or muslin later. The shortness of their skirts amused us, until we realised that their arrangements in that way were dominated by the depth of the dust on the roads.

A pleasant thing among many pleasant things recordable of this country is the interest taken by the female portion of the community in literature. True, their reading is almost exclusively confined to the easy paths of contemporary fiction.

But in that study they are rarely more than six weeks behind the mother country. English magazines are sold at a premium; but the colonial editions of the newest books are handy, cheap, and well up to date.

As hinted above, it is the women who read. The average native-born New Zealand male cultivates his muscles. He rides, rows, shoots, plays football, and attends races, and none can expect a mind engrossed with like pursuits to take kindly to less robust occupations. Also he develops late. At home we are accustomed to put the dimpled limbs of our infants into trousers, and to see their chubby faces overshadowed by preposterous chimney-pot hats. In Auckland it amazed us to find huge lads of sixteen still wearing knickerbocker sailor suits and enjoying schoolboy games.

Auckland street-cars are a wonderful institution. The number of passengers is only limited by the clinging-on space. There are no seats on the top, so that smokers have to find accommodation on the front and back platforms. At busy hours it is customary to see ten people squeezed on to the place originally set apart for the driver, and a dozen or more hilarious travellers crowding the conductor off the back step; the inside being crammed with sitting and standing passengers. Even under these circumstances none need hesitate to hail the car and insist upon admittance.

Coming direct from our stern, workaday England, New Zea-

land impressed us as a land of perpetual leisure. Workmen enjoyed high wages and an eight hours' day; and no event was deemed too small to be made the occasion of a holiday.

The harbour was full of boats, from the goodly steam-yacht to the veriest tub that ever supported sail, and each Saturday the owners of these vessels embarked with companies of high-spirited guests, to return early on Monday, having spent the intervening hours cruising about among the islands; camping on shore, or sleeping on board if the accommodation admitted of it. Parties of schoolboys spent their holidays camping out, under canvas, in water gullies, where they could bathe, fish, shoot, and play at wild Indians as their souls desired. The craving for gipsying, born of the perfect climate, sometimes even infected sedate families, and it was no uncommon thing, when having a riding picnic, to chance upon some lovely fern-banked gulch where—under a cluster of more or less ramshackle tents—a staid respectable family might be found leading a nomad life.

Horses are so cheap in Auckland that pedestrianism bids fair to become extinct. The postman does his rounds on horseback; the butcher, a huge basket slung over his arm, canters up with ordered provender. Schoolboys, two frequently sharing a mount, ride to school, where a paddock is reserved for their ponies. Even the lamplighter performs his duties perched on an ambling

nag, while the droves of live stock passing along the roads are always under the care of a mounted escort. When an outdoor man is sent an errand that would entail walking a quarter of a mile, he invariably spends ten minutes in catching a horse that he may ride. But more ludicrous than all else was it to see a sweep, his attention to the kitchen chimney completed, canter off on his nag, with the bag of soot perched on the saddle before him.

As an instance of the topsyturvy state of things antipodean, it may be mentioned that it is considered smarter to drive in a hired carriage than in your own trap.

"Oh, did you notice how stylish the So-and-so's were on Saturday? They had a *hired landau*," was one of the colonial remarks that impressed us. With our usual desire for information we inquired, "Is hiring supposed to be stylish? You all had your own carriages, and that is surely much nicer?"

"Oh yes; but you see horses are so cheap to buy here, and hiring is so dear, that it is considered smarter, because it is more expensive to hire."

The friends to whom we paid a delightful visit lived near the base of One Tree Hill, an extinct volcano three miles from Auckland. Their home was typically colonial, having many rooms on one floor, and a wide verandah.

Before the verandah steps two tall cabbage-palms stood sentinel. The sloping lawn was decorated, colonial fashion, with flowering trees, magnolia, hibiscus, lasendria, deodar, plumbago,

pepper, lemon, loquat, and orange, each set solitary in a round bed. Roses bloomed about the verandah posts, and at one end a great bougainvillea rioted in purple glory. In the wide flower-borders under the verandah gorgeous Japanese lilies jostled homely sweet-peas and mignonette; and giant red and pink geraniums and blue hydrangeas outgrew their bounds and strove to block the paths.

A long row of guava-bushes, laden with embryonic fruit, edged one side of the lawn; over the trellis-work the smooth green eggs of the passion fruit were suspended in thousands; and between a double line of fig-trees a path led to the prolific kitchen-garden. In December, when we landed, green peas were plentiful; and in March, when we sailed, a third succession was in bloom. Tomatoes fruited with little attention. Squashes, pumpkins, and marrows needed only to have their seeds inserted in the ground to yield a bountiful harvest. Of beans alone there were five varieties: broad, haricot (for winter use), runner, French, and butter beans.

The rich brown volcanic earth was clean and unpolluted—one could sit on the dry soil in a muslin frock without getting it soiled. Flies were plentiful, but the minor pests of a garden, such as wasps, ants, caterpillars, earwigs, and woodlice, were but scantily represented.

At the upper end of the grounds was the tiny cottage set apart for the use of the outdoor man, and to him, as a col-

onial institution, a paragraph may be devoted. He is a non-descript individual of multifarious duties. He waters and feeds the horses, grooms them in rough fashion, cleans the buggies—a task rendered no light one by the dusty roads—drives in the cow, milks her, pumps the water for the house supply, cultivates the kitchen-garden, trims the flower-borders, mows the lawn, and sweeps the paths.

It goes without saying that this species of creature, being half animal and half vegetable, is rarely satisfactory. If he understands horses, and can groom tolerably, he despises gardening; and if he loves the gentle art of floriculture, he goes in terror of the horse. Also his meals are served at the kitchen-table, which is a source either of love-making or of bickering.

"John, you must dismiss Joe—he has spoken rudely to cook again," said our hostess one morning.

"Very well," acquiesced the host; "I'll advertise for another man to-day."

Visions of cook as a large, raw-boned female with a knowledge of horse-flesh, and skilled in the uses of the "totaliser" to the replenishing of her purse on race-days; and of Joe as a meek, broken-down-looking individual, of exceedingly limited wardrobe—the first exhibition of his linen on a clothes-line brought him instant and lavish contributions from the male members of the family—flushed across my consciousness.

"But cook may be in the wrong," I hinted. "Won't you

inquire into the rights of the case?"

"Oh, of course the quarrel is about nothing at all! He said his eggs at breakfast were over-boiled, or something like that; but he must go. I warned him when he came that if there were any rows in the kitchen he would go instantly. You see," she added explanatorily, "I can get an outdoor man any day, and I can't get a tolerable cook."

So Joe—with a largely augmented wardrobe—fared forth; and his place was speedily filled by an Italian exile answering to the name of Gilbert. A smart young man, with a huge trunk, who confided to the boy that he occupied his spare moments in writing a diary of his life and adventures, which he was gradually bringing up to date. At that time he was engaged penning the record of 1892, only seven years behind time!

Gilbert was an admirable and tasteful gardener, so it stands to reason that during his reign the horses were but half groomed and the buggies smeary. When, a month later, he left to wed a large, plump country girl whose opulent charms had caught his fancy, Sam filled his empty shoes. As Sam's up-bringing had tended to the possession of many wise saws regarding horse-feed, grooming, and doctoring, and as he was at the same time a passable gardener, Sam is likely to remain.

The Maoris rarely condescend to accept a menial position; but when they do, they make ad-

mirable and loyal servitors. We knew one household wherein a Maori acted as general factotum. He had been born and reared in the family of his mistress, and was an admirable specimen of a fine race. So highly was his integrity esteemed by his employers that when an ignorant white woman-servant refused to eat with him, she was at once discharged; and until her date of exodus had arrived the family showed their disapproval of her action by insisting upon Hemora taking his meals at their table—a privilege upon which the Maori gentleman did not presume. When we left Auckland, Hemora had just declined the tempting invitation proffered by his tribe, who sought to induce him to take up his rightful position as a leading member of their community. He was devoted to his master and mistress and to their children, and even the added allurements of a young Maori bride could not entice him from his allegiance.

Although in the colonies female servants get much higher wages than at home, it must be conceded that they do far more work for their money. The lowest wages of an Auckland plain cook are 16s. a-week; a housemaid's 12s.; their highest being whatever sum the employer's necessity offers or their qualifications demand. Still, a colonial cook, in addition to her purely culinary duties, will wash, iron, clean, and bake for a goodly household; and besides her legitimate sweeping and dusting, the housemaid will

wait at table, clean lamps and silver, cut and arrange flowers, undertake darning also and the care of the linen cupboard.

In her dealings with the autocrats of her kitchen, the New Zealand mistress requires to exercise especial tact. Servants must be engaged on their own representations. A colonial maid would deem it a dire insult were she asked for a character.

While we were calling on some friends several miles from town, a carriage, drawn by a pair of horses, drove up to the front door, and a presence, gorgeous in frills and flipperies, alighted. It was a domestic condescending to apply for a vacant situation.

Among her other privileges—which she considers rights—the colonial maid claims that of seeing her personal friends when she chooses. One Sunday afternoon as we lounged on the verandah, a buggy, crammed with white-robed, pink-parasoled beings, was seen approaching. Instead of entering the drive, it branched off towards the stable entrance. "Visitors for the kitchen," said the hostess, in answer to an inquiring look. And one wet morning, as we sewed indoors, the aggressive and persistent click-clack of a sewing-machine came from the back premises. The housemaid explained the unwonted sound by volunteering the information that cook's aunt had come to spend the day, that she had brought her hand-machine, and was occupying her time in making her niece a blouse.

"I won't take any notice,"

decided the astute mistress. "It's so near Christmas that if I make any complaint cook will be glad of the excuse to throw up her place, and have a gay time till the holidays are over. I would find it impossible to get another cook at this season; but she would have no difficulty in finding a new situation whenever her money was done and she was tired of play."

Apart from such slight domestic mischances, any family combining the possession of a small settled income—say £400 or £500 a-year—with a desire for unlimited sport, might take a worse step than that of emigrating to New Zealand. There sports such as polo, hunting, fishing, shooting, and boating—the indulgence in any one of which in Britain entails considerable outlay—can all be enjoyed for a minimum of expense. Land and house-rent near town are comparatively expensive; but the land once acquired, the customary wooden house with corrugated iron roof, and a space beneath for your hens to lay away in, is cheap to erect, and speedily ready for occupation. And one must remember that the ground is amazingly fertile; and that horses can feed out all the year round. Servants' wages are high; but two will do more work than four can undertake at home. A strip of kitchen-garden will supply a constant succession of fruit and vegetables; and for a fee of 10s. a-year a cow is supplied with a zinc badge and permitted to glean a comfortable subsistence

along the waysides. Beef is absurdly cheap: a sirloin 11 lb. in weight will cost 4s.; a whole shin of beef may be bought for 1s. in town—in country districts the price falls to 9d. Mutton and lamb, I imagine, may almost be had for the asking.

Like that of most lately developed countries, the so-called social life of New Zealand is devoted to the amusement of the rising generation. Dances, balls, tennis tournaments, progressive euchre parties, and boating or riding picnics—into these and other forms of entertainment suited for young people do the amusements resolve themselves.

From the instant when the fully fledged New Zealand belle bursts her pinafore-cocoon until the fatal moment when she dons her bridal robes, her wings are kept hard at work bearing her dainty form from one species of gaiety to another. The colonial girl has all the American maiden's freedom from espionage, and like her rejoices in giving huge lunches and afternoon teas to her girl companions.

Her smallest doings are chronicled. The society papers lose no time in informing their sympathising readers that Miss Tottie Teasdale has sprained her ankle; or in announcing to a listening world that Miss Tilly Milliken (of Wairapara) has arrived at Auckland on a visit to her friend Mrs O'Brady in Ponsonby. And the knowledge that an omnipresent press has duly proclaimed that she appeared in yellow at the Hunt Ball compels any self-respecting damsel all untimely

to discard the yellow frock, and exhibit herself at the Yacht Club dance in blue. And thereby her expenditure for dress is agreeably increased. Small wonder, then, that these pampered maidens hesitate long on the brink of matrimony, before throwing aside all these advantages, and condescending to become sober matter-of-fact wives and mothers.

For older folks there are, perhaps, more card-parties where money stakes are played for than is quite desirable; and sometimes there is a garden-party to which, by favour, men are admitted; or an afternoon "At Home" for "ladies only."

"Men never go to these parties," explained our hostess, when a card for one reached me. "It would make a sensation if your husband or mine walked in." And in truth it was my name only that was inscribed on the invitation.

This especial reception was given in a handsome and well-appointed house, and the guests must have numbered nearly two hundred. They were all women, and mostly all matrons, too. Some vague order of precedence was in force, and for once the damsels were in the background. The drawing-rooms, where music and gossip were served, and the dining-room, with all manner of delectable refreshments on tap, were crowded with the married ladies, while the maidens, in two neglected rows, lined the halls.

Coming out from a debauch of fruit-salad, ices, and tea, I noticed two pretty girls I knew, sitting disconsolate among the

other pariahs. They looked hungry.

"Have you had tea?" I asked.

"No, not yet."

"Well, hurry in now. There are some vacant seats."

"But we can't, dear Mrs Boyd. We mustn't go until we are asked," they replied dolefully.

And when we mounted our respective buggies to depart, two tealess drooping maidens accompanied us. Need I say I wickedly rejoiced to have discovered one instance, at least, in which the colonial girl had failed to have an innings?

To any one with a love of horticulture, northern New Zealand presents boundless possibilities. One private garden which we visited within Auckland city seemed to hold healthy specimens of all known plants, from bananas and palms to lotus lilies—all flourishing, be it noted, in the open air. The stone-walled ponds held a collection of flowering aquatic plants which were far before any display we have seen during frequent visits to the Royal Botanic Gardens in London. In the borders, in exquisite profusion, bloomed countless varieties of flower and shrub. The complete absence of frost renders glass unnecessary, though in many instances it is used to ensure the earlier ripening of grapes.

The market-gardening of Auckland is chiefly in the hands of Chinamen. One such garden was situated within view of our shady verandah, and all day and every day

quaint figures, topped with conical straw hats, bent over the long rows of flourishing vegetables. When darkness fell the pointed hats were still busy; and dawn found them still as industriously engaged as though their work had not ceased through the dark hours.

Unlike Australia, New Zealand has few native wild-flowers, though imported seedlings flourish so well as to speedily outgrow their garden bounds, and overflow into the highways. During a stroll along a suburban byway a choice bouquet may easily be gleaned from the roadside. I have picked great bunches of damask roses which grew wild in the hedgerows; and geraniums, nasturtiums, and arum lilies were to be had for the taking. Our scentless dog-rose is unknown; but the sweetbrier is so plentiful as to threaten to become a nuisance to farmers. Early in December, when we arrived, every lane glowed pink with countless blossoms, and the air was full of its fragrance. The Maoris christened sweetbrier the "missionary plant," as it owed its introduction to the home-sick wife of an early missionary, who, by carrying a plant into her exile, sought to endow her new habitation with something of the essence of home.

During summer picnicking is a distinctive feature of New Zealand life. Our host had a little steam-launch called the *Kaituna*, a tubby and unornamental but comfortable and roomy craft; and in her we had many adventurous excursions to one or other of the islands

which dot the harbour. Sometimes we landed on islands in whose gullies the bush vegetation still prevailed: grand primeval tree-ferns waved overhead, and a luxuriant growth of lesser ferns carpeted the ground.

On Boxing Day we picnicked at Quarantine Island, under the shadow of a great Pohutukawa or "Christmas" tree, its spreading branches laden with grey-green leaves and the large scarlet blossoms, resembling chrysanthemums, suspended overhead like a gigantic garland. This tree is peculiar to New Zealand, where it grows abundantly near the sea, blossoming most profusely when swept with the salt spray. On the high cliffs behind us grand clumps of pampas grass grew side by side with the regal spikes of native flax. A fire was soon kindled, and while the "billy" (a huge milk-can) boiled, lunch was spread. The meal disposed of, the company bathed, fished, or gathered the sweet little oysters which abound on the rocks and can be easily collected when the tide falls.

The New Zealand shells are many and distinctive. On the ocean beaches varieties peculiar to this latitude, and not all beautiful, can be found; while the widespread waters of the Pacific bring thither specimens native to far-distant countries. The violet-hued *Ianthina*, or "storm-shell" as it is there named, can be dug from the sand after a tempest, and on many beaches the blood-red *Anomia* are almost plentiful.

Rabies is unknown in New

Zealand, and exhaustive precautions are taken to guard against its importation. Every dog before setting paw on the mainland has to pass six months of isolated probation on Quarantine Island. There was one prisoner there when we visited it, a fine collie, who had evidently been a woman's pet, for he followed us about all day, and wailed disconsolately on the little wharf when the inexorable hour of parting had come. Looking back as we steamed homewards towards the sunset, flaring and glowing behind Mount Eden, we saw that he had scrambled out to the farthest point of rock, and was gazing wistfully after us across the cruel waters that lay between him and freedom.

In direct contrast to the vital Auckland may be mentioned Tauranga, where we sojourned for a space. It seems inconsistent when writing of a country still in its first freshness to speak of one of its towns as obsolete, forgotten. Yet, of a truth, Tauranga impressed us as the embodiment of decay. Before the installation of railway communication between Auckland and Rotorua, Tauranga was the point from which tourists took coach to the Hot Lake district; but now that the traffic has been diverted elsewhere, Tauranga seems almost to have lost its reason for existence.

Situated in the Bay of Plenty, the harbour of Tauranga is enclosed by a flat peninsula ending abruptly in a high conical hill—the Mount. Overlooking the bay stands the deserted

fort, which was the headquarters of our troops during the greater part of the Maori war; but it is now fast falling to ruin. The enclosing trenches are overgrown with grasses, the high earthen banks are luxuriant with sweetbrier and wreathed with convolvulus. Near it, commanding a magnificent view, is the Soldiers' Cemetery: its many graves recall the reality of the war, which even now seems a thing of ancient history. Beyond that is the beautiful old orchard-encircled mission-station, at present used as a private residence.

That Tauranga was originally planned to fill an important part in the fortunes of the colony may be noted from the proportions of its broad, boulevard-like streets, shaded on either side with long rows of giant weeping-willows, trees whose drooping habit adds to the undefinable air of sadness overhanging the town. A handsome post-office, surely designed in the days of Tauranga's glory, holds a prominent position, and close circling the curve of the water runs a short line of shops—"The Strand"—but further sign of business there is none.

Living there is cheap even for New Zealand, how cheap I can only judge by inference. The best hotel in the town boarded us adults for 30s. a-week, which included the exclusive use of a private sitting-room, three heavy meals a-day, afternoon tea, and frequent quite gratuitous services of apricots and peaches. Our

first experience of a colonial country hotel had at least the charm of novelty. There is no class distinction there: your next neighbour at table may be a steward from the ship that brought you, or the driver of the coach you propose leaving with on the morrow.

Strips of muslin were laid over the long tables between meals to frustrate the ravages of the flies; and the same reason supplied every sugar-basin with a lid. Tumblers were set by each cover; but as only tea was drunk at table, they were evidently placed there as a matter of tradition, and, probably with a view to the exclusion of dust, were invariably inverted. Every bedroom was thoughtfully provided with a comb and brush—a fact which gained our credence for the story of a way-back colonial girl who on her first visit to an Auckland hotel was insulted to find that her own was the only occupied room unprovided with brushes. “But I wasn’t going to let that hotel-keeper think he could take advantage of me,” she said when relating her experience. “I just walked into the next room where the folks were out, and used the hair-brushes he had given them, and jolly nice silver-backed ones they were too!” A threaded needle was stuck in the wall beside the mirror, while a knotted rope was suspended from the window-sill for use in case of fire. And—to the gratification, doubtless, of the majority of her father’s guests—the one or other of the innkeeper’s buxom daughters, who waited on us,

nightly performed at the drawing-room pianoforte, rendering “The Lost Chord” and like ditties with all the vigour of a fine pair of lungs.

Property was amazingly low in value in the Bay of Plenty. During our short residence a pretty house set in an acre and a quarter of fruitful ground, in a good position, sold for £350. When I add that the leader of Tauranga society kept up a carriage and a justly earned reputation for hospitality upon an income of less than £100 a-year, I need say nothing more to prove the economy of living there.

The tone of Tauranga is high. No shadow has ever overlain its reputation for decorum, though within a brief day’s journey lies a district said to be mainly inhabited by “remittance” folks, within whose precincts the arrival of periodic mails is the signal for outbursts of feasting—the times between being marked by shortness of commons. Vague rumours brought by stray travellers, whose route has led through this land, whisper that its denizens reck not of times and seasons, and are fast losing all idea of the fitness of things. Ladies attired in *décolletée* evening dress, with unkempt hair and unshod feet, have been descried by the light of the noonday sun scattering grain to their fowls, their silken and brodered robes trailing in the dust: a use whereof was surely never dreamt by those well-intentioned relatives who despatched their discarded raiment to clothe their exiled friends.

In Auckland and Tauranga, both towns frequented by the natives, we had many opportunities of studying the Maori, both on holiday and in his workaday, or, to put it more exactly, laze-a-day life.

The Maori is not strictly beautiful; but he is valiant and, let us trust, good. As for his better half, in her native dress, with tattooed lips and chin, and long, single eardrop of greenstone, and with an appropriate background of tree-fern or ti-tree scrub, she is savage and not unpleasing. But in town, when her fancy has been permitted to riot among the violent aniline dyes of the drapers' cheap lots, and she is dressed to the bent of her barbaric taste, she is a hideosity.

Begin at the ground and picture a pair of large, flat, brown feet and thick ankles appearing beneath a badly cut skirt of some howling design in checks; above hangs a short and disproportionately full jacket of scarlet, purple, magenta, or green velveteen; a neckerchief of yellow, blue, or crimson encircles the neck, and topping all is a grotesque tattooed face half concealed by the flapping frills of a brilliant pink sun-bonnet. No sketch of a Maori lady of respectability is complete without a pipe—frequently a heavy silver-mounted one—worn in the mouth, the united effect of the pipes, the frilled bonnet, and the gorgeous gowns being to bestow upon the worthy dames the appearance of animated Aunt Sallies. One thing notable regarding

the Maori woman is that, though the child's sun-bonnet is her favourite wear, she takes kindly to a man's soft felt hat, but seldom condescends to don an ordinary trimmed "confection." Her reason for this exclusiveness would be interesting to learn.

The aspect of the men is decidedly less remarkable. Tattooing is becoming rare among them. As with other races, the women seem to cling to the old customs long after the male portion of their community has discarded them. Only the very old men are tattooed, and now some married women may be met who, on account of the extremely painful nature of the operation, have refused to undergo an ordeal that was once imperative. Truth to tell, a tattooed face accords but ill with a tall hat, though one old chief whom we met contrived to maintain a dignified demeanour while presenting both these attributes to the public gaze.

Nose-rubbing, which is still in vogue among the Maoris, is an ugly and, when performed in the earnest native fashion, a disgusting and lengthy performance. Two women meeting after a lengthened period will hand their babies to their docile husbands to hold, and placing their faces together, will rub noses and weep floods of tears, until, when at the close of ten minutes or so the faces are withdrawn, they are streaming with moisture.

One day we saw a Maori boy meeting a number of his relatives in a street car. He

gently pressed his nose against those of his tattooed grandparents, lifting his hat the while; then completed his salutations by kissing or shaking hands with his younger relatives. The fact that he only rubbed noses with the older people seemed to point to the fact that, like tattooing, nose-rubbing may soon be a custom of the past.

The genuine Maori is a noble savage, generous, hospitable, heroic, and loyal,—a notable warrior, a staunch comrade. An officer who commanded a regiment of friendly natives during the late Maori war assured us that so great was his respect for their martial capacity that he would feel no hesitation in leading fifty Maori braves against a hundred British soldiers. Fighting for fighting's sake, they scorn to take advantage of an antagonist's weakness. Once when a tribe, whose ammunition had become exhausted, declared themselves vanquished, their magnanimous conquerors insisted on their accepting half the stock of cartridges, and continuing the battle.

The decadents of the Hot Lake district exhibit few of these fine characteristics. Instead of being stalwart, muscular men, full of daring and actuated by that wealth of adventurous spirit which drove their forefathers to discover and colonise New Zealand, they are inert, sensuous, and exceedingly adipose.

This complete degeneration need not surprise. The entire conditions of life in that region

of geysers, mud volcanoes, and fumeroles are unnatural. The dues paid by visitors to the tribes owning the "wonderland" serve to supply them with necessities, permitting those of the men—and they are many—who are disinclined to accept Government work, such as road-making, to pass their days in sheer idleness, loafing, smoking, and gambling, and dandling their babes.

At sunset one evening we sauntered into a Maori village, and found ourselves in the grassy enclosure wherein sat the tribe eating its evening meal. Some natives might have represented our invasion. Not so the Maoris. With unaffected pleasure they made us welcome. Swarthy faces beamed upon us; many brown hands were outstretched to grasp ours; and tattooed lips, in hospitable if quite unintelligible language, invited us to partake. Round two large dishes the entire party of men, women, girls, youths, and babes were squatted; and it was interesting to see that in this tribal commune the smallest child had evidently as much right to put his paw in the dish and help himself as had his elders. In a pool of gravy in a tin pan lay a large ham-bone at which an infant was picking; but the chief provision lay in a great pie-dish full of *kumaras* (sweet-potatoes) and some green vegetable. In addition, there was a splendid loaf of bread, round, flat, nicely browned, and closely resembling a huge wheaten scone. The method of cooking was primitive but apparently efficient. Catch-

ing the glimmering of firelight in one of the larger huts, we entered and found that it proceeded from some glowing wood-ashes on the floor. Over the embers were set iron bars which formed a rude grill, whereon was placed a large tin pan containing another loaf, while a third still in the dough stage stood on the floor ready for baking.

As usual, there was little sign of occupation. The ground being fertile, the husbandry required to support a tribe is small in comparison to the number of its able-bodied members, and is consequently easily overtaken. Pigs, thanks to Captain Cook, run wild in the bush, wood-pigeons abound, and the rearing of sheep and fowls necessitates but little care.

In one thing is the Maori individual: in all else he is content to share the common stock, but each man grows the tobacco required for his own and his *wahine's* consumption — which shows that there is one appetite that refuses to be governed by communism.

Declining many invitations to share the feast, we cordially shook the extended hands and departed.

We knew that, following the wont of most heathen nations, the Maoris have the habit of frankly accepting the tenets of a religion that is new to them, and of as frankly discarding them when the novelty has worn off; but we did not expect to find them bent on evangelising. As we left the camp we met a little monkey-like old man, whose face was tattooed

all over. He wore a Salvation Army cap, and the chief who escorted us, indicating the army badge fastened on his coat, said—

“He good Maori. He teach heathen.”

“*Kapai!*” (Good!) said the Artist, approvingly patting the badge, at which the wizened face of the aforetime cannibal wrinkled up into a beatific grin.

Like all people living at close quarters with nature, the Maori is hedged about by a strong faith in the visionary. To this day he is afraid to visit many parts of the Tongariro group, which so long lay under a strict *tapu*. And no native, however brave, is so daring as to attempt to catch one of the wild horses abounding in that region, full credence being accorded the belief that many malignant spirits inhabit this volcanic quarter, and that the horses have no actual existence, but are merely decoys in the service of these spectral fiends.

For superstitious reasons that are resolutely kept secret, a tribe may suddenly vacate its settlement. From Taurangawe rowed across the bay to a native village, which some years earlier had been thus abruptly deserted. The real reason of the exodus had never transpired. Hidden from the lonely beach by a matted fence and a line of tall fir and eucalyptus trees was the grassy lawn round which the deserted homes were grouped. One lengthy *whare*, evidently erected for the temporary accommodation of a large influx of guests during some *tangi* or special ceremony, had suc-

cumbed to the weight of its raupa-thatched roof, and subsided in broken-kneed fashion on the dank grass. Otherwise the dwellings looked as though they had been in occupation an hour earlier.

The sides and open portico of the meeting-house showed many images elaborately carved after the conventional design of the Maori gods—repulsive deities who are ever portrayed with leering eyes and protruding tongue. The figures were coloured red, the teeth blue, and the grossly exaggerated tongues white. The eyes were indicated by circles rudely cut from the glittering inner surface of the *pawa* (*Halotis*) shell, which are firmly fixed in their places by wooden pegs driven through the shell. As may easily be imagined, the slightest deviation from the centre in the position of these nails gives the gods a sinister and utterly detestable leer.

Within the building lay that airless gloom dear to the barbaric heart. A prodigality of

design, carried out in native pigments of red, white, black, and yellow, decorated the wooden posts and roof-trees. And the earthen floor was still littered with the dried rushes whereon the dusky worshippers were wont to squat. Despite the long-continued isolation, all was intact,—the knowledge of the inevitable vengeance of the natives doubtless proving deterrent to any collector whose cupidity might otherwise have tempted him to annex the valuable antique carved figures.

A hush seemed to have fallen over the place. Not a bird fluttered. Long flimsy shreds of the blue-gum bark depended from the branches, as though the trees were mourning in rent garments the decay of the shrine they guarded. A black pig, looking like an unclean spirit, was the only visible living creature in the abandoned spot. As, re-embarking, we left the nameless village, we agreed that it would be a hard matter to persuade any one of us to pass the night there alone.

LORD JIM: A SKETCH.¹

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

CHAPTER X.

"HE locked his fingers together and tore them apart. Nothing could be more true: he had indeed jumped into an everlasting deep hole. He had tumbled from a height he could never scale again. By that time the boat had gone driving forward past the bows. It was too dark just then for them to see each other, and, moreover, they were blinded and half drowned with rain. He told me it was like being swept by a flood through a cavern. They turned their backs to the squall; the skipper, it seems, got an oar over the stern to keep the boat before it, and for two or three minutes the end of the world had come through a deluge in a pitchy blackness. The sea hissed 'like twenty thousand kettles.' That's his simile, not mine. I fancy there was not much wind after the first gust; and he himself had admitted at the inquiry that the sea never got up that night to any extent. He crouched down in the bows and stole a furtive glance back. He saw just one yellow gleam of the mast-head light high up and blurred like a last star ready to dissolve. 'It terrified me to see it still there,' he said. That's what he said. What terrified him was the thought

that the drowning was not over yet. No doubt he wanted to be done with that abomination as quickly as possible. Nobody in the boat made a sound. In the dark she seemed to fly, but of course she could not have had much way. Then the shower swept ahead, and the great, distracting, hissing noise followed the rain into distance and died out. There was nothing to be heard then but the slight wash about the boat's sides. Somebody's teeth were chattering violently. A hand touched his back. A faint voice said, 'You there?' A man cried out shakily, 'She's gone!' and they all stood up together to look astern. They saw no lights. All was black. A thin cold drizzle was driving into their faces. The boat lurched slightly. The teeth chattered faster, stopped, and began again twice before the man could master his shiver sufficiently to say, 'Ju-ju-st in ti-ti-me. . . Brrrr.' He recognised the voice of the chief engineer saying surlily, 'I saw her go down. I happened to turn my head.' The wind had dropped almost completely.

"They watched in the dark with their heads half turned to windward as if expecting to hear cries. At first he was

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thankful the night had covered up the scene before his eyes, and then to know of it and yet to have seen and heard nothing appeared somehow the culminating-point of an awful misfortune. 'Strange isn't it?' he murmured, interrupting himself in his disjointed narrative.

"It did not seem so strange to me. He must have had an unconscious conviction that the reality could not be half as bad, not half as anguishing, appalling, and vengeful as the created terror of his imagination. I believe that, in this first moment, his heart was wrung with all the suffering, that his soul knew the accumulated savour of all the fear, all the horror, all the despair of eight hundred human beings pounced upon in the night by a sudden and violent death, else why should he have said, 'It seemed to me that I must jump out of that accursed boat and swim back to see—half a mile—more—any distance—to the very spot . . .'? Why this impulse? Do you see the significance? Why back to the very spot? Why not drown alongside—if he meant drowning—why back to the very spot, to see—as if his imagination had to be soothed by the assurance that all was over before death could bring relief? I defy any one of you to offer another explanation. It was one of those bizarre and exciting glimpses through the fog. It was an extraordinary disclosure. He let it out as the most natural thing one could say. He fought down that impulse and then he became con-

scious of the silence. He mentioned this to me. A silence of the sea, of the sky, merged into one indefinite immensity still as death around these saved, palpitating lives. 'You might have heard a pin drop in the boat,' he said with a queer contraction of his lips, like a man trying to master his sensibilities while relating some extremely moving fact. A silence! God alone, who had willed him as he was, knows what he made of it in his heart. 'I didn't think any spot on earth could be so still,' he said. 'You couldn't distinguish the sea from the sky; there was nothing to see and nothing to hear. Not a glimmer, not a shape, not a sound. You could have believed that every bit of dry land had gone to the bottom; that every man on earth but I and these beggars in the boat had got drowned.' He leaned over the table with his knuckles propped amongst coffee-cups, liqueur-glasses, cigar-ends. 'I seemed to believe it. Everything was gone and—all was over . . .' he fetched a deep sigh . . . 'with me.'"

Marlow sat up abruptly and flung away his cheroot with force. It made a darting red trail like a toy rocket fired through the drapery of creepers. Nobody stirred.

"Hey, what do you think of it?" he cried with sudden animation. "Wasn't he true to himself, wasn't he? His saved life was over for want of ground under his feet, for want of sights for his eyes, for want of voices in his ears. Annihilation—hey! And all the time it was only a

clouded sky, a sea that did not break, the air that did not stir. Only a night; only a silence.

"It lasted for a while, and then they were suddenly and unanimously moved to make a noise over their escape. 'I knew from the first she would go.' 'Not a minute too soon.' 'A narrow squeak, b'gosh!' He said nothing, but the breeze that had dropped came back, a gentle draught freshened steadily, and the sea joined its murmuring voice to this talkative reaction succeeding the dumb moments of awe. She was gone! She was gone! Not a doubt of it. Nobody could have helped. They repeated the same words over and over again as though they couldn't stop themselves. Never doubted she would go. The lights were gone. No mistake. The lights were gone. Couldn't expect anything else. She had to go. . . . He noticed that they talked as though they had left behind them nothing but an empty ship. They concluded she would not have been long when she once started. It seemed to cause them some sort of satisfaction. They assured each other that she couldn't have been long about it—'Just shot down like a flat-iron.' The chief engineer declared that the mast-head light at the moment of sinking seemed to drop 'like a lighted match you throw down.' At this the second laughed hysterically. 'I am g-g-glad, I am gla-a-a-d.' His teeth went on 'like an electric rattle,' said Jim, 'and all at once he began to cry. He wept and blubbered like a child, catching his breath

and sobbing "Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" He would be quiet for a while and start suddenly, "Oh, my poor arm! oh, my poor a-a-a-arm!" I felt I could knock him down. Some of them sat in the stern-sheets. I could just make out their shapes. Voices came to me, mumble, mumble, grunt, grunt. All this seemed very hard to bear. I was cold too. And I could do nothing. I thought that if I moved I would have to go over the side and— . . .'

"His hand groped stealthily, came in contact with a liqueur-glass, and was withdrawn suddenly as if it had touched a red-hot coal. I pushed the bottle slightly. 'Won't you have some more?' I asked. He looked at me angrily. 'Don't you think I can tell you what there is to tell without screwing myself up?' he asked. The squad of globe-trotters had gone to bed. We were alone but for a vague white form erect in the shadow, that, being looked at, cringed forward, hesitated, backed away silently. It was getting late, but I did not hurry my guest.

"In the midst of his forlorn state he heard his companions begin to abuse some one. 'What kept you from jumping, you lunatic?' said a scolding voice. The chief engineer left the stern-sheets, and could be heard clambering forward as if with hostile intentions against 'the greatest idiot that ever was.' The skipper shouted with rasping effort offensive epithets from where he sat at the oar. He lifted his head at that uproar, and heard the name

'George,' while a hand in the dark struck him on the breast. 'What have you got to say for yourself, you fool?' queried somebody, with a sort of virtuous fury. 'They were after me,' he said. 'They were abusing me—abusing me . . . by the name of George.'

"He paused to stare, tried to smile, turned his eyes away and went on. 'That little second puts his head right under my nose, "Why, it's that blasted mate!" "What!" howls the skipper from the other end of the boat. "No!" shrieks the chief. And he too stooped to look at my face.'

"The wind had left the boat suddenly. The rain began to fall again, and the soft, uninterrupted, a little mysterious sound with which the sea receives a shower arose on all sides in the night. 'They were too taken aback to say anything more at first,' he narrated steadily, 'and what could I have to say to them?' He faltered for a moment, and made an effort to go on. 'They called me horrible names.' His voice, sinking to a whisper, now and then would leap up suddenly, hardened by the passion of scorn, as though he had been talking of secret abominations. 'Never mind what they called me,' he said grimly. 'I could hear hate in their voices. A good thing too. They could not forgive me for being in that boat. They hated it. It made them mad. . . .' He laughed short. . . . 'But it kept me from—Look! I was sitting with my arms crossed, on the gunwale! . . .' He

perched himself smartly on the edge of the table and crossed his arms. . . . 'Like this—see? One little tilt backwards and I would have been gone—after the others. One little tilt—the least bit—the least bit.' He frowned, and tapping his forehead with the tip of his middle finger, 'It was there all the time,' he said impressively. 'All the time—that notion. And the rain—cold, thick, cold as melted snow—colder—on my thin cotton clothes—I'll never be so cold again in my life, I know. And the sky was black too—all black. Not a star, not a light anywhere. Nothing outside that confounded boat and those two yapping before me like a couple of mean mongrels at a tree'd thief. Yap! yap! What you doing here? You're a fine sort! Too much of a bloomin' gentleman to put his hand to it. Come out of your trance, did you? To sneak in? Did you? Yap! yap! You ain't fit to live! Yap! yap! Two of them together trying to out-bark each other. The other would bay from the stern through the rain—couldn't see him—couldn't make out—some of his filthy jargon. Yap! yap! Bow-ow-ow-ow! Yap! yap! It was sweet to hear them; it kept me alive—I tell you. It has saved my life. At it they went, as if trying to drive me overboard with the noise! . . . I wonder you had pluck enough to jump. You ain't wanted here. If I had known who it was, I would have tipped you over—you skunk. What have you done with the other?

Where did you get the pluck to jump—you coward? What's to prevent us three from firing you overboard? . . . They were out of breath; the shower passed away upon the sea. Then nothing. There was nothing round the boat, not even a sound. Wanted to see me overboard, did they? Upon my soul! I think they would have had their wish if they had only kept quiet. Fire me overboard! Would they? "Try," I said. "I would for twopence." "Too good for you," they screeched together. It was so dark that it was only when one or the other of them moved that I was quite sure of seeing him. By heavens! I only wish they had tried.

"I couldn't help exclaiming, 'What an extraordinary affair!'

"'Not bad—eh?' he said as if in some sort astounded. 'They pretended to think I had done away with that donkey-man for some reason or other. Why should I? And how the devil was I to know? Didn't I get somehow into that boat? into that boat—I. . . .' The muscles round his lips contracted into an unconscious grimace that tore through the mask of his usual expression—something violent—short-lived and illuminating like a twist of lightning that admits the eye for an instant into the secret convolutions of a cloud. 'I did. I was plainly there with them—wasn't I? Isn't it awful a man should be driven to do a thing like that—and be responsible? What did I know about their George they were howling after? I

remembered I had seen him curled up on the deck. "Murdering coward!" the chief kept on calling me. He didn't seem able to remember any other two words. I didn't care, only his noise began to worry me. "Shut up," I said. At that he collected himself for a confounded screech. "You killed him. You killed him." "No," I shouted, "but I will kill you directly." I jumped up, and he fell backwards over a thwart with an awful loud thump. I don't know why. Too dark. Tried to step back, I suppose. I stood still facing aft, and the wretched little second began to whine, "You ain't going to hit a chap with a broken arm—and you call yourself a gentleman, too." I heard a heavy tramp—one—two—and wheezy grunting. The other beast was coming at me, clattering his oar over the stern. I saw him moving, big, big—as you see a man in a mist, in a dream. "Come on," I cried. I would have tumbled him over like a bale of shakings. He stopped, muttered to himself, and went back. Perhaps he had heard the wind. I didn't. It was the last heavy gust we had. He went back. I was sorry. I would have tried to—to . . .'

"He opened and closed his curved fingers, and his hands had an eager and cruel flutter. 'Steady, steady,' I murmured.

"'Eh? What? I am not excited,' he remonstrated, awfully hurt, and with a convulsive jerk of his elbow knocked over the cognac-bottle. I started forward, scraping my chair. He bounced off the

table as if a mine had been exploded behind his back, and half turned before he alighted, crouching on his feet to show me a startled pair of eyes and a face white about the nostrils. A look of intense annoyance succeeded. 'Awfully sorry. How clumsy of me!' he mumbled, very vexed, while the pungent odour of spilt alcohol enveloped us suddenly with an atmosphere of a low drinking-bout in the cool, pure darkness of the night. The lights had been put out in the dining-hall; our candle glimmered solitary in the long gallery; and the columns had turned black from pediment to capital, with vivid stars between; and to the left the high corner of the Harbour Office coming out distinct across the Esplanade, as though the sombre pile had glided nearer to see and hear.

"He assumed an air of indifference.

"'I daresay I am less calm now than I was then. I was ready for anything. These were trifles. . . .'

"'You had a lively time of it in that boat,' I remarked.

"'I was ready,' he repeated. 'After the ship's lights had gone, anything might have happened in that boat—anything in the world—and the world no wiser. I felt this, and I was pleased. It was just dark enough too. We were like men walled up quick in a roomy grave. No concern with anything on earth. Nobody to pass an opinion. Nothing mattered.' For the third time during this conversation he laughed

harshly, but there was no one about to suspect him of being only drunk. 'No fear, no law, no sounds, no eyes—not even our own, till—till sunrise at least.'

"I was struck by the suggestive truth of his words. There is something peculiar in a small boat upon the wide sea. Over the lives borne from under the shadow of death there seems to fall the shadow of madness. When the ship fails you, your whole world seems to fail you; the world that had made you, restrained you, taken care of you. It is as if the souls of men floating on an abyss and in touch with immensity had been set free for any excess of heroism, absurdity, or abomination. Of course, as with belief, thought, love, hate, conviction, or even the visual aspect of material things, there are as many shipwrecks as there are men, and in this one there was something abject which made the isolation more complete,—there was a villainy of circumstances that cut these men off more completely from the rest of mankind, whose ideal of conduct had never undergone the trial of a fiendish and appalling joke. They were exasperated with him for being a half-hearted shirker; he focussed on them his hate of the whole thing: he would have liked to take a signal revenge for the abhorrent opportunity they had put in his way. Trust a boat on the high seas to bring out the Irrational that lurks at the bottom of every thought, sentiment, sensation, emotion. It was part of the burlesque mean-

ness pervading that particular disaster at sea that they did not come to blows. It was all threats, all a terribly effective feint, a sham from beginning to end, planned by the tremendous disdain of the Dark Powers whose real terrors, always on the verge of triumph all over the world's surface, are perpetually foiled by the steadfastness of men. I asked, after waiting for a while, 'Well, what happened?' A futile question. I knew too much already to hope for the grace of a single uplifting touch, for the favour of hinted madness, of shadowed horror. 'Nothing,' he said. 'I meant business, but they meant noise only. Nothing happened.'

"And the rising sun found him just as he had jumped up first in the bows of the boat. What a persistence of readiness! He had been holding the tiller in his hand, too, all the night. They had dropped the rudder overboard while attempting to ship it, and I suppose the tiller got kicked forward somehow while they were rushing up and down that boat trying to do all sorts of things at once so as to get clear of the side. It was a long heavy piece of hard wood, and apparently he had been clutching it for six hours or so. If you don't call that being ready! Can you imagine him, silent and on his feet half the night, his face to the gusts of rain, staring at sombre forms, watchful of vague movements, straining his ears to catch rare low murmurs in the stern-sheets! Firmness of courage or effort of fear?

What do you think? And the endurance is undeniable too. Six hours more or less on the defensive; six hours of alert immobility while the boat drove slowly or floated arrested according to the caprice of the wind; while the sea, calmed, slept at least; while the clouds passed above his head; while the sky from an immensity lustreless and black, diminished to a sombre and lustrous vault, scintillated with a greater brilliance, faded to the east, paled at the zenith; while the dark shapes blotting the low stars astern got outlines, relief; became shoulders, heads, faces, features,—confronted him with dreary stares, had dishevelled hair, torn clothes, blinked red eyelids at the white dawn. 'They looked as though they had been knocking about drunk in gutters for a week,' he described graphically; and then he muttered something about the sunrise being of a kind that foretells a calm day. You know that sailor habit of referring to the weather in every connection. And on my side his few mumbled words were enough to make me see the lower limb of the sun clearing the line of the horizon, the tremble of a vast ripple running over all the visible expanse of the sea, as if the waters had shuddered, giving birth to the globe of light, while the last puff of the breeze would stir the air in a sigh of relief.

"'They sat in the stern shoulder to shoulder, with the skipper in the middle, like three dirty owls, and stared at me,' I heard him say with an

intention of hate that distilled a corrosive virtue into the commonplace words like a drop of powerful poison falling into a glass of water; but my thoughts dwelt upon that sunrise. I could imagine under the pellucid emptiness of the sky these four men imprisoned in the solitude of the sea, the lonely sun, regardless of the speck of life, ascending the clear curve of the heaven as if to gaze ardently from a greater height at his own splendour reflected in the still ocean. 'They called out to me from aft,' said Jim, 'as though we had been chums together. I heard them. They were begging me to be sensible and drop that "blooming piece of wood." Why *would* I carry on so? They hadn't done me any harm—had they? There had been no harm. . . . No harm!'

"His face crimsoned as though he could not get rid of the air in his lungs.

"'No harm!' he burst out. 'I leave it to you. You can understand. Can't you? You see it—don't you? No harm! Good God! What more could they have done? Oh yes, I know very well—I jumped. Certainly. I jumped! I told you I jumped; but I tell you they were too much for any man. It was their doing as plainly as if they had reached up with a boat-hook and pulled me over. Can't you see it? You must see it. Come. Speak—straight out.'

"His uneasy eyes fastened upon mine, questioned, begged, challenged, entreated. For the life of me I couldn't help mur-

muring, 'You've been tried.' 'More than is fair,' he caught up swiftly. 'I wasn't given half a chance—with a gang like that. And now they were friendly—oh, so damnably friendly! Chums, shipmates. All in the same boat. Make the best of it. They hadn't meant anything. They didn't care a hang for George. George had gone back to his berth for something at the last moment and got caught. The man was a manifest fool. Very sad of course. . . . Their eyes looked at me; their lips moved; they wagged their heads at the other end of the boat—three of them; they beckoned—to me. Why not? Hadn't I jumped? I said nothing. There are no words for the sort of things I wanted to say. If I had opened my lips just then I would have simply howled like an animal. I was asking myself when I would wake up. They urged me aloud to come aft and hear quietly what the skipper had to say. We were sure to be picked up before the evening—right in the track of all the Canal traffic; there was smoke to the north-west now.

"'It gave me an awful shock to see this faint, faint blur, this low trail of brown mist through which you could see the boundary of sea and sky. I called out to them that I could hear very well where I was. The skipper started swearing, as hoarse as a crow. He wasn't going to talk at the top of his voice for *my* accommodation. "Are you afraid they will hear you on shore?"

I asked. He glared as if he would have liked to claw me to pieces. The chief engineer advised him to humour me. He said I wasn't right in my head yet. The other rose astern, like a thick pillar of flesh—and talked—talked. . . .

"Jim remained thoughtful. 'Well?' I said. 'What did I care what story they agreed to make up?' he cried recklessly. 'They could tell what they jolly well liked. It was their business. I knew the story. Nothing they could make people believe could alter it for me. I let him talk, argue—talk, argue. He went on and on and on. Suddenly I felt my legs give way under me. I was sick, tired—tired to death. I let fall the tiller, turned my back on them, and sat down on the foremost thwart. I had enough. They called to me to know if I understood—wasn't it true, every word of it? It was true, by God! after their fashion. I did not turn my head. I heard them palaver-ing together. "The silly ass won't say anything." "Oh, he understands well enough." "Let him be; he will be all right." "What can he do?" What could I do! Weren't we all in the same boat. I tried to be deaf. The smoke had disappeared to the northward. It was a dead calm. They had a drink from the water-breaker, and I drank too. Afterwards they made a great business of spreading the boat-sail over the gunwales. Would I keep a look-out? They crept under, out of my

sight, thank God! I felt weary, weary, done up, as if I hadn't had one hour's sleep since the day I was born. I couldn't see the water for the glitter of the sunshine. From time to time one of them would creep out, stand up to take a look all round, and get under again. I could hear spells of snoring below the sail. Some of them could sleep. One of them at least. I couldn't! There is a time in my life when I had forgotten what sleep was made of, what the word meant; that there was a state in which I could be unconscious of myself. All was light, light, and the boat seemed to be falling through it. Now and then I would feel quite surprised to find myself sitting on a thwart. . . .

"He began to walk with measured steps to and fro before my chair, one hand in his trousers-pocket, his head bent thoughtfully, and his right arm at long intervals raised for a gesture that seemed to put out of his way an invisible intruder.

"I suppose you think I was going mad," he began in a changed tone. "And well you may, if you remember I had lost my cap. The sun crept all the way from east to west over my bare head, but that day I could not come to any harm, I suppose. The sun could not make me mad. . . ." His right arm put aside the idea of madness. . . . "Neither could it kill me. . . ." Again his arm repulsed a shadow. . . . "That rested with me."

"Did it?" I said, inexpress-

ably amazed at this new turn, and I looked at him with the same sort of feeling I might be fairly conceived to experience had he, after spinning round on his heel, presented an altogether new face.

"‘I didn’t get brain fever, I did not drop dead either,’ he went on. ‘I didn’t bother myself at all about the sun over my head. I was thinking as coolly as any man that ever sat thinking in the shade. That greasy beast of a skipper poked his big cropped head from under the canvas and screwed his fishy eyes up at me. ‘Donnerwetter! you will die,’ he growled, and drew in like a turtle. I had seen him. I had heard him. He didn’t interrupt me. I was thinking just then that I wouldn’t.’"

"He tried to sound my

thought with an attentive glance dropped on me in passing,—something swift and full of purpose, like a cast of the hand-lead taken in shoaling water. ‘Do you mean to say you had been deliberating with yourself whether you would die?’ I asked in as impenetrable a tone as I could command. He nodded without stopping. ‘Yes, it had come to that as I sat there alone,’ he said. He passed on a few steps to the imaginary end of his beat, and when he flung round to come back both his hands were thrust deep into his pockets. He stopped short in front of my chair and looked down. ‘Don’t you believe it?’ he inquired with tense curiosity. I was moved to make a solemn declaration of my readiness to believe implicitly anything he thought fit to tell me."

CHAPTER XI.

"He heard me out with his head on one side, and I had another glimpse through a rent in the mist in which he moved and had his being. The dim candle spluttered within the ball of glass, and that was all I had to see him by; at his back was the dark night with the clear stars, whose distant glitter disposed in retreating planes lured the eye into the depths of a greater darkness; and yet a mysterious light seemed to show me his boyish head, as if in that moment the youth within him had, for the last time, gleamed and expired. ‘You are an awful good sort to listen like this,’ he said. ‘It

does me good. You don’t know what it is to me. You don’t’ . . . words seemed to fail him. It was a distinct glimpse. He was a boy, fair, frank, silly if you will. A youngster of the sort you like to see about you; of the sort you like to imagine yourself to have been; of the sort whose appearance claims the fellowship of these illusions you had thought gone out, extinct, cold, and which, as if rekindled at the approach of another flame, give a flutter deep, deep down somewhere, give a flutter of light . . . of heat! . . . Yes; I had a glimpse of him then, . . . and it was the last of that kind. . . . ‘You

don't know what it is for a fellow in my position to be believed—make a clean breast of it to an elder man. It is so difficult—so awfully unfair—so hard to understand.'

"The mists were closing again. I don't know how old I appeared to him—and how much wise? Not half as old as I felt just then; not half as uselessly wise as I knew myself to be. Surely in no other craft as in that of the sea do the hearts of those already launched to sink or swim go out so much to the youth on the brink, looking with shining eyes upon that glitter of the vast surface which is only a reflection of his own glances full of fire. There is envy of the past, amusement, and infinite pity. Who could resist it? There is such magnificent vagueness in the impulses that had driven each of us to sea, such a glorious indefiniteness of expectations, such a beautiful greed of adventures that are their own and only reward! In other occupations the youngster knows something; he expects—this—that—the other definite thing. In this he only desires, with all his heart, with all his soul—desires—what? He cannot tell. He does not know. What he gets—well, we won't talk of that; but can one of us restrain a smile? In no other kind of life is the illusion more wide of reality—in no other is the beginning *all* illusion—the disenchantment more swift—the subjugation more complete; and no other has the power to extort bitter love for the sake of unfulfilled hopes.

Hadn't we all commenced with the same desire, ended with the same knowledge, carried the memory of the same cherished glamour through the sordid days of imprecation? Well may those few of us who can speak, looking from under the black shadows of sails at the bewitching face of the moonlit sea, whisper to themselves '*Odi et amo.*' It is the very truth. The intoxication of charm imagined, the desire of the subtle spirit for ever escaping, the hate of reality sobering and cruel, are like the shadow of the passionate visitation of the gods—the devouring rage of tenderness entwined with the hot rage of anger. '*Odi et amo*' they can say as if speaking to life itself, that for all of us begins with the same glamour, and runs through the days of execration to the obscurity of a common end. What wonder that when some heavy prod gets home the bond is found to be close; that besides the fellowship of the craft there is felt the strength of a wider feeling—the feeling that binds a man to a child. He was there before me, believing that age and wisdom can find a remedy against the pain of truth, giving me a glimpse of himself as a young fellow in a scrape that is the very devil of a scrape, the sort of scrape greybeards wag at solemnly while they hide a smile. And he had been deliberating upon death—confound him! He had found *that* to meditate about because he thought he had saved his life, while all its glamour had

gone with the ship in the night. What more natural! It was tragic enough and funny enough in all conscience to call aloud for compassion, and in what was I better than the rest of us to refuse him my pity. And even as I looked at him the mists rolled into the rent, and his voice spoke—

“‘I was so lost, you know. It was the sort of thing one does not expect to happen to one. It was not like a fight, for instance.’

“‘It was not,’ I admitted. He appeared changed, as if he had suddenly matured.

“‘One couldn’t be sure,’ he muttered.

“‘Ah! You were not sure,’ I said, and was placated by the sound of a faint sigh that passed between us like the flight of a bird in the night.

“‘Well, I wasn’t,’ he said courageously. ‘It was something like that wretched story they made up. It was not a lie—but it wasn’t truth all the same. It was something. . . . One knows a downright lie. There was not the thickness of a sheet of paper between the right and the wrong of this affair.’

“‘How much more did you want?’ I asked; but I think I spoke so low that he did not catch what I said. He had advanced his argument as though life had been a network of paths separated by chasms. His voice sounded reasonable.

“‘Suppose I had not—I mean to say, suppose I had stuck to the ship? Well. How much longer? Say a minute

—half a minute. Come. In thirty seconds, as it seemed certain then, I would have been overboard; and do you think I would not have laid hold of the first thing that came in my way—oar, life-buoy, grating—anything. Wouldn’t you?’

“‘And be saved,’ I interjected.

“‘I would have meant to be,’ he retorted. ‘And that’s more than I meant when I’ . . . he shivered as if about to swallow some nauseous drug . . . ‘jumped,’ he pronounced with a convulsive effort, whose stress, as if propagated by the waves of the air, made my body stir a little in the chair. He fixed me with lowering eyes. ‘Don’t you believe me?’ he cried. ‘I swear! . . . Confound it! You got me here to talk, and . . . You must! . . . You said you would believe.’ ‘Of course I do,’ I protested, in a matter-of-fact tone which produced a calming effect. ‘Forgive me,’ he said. ‘Of course I wouldn’t have talked to you about all this if you had not been a gentleman. I ought to have known . . . I am—I am—a gentleman too . . .’ ‘Yes, yes,’ I said hastily. He was looking me squarely in the face, and withdrew his gaze slowly. ‘Now you understand why I didn’t after all . . . didn’t go out in that way. I wasn’t going to be frightened at what I had done. And, anyhow, if I had stuck to the ship I would have done my best to be saved. Men have been known to float for hours—in the open sea—and be picked up not much

the worse for it. I might have lasted it out better than many others. There's nothing the matter with *my* heart.' He withdrew his right fist from his pocket, and the blow he struck on his chest resounded like a muffled detonation in the night.

"'No,' I said. He was meditative, with his legs slightly apart and his chin sunk. 'A hair's-breadth,' he muttered. 'Not the breadth of a hair between this and that. And at the time . . .'

"'It is difficult to see a hair at midnight,' I put in, a little viciously I fear. Don't you see what I mean by the solidarity of the craft? I was aggrieved against him, as though he had cheated me—me!—of a splendid opportunity to keep up the illusion of my beginnings, as though he had robbed our common life of the last spark of its glamour. 'And so you cleared out—at once.'

"'Jumped,' he corrected me incisively. 'Jumped—mind!' he repeated, and I wondered at the evident but obscure intention. 'Well, yes! Perhaps I could not see then. But I had plenty of time and any amount of light in that boat. And I could think too. Nobody would know, of course, but this did not make it any easier for me. You've got to believe that too. I did not want all this talk. . . . No . . . Yes . . . I won't lie . . . I wanted it: it is the very thing I wanted—there. Do you think

you or anybody could have made me if I . . . I am—I am not afraid to tell. And I wasn't afraid to think either. I looked it in the face. I wasn't going to run away. At first—at night, if it hadn't been for these fellows I might have . . . No! by heavens! I was not going to give them that satisfaction. They had done enough. They made up a story, and believed it for all I know. But I knew the truth, and I would live it down—alone, with myself. I wasn't going to give in to such a beastly unfair thing. What did it prove after all? I was confoundedly cut up. Sick of life—to tell you the truth; but what would have been the good to shirk it—in—in—that way? That was not the way. I believe—I believe it would have—it would have ended—nothing.'

He had been walking up and down, but with the last word he turned short at me.

"'What do *you* believe?' he asked with violence. A pause ensued, and suddenly I felt myself overcome by a profound and hopeless fatigue, as though his voice had startled me out of a dream of wandering through empty spaces whose immensity had harassed my soul and exhausted my body.

"'. . . Would have ended nothing,' he muttered over me obstinately, after a little while. 'No! the proper thing was to face it out—alone before myself—wait for another chance—find out . . .'

(To be continued.)

THE LOW NILE OF 1899, IN RELATION TO THE
COTTON CROP OF 1900.

"THE Nile is Egypt, and Egypt is the Nile," is a truism which was tersely put by Lord Rosebery during the Fashoda crisis. It follows, then, that a good Nile is of the utmost importance to the prosperity of that country. When the Nile rises too high, great damage is done to the crops immediately behind its banks, from the water of infiltration remaining stagnant for weeks on the cultivated lands, while the breaking of banks and the flooding of considerable areas is of common occurrence. Again, when the Nile is abnormally low, much land in Upper Egypt remains without water, and consequently without crops for a whole year; while Lower Egypt (the delta lying to the north of Cairo) suffers from a scarcity of water during the following summer. The question of loss consequently divides itself naturally into two periods, which should be considered separately.

The height of the Nile for centuries has been measured by the Nilometer at Cairo. The markings on this gauge are in the old measures of *pics*¹ and *kirats*, 24 kirats making 1 pic. The pics, however, at the lower part of the gauge are greater than those at the top, so that a pic does not always measure the same number of inches; but as the height of the Nile has been measured from time

immemorial in this manner, no other measurement would be of use for purposes of comparison.

A perfect Nile rises to a height of 24 pics at Cairo, and gives the most satisfactory results. When we consider that this year the Nile has not attained a height of 17 pics, it will at once be apparent that this is far short of what is required, and, as a matter of fact, is the lowest of the three bad Niles which have stood out prominently from all others—namely, those of 1877, 1888, and 1899. It is a curious coincidence that they should have occurred at intervals of eleven years with such regularity. Nearly all the irrigation of Upper Egypt is carried on under the ancient system of "basin" irrigation—that is to say, large areas of as nearly the same level as possible are enclosed by earth banks; the flood-waters are allowed to enter these basins; and, should the Nile rise sufficiently, the whole surface is covered, the lower parts to a depth of many feet and the higher parts with a few inches of water only. Thus when the Nile is low the flood does not reach the higher lands, which under those conditions are technically known as *sharakee*. In 1877 there were upwards of 900,000 acres of *sharakee*, while this

¹ A *pic* varied in length from 18 inches to 28 inches.

year the official estimate is 200,000. This great reduction in area under equally adverse conditions has been accomplished by the improvement of the system of irrigation since 1877, principally the rearrangement and improvement of inlets from the Nile, which receive their water higher upstream, and consequently admit a greater volume of flood-water into the basins. It is not the deficiency of water in the river which is the cause of sharakee, but the impossibility of reaching the higher levels under the old and primitive system. In three years from this date, when the great dam at Assouan is completed, the whole of the system of basin irrigation will be gradually given up, and a system of "canal" irrigation substituted, when "summer" as well as "winter" crops will be grown, without the risk of winter crops being injuriously affected by a low Nile. This year the loss to Government of revenue from sharakee will amount to about £250,000, and the loss to cultivators double that amount. This, however, is not a serious matter when we consider the present financial prosperity of both the Government and the proprietors.

In Lower Egypt the basin irrigation has been entirely superseded by canal irrigation, and here the greater portion of the cotton crop is grown. This valuable crop has this year been saved from damage by the regulation of the great barrage below Cairo during

the flood. Such regulation has never before been possible, on account of the hitherto weak condition of the structure, and the fear that should any pressure be put upon it during high Nile it might not be able to withstand the strain. Fortunately last year the Egyptian Government began to strengthen the barrage by building down-stream a dam across each of the two branches of the river, thus keeping a body of water constantly pressing against the lower side of the base of the structure, to balance an equal depth of water on the upper side. In this way the weight of water to be resisted is reduced when the doors of the barrage are let down to raise the head sufficiently high to force a flow of water into the irrigation canals. The dam on the Damietta branch of the Nile was last year so far completed that the engineers were warranted during the flood in regulating the flow of water through the barrage for the first time in its existence, and were consequently able to supply sufficient water to save the cotton crop. The construction of the dam on the Rosetta branch is now begun, so that before another season comes round perfect safety will be secured. In the light of these facts, it will be seen that Lower Egypt has hardly suffered, and that Upper Egypt, in comparison with other years of low Niles, has been little affected so far as 1899 is concerned; but, unfortunately, a low flood means a very much reduced supply of water in the follow-

ing summer, at the very time when water is most required for the cotton crop. The cotton crop of Egypt in an average year is worth eleven millions sterling, and is by far the most important of all the summer crops. Next in value comes the sugar-cane cultures of Upper Egypt, and lastly the rice-fields of the northern part of the Delta. In a normal year all available water is required, so there cannot possibly be enough in 1900 to save the whole of these crops. The question then arises, as to which crop must be given up in the coming season. This decision rests with the Egyptian Government, which reserves to itself ample powers, retaining full control of the entire water-supply. Rice, for many reasons, is the best crop to abandon—first, because it is by far the least valuable, being grown only on poor, salt land unsuitable for cotton; and second, because it requires more than double the amount of water, applied more frequently. Consequently it is quite unable to withstand the long intervals of time which will be enforced between waterings. When there is a scarcity of water every canal is divided into sections, and each group of cultivators is only permitted to draw water in rotation every fifteen or twenty days. A twenty days' period will be a necessity next year. This will not injure the cotton crop much, but would ruin rice. It will be sufficient to intimate in time that this rotation will be

put in force, and little or no rice will be planted.

Another measure will undoubtedly be adopted which will save much water for the cotton crop. More than one-third of the whole area of cultivated land in Lower Egypt is annually planted with maize. This land, which has previously been under winter crops, is dry and parched in the extreme, and when first flooded drinks in a large quantity of water. To obtain a maximum crop of maize the flooding of such dry land must be done just before the Nile rises, at the time when water is most required for cotton. This operation must be postponed in 1900 until the flood has risen sufficiently to relieve the situation, and by that means a great quantity of water will be made available for other purposes. The maize will be sown later; and though it will still have time to mature, it can only give a diminished yield. This will be unfortunate for the poorer classes, as maize is their staple food; but of two evils Egypt must choose the lesser. Should cotton be a failure, all classes of the community would suffer severely, and the land-tax, which amounts to one-third of the letting value, could not be paid. There is, however, little fear for the cotton crop of 1900, although Egypt will undoubtedly suffer considerable loss in her rice and maize.

S. WILLIAMSON WALLACE.

MARIA JOSEPHA.¹

TO those of us who praise the social life and tone of the eighteenth century, and who are apt to fall into comparisons irritating, it may be, to optimists and lovers of their own times, the reply is made that we take unfair examples. We take, it is said, our Walpoles and Selwyns and Charles Foxes, men who formed an exceptional clique, and represented nothing but an infinitesimal portion of the society surrounding them, and we contrast them with the average examples of a far wider community; whereas we ought to remember that the average life of the eighteenth century was very different, and that the fair counterparts of our examples—the wits and statesmen and social heroes of our own day—would show an equal share of the qualities we admire. The latter half of this argument presents difficulties to the hardest controversialist. If one knew the contemporary lions, one would hardly like to criticise their private merits and demerits, even as a body: if one did not know them, it would be merely polite to accept the favourable account. No one, I am afraid, can deny that their public appearances are a trifle dreary, a little commonplace

and expected or so: if in private they make brilliant and fascinating amends, so much the better; we must be content to hear their praises without prejudice, and to return unobtrusively to their predecessors. As for the former half of the argument, it may be allowed that in the great mass of the commercial classes there was more of outward roughness and less of verbal education than now. But that in the average of educated people of the upper class—I use the phrase in the significance it had and has lost—there was an amount of social art and good breeding, of lively sympathy and sympathetic liveliness, of humour and intelligence, with which (to drop all comparisons) one would be well content to live, is proved conclusively by the books mentioned below. For granted that the first Lady Stanley of Alderley was an exceptional woman—and she was so only in the sense that she possessed ordinary good qualities in a strong degree—the same cannot be said of all her many correspondents, of her aunt and sister and girlfriends and father and step-mother. No; these are fair examples of an amiable family and society of the period, and

¹ The Early Married Life of Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley, with extracts from Sir John Stanley's 'Preterita.' Edited by one of their Grandchildren, Jane H. Adeane. Longmans, Green, & Co. 1899.

The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd [Lady Stanley of Alderley]. Recorded in Letters of a hundred years ago, from 1776 to 1796. Edited by J. H. Adeane. Longmans, Green, & Co. 1896.

their letters prove once for all that it would have been well to live in it.

I think that the familiarity of the title I have given to this appreciation is not impertinent. To read Lady Stanley's letters with imagination and human sympathy is to take her for a sister, or at least an intimate friend. With the earlier Maria Holroyd, indeed, one fell frankly—and alas, how desperately!—in love. Now that one finds her married, a good housewife, a careful mother, a lady of position in the county of Cheshire, respect may mellow that pleasant infatuation into a warm affection: but affection at least one must be allowed to confess. And warm affection: there is nothing faded about these letters of a lady who died in extreme old age half a century ago; the glowing vitality of their writer is strong in them still. Well, they are very intimate and have been published; one is invited to intimacy. And some humanity of response is appropriate, for great as their interest is for our knowledge of the time, its manner between relations, its fashions and domestic economy, and for instructive mention of important people and events, after all their great quality, that which makes them a possession in its way unique, is that they reveal a most winning and refreshing woman.

The reader may be assumed, perhaps, to have read the earlier of the two books (and a reminder to read the other

at once is the simple and pious purpose of these remarks), but some slight recapitulation may not be amiss. Maria Josepha Holroyd was the elder of the first Lord Sheffield's daughters by his first wife. He was an active politician, especially knowing about agriculture, a kindly, humorous, and accomplished man of the world. He was Gibbon's most intimate friend, and prepared his memoirs for publication. Miss Holroyd, then,—it was after her marriage that Lord Sheffield was made an earl,—saw a good deal of literary people of the respectable kind, and indulged her love of books under the guidance of the immortal historian himself. "What books do you read?" he wrote to her when she was twenty-one, "and how do you employ your time and your pen? Except some professed scholars, I have often observed that women in general read much more than men; but for want of a plan, a method, a fixed object, their reading is of little benefit to themselves or others: if you will inform me of the species of reading to which you have the most propensity, I shall be happy to contribute my share of action or assistance." Gibbon, as we know, had a great admiration for Fielding, and "Aunt and I read 'Tom Jones' by turns," wrote Maria. It was before the days of mock-modesty. She read in French, too, a rather miscellaneous collection: the works of Madame de Staël and Madame de Genlis and the affecting Rousseau.

Gibbon had a great opinion of her intellects. "Gibbon," wrote her father to her husband, "used to lament that she was not a boy, saying she would maintain a contest well with Charles Fox." A strong call was made on her practical sense and intelligence, for during several years, before his second marriage, she managed her father's house at Sheffield Place and in town. A charming young hostess she must have been, witty and appreciative of wit, good-humoured and something (by her own phrase and confession) of a flirt. Perhaps she was a little intolerant of sluggishness and dullness. She wrote, two years after her marriage, of her husband's school friend Colonel Campbell, "He is one of those sort of men who let time pass itself, and with whom I rejoice that it is not my lot to have to help them to pass it"—and her discreet aunt, "Serena," found in her a warmth and emphasis which needed control: probably it was as good fun to quarrel as to agree with her. Also she had her views of what a man should be. "You would make the D—— of a Wife," wrote Serena, "to a man you could not look up to as high as a Steeple."

I do not find conclusive evidence in the letters now published that a steeple was precisely the image in her mind of the fortunate man she married. She praised his virtues freely, but putting her strong love for him on one side, I fancy her real mental attitude was as towards a very amiable but rather negatively excellent

person, an attitude of good-humoured understanding. But she was far from being the devil of a wife to him. A more comfortable and indulgent wife cannot be imagined. Cheerfully after their marriage she "followed the drum" with him, he being an ardent militiaman and England then agog at fears of invasion, though she detested the life; and later, because he loved the country and thought London a "Devil's Town," and wanted to be busy about his place, she cheerfully gave up the society which she loved, and in which she must have known she was eminently popular and successful. For us that self-sacrifice was a pity, because it has made us miss such a world of pleasant observation, but it was very agreeable for her husband, and perhaps in the long-run good for her. When they did go to town he collected eminent men of science, Davy and others, round him, on whose conversation Maria's keen intelligence batted, while her lively spirits, one cannot help fancying, were a little chilled: "dull, stooped, scientific," you remember was Major Pendennis' verdict on such conversation. She even imbibed a little of her husband's Whiggery, tempered by her natural sense of humour and the slashing Toryism of her father, but one may not attribute this to her lacking independence, which in a due manner she asserted on occasion. In one of her very few letters to him, for they were always together, she wrote: "My poor dear man, I am very sorry for

you, and I perfectly comprehend all your vexation. . . . I allow all this; yet you must indeed think of a little matter of fact, and answer matter of fact, and settle matter of fact. . . . Adieu, dear thing, *my* support and pride in all essentials, though in smaller concerns I think I am cooler and clearer sometimes." (It may be worth remarking, by the way, that the letters prove, in Maria's case, in her aunt's, and in more than one of her friends, that independent, open-minded, and intelligent women are not, as some strangely informed persons seem to believe, the invention of the last decade. Nor even the assertion of their rights: Maria found "many sensible and just observations" in Mrs Wollstonecraft.) But, independent or not, she never failed in any duty of kindness to her lord, and never mentions him less affectionately than as "the Man."

A bit of a prig, I fancy, this John Thomas Stanley, afterwards Sir John, and later first Lord Stanley of Alderley. He was a distinguished young man when he married, having gone to Iceland,—in those days a remarkable thing to have done. He translated Bürger's "Leonore" into rather lively verses; but "Sir John's English instincts revolting against spectral impossibilities, he abandoned the original and gave the ballad a happy ending," Miss Adeane tells us. He was literary, then, and scientific. He had a great reputation for telling the truth, and his conscience got him into a difficulty,

of which Maria gives an amusing account, as soon as he joined the militia. Miss Adeane prints his 'Preterita,' in which he solemnly records his earliest impressions. "A man's life previous to his third year is an absolute blank," he writes, but he begins solidly at that fascinating point. Not peculiarly interesting reading, his 'Preterita,' except the part where he stayed at the Court of Brunswick and fell boyishly in love with the bright and happy girl who was to be George the Fourth's most unhappy queen: that part is interesting, observant, and pleasantly told. One is glad, however, to know all that is to be known of him, since he formed so large a part of Maria's environment. A clever, not unamiable, rather pompous, upright, probably selfish man.

Of her other intimates, Louisa, her sister, who married Captain (afterwards General) Clinton, is as sprightly as herself, though not so mellow or acute. In the earlier volume she was a lively and mischievous girl; in the later (the first part excepted) a good-natured and rather worldly woman, with all the burden of fashion and her husband's career upon her; but she never lacked the family kindness and appreciation of life. In both books Serena, the "dear Mrs Aunt," who lived an important dowager, so to speak, at Bath, shows her constant affection and solicitude for her nieces' proper deportment, tempered by a wholesome wish that they should enjoy all the good fun

going. Lord Sheffield chaffs and eulogises by turns his "brat" and "the Man" her husband. Serena was able to send her niece a vivid account from Colonel Laborde, an eye-witness of the Duc d'Enghien's murder; and the correspondence includes a verbatim account of a conversation between Mr Davenport and Napoleon at Elba, amusing from the naïve questions of the Englishman and the good-humoured evasions of the great man. There are letters from her brother-in-law, the Rev. Edward Stanley, who was the father of the Dean, written from France to his young nieces, and full of cheerful pleasantries. But perhaps the funniest letter of all is one from Miss Theresa Parker, who married Mr G. Villiers, and was the mother of the fourth Lord Clarendon. There are too few of her letters, for they are all bright and clever; but that to which I refer is written with quite an extraordinary effect of ironical and innocently malicious humour, and tells in a brilliantly funny way one of the best child stories, about the little Princess Charlotte of Wales, that I have heard—a story to put to shame those inanities about children at which one is commonly invited to laugh. Surely other letters of this witty lady are preserved? If such there be, it is almost their owner's duty to a dull world to publish them.

Great names, of course, decorate the correspondence. Maria saw Byron at the play, in 1816, and observed that the lady next him "(not Lady B.)

laughed a great deal, and proved Conrad was not in a gloomy fit." Serena was shown by her friends, the "sister Mores," "a number of the most natural lively letters from Horace Walpole to Hannah. He is a wonderful old man. . . . So unlike the studied stile of Pope." At another time the same lady was shown a letter of the Prince of Wales, and "what a very pretty hand he writes, and what a pity he *won't* be what he *might* be!" Mrs Clinton listened to Thomas Moore singing his Irish songs, apparently (in 1809) a bold thing to do. Miss O'Neil, Kemble, Kean, "Tom Thumb," "The Stranger," are among the persons and things which come in for description. But, after all, it is not for such points that the letters are valuable. Not even for manners and customs, interesting though these often are: the domestic economy of people with rather more position than money, the servant and tutor question a hundred years since, the matter-of-course tipsiness to be expected on festive occasions, and old customs like that of "lifting," which was practised on Easter Monday by the men and maids of the household.

The letters are valuable for the personality of Maria Josepha. But it is indescribable. One may say that she was warm-hearted, warm-blooded, humorous, arch—"the sauciest of Cheshire cats," said her sister Louisa—mirthful, sensible, sane. But that is no sufficient explanation of the attraction you are defied not

to feel. Some hint, however, may be found in a combination, unhappily rare, of well-being and sympathy. She had, one gathers, consistently excellent health and consequent spirits and enjoyment of animal life; she was prosperous and successful, and had that full and keen temperament from which the inevitable human sorrows,—and she seems to have had but few,—howsoever felt at the moment, soon rebound. Now it is the unfortunate experience of humanity that such health, such spirits, such prosperity are not commonly joined to a very delicate perception or a very feeling heart. It is to the less lucky, the less high-spirited, that one

looks when these other qualities are the one thing necessary. Health and high spirits and prosperity—one welcomes their pleasant appearance and salutes their undoubted eminence in life, but one is not surprised if their possessors are rough or a little selfish. But this Lady Stanley of Alderley had a delicate tact and considerateness, was of all things kind-hearted. One is not amused only, one does not admire only the wit and vigour and good spirits; one appreciates and understands and loves. And so, with a word of gratitude for the pious and careful editing of Miss Adeane, regretfully one leaves the subject.

G. S. STREET.

NEW TROUT-FISHERIES.

BY JOHN BICKERDYKE.

AT a time when agricultural land is in many places unproductive of income, while trout-fisheries, more particularly those in the neighbourhood of big towns, will fetch enormous rents, the utilisation of ponds, lakes, and streams as fisheries is well worthy of consideration by all land-owners who have water of any kind on their estates. There is a popular belief—like many others, a mistaken one—that trout cannot be reared except in running water. As a matter of fact, there is hardly any piece of unpolluted water, stagnant or flowing, in which trout may not be raised, provided the fish can obtain, either in the water itself or from the hands of the keeper, a sufficient supply of food.

But while a stagnant pool may be made a rearing-ground for large, lusty trout, it should be well understood that for these trout to naturally increase their species running water is necessary. This fact, however, need be no obstacle in the way of trout-culture; for where the fish in any pool cannot increase naturally, it is an inexpensive and simple matter to keep restocking the water from other sources.

In both Scotland and Ireland the stocking of virgin waters with trout has now become a common practice, and most

remarkable results have in some cases been obtained. By a virgin lake I mean a sheet of water which contains not only no trout, but no fish of any sort or description. To turn a quantity of yearling trout or fry into a deep reedy lake containing numbers of pike and perch would be an act of folly. To make such a piece of water a trout preserve, the first step would be to remove all, or nearly all, the predatory fish which it contained, and the smaller the lake the greater the necessity for doing this.

In many large lakes trout, salmon, pike, perch, and eels live together on fairly amicable terms, each taking toll of the other, with the result that while trout are not plentiful, they are, on the other hand, very large and, as a rule, in splendid condition. Instances of such waters are to be found along the watershed of the Shannon, in Loughs Derg, Rea, and Allen. Here the trout keep mostly to the rocky shores, while pike and perch are found in the reedy bays. Each kind of fish to a certain extent trespasses on the other's territory, but the general disposition of the shoals is as I have described. There is, however, one great disadvantage in having trout with coarse fish in the water—the trout do not rise well. They may be taken by trolling all through

the season, but if they rise at all it is only when the may-fly, or green-drake as it is called in Ireland, brings them to the surface.

Exactly the same state of affairs may be found in rivers where coarse fish abound. The greater the number of coarse fish, the larger the trout, and the fewer the opportunities of the fly-fisher. The river Kennet is a most instructive instance of this state of affairs. From its source, down nearly to Hungerford, it is a trout-stream pure and simple, though even here many of its reaches are suitable for coarse fish. There may be a few dace or an occasional pike, but these are rigorously netted out, and their numbers kept almost at vanishing point. In this portion of the river the trout are numerous; they do not often exceed 2 lb. in weight, and they rise most readily to the artificial fly; in no English streams with which I am acquainted are they more easily caught. Arriving at Hungerford, we find intermixed with the trout a sprinkling of coarse fish and a considerable number of grayling. At this spot the trout are less numerous, very much larger than in the upper waters, and rise fitfully to the fly. During the early part of June, when the may-fly is on, they take surface-food readily enough, but at other times sport with the fly is uncertain. As we pass lower down, in the direction of Newbury and Reading, trout get still scarcer and larger; and these large fish rise rarely except during the may-fly season. The fly-fishermen

will not, indeed, be without sport, because the trout of less than 2 lb. may on an occasion be found rising; but the big fellows are, generally speaking, only to be caught by methods used for capturing Thames trout, such as spinning and live-baiting. By the time Reading is reached, the change is still more pronounced; the methods of angling are of the same character as those which obtain in the Thames. The trout are large; coarse fish are numerous.

These facts point very strongly, and indeed unmistakably, to the necessity for abolishing coarse fish from those rivers and lakes in which it is desired to have free-rising trout.

But while practically any river which is unpolluted may be made a trout-stream, it is possible to make too great a sacrifice in the interests of fly-fishing. Good pike-fishing is now extremely scarce. The sport it gives on an autumn or winter day with the spinning-rod is often excellent; and I must confess I see with regret splendid pike-waters, which are really more suitable for pike than the Salmonidæ, ruthlessly netted with the intention of encouraging the increase of game-fish. None the less, those who care nothing for pike, and a great deal for trout, can have the latter by judiciously manipulating the river, even though the stream may be one of those which, as I have said, is more suitable for coarse fish than for the Salmonidæ.

With regard to the coarse

fish clearance,¹ the best time of the year to get hold of the pike is in the early spring, when they are spawning up the ditches. As soon as they are observed, stop-nets can be placed on both sides of them, and the fish taken out by means of a landing-net. Night-lines baited with live fish may be set; the river should be swept with nets repeatedly; very large beds of reeds, which are the strongholds of pike, should be dug up; and sooner or later the predatory fish will be reduced to that small number which is possibly a benefit in a trout-stream,—for pike, as a rule, prefer a wounded or diseased fish rather than the younger and more agile members of the *Fario* family. In capturing these he does no little service to the stream.

I would like here incidentally to comment on the mistake so many fly-fishermen make of returning to the water what they term out-of-condition trout. When black-looking, lanky fish of a foot or so in length are caught, particularly if about the middle of May is passed, the best thing to do is to knock them on the head, for they will surely be old or diseased, and are better out of the river.

In addition to taking out the coarse fish, the shallows of the stream should be harrowed and made as clean as possible—a process which may be repeated with advantage every summer.

If there are any lay-bys where black, stinking mud has collected, the filth should be altogether removed and spread on the land. It makes excellent manure. Light-coloured, clean, sandy mud, on the other hand, harbours the larvæ of water-flies and other fish food, and should not be wantonly disturbed. Large reed-beds, as I have said, are better put out of the way, for they are cover for pike. I do not mean by this the wholesale cutting down or sweeping away of all rushes, reeds, sedge, and weeds. A reasonable quantity of these growths is necessary to serve both as shelter for the trout and breeding- and resting-places for the thousand-and-one small creatures on which the trout feed.

As trout, after they are introduced, will be found spawning in the autumn and winter, great care should be taken to leave the bed of the river, and the mud at its sides, carefully alone during that season. Nothing is more fatal to the healthy hatching of the eggs than disturbance of any kind, or the dirtying of the water, caused so often by men wading in the river, netting, dredging, and similar operations. I have not the least doubt that works and repairs carried on at mills during the spawning season entail the loss of thousands of prospective trout. The sediment in the dirty water sent down settles

¹ To avoid wasting fish which in other waters may be deemed desirable inhabitants, a letter should be sent to one of the angling or sporting papers notifying that the pike, &c., to be netted will be given away to those who will arrange for their conveyance.—J. B.

on the redds (gravelly shallows where the trout have been spawning) and chokes the eggs. A trout egg is a most delicate thing. It may be said to breathe in the water, being full of tiny pores from which carbonic acid gas is given off. If these pores are choked with the sediment deposited from the stream, the embryo within the egg is asphyxiated by its own carbonic acid gas which it is no longer able to get rid of. For this reason a trout-egg so near hatching that the eyes of the young fish can be seen, if placed in still water, will die in a few hours, the water immediately next to it quickly becoming charged with poisonous carbonic acid gas. The owner of a trout-stream should therefore use his utmost endeavours to maintain the purity and flow of the water during the spawning season. Once the fish are hatched and feeding, the sediment, and even a certain amount of sewage pollution, matters little. Indeed, in sewage-polluted rivers trout often thrive exceedingly, though they are unable to breed; and of this the Wandle, near London, is a remarkable instance. The more or less impure effluent of Croydon, and other districts, is unfortunately allowed to flow into the river, where now, so far as the portions polluted are concerned, not a single trout is bred naturally from one year's end to the other. The stock is entirely maintained by turning in fish from other sources. From this it will be seen that even the owner of a sewage-polluted river may possibly turn his

stream into a valuable fishery by re-stocking it from time to time; but he cannot hope for any natural increase of fish. Whether fish will live where there are chemical pollutions is a matter for experiment easily carried out.

Ponds and lakes into which no water flows are as useless for breeding fish as a polluted river; but such sheets of water may be treated in much the same way as the stream. In the first place, the coarse fish should be removed. Next, if the bottom is muddy and capable of being cleaned, the cleaning should be done, except in places where it is desirable to cultivate weeds, and with them the food of trout. When the water is ready for them trout should be turned in from time to time.

The sheets of water not included in the terms "river" and "stream," which are likely to yield the best results, are those which have naturally a gravelly bottom, with aquatic growths near the edges, and here and there rocks; and, secondly, pools which are capable of being emptied. These latter are mostly of artificial construction, and, as a rule, have been brought into existence, at some time or another, by means of a dam thrown across the course of some small stream, the object often being to obtain water-power. Even though the bottom be of mud, trout will thrive; but it is most desirable to occasionally draw off the water, dry the pond, and expose it to the air for a few months. The fish-

culturists of Catholic times, when there were no means of transit for sea fish, and fast-days had to be provided for, used to grow a crop on the bottom of their ponds from time to time. The earthy bottom having been sweetened and purified by light and air, water was turned in, and fish introduced. The example is one to be followed.

Sheets of water which I should deem entirely unsuitable for trout are those which are very shallow, and in which the temperature rises considerably in hot weather. If there is a stream flowing through such a piece of water, and a considerable growth of weeds among which the trout can take shelter from the sun, then fish may thrive; but be it well understood that trout must have shelter, either under overhanging banks, in deep water, under weeds, among rocks, or behind old camp-sheathing. The reason why so many amateurs fail in their attempt to rear trout-fry is that they place them in quite shallow ponds of small area, exposed to the full light of the sun—ponds in which the temperature of the water varies considerably and quickly.

Lastly, I come to a consideration of the varieties of trout which may be introduced. This depends in a large measure on the locality and the food-supply, natural or artificial. In Sir Thomas Wardle's famous pool in Staffordshire an immense quantity of trout of various kinds are kept in a healthy condition in a pool of

probably not more than an acre in extent. The growth of weeds is considerable, and the supply of water - snails, shrimps, and other natural food seems almost unlimited; but in addition the keeper throws in half a bucket or so of fish food every day, which is readily taken by the rainbows, fontinalis, Loch Leven trout, farios, and hybrids inhabiting the pool. This is the only piece of water of the kind in which I have found *Salmo Levenensis* maintain its characteristics. No angler, unless he had had experience as a fish culturist, would deem this pool suitable for trout; yet here the trout are, thriving, healthy, and growing large and lusty. The success of Sir Thomas Wardle's experiment should, I think, encourage any one having a pond to stock it with trout, after making suitable and intelligent preparations for the new fish.

I have no hesitation in saying that for ponds and other enclosed waters, where the temperature in winter is not a very low one, there is no variety of trout so excellent as the rainbow (*Salmo irideus*, variety *Shasta*). These fish grow extremely fast; they are most beautiful in appearance; they fight and play as gamely as a sea-trout, and on the table they are far superior to *Salmo fario*, our own brown trout, or yellow trout, as it is called in Scotland. They have, however, the peculiarity of spawning in the spring about the same time as the grayling, though I understand they are beginning to lose that

habit in those parts of England where they have been introduced for some years, and are becoming naturalised. When any animals are brought to us from abroad, their breeding habits are somewhat disorganised for the time being. For instance, I saw some black swans on the Thames last January sitting on eggs; and what is perhaps more remarkable, they actually succeeded in hatching several of them, notwithstanding the severity of the weather. No doubt swans, like trout, will defer their breeding season year by year, until they come into line with our English birds. It may, however, be taken as a general rule that for the present most rainbow-trout will be found spawning in May or June, and are in their best condition in the late summer and autumn.

What would be the result generally of placing rainbow-trout in rivers is not known: the experiment has not been tried in any river on a sufficiently large scale to test the suitability of the fish for unenclosed waters. It is feared that they would migrate and be lost, as was the case with the fontinalis. But from an experiment tried in the Dove, it seems that the fish in such a stream have remained until the third year of their age; and their continuance in the beautiful Derbyshire river seems probable, provided there is a sufficient quantity of food for them, and the water does not at any time get too cold. It may be taken as an axiom that fish which grow large quickly, eat greedily. To

put such fish (among which rainbows may be classed) into a stream containing little food is decidedly a mistake. They are sure to disappear, not necessarily in consequence of migratory tendencies, but merely in search of food. A few rainbows have, so I understand, been placed in the Test, and many have been caught.

I feel very doubtful about the suitability of Loch Leven trout for rivers. In some Scottish lochs they thrive exceedingly well; but they are vast eaters, grow rapidly, and having arrived at their full age they quickly deteriorate. Wild trout, where they can be obtained, are better than tame trout for stocking purposes. If the young fish have been reared in an enclosed portion of some stream where there is an abundance of natural food, they will be found sturdier and healthier than those which have been fed on horse-flesh in fish-culturist's ponds where the amount of natural food is very limited. Mr Walker, part author of our only work on rainbow-trout in England, informed me that from his own observations he found trout fed on horse-flesh had unusually thin linings to their stomachs. A shellfish diet thickens the stomach, as witness the extreme case of the gillaroo, than which no finer trout is grown in British waters.

Having stocked our stream, loch, or pond, the question of preservation has to be seriously considered. That is far too large a subject to be discussed at sufficient length on the

present occasion ; but I cannot forbear alluding to the importance of affording the trout protection when spawning and out of condition, more particularly in Scotland and Ireland. In Ireland the Fishery Preservation Acts are but little enforced, while in Scotland the trout is in no way protected. A certain class of Scottish anglers, including the poachers, are so reluctant to give up any rights or privileges they have enjoyed, that measures which are really in the interests of all are defeated. Sir James Forrest's article on this subject in 'Maga' will be remembered in this connection.¹ Last year Sir Herbert Maxwell was largely responsible for a bill introduced by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, on behalf of the Government, in the House of Lords, where it passed its third reading. In the House of Commons notice of opposition was given by Mr M'Leod and Mr Weir, and the Government dropped the measure. It is to be hoped the bill will be reintroduced this year. According to its provisions trout would have been protected from anglers and netsmen between October 15 in one year and February 28 in the year following, both dates inclusive. To sell or expose trout for sale between

these dates would also have been an offence. I most earnestly beg all who value the sport of trout-fishing to support this measure, which will surely lead to a better stock of trout and improved sport for all classes of anglers.

Limitations of space prevent me going more deeply into this subject in the present contribution. I have endeavoured to deal mainly with general principles which should be borne in mind when stocking this or that water. The making of a new fishery is not a difficult matter, nor necessarily a very expensive one. If the owner of the water works on the right lines, he will receive an astonishing and most satisfactory return for his outlay and trouble. I may usefully mention in connection with this subject, that the late Francis Francis wrote a book on fishery management, which contains many valuable hints. But the most exhaustive work on the subject is 'Making a Fishery,' by Mr F. M. Halford, whose thoroughness in all he does, and long and intimate acquaintance with our south country chalk-streams, to which the book more particularly applies, is a guarantee of the soundness and usefulness of the advice which he gives his readers.

¹ See "A Close-Time for Trout in Scotland" in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for June 1897.

ODD VOLUMES.

III.

THERE fell into my hands lately what was in the literal sense an odd volume, for it was the second volume of a work of which I had never seen the first—'Lays of the Deer-Forest,'¹ by John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart. It consisted entirely of notes and appendices to the lays, and proved to be most fascinating reading. Jumping to the groundless conclusion that the poems were in the Gaelic language, which I should not understand, with English translations that I should not enjoy, I was at no pains to possess myself of the complete work. It requires an effort, you see—not always a successful one—for the sober Saxon spirit to follow the Celtic Pegasus in his flights. The bard may start steadily enough, promising to tell you of a memorable "lifting," to describe the incidents of *tainchel* or hunting-party, or to chill your marrow with the protracted horrors of a blood-feud. In preparing the scene of his poem it is not enough that he should indicate a wood here, a mountain there, a lake at its foot; the mere mention of these natural features is enough to start him soaring on wings of reckless rhapsody:—

"I see a mighty mountain,
Chief of a thousand hills;
The dream of deer is in its locks,
Its head is the bed of clouds.

I see the ridge of hinds—the steep of
the sloping glen—
The wood of cuckoos at its foot,
The blue height of a thousand pines,
The red rowan bends on its bank.

Like the breeze on the lake of firs
The little ducks skim on the pool,
At its head is the strath of pines,
The red rowan bends on the bank.

There on the gliding wave,
The fair swan spreads its wing,
The broad white wing which never
fails
When she soars amidst the clouds.

Far wandering over ocean
She seeks the cold dwelling of the
seals,
Where no sail bends the mast
Nor prow divides the wave."²

And so on till the thread of the narrative is almost lost in the richness of imagery. It was a priceless gift—this power of description—in one whose part it was to while away long fore-nights in days when no newspapers came and correspondence was costly and precarious; it produced a great deal of noble verse, which ill brooks translation from its liquid mother-tongue; but to enjoy it properly requires more leisure than is always at one's command.

¹ Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1848.

² *Miann a' bhaird aosda*—The old Bard's Wish.

As it turned out, however, it was my blunder to suppose that these lays were in Gaelic. They are plain English verse, some of it excellent and spirited; some of it having no more to do with the forest than that it was composed there. So catching is the lilt of some of them that it is surprising that they have fallen into oblivion, seeing how much verse of inferior merit has been wedded to music and found permanent place in song. "Fareweel, Edinbruch!" is worthy of taking rank at least beside "Good-bye, Manchester!" although *that* is far from the worst of Jacobite minstrelsy,—

"Fareweel, Edinbruch ! whaur happie
I hae been ;
Fareweel, Edinbruch ! Caledonia's
queen ;
Auld Reekie, fare ye weel, and Reekie
New beside,
Ye're like a chieftain auld and grey,
wi' a young and bonnie bride."

Finding, then, so much merit in an obscure work, it was natural to begin to speculate upon what manner of men were they who wrote it. Most people must have heard of the Sobieski Stuarts,—they made some slight stir when the present century was not half run; but my own knowledge of them, like that, probably, of most other people at the present day, was exceedingly hazy. I had recourse, therefore, to a friend—one of those whose reverence for the lost Stuart dynasty is as touching as it is tender—whose loyalty to their memory is only equalled by his lore; and here is what he told me :—

"The history of the authors of 'Lays of the Deer-Forest' is, and must remain, obscure in many points. Their royal pretensions are rather of psychological than of dynastic interest. They dreamed themselves into belief in a day-dream. Isolated cases of this kind of hallucination are not uncommon. But that *two* men, both accomplished, ingenious, and welcome in society, should share the same pseudo-belief is certainly singular. Their faith in their own story about their origin was almost as strong as that of the hysterical patient, who is paralysed because he believes that he has paralysis.

"The two brothers, John and Charles, had long spread their legend orally through Highland society, before they published, in 'Tales of the Century,' 1847, a romance which presented the myth under a flimsy disguise. Briefly stated, their theory was this: About 1773 or 1774, a male child was born to Prince Charles Edward (titular Charles III.) and his wife, Louise of Stolberg. The birth, like that of Jeames Yellowplush, was 'wrop up in mistry,' and the infant was intrusted to Captain (later Admiral) Allen, R.N., then commanding a British vessel in the Mediterranean. The boy was to pass for a son of Captain Allen's, and was to be placed in the British navy, to take his chance when it came. Of this prince (called the *Iolair dearg*, or Red Eagle, in the novel), the authors of 'Lays of the Deer-Forest' were the children by his marriage with

a Miss Manning. They were, therefore, legitimate grandsons of Charles III.

"As a matter of fact, Admiral Allen had two sons: to one he left the bulk of his property; to James, the father of our authors, he only bequeathed a small legacy. This James (whose baptismal register has not been discovered) left the navy early, with the rank of lieutenant. His means of subsistence, and mode of life, after he left the service, are unknown; nor have we any information concerning our heroes (except that they are said to have learned Gaelic in the Highlands) before about the year 1822.

"In a brief obituary of Admiral Allen in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' it is said that he had claims to the earldom of Errol (Hay). Research into the genealogy of the Hays throws no light on claims which the Admiral never seems to have pressed. But about 1822 the elder of his sons published (as John Hay Allen) a book of poems called 'The Bridal of Caolchairn,' with notes, one of which is cited (in a novel) by Sir Walter Scott. Another note contains a poem on the Hays, or 'MacGaradhs,' said to be extracted from an old MS. genealogy. In fact, it is an imitation of the Clan Roll-call sung by Flora MacIvor in 'Waverley.' It is certain that James Allen, father of our heroes, used to sign himself 'MacGaradh' in familiar letters, and MacGaradh was offered as the original Celtic form of the name of Hay.

Thus in early years our authors seem to have posed as Hays of Errol, not as royal Stuarts. This is proved by a letter of Sir Walter Scott to Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, written in 1829. The two young men were then very intimate with Sir Thomas. From them he learned that their father possessed a vellum copy of a MS. called 'Vestiarium Scoticum,' an account, in old Scots, of the clan tartans, *including those of the Border clans!* A note in an old hand on the fly-leaf indicated that the book had belonged to Lesley the historian, Queen Mary's Bishop of Ross. There was also in their possession an inferior MS. of the last century, on paper, once the property of a Gael in the Cowgate. The vellum MS. had belonged to Charles Edward. Sir Thomas wanted Scott's opinion of this matter. Sir Walter did not believe in Border tartans. He did not see how Lieutenant Allen could have received presents from the young Chevalier. And he regarded our two heroes as day-dreamers. One of them he had seen, at a dance, wearing the badge of the Constable of Scotland (Earl of Errol), to which he could have no kind of right. The brothers could not induce their father to send the vellum MS. for examination. Nobody has ever seen this treasure. The old gentleman wrote a letter reminding them that he had always forbidden them to talk of certain family matters and heirlooms. This letter is

undeniably in the old gentleman's hand, and certainly, with other epistles, does appear to indicate *his* belief in the story. Much later the brothers published the 'Vestiarium.' It is a mystery. The style really seems far beyond their powers as an imitation of old Scots. Moreover, the inferior MS. on paper actually exists, and appears to puzzle experts. A modern copy, by one of the brothers, with comic illustrations in red ink, is also extant: it was done for the amusement of the Dick Lauders. A full discussion of this odd affair will be found in Mr D. Stewart's 'Old and Rare Tartans.'

"One thing is certain, there was an early tendency to Hay, not to Stuart, pretensions. These later dreams may have developed about 1822-29, after which date, till 1847, the brethren were much caressed by some of the Highland gentry residing on the Findhorn, and at Lord Lovat's place, Eilean Agais, an islet on the Beaulieu. They adopted the Catholic religion and the Highland dress. Their personal resemblance to the house of Stuart was remarkable, and was transmitted by the younger, Charles, to his offspring. 'Many of your readers,' wrote the late Lieut.-Colonel Ferguson in 'Notes and Queries' (April 14, 1888), 'must remember the striking figures of these men who were at one time constant workers at the British Museum. I remember well,

when a schoolboy in Edinburgh about 1846, seeing them in the streets, and the sensation their appearance invariably excited. They were magnificent looking men.' Charles Darwin¹ relates how he was struck by the likeness in a certain photograph to Admiral Fitzroy, a descendant of Charles II., and how, on looking closer, he found it was inscribed 'Ch. E. Sobieski Stuart, Count d'Albanie.'

"After the publication of the 'Tales of the Century,' a scathing, though not entirely accurate, article in the 'Quarterly Review' appeared, and the brothers, who only replied as to the attacks on the 'Vestiarium,' for a time made their home on the Continent. Later they returned to London, where they lived in great poverty and dignity, noted for the eccentricity of their costume and their literary diligence at the British Museum. Charles published his own poems in a separate volume. Unpublished MSS. on artillery and on some occult subjects survive.

"How did these accomplished men, and charming companions, develop their illusion? Charles Edward has left a formal statement (in Lord Braye's MSS.) that he never had any child, save his daughter by Miss Walkinshaw, Charlotte, Duchess of Albany (born 1752). Again, when Napoleon intended to invade England, he sent for Charles's widow, the Countess of Albany, and asked her if she ever had a child. She answered,

¹ Life and Letters, vol. i. p. 60.

'No.' This fact was communicated by the Countess, at Florence, to an English nobleman, in the hearing of his little girl, who remembered and repeated the circumstance to her nephew, my informant. It was Charles's interest to have a son born in wedlock, but son he had none. A child would have been worth a pension from France.

"There are, however, two curious facts which may have suggested the dream. First, in 1754, the Jacobites certainly believed, as young Edgar wrote to his uncle, the Chevalier's secretary in Rome, that Charles had *two* children by Miss Walkinshaw. Again, the newspapers, about 1780 (I have lost the reference), speak of a Chevalier Stuart, a son of Prince Charles, who was brought to England (apparently by Lady Primrose), was trained for our navy, and took French service, in which he distinguished himself by courage and conduct. Once more, in Bishop Forbes's 'Lyon in Mourning' (iii. 329) we read that, in 1774, 'a Scots gentleman, son of a noble family, and captain of a ship-of-war in Britain,' was introduced to Charles at the opera in Rome, and had an interesting conversation with him. Now Robert Chambers, a great friend of our authors, was the owner of the MS. of 'The Lyon in Mourning,' which the brothers are likely to have read. On April 10, 1773, Bishop Gordon assured Bishop Forbes that 'there are now the strongest appearances of

Peggie's bosom friend's pregnancy'—that is, of the pregnancy of Charles's wife, Louise of Stolberg. It was easy for the two day-dreamers to suppose that appearances had not been deceitful, and then to credit 'the Scots gentleman, captain of a ship-of-war,' with the custody of the Royal child. Who could that gentleman 'of a noble family' be but Captain Allen, *ex hypothesi* of the house of Errol? and who could the child be but his supposed son, James Allen, father of our heroes? His education for the British navy might be suggested by the anecdote of the Chevalier Stuart: in any case James Allen served in the navy. The extraordinary secrecy of Charles Edward himself, vouched for by his long incognito (1749-1760), lent life and colour to the dream. Other such visions there were: the brothers had fought for Napoleon at Waterloo, as they insist in 'Lays of the Deer-Forest.' George IV., we know, cherished a similar fancy.

"There is not any known evidence for any one of these myths, sprung from what is called *megalomania*, and cherished with a strange hysterical conviction. The original Stuarts were Alans, or FitzAlans, but our two Alans were not Stuarts. There is no trace of even illegitimate descent. Cardinal York was a saintly man; no authentic record of a bastard of the Old Chevalier exists, and we have noticed the disclaimer of Charles Edward and of his wife. Stuarts our authors were not: the very

name of the elder, John, is impossible for a Royal Stuart. But they were pleasing, handsome, ingenious gentlemen, and good sportsmen. A. L."

Turning now to the second volume of 'Lays of the Deer-Forest,' it gives one the impression of being the work of men so brimful of information that they are at some loss for means to convey it. As explained above, it consists entirely of notes upon the poems: footnotes to these notes also abound, and not seldom footnotes upon the footnotes themselves. Anything that can't be packed into these is relegated to appendices, wherein is much notable matter. It is meet that Highland lore should be taken with salt, and some of the stories about a time when *tighearnan iarruinn*—iron lords—were held in higher reverence than mere *tighearnan chraiceainn*—skin lords—that is, holders by parchment titles—certainly partake liberally of the marvellous. It is impossible at the present day to test the skill of the Highlanders as bowmen, for a reason similar to that which has hitherto rendered abortive all attempts on the part of cherubs to assume a sitting posture,—*il n'y a pas de quoi*—Highlanders no longer have bows; but it is difficult to share the simple faith of these authors in certain statements contained in the old hunting songs, to the effect that it was an ordinary feat of archery to strike the stag in the ear and the badger in the head, so as not to spoil the skins.

In warfare, at all events, however grandly the bards may have drawn the long bow, Scottish bowmen, both Highland and Lowland, were ever notoriously inferior to their "auld enemies of England," being in the habit, it is commonly said, of drawing the arrow to the breast or even lower, instead of to a fixed point between the chin and the ear, as the English masters of the craft did use. The testimony, therefore, of the authors on such matters is worth no more credence than can be accorded to hearsay in general, not forgetting the inevitable prepossession of the human mind for *tempora acta*. But it is a different matter when they come to tell us about their own intercourse with beast and bird: there is no whiff of camphor or naphtha, no museum dust upon the page; but one feels the very breath from the corrie—scents the aroma of pine and bog-myrtle—hears the solemn voice of Findhorn or the tinkle of the mountain burn. These Stuarts lived all the year round among the creatures which they hunted and shot in their season, and loved them as only sportsmen learn to love wild things—with the understanding. Nay, many of those whom prowess and activity fully entitle to high rank as sportsmen can have but fractional experience of the delights yielded by the forest and river—"getting and spending, they lay waste their powers"; rushing down for a brief couple of autumn moons, and learning

little about the denizens of their domains, except how they may be most artistically killed, they inevitably come to regard these creatures only as targets; and, even so, the very perfection of their equipment seems, to older sportsmen at least, to have shorn the chase of some of its charm. We buy our cartridges by the hundred or thousand, ready charged; yet some of us look back regretfully to those golden mornings when the grain of the powder, the exact charge of shot, even the very quality of the wads and the nice adjustment of the copper caps, afforded matter for complacent criticism. It would be very irksome to go back to muzzle-loading; the *tup, tup, tup* of the wad as it was sent delicately home has lost the music it once had for our ears; powder-horns and shot-belts seem articles as clumsy as cross-bow quarells: yet the fact remains that we who were trained to use the obsolete weapons shall never see such fun again as we had then; nobody except the gun-maker is one whit the happier for perpetual improvement in mechanism and apparatus; and all of us fogies enjoy listening to stories of the old deliberate days told by good men who lived not to see the change which has been wrought.

Quomodo ceciderunt robusti! Of all those who lay down choice vintages in luxurious lodges, harnessing the free torrent to supply their saloons with electric light, how many would care to put into practice

the instructions given by these authors for shooting a stag "at the wait"?—

"Since the use of percussion locks and double-barrelled rifles, though a trial to the impatient, if the ground is quiet this working at the wait is a very good chance; but in the antiquated days of flints and singles, in wet weather you might share the fortune of an old stalker of our acquaintance. After lying *nine hours* for a stag to feed up to him, when at last the beast showed his broad side within sixty yards, his long black *cuiltbheir* chapped [missed fire], and the stag tossed up his head and went off to the hill, leaving him in the moss as cold and black and stiff as the log of bog-oak behind which he was lying. Even in the present day, with your fine double Purdie, you must be prepared for another and a possible trial, that, after having lain as long as it may please fate to ordain, the deer may lie down to ruminate for the rest of the daylight, while still four or five hundred yards off. . . . If, however, you are a true hill-man, you will not fail to be provided with your plaid, and have your *malaid* well lined with oatcake, in which case you will have a fair chance, for then you may bivouac beside the deer till dawn; when, if he has not fed away during the night, he will resume his browsing and *may* feed up to your range."

Such a trial of endurance as a summer night spent on a hillside must be outside the experience of ninety-nine out of every hundred of those who perform the August migration to the Highlands in sleeping-cars. Civilisation has emphasised the rigour of severance between day and night; day-time itself is subdivided into inflexible sections and is reckoned only by intervals between conventional meal-times. The more the atmosphere becomes tainted by the presence of man,

the common enemy—the more he fills the land with his din—the more confirmed become the “beasts of sweet flight” in nocturnal habits, wherefore must he who would acquire true familiarity with them be astir at all hours. Except the badger and otter, there is none of British quadrupeds of which the ordinary summer tourist knows less than the roe, but the Stuarts have plenty of its secrets to reveal:—

“There was a solitary doe which lived in the hollow below the Braigh-cloiche-leithe in Tarnaway. I suppose that we had killed her marrow [mate], but I was careful not to disturb her haunt, for she was very fat and round, stepped with much caution, and never went far to feed. Accordingly, when at evening and morning she came out to pick the sweet herbs at the foot of the brae, or by the little green well in its face, I trod softly out of her sight, and if I passed at noon, made a circuit from the black willows or thick junipers where she reposed during the heat. At last one fine summer morning I saw her come tripping out from her bower of young birches as light as a fairy and very gay and ‘canty,’ but so thin nobody but an old acquaintance would know her. For various mornings after I saw her on the bank, but she was always restless and anxious, listening and searching the wind, trotting up and down, picking a leaf here and a leaf there, and after her short and unsettled meal she would take a frisk round, leap into the air, dart down into her secret bower, and appear no more until the twilight. . . . One day I stole down the brae among the birches. In the middle of the thicket there was a group of young trees growing out of a carpet of deep moss, which yielded like a down pillow. The prints of the doe’s slender forked feet were thickly traced about the hollow, and in the centre there was a bed of the velvet fog which seemed a little higher than the rest, but so natural that it would

not have been noticed by any unaccustomed eye. I carefully lifted the green cushion, and under its veil, rolled close together, the head of each resting on the flank of the other, nestled two beautiful little kids, their large velvet ears laid smooth on their dappled necks, their spotted sides sleek and shining as satin, and their little delicate legs as slender as hazel wands, shod with tiny shoes as smooth and black as ebony, while their large dark eyes looked at me . . . with a full, mild, quiet gaze, which had not yet learned to fear the hand of man. Still they had a nameless doubt which followed every motion of mine; their little limbs shrank from my touch, and their velvet fur rose and fell quickly; but as I was about to replace the moss, one turned its head, lifted its sleek ears towards me, and licked my hand as I laid their soft mantle over them. I often saw them afterwards when they grew strong and came abroad upon the brae, and frequently I called off old Dreadnought when he crossed their warm track.”

For one who has witnessed such a sight as this and apprehended its exceeding loveliness, the forest with its birchen glades, its blaeberry dens, its bracken shoulder-high, must ever hold a deeper significance than it bears for him who only passes through it rifle in hand. The pages of these brothers are full of pictures as delicate and peaceful as this, and it is not surprising to find that men so watchful and sympathetic anticipated some of the discoveries of more erudite men of science. Among such these Stuarts laid no claim to rank, yet they possessed and practised the alpha and omega of scientific attainment—namely, patient observation. Knowledge of the almost universal migration of birds counts among the latest acquisitions of ornithology, yet

of the hundreds of people who prize the woodcock as a game-bird, very few indeed know, even now, that the woodcocks bred in the British Isles are *not* the offspring of laggards from the winter flight, but of birds belonging to a different flight altogether—the flight, namely, which breeds as do all migratory birds in the northern hemisphere, at the utmost northerly limit of their annual migration. A more familiar instance of this habit is furnished by the lapwing or peewit, of which large quantities may be seen at any time of the year in any suitable part of the British Isles. It is now well known that the flight which occupies the ground in winter is not the same which furnishes plovers' eggs in spring: these last move to southern latitudes in autumn, to be replaced in turn by birds bred in Scandinavia and northern Europe. The whole winter flight moves south of parallel 58 north latitude, so that from November to February not a peewit can be seen in Caithness or the Orkneys. All this is piper's news, no doubt, to readers of Mr Abel Chapman and Herr Gätke, but it was not matter of common knowledge when John and Charles Stuart lived on the Findhorn; wherefore when they published their opinion that woodcocks—far more furtive birds than lapwings—bred in Scotland and migrated south in winter, nobody paid any attention to them. Even William Yarrell, although in his edition of 1856 he quoted the Stuarts as describing the

regular nesting of the woodcock in various parts of the Highlands, ignored altogether the following passage—a remarkable one, considering that it was penned fifty years ago:—

“The Scottish woodcocks leave their hatching-place in the middle or decline of summer, and return again in spring; and it appears probable, if not certain, that while our winter visitors arrive from a more northern region, our emigrants take flight for a more southerly climate.”

In primitive times, when woodland and fen covered great tracts now under the plough, the southern contingent of woodcocks probably nested here as regularly and perhaps in as great numbers as the corresponding contingent of lapwings now does: those which still nest with us are no more than the remnant of the company which has nearly succumbed under the adversities incident to residence in a densely populated and highly cultivated region. Those who would encourage the woodcock to nest in Britain should take note that it is a bird most impatient of disturbance: the most amicable invitation that owners of woodland can extend to this pretty creature in spring and summer is to allow superfluous rides to grow up and become impassable.

So long as the Stuarts keep within the limits of their own observation, they will be found faithful—almost infallible—guides; but in respect to extinct species of animals they may scarcely be reckoned so sure-footed. The bear—with

its finely descriptive Gaelic title of *magh-gamhainn*, the paw-calf—the wild-boar, the wolf, and the beaver may be conceded to have been numbered among the British fauna within historic times; but the existence of the elk as a contemporary of man in these islands is exceedingly dubious, whether it be the extinct so-called Irish elk or the elk of Scandinavian forests at this day. The authors argued that some such animal was indicated in ancient Gaelic poetry by the term *lon*, as in a lay they quote—"Glenshee, where often is heard the voice of the stag and the *lon*—glen of grey and stormy cairns and crags of the rainy streams." Undoubtedly, enormous palmated heads of the Irish elk are recovered occasionally from Scottish mosses and river-beds (as I write I have under my eye one that came to me lately from the sands of Cree); but it is not probable that such a huge beast long survived the severance of Great Britain from the Continent: it would have been out of proportion to the landscape. More probably *lon* was the reindeer, which there is evidence to show survived in Scotland till the twelfth century, but for which there does not seem to be any recognised term in the Gaelic language.

Of all our lost wild beasts none has such a fascination for the people of the Highlands as the wolf. Places claimed to be the scene of the death of the last wolf are as thickly scattered over Scotland as the

possessors of Robert Bruce's sword. At Achnacarry is the very gun—a piece of ordnance about five feet long—with which Sir Ewen Cameron shot the "last wolf" in 1680, and the boots—a pair of massive cylinders reaching to mid-thigh—in which he stood to do it. Granted,—but that was only the last wolf in Lochaber: there were wolves in Sutherland and elsewhere long after that, and the Stuarts aver that the man who killed *really* the last in Scotland died only as it were yesterday—in 1797 to wit. This was MacQueen of Pall-a'-chrochain on the Findhorn—a giant who stood six feet seven in his brogues. It took place in 1743, and the Laird of Mackintosh, who organised the *tainchel* or hunting, was so well pleased with MacQueen's prowess that he gave him the lands of Sean-achan "for meat to his dogs."

Talking of Pall-a'-chrochain, I myself—*moi qui vous parle*—have good cause to remember the place, by reason of a memorable bit of good fortune that happened there. It fell on this wise—

On better thoughts it is apparent that this has nothing to do with the matter in hand, and the telling may well wait till another season. Turn we instead to a point of combined Highland etiquette and syntax noted by the Stuarts in connection with the Laird of Mackintosh, whom Southerners often speak of as "The Mackintosh." These writers declare that, forasmuch as the definite article never precedes the syl-

lable *mac*—son of—it is a practice unknown to Gaelic speakers to say *am Mac-an-toisich*, the Mackintosh; *am Macleod*, the Macleod, &c. It is formed, say they, on a false analogy with “The Chisholm,” a term rightly applied to the head of the clan Chisholm, seeing that he has been known as *an Siosalach* from very early times.

“The Cisolach or Chisholms were originally a branch of the Norman Sysilts or Cecils, who were early settled in Roxburghshire. The sound of *ch* in the pronunciation of their name is merely the aspiration of the *s* in Sysilt and the soft Norman *c* in Cecil, according to the usual Gaelic pronunciation of that sound, as in the name Stuart, which is pronounced by the Highlanders Shtuart.”

Be it far from a Saisneach who values his skin to venture further upon these dangerous mysteries! He had best remember the wise motto of the Drummonds, and “gang warily.”

My quotations from this volume have been too liberal already, yet I cannot refrain from yet another, illustrating as it does the ventures faced of yore in pursuit of the red-deer, with which the modern stalker's experience compares but feebly. There was a mighty hart of thirteen points in Glengarrrie forest which for several seasons had defied all the arts of venery for his destruction. The Stuarts one day, when lodging in the black hut at Toman-donn, received word that this great stag was harboured in a small wood on the far side of the Garrie, and promptly decided to have him

driven out to them. But the Garrie was in roaring spate.

“The boat destined to ferry us across was surrounded by a wide sheet of water, which rendered her inaccessible. Few of the inland Highlanders can swim, and the only one of the beaters who could, declared that it was impossible to reach the boat from the danger of being swept away into the rapids below. We went out to the water. The coble was dancing like a black cork on the sweeping current, from which a new lake had spread out upon the strath. To those unaccustomed to struggle with the sea surf it might seem impossible to reach her; but I measured the breadth of the water, the run of the stream, and the distance of the rapids, and had no doubt that it could be done. I returned to the cottage, threw off my clothes, and, wrapping my plaid about me, ascended the water to a distance which I judged sufficient to make the necessary allowance for its velocity, and tossing my plaid to the old forester, plunged into the stream. When I came up I was twenty yards down the current, which was whitened with the hurricane of wind and sleet that swept over its surface. I pulled with all my might, and succeeded in keeping the diagonal of the boat; but I was fast drifting, and the rain and blast drove so hard in my face that I could scarcely see or breathe. The thunder of the rapids now became distinct through the roar of the storm. I gained, however, on the boat, which was tugging hard upon the painter, the tension of which drew down her bows so deep in the water that every instant I expected to see her leap from the parting rope and drift away to the rapids. I succeeded, however, in approaching before the current took me past, and by a few desperate strokes gained the stern, and swung round under its lee, scarce able to retain my hold. After resting for some time, I endeavoured to get in, but, owing to the depression of the head, the stern was so high that . . . the least dip on the side brought the water over her bows.”

He got in at last, however,—one can see the curious picture,

a naked man in a black boat, on a roaring flood, under a Highland tempest: his next difficulty was to cast loose the painter. The boat was half full of water; the strain on the knot was so great that no human fingers could cast it loose; his knife was in his pocket, and his pocket half a mile off in the cottage. At last, having baled out the boat, Stuart managed to saw the painter asunder with the broken rim of the baling tin, whereupon boat and all were well-nigh swept over the rapids. Finally, he just managed to scrape clear. "Old Alasdair was ready with my plaid, and Glengarrie with the *cuach* and the black bottle; and while I was dressing, the boat was drawn up the water, and by successive ferries brought over the whole party." Then follows an ex-

citing description of the drive: how the great stag baffled all his foes once more, and remained for several seasons the coveted prize of all the best stalkers. Eggs, Mantons, and Purdies—all the finest artillery of the day—were levelled at him repeatedly and in vain; till one evening he was met accidentally by Ian Beag Abrach, before whose clumsy *cuilbheir dubh*—black musket—the monarch of the forest lowered his proud crest, to be raised never more.

With tales of the forest such as this the Stuarts have mingled stories of the feuds of Keppoch and other chronicles of intense ferocity, so that it may truly be said of this volume, as it can be of very few others, that there is not a dull page in it.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

ONE MAN, ONE BOOK—THE USE AND ABUSE OF DIARIES—SIR MOUNTSTUART GRANT DUFF'S RECORD OF TRIVIALITIES—A HERBARIUM OF POETS AND STATESMEN—ANOTHER WHIG OFFICIAL—SIR ALGERNON WEST'S CONFESSIONS—THE INDISCRETION OF NICKNAMES—GREVILLE AND SIR ALGERNON WEST—THE DANGERS OF DINING OUT—PANTOMIMES NEW AND OLD—PATRIOTISM BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS—JOURNALISM AND THE WAR—THE EXAGGERATION OF CORRESPONDENTS—G. W. STEEVENS.

To plant a tree, to beget a son, to write a book—these, says the old adage, are the three duties of man. For the first two we have no word of complaint; in all sincerity we may wish increase both to the timber and the population of our native land. But we can easily spare a universal addition to our library. One man, one book, is the worst policy ever invented by human insolence; yet it is a policy which threatens to become a part of our national life. Already there are few defaulters in the field of fiction. The rare ones that have not joined what is called "the ranks of our imaginative writers" may be pointed out in the street with confidence and precision. And the reproach of garrulity is being removed as fast as may be even from those who have declined to enlist in the army of "fictionists." Almost everybody can (and does) write a novel; but there is positively no single man, woman, or child that cannot keep a diary; once a diary is kept, vanity and greed counsel publication; and it will not be due to good taste or reticence, if we are not presently acquainted with the pedigree, the aspirations, and

the performances of the whole world.

Now, to keep a diary may be a useful and noble enterprise, provided that the diarist possess both talent and discretion. But there is no reason why the simple reminiscences of an industrious public servant should be worth the paper they cover in the printing. Whatever may be said in dispraise of Charles Greville cannot impair the value of his work. Says the satirist:—

"For fifty years he listened at the door;
He heard some secrets, and invented more."

This may be true or it may be false. But two truths are indisputable: in the first place, Charles Greville wrote a book which is neither imbecile nor superfluous; there can be no doubt that his journals will serve the historian of the future more faithfully than the newspapers; and for all his love of gossip, he did not often stoop to record the frippish conversation of titled nobodies. In the second place, a just discretion persuaded him not to publish his work in his own lifetime, so that it first came to us in the

guise of memoirs, which already "tottered on the verge" of history. Therefore we may feel a gratitude that is not disgraceful: above all, we owe the Clerk of the Council thanks, because his book is a real book, and not a shapeless mass of undigested "copy."

Unhappily the gentlemen who publish their diaries to-day are less wisely inspired than the Greville of their contempt. They do not wait for the grave to close over them, before they make their candid confession. On the contrary, they realise the demand that has been created by the daily paper, and they hasten to supply it with what slender talent they can compass. In brief, they make themselves part and parcel of the prevailing eavesdropping. The journalist has been before them, of course; it is not his fault if all his readers are not informed that Lady Blank was seen driving yesterday in a hansom cab, or that Lord Dash has taken to a pair of white ducks and a grey hat. It is hardly credible that these pieces of information send whole districts mad with joy, whose inhabitants are never likely to see in the flesh either Lord Dash or Lady Blank. But the ideal of journalism, formulated years ago by its most daring professor, "an ear at every door, an eye at every keyhole," is so closely familiar to us that we long since pigeon-holed it among our inevitable disasters, with the influenza and the arm-chair administrator. Only we did not expect that men who by education and know-

ledge have a sound claim to intelligence, should emulate the profitable indiscretion of the news-sheet. Of course, we had no right to expect reticence in any man; yet we innocently defied probability, and our sanguine temper has been properly rewarded by the bitterest disappointment.

The modern habit of confiding personal secrets to the vast mass of people which subscribes to a circulating library was first made fashionable by Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, whose 'Notes' have already filled six portly volumes, and who doubtless has material up his sleeve for another twenty. Now, it may be said at once that Sir Mountstuart is neither very indiscreet nor very illuminating. His work is merely trivial and uninteresting. We gather from his pages that he has always cherished a wild desire to see "celebrities" in the flesh. It has not mattered a jot to him whether the "celebrities" were writers or politicians, actors or clergymen; he liked to see them, and to breakfast with them, or to dine with them, or to chatter with them at the Athenæum. A pleasant whim, in truth, and no more dangerous to society than collecting postage-stamps or breeding Shire horses. But if it be tamely expressed in a vague record, it is appallingly dull. Turn the pages of his book where you will, and what do you find? "A large party at the Seniors"—amongst others Cloquet, the great surgeon, Grote, and Matthew Arnold." "Saw Sir John—afterwards Lord—Lawrence for

the first time." Maybe these reminiscences have their value to the gentleman who has treasured them for forty years : so might he prize the pair of boots which he wore on the occasion of his maiden speech ; so the devout might hoard the Prince's Cherry-stones. But they leave us stolidly, wearily indifferent. If we may judge by Sir Mountstuart's diary, he never said a word to the great men, and they never said a word to him. They met ; 'twas at the Athenæum, or at a large party, or at the Breakfast Club ; they met, and we suppose they parted ; but who is the wiser or better for an impertinent knowledge of the accidents which befell a politician whom they do not know ? We must all dine, we must all breakfast — such is the ordinance of fate : if we keep "good company," so much the better for us ; if we don't, we may at least hope to eat in peace. But why after forty years we should tell as large a mob of strangers as we can attract the trivial secrets of our life, that only the booksellers can explain.

For, moved either by a laudable discretion or an inevitable forgetfulness, Sir Mountstuart tells us nothing either for good or evil of the great men whose society he has frequented. Had he possessed a talent of observation, he might have composed a work which, mellowed by time, would have amused our great-grandchildren. But when he should entertain us, silence gets hold of him ; and his celebrities have as much life as the

flowers which he collects with a pious assiduity. One day he sees "a rocky region covered with *Spartium junceum*, *Erica arborea*, &c.;" another day "the chief effects are produced by a white Narcissus and by *Geranium pratense*." And these plants possess just as much personality as the Mr Gladstone or the M. Renan of these patient memoirs. In eloquence, the dead flowers fall not a whit below the live statesmen and poets of Sir Mountstuart's energetic collection. Whatever enters his diary is dried and docketed ; and if the work may be described as a gallery of plants, it is also in another aspect a herbarium of living celebrities.

One argument in Sir Mountstuart's favour is unanswerable. His journal is consistently, heroically amiable. A quotation from Renan stands upon all his title-pages : "We should only write of that which we love. Silence and forgetfulness are the punishment inflicted upon whatever we find ugly or common in our walk across life." That is an excellent motto, and loyally does Sir Mountstuart obey both its spirit and its word. His book is never aught but amiable ; but amiability is not enough for literature, and six stout volumes must have a higher quality than absence of malice to float them down the stream of time. However, the author's kindness is never in question, and no doubt it is this same quality which has inspired the author with a love of jests. He is, indeed, a veritable Joe Miller, the busiest purveyor of "chestnuts" that

ever got into print. If ever he hears a joke, old and ragged, he writes it down with obvious satisfaction; he sends the jibes of his own gathering across the world; and in revenge he docket the last specimen which the generosity of his friends ships all the way from London to India. If the time and the humour are propitious, we can imagine no pleasanter pastime than the quiet interchange of obsolete jokes. There is a moment after dinner (and Sir Mountstuart is always giving or receiving hospitality) when any converse graver than a jest is irksome. And Sir Mountstuart, who seems never to have profited by the graver wisdom of his contemporaries, is careful to preserve the lightest play upon words, the most frivolous repartee, that ever assailed the ear of man. But that which may be flung across the dinner-table is not always apt for print; and there never was a drearier book than that which bears upon its title-page the name of Joe Miller.

Like all compilers of journals, Sir Mountstuart has a poor opinion of his rivals. Of Samuel Pepys he says: "Although he is known to posterity chiefly by his absurdities, he was in his day an extremely useful public servant." Known to posterity by his absurdities! Why, Pepys is remembered because, above all men that ever lived, he had the genius of candour and self-revelation. His book were enough to reconstruct his period, even though all other records were destroyed. Is it absurd to realise with perfect justice

your own character, and to describe without malice or mistake the characters of your contemporaries? Is it absurd to make full confession of such weaknesses as few men discover and fewer still acknowledge even to their own hearts? Samuel Pepys, in fact, was permitted by his transcendent genius to paint the portrait of the real living man whom he knew best; nor has he ever met a worthy rival in the art. But, says Sir Mountstuart, he is chiefly known to posterity by his absurdities. How, then, shall Sir Mountstuart himself be known, if perchance his 'Notes' are read by another generation?

Now, Sir M. Grant Duff's book would be wholly unimportant if it were not a symptom of modern curiosity. It could not have been published without the hope of attracting readers, and to attract readers by so intimate a relation is tempting the people to a social sin. It is a small sin—that is true; but it is a sin nevertheless, this obstinate desire to pry into the secrets of others. And if there were not writers to betray themselves, there could be no readers to profit by the betrayal. We desire to pay the greatest honour to Sir Mountstuart's energy and amiability; we have no doubt that the speeches, which he is always ready to quote, served their purpose excellently; we can easily believe that the Breakfast Club was the most distinguished occasion for conviviality ever devised by human ingenuity. But we have no

right to know who belonged to it, and who were the most assiduous attendants at its groaning board. Nor can we take the smallest pleasure in the following table, which the author modestly describes as Amphitryonic statistics:—

SUMMARY FROM OCT. 14 TO DEC. 6, 1886, INCLUSIVE.

Invited to dinner.	From Oct. 14 to Dec. 6.	Previous totals.	Grand totals.
Accepted	147	5977	6124
Unable to accept	29	1359	1388
Total invited	176	7336	7512

It is worth quoting because it proves, better than pages of argument, the trustful disposition of Sir M. Grant Duff. In a brief five years he invited 7512 persons to dine with him! But why, oh why, should he share this Gargantuan secret with all the world?

The fashion thus set by Sir Mountstuart has been quickly followed, and we note with pleasure that his nearest rival is also a staunch Whig. Sir Algernon West, whose 'Recollections' have proved what the booksellers term "a book of the season," has taken the world into his confidence with even greater candour. Had another uncovered Sir Algernon's life with equal circumstance, the victim would have had every right to be displeased; but it is characteristic of the gentlemen who publish their diaries that they fall into the pit of their own digging with perfect complacency. Now, we learn from Sir Algernon's own book that, like Sir Mountstuart, he has always kept the best of company, and that, as becomes a good Radical and Mr Gladstone's private secretary, he has seldom condescended to cultivate a society

which he deemed unworthy of him. Yet as we read his confessions we cannot help thinking that he himself is not quite free from surprise. We seem to hear a half-silenced cry of satisfaction. See how "genteel" I have always been! I've always been in a smart set, I have! But certain things there are that should be taken for granted. We do not want to be told, what should be evident, that Sir Algernon mixed in the world to which he properly belonged. Still less are we pleased when we note that he habitually employs nicknames in a work intended not for his friends, but for the public. This freedom would be called bad manners in a journalist, and it would be thus called with perfect justice. And should not a well-known official, whose profession has made him familiar with the statesmen of thirty years, uphold a higher standard of manners than the common journalist?

For the rest, the book is rather tiresome than entertaining. Of course, it is packed with stories, for Sir Algernon is as keen a *raconteur* as his rival; and, of course, it is crammed with memories of Mr

Gladstone, with letters from Mr Gladstone, with proofs of Mr Gladstone's nobility and wisdom, of Mr Gladstone's kindness and suavity. Sir Algernon, too, is amiable, or as amiable as his political opinions permit him to be; but, as we have said, amiability is not enough to give a book a permanent value, and we cannot imagine the historian of the future consulting these volumes with confidence or with profit. Of what use is it, for instance, to register such trivial facts as the following?—"Early in August 1886 my wife and daughter went into Guildford to meet Mr and Mrs Gladstone, who had driven over from the Wolvertons at Coombe. They had tea at the Guildford Club, where they were discovered and much cheered; they then came on to Wanborough, John Morley arriving, with Welby, for dinner." To Sir Algernon this event may have had its importance; but what meaning can it have for the subscribers to a circulating library?

However, Sir Algernon West seems to have spent a successful and profitable life. Eton and Christ Church were a proper preparation for the high destiny of one who was to be Mr Gladstone's private secretary. A sojourn at King's College was a base interlude, for there he did nothing more than make "a few third-rate acquaintances"—an experience always galling to a staunch democrat. But at Oxford he easily extinguished what might have been a dubious memory, and when he came to town

he was soon on terms of intimacy with all the great men and beautiful women of his day. Bobsy Meade and Georgie Gordon, and Bo Somebody Else—he knows them all, and calls them all, in print, by their Christian names. This is far worse than Charles Greville, and at least Greville did not contemplate the publication of his memoirs in the lifetime of himself and his friends. Yet of Greville Sir Algernon West has a very poor opinion. Charles Greville, says he, was supposed to have got "money from his publisher for the promise of his Memoirs." Well, why not, if he kept his promise, and the publisher kept his not to print until discretion permitted publicity? Did not Sir Algernon West get money from his publisher on the delivery of his *Recollections*? In fact, all that can be said in dispraise of Greville applies with greater force to Sir Algernon West. Only in Greville's defence it may be said once more that he composed a sober, serious work, and that he kept it secret until its publication was attended with no disgrace.

Again, says Sir Algernon West, "Hayward and Greville traded on the vulgarity and snobbishness of the society they lived in." It is a harsh phrase; but upon what else do Sir Algernon West and his like trade? They know perfectly well that a book which displays the great ones of the earth in their slippers and dressing-gowns is sure of its public; and so accurately do they gauge the common taste

that they are discussed almost as widely as the daily paper. But there is one other inconvenience which should be pointed out: if this practice of tittle-tattle be encouraged, which of us is safe? It is not everybody that likes to be called Bo or Bobsy or Georgie in print, or who cares to have the casual epigrams which he uttered at a dining-table put down in the cold deliberation of black and white. And the law will certainly need an alteration if Sir Algernon West's example be widely followed. The copyright of print is still uncertain, but if London be full of official journalists anxious for copy, the sooner that speech also is copyrighted by law the better for the casual citizen as well as for the national dignity. The very fact that a man has been admitted into distinguished society once was a guarantee that its secrets and its follies would not be blurted elsewhere. But manners are becoming easier every day, and presently reticence will only be enforced by a threat of punishment.

Wherever you look you are confronted with the same indiscretion. It is not only the world of self-important private secretaries which is infected with the common vice. Here, for instance, is Mr William Rossetti, an incurable case, if ever there was one. For he adds to a deplorable candour a taste for cannibalism. In other words, he is always gobbling up his friends in public. And in his last volume, 'Præ-Raphaelite Diaries

and Letters,' he is as obdurate and indiscreet as ever. For the moment he has deserted his brother for Madox Brown, the story of whose squalid, insignificant life is told with superfluous care. What purpose is served by these idle revelations we cannot imagine; nor can we explain why Mr William Rossetti thinks it worth while to embalm the fact that once upon a time — it was in August 1854 — Madox Brown had "onions for supper." On another occasion he had a mushroom for tea. But both statements leave us cold; and it seems that if a man declines to make himself ridiculous before the world, his friends will hold him up to posthumous contempt rather than allow him to court oblivion.

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With our modern fashions and our ceaseless garrulity the ancient standard of life and manners is fast changing. Traditions are dying, and none knows what tricks or antics will take their place. And with our manners we change our amusements. Time was when Christmas was incomplete without its pantomime — a curious medley of chalk and red paint, of monsters and fairyland, of flimsy yet lustrous backcloths, and reckless, irresistible puns. Above all, it was usual in these *saturnalia* to jibe at the year's absurdities, and to touch off, as is still done in the French *revue*, the scandals of the world or the follies of politicians. But nothing is left us of the panto-

mime but its name—no acting, no jest, no clown, no transformation scene—nothing. Processions we have in plenty, our eyes are always dazzled with the glitter of changing lights; yet the clown is reduced to his very lowest terms, the pantaloons is no longer the genial dupe of our childhood, and if the harlequin does flourish a wooden sword, it is only for an instant, and by way of an apology. What, then, is put in the place of the old enchantments? The endless manoeuvring of half-drilled women, and inapposite patriotism. The patriot is the noblest of men, when he does not degenerate into a patriotard. But we confess that we do not want to hear of England's grandeur from behind the footlights, nor do we bear with patience a lesson in politics delivered by a young lady whose pink tights are obviously too small for her. This kind of hysteria may attract pennies to the tambourine: it does not increase the dignity of our country nor the courage of our citizens. But the climax is reached when, in a certain pantomime, a dozen dancing-girls turn violent somersaults in order that, as they stand upon their heads, the union-jack may be seen emblazoned in their petticoats! 'Tis a sorry spectacle, and, if it were characteristic, we might take it for a symptom of the nation's decadence.

But tradition lingers longer in the east than in the west, and while the fashionable pantomimes are composted of music-hall airs and undesigned insults to our flag, there are distant

theatres which still respect the older fashion. Go to Hoxton, if perchance you can find your way through the devious wilderness of the city, and you will find at the Britannia a perfect vision of the past. There can be very little of the music-hall in a theatre whose orchestra does not disdain that forgotten melody, "Spring, Spring, Beautiful Spring!" But that is the note of the Britannia—it is just thirty years behind these prosaic times. So that the traveller to Hoxton may rejoice his eyes with the dear, dead conventions of the past. He may see the whole strength of the company line up while the transformation scene is being prepared, until each has contributed his little song and dance, and they have all "walked round" unnumbered times. He may hear the pleasant old jests about pawnshops and mother-in-laws, which should æstivate (so to say) but which should still enjoy the freedom of the winter months. He may see fairies, suspended on obvious wires, float elegantly through the air; he may see such a transformation scene of painted cloth and lamps as would evoke a sigh of satisfied surprise from a curmudgeon. Above all, he may see a real clown and a real pantaloons, and if the red-hot poker was lacking this year, we shall look out in twelve months for its restoration to popularity. Yet Hoxton, too, was persuaded to cheapen the emotion of patriotism: the vice, in truth, is universal; but the taste of Hoxton is miles ahead of Piccadilly; and the Britannia, at least, did

not sadden us with the reflection that London is approaching Paris in sentiment and behaviour. If the speech of the Boulevards could project bullets, no nations save the French would live an hour; and if the pantomimes of London were translated into fact, a small, compact army of ballet-girls, wrapped round with the union-jack, would even now be marching to the conquest of the world. But we are persuaded that our patriotism and courage are deeper than the doggerel of the music-halls, and that when once the unaccustomed panic be past we shall return again to quieter manners and a juster sentiment of life and war.

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Such is our persuasion; yet we confess the weight of argument is against us. We are all patriots—of that there can be no doubt. All the journalists are patriots: they profess their patriotism in every article which they publish. Short of marching to the front, they are ready for every sacrifice—so they say. But there is one sacrifice, the easiest of all to make, from which the journalists recoil in horror. This is not the place to discuss the war in which England is at present engaged. In Fleet Street alone there are at least five hundred persons competent to supplant Lord Salisbury and the Commander-in-Chief; and as these five hundred are gentlemen who do not know the vice of reticence, it is not their fault if the whole world is not by this time aware

of Sir Redvers Buller's incompetence, and Lord Roberts' wicked censorship of news. They are dogmatic—are these journalists; they have no doubts; they think they have mastered the whole art of war; but they would rather see their country ruined than themselves behind in the race for news. That is the sacrifice which not one of them is prepared to make, and their vanity is the sorriest spectacle of modern times.

Now, it is necessary to remind the press that a war is not conducted merely for its peculiar use and benefit. When we accepted the challenge hurled at us by President Kruger, we were not moved by the reflection that a campaign in South Africa would mean a fortune for Fleet Street, and glory for the war correspondents. Fleet Street and the war correspondents are no more essential to the empire than the parasites who hope to loot our camps; and Fleet Street and the war correspondents are the most dangerous camp-followers of all. Being servants, they mistake themselves for masters; being paid to disseminate news, they think they have a right not only to know everything that takes place, but also to comment upon it in such terms as seems good to them. And when news fails them, they turn about to abuse the War Office or the Government or the generals or anybody or anything that comes near to their hand. They know nothing: yet their pose is omniscience; they write leading

articles, which contain three or four mutually destructive statements; yet the statements are in print, and their only begetters swell with dignity. One day the Boer force amounts to 30,000. The next day any man is worse than a criminal who did not divine at the very first that the Boer force was 100,000. Fortunately the editor has a short memory, and he is careful not to charge himself with the incompetence that he hurls in the teeth of all the world. But he excites some few, poor, foolish persons in the provinces, and if only he hammers on long enough he creates a half-opinion out of manifold ignorance.

And he does more than this. By collecting every scrap of news, by defying the censor, by printing the letters of private soldiers, he is able to prove himself the staunchest ally of his country's enemies. So long as he has full licence, it is idle to close Delagoa Bay. He prints the news; the spies of Kruger telegraph it hot-hand to Pretoria; and our enemies within twenty-four hours are forewarned and forearmed. What cares the journalist? He has sold another thousand copies of his paper, and so long as his circulation is secure, he will cheerfully witness the world in ashes. But even, when he has given valuable aid to the Boers, he is not content. It is still his privilege to discourage the soldiers of his Queen. He can invite complaints from every Dick, Tom, and Harry who serves in the ranks. He can collect the

foolish, miserable letters written in camp, and print them with the authority which his circulation gives him. So we have heard that a certain general has lost the confidence of his men; that after a certain engagement he narrowly escaped death at the hand of mutineers; that in future no soldier would respect his orders, &c. Now, this sent back to Africa becomes a positive incentive to mutiny. The poor fellow who wrote the letter we may forgive: he wrote in anger and discomfort. But what can we say of the editor, who, in the cool atmosphere of a comfortable room, initials this infamous piece of gossip for the printer? The journalist desires to take all the part he can in the conduct of the war. Yet he is not amenable to the Army Act. If he were, he would receive a short shrift, for the punishment of his offence—discouragement of our soldiers—might be death.

Again, he is never so happy as when he is stirring up small jealousies. Here is a little gem, which one journal deemed it right and proper to print: "I have come to the conclusion that the English generals are lacking in sense. They affect to despise the Volunteers, who are probably the best men they have got, and it is a fact that the Volunteers have to wait for their meals until the Regulars have been served." This jewel of gossip is signed "Shrewd Observer," and it is plain that the epithet is well-chosen. It is "shrewd," indeed, to invent a foolish grievance, and send it

broadcast over the world. Poor Volunteers! Do they really wait for their dinner? Of course they don't; and if they did they would be strong enough to bear the delay; but "Shrewd Observer," who ought to edit a journal, fancies a grievance, and who knows, with good luck he may have inspired half-a-dozen of our volunteers to discontent.

Of course we are a democracy, and we must act in public. But we believe that in this matter the people is higher-minded than the press. We believe that the most of our citizens would rather wait for their news than risk the lives of their sons and their brothers. Yet the press has usurped an insidious sovereignty. Of course the people might prove its horror of shameless indiscretion by refusing to read any other paper than the 'Daily News' (let us say), whose editor throughout this crisis has lost neither his head nor his dignity. (Not that our condemnation is universal; happily there are four or five papers which have not violated the best tradition: but it is fair to applaud the chivalry of the 'Daily News,' because it has valiantly set patriotism before party.) But our citizens are creatures of habit, and they do not easily change their journal. Nor is the offence new. Mr Delane set the fashion in the Crimean war, and to stultify a weak Government did not scruple to give the Russians valuable and acknowledged aid. But it is not by this outspokenness that we won our empire. Had Wellington fought with a mob of

correspondents and a telegraph-wire at his back, he would never have survived Torres Vedras; the Peninsular War would have been a pitiable failure, and Wellington himself would have been recalled long before Waterloo was won. Yet how can we curb the journalist? How impose upon this irresponsible "patriot" the responsibility of his words and acts? By no means yet known to the law; and perhaps the method of Lord Roberts is best—send him no news, and let him employ his ingenuity in idle conjecture.

Moreover, war is a dignified and serious enterprise which should be carried on with good manners and without levity. Where the lives of thousands and the fate of an empire are at stake, there is no room for insolence and fine writing. Yet the most of our war correspondents have neither the reticence nor the tradition which would enable them to give us a modest picture of the fray. They speak only in superlatives: it is always "a rain of lead" with them, or "a solid sheet of bullets." The casual incidents of the campaign are called terrible "reverses"; and we suffered a dozen "defeats" before ever we fought a battle. And when for a moment they lay aside their extravagance, they take it upon themselves to admonish their country. So we have seen the superb spectacle of a young gentleman, who once was an officer and might know better, advising Great Britain not to relinquish the struggle, and asking in dismay, "Where are the fox-

hunters of England?" This young gentleman need not be downcast; but his example, and the example of his colleagues and their employers, have convinced us that we cannot again trust to the dignity or to the patriotism of our press. During the last three months the journals have done their best to make freedom of speech abominable; and it will be fortunate for us if we conduct our next war with the wires cut behind us, and all the correspondents kicking their heels at the coast.

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At a time when there is so much to reprehend and regret in the methods of contemporary journalism, comes the deplorable news of Mr G. W. Steevens's death at Ladysmith. Than him there was no one of whom more might have been expected as regards the future of English journalism. Ripe learning, alert and masterly powers of observation, a rarely trenchant style—all these attainments (modestly and without advertisement) Mr Steevens brought to his chosen work, a work generally, and not always wrongly, regarded as the refuge of those who have failed in literature and art. The antagonism between literature and the press is an old source of epigrammatic comment; but the antagonism is still well rooted in reality, and Mr Steevens was one of the very few who reconciled the difference.

That ultimate arbiter, the general and not always gener-

ous public, will remember Mr Steevens as the vivacious historian of Khartum, and generations after this his name is likely to be linked in enviable association with one of the most successful feats of English arms. But to the smaller number to whom popular success is not the first and last criterion of literary merit, Mr Steevens will also be remembered for the astonishing quantity, variety, and excellence of work which he crowded into a lifetime of thirty years. In pure literature undoubtedly his greatest achievement was his 'Monologues of the Dead'; and even more than 'With Kitchener to Khartum' his masterly pictures of America in 'The Land of the Dollar' represent his phenomenal skill in seizing and vividly portraying the essential features of a vast subject. Of his work from beginning to end it can truthfully be said that where it did not actually reach the high-water mark it was always eloquent of promise, full always of strenuous endeavour, honesty of purpose, and always marked by scholarship, style, and singular maturity of judgment.

It is sometimes said by the journalist in his haste that his good work is swallowed up in the abyss of anonymity, but to this view we cannot subscribe. The good wine of literature needs no bush. Mr Steevens would have made a reputation without the peculiarly adventitious circumstances which gained him at an unusually early age the well-deserved popularity of the bookstall and the honours of a sixpenny re-

print. None the less, however, it is a pleasure to 'Maga' to raise the veil of her anonymity so far as to acknowledge the many admirable contributions she has had from Mr Steevens's pen. Their variety was characteristic. "A Naval Utopia" and "The Apotheosis of Russia," two articles which adorned these pages, and which not unnaturally were attributed at the time to naval and military experts, represent excellently Mr Steevens's amazing versatility and industry, and his ability—little short of genius—to probe to the uttermost any subject with which he really grappled: while again his more purely literary dexterity was seen to brilliant advantage in the very striking paper, "From the New

Gibbon," which he contributed to 'Maga's' thousandth number.

But above all—and the pathetic circumstance of his death gives poignancy to the fact—we mourn the loss of a brilliant war-correspondent, potentially, at least, our greatest. It is one of the regrettable ironies of fate that at the very moment when we expect to hear of the successful end of one of the most stirring episodes in our military history, we should be apprised of the death of him who would naturally have been its brilliant historian, and are left only to join in that perennial regret—

"When lovely souls and pure, before
their time,
Unto the dusk go down."

A WORD TO CONSERVATIVES.

It is always hard in times of trouble and difficulty, when personal feelings and public interests are really or apparently in conflict, to hold the balance evenly between the two, or to determine with accuracy the weight which should be allowed to each in the regulation of our conduct. But if it is difficult to do so in any circumstances, how much more so must it be when the personal considerations involved are of an acutely painful character, arising from the loss of dearly loved relatives and friends, and aggravated by the belief, we will not say that they have died in vain, for whoso meets a hero's death never dies in vain, but that except for official mismanagement, many of them might still have been alive! Thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen are plunged into mourning; and thousands more are waiting in silent indignation for some explanation of events which have caused as much astonishment as grief. That this is a correct description of the state of feeling prevailing very widely in Great Britain at the present moment will hardly be disputed: how widely, or how well founded, it is not the province of this article to inquire. It is sufficient that it exists: that both among Conservatives and Liberals it finds expression in language calculated to inflict serious injury on the Government; and that,

under the influence of passions which, if not wholly justifiable, are at least excusable, we are in danger of being led into extremities of which hereafter we may have reason to repent.

It is perhaps too much to expect that any note of warning at the present moment should make itself heard above the rising tempest. It is always difficult, as we have already said, to obtain a clear view of our public duty through the press of personal emotions. But it is never impossible; and in the present instance, even allowing for the exceptional irritation which our military failures have occasioned, the question to be answered is really so simple that, when once fairly raised, it can hardly, one would think, be misunderstood, or the path to which it points be missed. To all Conservatives, therefore, both in and out of Parliament, who, however angry they may be with the Government, are capable of keeping their heads, and of looking across the present crisis to the future which lies immediately beyond it, we venture on this brief appeal—reminding them that even righteous retribution may be bought too dear, and that history has many examples of the evils that have followed from too hasty a gratification of political resentment, however natural or just.

We offer no criticism on either the conduct or the policy

of the South African war. That must be sought elsewhere. War is an interlude at the conclusion of which the current of domestic politics, supposing it interrupted, resumes its ordinary course, and the questions which may for a time have been thrown into the background regain their customary prominence. Our only purpose, then, in writing these few lines, is to recall to the minds of Conservatives what it was which they sought to secure by the restoration of Lord Salisbury to power in 1895; to ask them whether these objects are any less desirable now than they were then; and whether, when the choice lies between the defence of constitutional principles and the punishment of administrative errors, there is room for a moment's hesitation.

First, as to the war itself. Granting the full truth of the worst that can be charged against the Government, the evil is now done, and no change of Ministry can undo it. If our rulers ought to have known long ago much of which they were ignorant; if they ought to have listened to representations to which they turned a deaf ear—at all events they know now, and must listen now; and with the information which they now possess they are just as well able to bring the war to a speedy and successful termination as any other set of men who could possibly be chosen to succeed them. If all, then, that Conservatives can hope to gain by embarrassing or discredit-

ing the Government is the satisfaction of knowing that they have made them pay for their misconduct; if all they promise themselves is the pleasure of pelting a Government which, in spite of its blunders, has still a thousand claims on their respect—is it worth while for the sake of so mingled a cup to run the risk of such permanent calamities as those with which the revolutionary party in this country openly threaten us? Conservatives and Unionists may say that they have no desire to turn out the Government. But men, it is said, must be taken to mean the natural or necessary consequences of their own actions; and if Conservatives by any course of conduct they may now pursue assist the Opposition in lowering the character and destroying the authority of the present Ministry, when, at the next general election, the natural result ensues, they cannot be allowed to plead that they never meant anything of the kind.

The whole Unionist party has now to consider in what situation they will find themselves twelve months hence, if, in consequence of their attacks on the Government at the present time, the Radical and Home Rule party should be in a majority in the next House of Commons. All the principles for which they have striven so long will then, so to speak, be thrown into the Chancery of politics, there to await the issue of a new trial, which may not terminate so favourably as the

last. When Lord Salisbury went out of office in 1892, both he and his colleagues and their loyal followers retained the respect of the public and the confidence of a British majority. They were not a discredited or dishonoured Ministry, from whom their party had been driven to revolt. But that is the light in which they would appear to the country if another "cave" were formed during the coming session for the purpose of harassing and reproaching them at every possible opportunity, if not actually joining in a vote of censure or want of confidence. Then, when their behaviour had brought about the defeat and disruption of the whole Unionist party, and they came back to the Opposition benches with a powerful majority in front of them, including a numerous and well-organised section bent on pressing forward the abolition of the House of Lords, the Disestablishment of the Church, the separation of Ireland, and further encroachments on the rights of property, would they not begin to feel that they too in their turn had shown a want of foresight,—had made a great, and, alas! perhaps, an irreparable blunder?

At the very least, all their work would have to be done over again, and against far heavier odds than any which they had encountered before. Always looming in the background would be the shadow of a great miscarriage, which, in the eyes of a loyal and compact majority, had been enough to justify action

almost certain to overthrow the Government to which they had so long been devoted. With this dark cloud resting on their recent history, with what hope could the Conservative leaders with a divided party appeal to the people for support? It would be far better, if a mutinous spirit should show itself at the meeting of Parliament, that Government should appeal to the country at once, without waiting for the gradual process of detrition which would leave them three months hence in a worse position than they are in now. On the other hand, if the Unionists in the House of Commons only remain firm to their duty, showing themselves able to see events and possibilities in their true proportions, and to distinguish between the minor and major obligations which rest on a constitutional party, the country, we have little doubt, will follow their example. English common-sense will easily understand that there is no real patriotism in deposing a Government which upholds a political and social system whose benefits are permanent, in order to mark our sense of a single delinquency, the effect of which can only be transient. What England has to rely upon in the long-run is the national character. The national character has been formed by the combined influence of laws, institutions, beliefs, habits, customs, prescriptions, and traditions handed down from generation to generation, against the whole

of which Radicalism declares war. And can it be the duty of any Conservative to side with the assailants, because some mistake, in no way connected with their principal duty, has been committed by the garrison? The question is not how much censure the Ministry deserve, but how much Conservatives can afford to inflict.

Of course it is possible that even within the next few days the face of affairs in South Africa may be completely changed, and that some brilliant success may so far mollify the memory of recent disasters as to prevent any hostile steps of a really mischievous character being taken against the Government. Even as we write the turn of the tide seems to be approaching at last. But as far as we can see at present, nothing is likely to avert the Radical attack directed against errors for which subsequent victory will not be allowed to atone. An appeal is certain to be made to the Ministerial benches, and it is beyond a doubt that words have been spoken and action contemplated by members of the Conservative party which are well calculated to encourage it. If there is any weight in the advice we here offer to the Unionist party, nothing is likely to occur before the 30th of January to diminish it.

That the principal article of the Radical programme will be steadily pursued by its authors there can be no manner of doubt. When the war is

over—or perhaps before—and affairs return into their usual channel, the abolition, or the emasculation, of the House of Lords will once more become a burning question with the party of revolution. And it is not merely the existence of a hereditary Chamber that is at stake: it is the recognition of property as entitled to separate representation where it cannot be swamped by numbers, that the House of Lords preserves for us. Nor this alone: it preserves also that regard for ancient immemorial usage and great historic houses which mingles an element of romance with the harder and coarser material of political life, and exercises a mellowing and elevating effect on the spirit of the nation. Democracy makes the House of Lords not less necessary but more so. The Established Church of England is our great guarantee for religious liberty; and we do not mean by this the freedom of all religious bodies to follow their own forms of worship—we mean freedom from priestcraft, whether it come in the shape of a Dissenting minister or a Roman Catholic priest. Disestablishment would at once cause a rupture in the Church of England between the Protestant and the Ritualistic parties. The former would gravitate towards Methodism, the latter towards Romanism. Without the support of that particular *status* which the Establishment confers upon a national clergy, each would ere long be absorbed into the body which attracts

it, and the laity would have to contend with the combined pretensions of both, or give up formal religion altogether. This is so likely to be the result that it should surely give us all pause on the brink of taking action which may in no small degree contribute to it. Of Home Rule we need say no more. It is for the nation to determine whether we are to court a fresh contest under far more unfavourable conditions than we could formerly command. These and many other evil consequences, all of them irreparable, must certainly ensue from the return of a powerful Radical Government, dominating a dispirited and discredited minority, very different from the Opposition

which bridled Sir W. Harcourt, and in two years drove him from office. Let no Conservative expect to see that situation repeated. If the present Government are deposed, either presently or in another year, on the ground of their military mismanagement, they are out for the lifetime of the new Parliament. Let Conservatives think well of what followed on the vindictive vote which drove the Duke of Wellington from power in 1830, and Sir Robert Peel in 1846. In the hands of their successors legitimate reforms became virtual revolutions, and in the hands of Lord Salisbury's successors history would assuredly repeat itself on a larger scale, and with more destructive consequences.

THE WAR OPERATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.—III.

BY A MILITARY CONTRIBUTOR.

THE pause which occurred after the action at Colenso gives an opportunity to review the causes which led to it. The initial mistake was in not having a force in Natal strong enough to stand up against the Boers when they crossed the border. The reason why that mistake was made must be asked of politicians: it is not a question which enters here. In consequence of this initial mistake, when General Buller landed at Cape Town he found a force of nearly 10,000 men locked up in an out-of-the-way corner of the area in which he was to conduct operations. Thus he was from the start forced to lay aside strategic measures in favour of tactics, a case of the cart before the horse. Strategy is the art of moving a force in such a direction as will compel the movements of a hostile force in a manner favourable to the design of the former: tactics come in when the strategic scheme is interfered with, or when the objective is reached. Strategy is studied on the map: to carry it out on the ground requires troops and transport,—troops to enable it to carry itself unchecked to the objective; transport to carry the troops to that point, and to supply them on the road.

Most critics at home and abroad have pronounced that in the present campaign the

immediate objective would be Bloemfontein. It is not necessary here to discuss the reasons for the selection, or to inquire into alternative strategic schemes. In the event of Lord Roberts moving on Bloemfontein, how will he be situated?

If it is assumed that he has sufficient troops on arrival, he must also be assured that he has sufficient transport. His army, before everything, must possess mobility,—it must not be tied to a railway.

The Boer tactics will oppose his march in well-selected positions which, if he has not the power to avoid them, will have to be pushed aside at an excessive cost. To avoid them he must depend upon transport, probably mules. These have been already collected in large numbers in the Colony; but he will want carts, harness, and drivers. The Army Service Corps has done good work in this direction; but its numbers are limited, and some time must elapse before such requisites are provided. Let us assume that sufficient transport has been organised.

Then as to his line of advance. The enormous length of these lines is the difficulty of the campaign. Railroads in rear of the column may be counted upon to largely supplement mule-transport. The most tempting are those that cross South Cape Colony from

Port Elizabeth and East London — roughly 300 miles in length — to the Orange Free State, which they touch at points about 100 miles south of Bloemfontein. A second line from Cape Town runs to De Aar Junction, 600 miles in length, from whence it continues for about 120 miles to the points on the Free State border already gained by the two first: it would thus be auxiliary to them. But, tempting as 300 miles appear against 700, there are disadvantages in the choice. Both East London and Algoa Bay are open roadsteads, exposed to the prevailing wind at this time of the year from the south-east. The landing at them, always difficult, is impossible in bad weather; both lines struggle through a country probably hostile, and both cross a mountain-range where a stubborn resistance may be expected.

It is not meant here to discuss the advantages or the reverse of either: they are alluded to merely to show the little reliance that can be placed on railways, and how much would rest on other means of transport.

The tactical problems which will occur as strategy develops will be better examined as they display themselves.

To follow on the probable strategic course of the campaign, it is enough to explain that when strategy has gained a convenient point for its purpose, a secondary base will be established from which to start anew.

This fresh start will, as be-

fore, depend upon supply and transport. In the present campaign the first is assured as long as we hold command of the sea; it is to the latter that every energy must be directed. Transport may be railways, mule- or ox-waggons. We already know by experience that railways cannot be relied upon except when they are in rear of the army in the field. If we advance by rail we shall always be anticipated by the Boers at the railhead; we shall have to adopt their tactics and fight them in a chosen position, as the Natal column and that under Lord Methuen have done. If we hold the railhead in force, we must leave behind sufficient troops to protect the line in rear.

Mule transport is suited for light flying columns by which the objective in front is aimed at, or for turning movements. Ox-waggons move at infantry pace, and would accompany the column intended to hold strategic points or to fling its weight into a decisive battle. Mule-waggons march in sections of ten or twelve, each under a non-commissioned officer of the Army Service Corps; they would seldom move on the same road, to avoid occupying too much road-space; for convenience of feeding, forage might be carried on the waggons. Those drawn by oxen must depend on the grass by the wayside, which would soon be eaten up if all moved in rear of one another. A waggon requires ten mules or twenty oxen at the very least, and carries 2 or 4 tons respectively at the outside. The mules

travel about five miles, the oxen two and a half miles an hour in a day of ten hours,—roughly, fifty and twenty-five miles a-day. Mules require better feeding, and while feeding can be tethered near the waggons; oxen feed anywhere, but stray long distances after food and water, and so always require mounted guards: they return at night, each span to its own waggon; experienced drivers are plentiful in the country. The waggons form an excellent laager if attacked, and men can sleep underneath them if tents are not carried.

Mules are stubborn, often difficult to manage, and given to stampede; oxen won't stampede, and do their work mechanically if under native drivers. An ox-waggon carrying 4 tons occupies fifty yards road space; a mule-waggon carrying 2 tons occupies twenty-five yards, so the length of a column is the same. Both require two men to drive. Nothing will force an ox to vary his natural pace, and his habits must not be interfered with. If you are in a hurry and it is near the time to outspan, you must do as he wishes: he must be humoured or he will give in, so he is not fitted for movement in the neighbourhood of an enemy; but he stands alone as the transport animal of South Africa.

South Africa has been called the grave of reputations, and why? because men have not studied the customs of the country. The Horse Guards started off its generals with a light heart. Transport?

There are railways; you can look them up in the Drill Book, which tells you how many men with valises on their backs you can stow in a third-class carriage, how to entrain them, to lock the carriage-doors at the stations: there are pages in books of red binding telling you how to do it—yes, except in Africa!

It's going to be a big affair: we know how to do it; send an Army Corps, that's the thing—yes, except in Africa. We shall want cavalry; our Hussars and Lancers are the finest mounted men in the world: the very thing—yes, except in Africa. But, says the Admiralty, there are no ships to be got fit for the transport of cavalry or artillery; we have taken all that can be hired, and the others will only carry infantry. Africa is a horse-producing country, where thousands of hardy little horses can be bought at about £13 a-head; they know the country, can thrive on the forage there, and can be ridden away as soon as the men to ride them jump ashore. Sending horses to Africa is sending coals to Newcastle. They are not up to the standard, no! The time will come when we shall enlist cavalry for cavalry work all over the world, and not for parade; officers and men who can ride anything and over anything, as they can now, mounted for use and not for display, and not handicapped, the first by the regulation £500 a-year beyond their pay, the men by well-shaped legs to show off their well-cut trousers.

Hardly had the Army Corps landed when the ponderous creature was broken up: generals saw divisions shouting for their brigades, gunners calling to the blue-jackets for guns, and units nowhere at all. It was all very wrong, for units are excellent things—except in Africa. Then the troops were entrained, only to detrain in front of the Boers, who had got there before them and locked them up for a month or two, till South Africa sent her ox-waggons to get them out.

Those fine English horses left England in mid-winter and had to fight at the Cape in mid-summer; no wonder they could not catch the Boers, and had to be replaced by colonial lads on ponies not up to the standard—yes, except for Africa.

So the War Office have spent some millions and many soldiers' lives to learn what common-sense would have told it for nothing,—that the dwellers in a country must know something about it, and can produce articles better fitted for use in it than those which "come from Sheffield."

In view of the tactics which our generals have employed, we have to admit they have been out-manceuvred by the Boers everywhere except at Elands-laagte. But defensive tactics must fail unless leavened by the offensive,—a maxim which assures us that success, which now appears to tremble in the balance, will not be with the Boers. With this exception their tactics have been admirable: they have shown themselves indomitable with spade and rifle; the skill

and labour which have moved guns of position are nearly incredible; and the courage with which they have held their ground is worthy of brave men. In a broad sense their tactics have been to utilise their superiority in numbers by strictly containing large forces, and their knowledge of the ground by occupying defensive positions across our line of advance, compelling a frontal attack, their own retreat being assured. They have traded on our want of mobility, and by skilful use of their own have enabled their tactics to win.

This superior agility, and inexperience of the country, has led the latter to disregard ordinary rules; but this is no excuse for the disgraceful mistakes which have been made. For these they can hardly be blamed: there are details which are relegated to the staff, and the burden of blame must rest with them. Insufficient scouting is at the root,—no doubt extremely difficult, owing to our weakness in cavalry in a land where every Boer is a mounted scout, trained from boyhood to learn scouting as a serious business, using smokeless powder, riding a pony at home on karoo, veldt, or koppje. The Boers, again, have recognised the revolution modern firearms have caused in warfare, while we have been wedded to obsolete methods; they have held positions in such a way that our artillery has been unable to prepare the way for the assault; in their trenches they have constructed the most perfect head-

cover, and the advanced trench of considerable depth, placed some distance in front, has proved a novel and disastrous obstacle. It is doubtful whether our boasted lyddite shells have caused the losses which we claim, or that we have ever destroyed a gun of position by the fire of our own, so admirably are they protected.

A terrible indictment against our sagacity lies in the number of men captured—at Nicholson's Nek more than 800. An officer present stated that when the ammunition and guns were lost it was decided to remain: if they retired it would interfere with Sir George White's general scheme. But a school-boy will recognise that without guns and ammunition soldiers cease to be such, and their presence anywhere is a hindrance.

There has been a tendency of late years to exalt the staff at the expense of the regimental officer. Cases are noticed where a staff officer has been sent to "assist" a commanding officer at the head of his regiment. Seasoned commanding officers disregard this "assistance," but the younger officers which the present system produces are apt to look upon it as "by order." There was a staff officer present at the Nicholson's Nek disaster to "advise" Colonel Carleton, commanding his own and the Gloucester regiment, which made up the column,—a step calculated to interfere with the regimental system to which our army owes its roll of glory of the past. It has grown spontaneously out of that love of home which

is innate in every one in our Islands. Most of us have dined at a regimental mess, where, at the table, we have been welcomed by the officers hospitably and cordially; where the band has played their best in honour of the guest their officers have produced; where the men have gathered in groups outside to listen to their band, and we feel we are in a home circle—every one here is bound together by home ties. The regiment sails for South Africa and hurries up to where the fighting is; by the side of the colonel rides an officer to "assist" him, and the ranks say to one another, "Who's he? I don't know him. Well; I shall stick to old Blazes, though he did give me ninety-six hours last week." What are our soldiers out there fighting for? For British supremacy? for the overthrow of a corrupt Government? Not at all; the politicians will settle that. Every soldier is fighting for his home: the Englishman for the farm by the sunny Devonshire lanes, the Highlander for that cottage where the heather spreads a carpet for the north wind, and the Connaught lad for the cabin by the wayside in far-off Galway. The presence of a stranger in that company is like a pebble in a puddle, and makes a ripple.

At Stormberg we lost 600 men because they took a wrong turning: was no staff officer told off to indicate the right and efface the wrong road? Boer tactics, immediately before an attack, lend themselves to in-

fantry scouting: at Colenso we are told that they allowed single men to pass between their lines, so as to reserve their fire for the approaching column. At this same action 195 men were reported missing—a fact which points to slackness on the part of officers and non-commissioned officers, for allowing men to stray after impossible cover, and then to remain there.

During the lull that followed the action at Colenso, General French had demonstrated how a general can wage war in South Africa if he is provided with suitable instruments. It is a puzzle why this had not been done at the beginning. Cavalry are all-important, and horse artillery equally so. The war was in South Africa, and we sent an Army Corps; mules without carts, and guns with shrapnel only. Who did it? Lord Wolseley had marched troops across the Transvaal to demolish Sekukuni's kraal; Evelyn Wood, his Adjutant-General, though he missed Majuba, was in ample time to make peace under its shadow; Buller, his right-hand man, had taken troops to reoccupy Potchefstroom. There are pigeon-holes in his office crammed with reports by the officers who had fought the Boers in 1881; every one in office admitted that if poor Colley had had a cavalry regiment there would have been one mountain the less to describe in the geography-books of South Africa, so it could not have been the fault of the Horse Guards.

General French with a cavalry brigade, several batteries

of horse and field artillery, a considerable number of mounted men, and some infantry, had a force as mobile as that of the enemy, and could beat them at their own game, keep them constantly on the move, snap up their waggons, push aside their patrols, cut across their rear, and allow them no time to drink their afternoon coffee, tune up psalms, or practise any other cheap swagger of the "simple farmers." He did not depend for information on native policemen or "loyal Dutch," preferring to have it from his own scouts and his own observation. So with a mobile force at his disposal he was able to surprise the Boer position at Colesberg on the 2nd January, and by a clever turning movement to place himself between the Boers and their main laager, thus cutting their line of retreat across the Orange river. His infantry gained sufficient mobility to accompany the mounted men by riding in waggons, and, during the attack, as soon as a position was shelled out by the guns, they moved up and occupied it: so the entire range was retained by the tactics of common-sense in the employment of infantry.

About the same time General Methuen succeeded in clearing out the Boers who for some time had threatened his left—Colonel Babington moving out from Modder river with a cavalry brigade towards the north-west, while Colonel Pilcher left Belmont, and, marching with a mixed force, principally of Colonial troops, on New Year's Day captured a Boer laager

and forty prisoners, again largely assisted by admirable common-sense tactics, the victory enabling him to occupy Douglas unopposed.

It is useful to remark how big events often result from the most ordinary precautions. Before Colonel Pilcher started he locked up every Kaffir in his kraal, and had their names called every hour, and so surprised the enemy and captured everything he had. Probably when surprises have been attempted before, no means were taken to prevent the inevitable Kaffir or "loyal Dutchman" from starting on ahead to carry the news to the men who were to be surprised.

A lesson, too, was taught us by our Colonial troopers near Dordrecht. The Cape Irregulars had been worrying the Boers all day; but when they retired for the night, forty troopers under Lieutenant Milford had been left behind. Early next morning a party of Cape Mounted Rifles went to their rescue. They found them hardly pressed by hundreds of Boers, and their ammunition was running short: they had fought all night; the Boers had shot all their horses, but declined to attack the "donga" in which they had taken cover. During the fight the white flag was tried, but the Colonials were not to be taken in: they waited for the usual volley, and then returned it, so that Boer and his comrade will wave white flags no more. The lessons that our Colonial brothers taught us here are that you need not give your-

self up a prisoner to the Boers as long as you have a cartridge in your pocket; and that the Boer's white flag is a coward's lie.

An officer who had considerable experience of white flags in 1881, when he took command, fell in his men and gave them his experience, adding, "There will be no white flags here." The men knew and understood him, and the Boers knew him, and no white flag came in till after three months, when the sergeant of the "look-out" on the roof of the hovel in which the officer lived put his head down, "There's a white flag coming, sir; shall I take him now, or wait till he comes nearer?"

The term "donga" occurs so often that I will describe it. We have seen a duck-pond in a farmyard in summer which has dried up, the mud at the bottom netted over with cracks: "dongas" are these cracks, magnified. When we were new to South Africa a regiment that had been some time there rode over to ask us to breakfast, and we set out to ride back with them: another officer and myself had some work to finish, and were to follow as soon as it was done, which we did. It was capital going, the veldt as flat as a billiard-table, and we followed our friends' lead, who were far on ahead. Of a sudden we both nearly came to grief in a yawning chasm that wriggled across the way as far as we could see, perhaps fifty feet deep, and double that width, the sides perpendicular. So we fired our

pistols, and our friends returned and shouted to us to look out for a Kaffir path, a strip of bare earth through the high grass along which the natives walk in single file: the path was found, and it led to the chasm, where it zigzagged through the scrub to the bottom and up the other side. I found afterwards it was two miles in length—that was a “donga,” and so koppjes and dongas give themselves airs in South Africa.

The risk attending a series of night-attacks has been alluded to, and the disadvantages under which such attacks are made to the men attacking are vividly illustrated in the reports of the march of the Highlanders on Magersfontein. They were asked to do a thing which an army of well-bred giants would have failed to accomplish. Absolute secrecy is essential to success, and in a country swarming with spies that is almost impossible. There is little doubt that their advance was flashed to the Boers from a farmhouse within our lines. The sorties by night from Ladysmith succeeded because the force employed and the distance to be travelled were small, and spies could be kept under control. But night-attacks are made by men, not machines. You start off a party to march through the night across ground which is difficult going by day, nerves strained to observe the precautions necessary; at the moment of assault the human system is at its lowest point, and the men will nearly always fight on empty stomachs.

Here is a personal experience. I accompanied a party of about eighty men to attack a position. The way there had been carefully marked, all precautions were taken, so the men arrived where it was wished, and lay down in the long, wet grass just as day was breaking: they had had a good supper before starting, and were in excellent spirits. They lay in the grass for half an hour, and it was very cold; my teeth chattered, so I thought they would think that I funk'd. A false attack was made, and the Boers rode straight for us, as was intended, preceded by a scout, a big man on a big horse, who rode on the top of us. I jumped up and gave the word to fire a volley, and that Boer turned and fled as any other man would do with eighty bullets after him, but not one of them touched him—the men were so deadly cold, shivering. Five minutes afterwards, when they had swung their arms round, they got at the Boers and scored bull's-eyes. That was a comfortable night-attack.

Now take the Highlanders at Magersfontein. All Saturday night they bivouacked in the open 4000 yards from the enemy's lines; they had a cold ration, no fire or smoking was allowed, and it rained hard all night. The ground was studded with bushes and cactus hedges. At one o'clock in the morning after this cheerless night they moved off in quarter-column: it was pitch dark, the rain poured down, the wet ground was very miserable; the column was packed in as solid a block as

it was possible to pack men; a guide rope stretched from front to rear to keep them together. In the dark a certain amount of confusion naturally occurred, and the companies got a little mixed up. Then at 3.45 A.M. the usual terrific firing in front broke out, and there was instant confusion: was anything else to be expected? In what condition were men who twelve hours previously had a cold ration, had lain on the squelching ground without cover, fires, or pipes, and for the last three hours had stumbled in thick darkness through pouring rain over sloppy ground, packed as tight as herrings in a barrel? What fight was left in these men? They had struggled within 200 yards of the trenches; one brave soldier was found 100 yards nearer. If men can do as much as that in the dark, what would they have done in daylight? Troops can advance in open order under cover of their own artillery without excessive loss. Lord Methuen did not recognise that Highlanders are men, not machines.

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As the month wore on the tension became intense. All England knew that General Buller with about 30,000 men was facing an equal number of Boers strongly entrenched, the Tugela between them, and Sir George White with his brave but fading-away garrison in rear, and that any moment the spark might light the volcano. Men had cheerfully acquiesced in the reticence of the telegraph-wire, waiting day after day

till the strain on their minds became almost unbearable. News dribbled through of "demonstrations" and trifling "reconnaissances" by Thorneycroft's Horse, of the number of shells fired daily, and of the narrow escape of officers sketching, but nothing more. Days had passed, weeks had followed, and Boers were still south of the Tugela, and we took it for granted they were not in the way because no attempt was made to clear them out. It was always known they held Inhlawe on the west, the cavalry had been to look at them; when General Buller attempted to cross at Colenso 1000 cavalry with a battery of Field Artillery were detailed to move towards that hill and endeavour to turn the Boers out: it was gallantly attempted, but its capture was beyond the power of mounted men. General Barton's brigade was sent after them in support, but the Boers were found in strength with guns in position on Inhlawe and on the higher range behind; yet no assistance came to the Colonial troopers, who were set to attempt an infantry task, so they had to retire after well-nigh winning the position. It seemed strange that this isolated hill, swarming with Boers and heavy guns, the Tugela in flood in their rear, and 30,000 British troops in front, did not fall into their hands. A correspondent who was present at the action of the 15th December describes how the 2nd Queen's, 2nd Devonshire, three batteries of Field Artillery in line, and six naval 12-pounders in ox-

waggon's trying to range alongside them, advanced towards the outlying houses of Colenso. The batteries might have been moving down the Long Valley at Aldershot, so excellently were they aligned, the timber-fringed bank of the river 600 yards in their front, when suddenly burst out an awful crash of Boer musketry, "as usual," from buildings, lines of trenches south of the river, and from the river's bank itself. "Unfortunately, it had not been suspected that the Boers had ventured to construct cover upon the south side of the river." But we held it with 30,000 men, and had held it ever since November 25th, when General Clery reoccupied Frere, ten miles south of Colenso. For some time it was reported that a large force, with guns, was intrenching itself at Springfield, seventeen miles south-west of Colenso, yet the Boers were allowed to construct their works undisturbed except by some reconnoitring cavalry, which always retired on the apparition of Boers: could not a brigade with a battery or two have been spared to interrupt them, to be followed by an attack when the river was in flood? Men at a distance reasoned that to allow the Boers undisputed possession of the south bank of the Tugela certainly was an oversight, although the picture seen through 6000 intervening miles is different to that which paints itself in its framework of koppjes, and bush, and boulders, and it was recognised that if the object-glass was blurred it was for some good reason. The art of war consists in doing some-

thing which the enemy cannot foresee: the intended plan must anticipate that of the other side, or it will not succeed. Secrecy and silence are essential, and with the telegraph flashing the smallest details in South Africa to the uttermost parts of the world, that is not possible. So the Boers possessed in peace our side of the river, wondered, with us, at the strange oversight, and went their ways without suspicion. So we watched and waited.

Then on Sunday, 7th January, came a telegram from Ladysmith that set every heart to beat: "Enemy attacked Cæsar's Camp at 2.45 A.M. in considerable force. Enemy everywhere repulsed."

11 A.M. "Attack continues, and enemy has been reinforced from south."

12.45 P.M. "Have beaten enemy off at present, but they are still round me in great numbers. I think renewed attack very probable."

3.15 P.M. "Attack renewed. Very hard pressed."

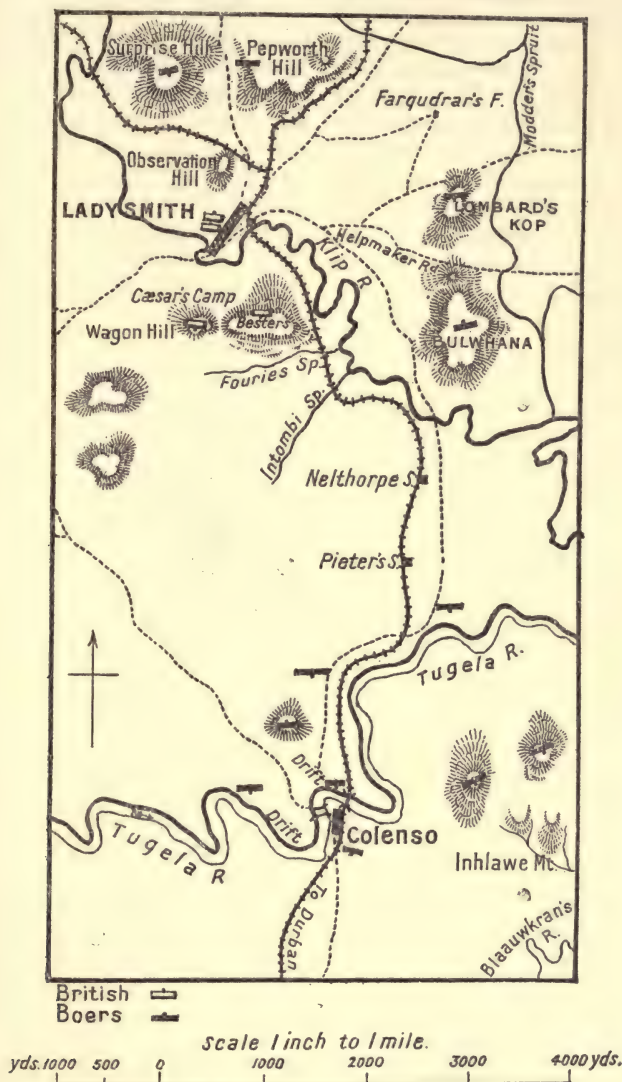
The sun failed, and we were left to wait in darkness. But in the afternoon news arrived: "The attack continued until 7.30 P.M. The enemy were repulsed everywhere, with very heavy loss."

At 2 P.M. General Buller made a demonstration towards Colenso.

The telegrams referred to a new departure in Boer tactics, hitherto purely defensive. At dawn on the 6th January they commenced a most determined attack on the works round Ladysmith. The containing

force had been largely reinforced from the south, the assault being made simultaneously from every post. The principal attack was against the south, on Cæsar's Camp, where the ground is

THE COUNTRY ROUND LADYSMITH.



fairly open, by three picked commands led by Commandant De Villiers, who was killed with three of his officers when leading his men with reckless bravery. At half-past two in the early morning the Boers crept up Fouries Spruit, sur-

prised our pickets, and rushed the hill, which was only occupied then by a fatigue-party, who had just placed a Hotchkiss gun in position: they raced up the hill for the gun, which had only time to fire a few shots. About fifty men who happened to be scattered on Waggon Hill, on the west, ran up just in time, the enemy having charged to within 25 yards: rush after rush followed through the darkness with the utmost bravery, to be met on each occasion by the bayonet. At daybreak they reached Waggon Hill, but were met by the 2nd Gordon Highlanders and Royal Rifles, who had come up, and kept them in check pending the arrival of reinforcements, till at 5.30 the Boers began to waver, and retreated slowly down the hill: seeing this, our men at the top pushed on to a line of koppjes in front, and so met them at short range, succeeding in keeping them at a distance: at 7.30 every Boer had retired out of sight, but they still kept up a heavy fire from the neighbouring rocks. At 3.30 P.M., just as a heavy thunderstorm burst, which flooded the trenches and shrouded the hills in cloud, the Boers made their most desperate dash on Cæsar's Camp. Our pickets were driven in, and, in spite of the fire of our guns, they succeeded in gaining the crest, when, as they poured into the work, the 2nd Gordon Highlanders and 1st Devonshire regiment made a gallant charge with the bayonet, which sent them back down the hill in a struggling, disorganised mass, and the day

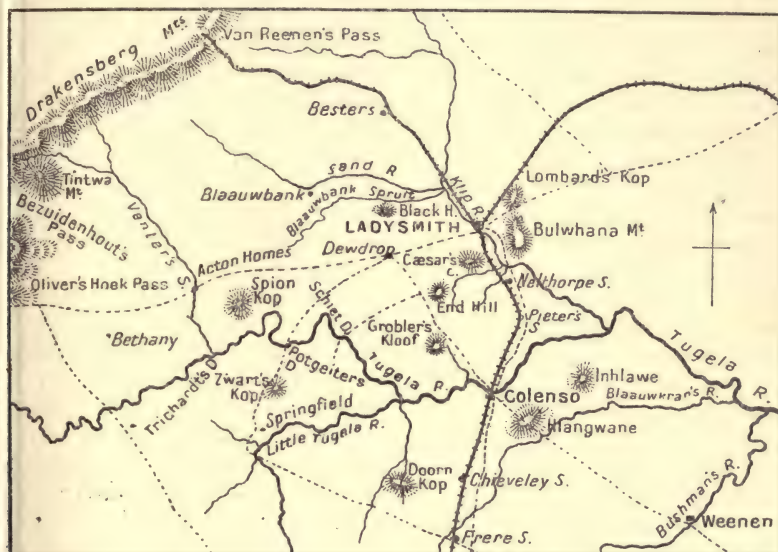
was won. The position on the east was held by the 1st Manchester, 2nd Gordon, and 2nd Rifle Brigade regiments; at the centre by the Naval Brigade and Natal Volunteers; and on the west by the Imperial Light Horse and King's Royal Rifles. Our losses prove the desperate character of the fighting—15 officers killed and 26 wounded, and 379 rank and file killed and wounded. The Boers admitted 54 killed and 96 wounded; Sir G. White reports, however, that their losses greatly exceeded our own.

On January 10th Lord Roberts and his staff landed at Cape Town, and the nation rose up reassured that military considerations would take first place in a campaign where the one bright spot was the cheerful bravery of our soldiers. To allow political reasons or directions, whether they come across 6000 miles of sea or from the nearest post-town, is to court disaster. Newspapers at home and abroad had been filled with criticisms from "all sorts and conditions of men"—attacks on the incapacity of our generals, the inferiority of our guns, the mobility of the Boers, the unsuitability of the force that had landed, on the War Office, the Horse Guards, the ignorance of our Government about the Boers. To all this wrangle of angry voices our soldiers had been deaf—it was no affair of theirs: in front were the Boers, the clamour of people and politicians behind; they knew that a soldier had come to lead them, and they were content to follow him.

As soon as Sir Redvers Buller was relieved from the strain of conducting two separate campaigns, the base of each divided by a thousand miles across the South Atlantic, it became apparent that matters in Natal were to move in a fresh groove: the haphazard warfare which had hitherto prevailed was to

cease in favour of those fundamental rules which the experience of centuries and of many campaigns has taught soldiers to follow all the world over if success is to result. True, he had the telegraph—modern science gave him that; but science can do without the human element, soldiers can-

BULLER'S ADVANCE ON LADYSMITH.



not. To see things with his own eyes for the commander, to feel his presence amongst them for his men, are facts which the wires do not convey. When Sir George Colley, under Lord Lytton, was controlling the movements of our troops in the mountains of Afghanistan, he said it was a wonderful instance of science over space that with his hand

on the wire at Simla he could move as he wished an army that was across the Indus.

Since Lord Roberts landed absolute silence had been kept: no news came from Natal, where every one knew that decisive events were imminent, and it was not until the 10th January that the well-thought-out scheme for the relief of Ladysmith began to unroll itself. So jealously had

it been concealed and distorted in order to baffle the Boers, that it was a week later before we in England knew that a wide turning movement to the west was in progress by General Warren's division, while General Buller himself held the enemy in check in front with a brigade, and that the movement had been quietly and successfully carried out. On the 10th January General Warren with his division, probably about 15,000 men, left Estcourt, joining General Buller in command of about 7000 men at Frere, each accompanied by a considerable artillery force, when both united and marched on the 11th towards Springfield, where the column halted for a day to allow the baggage to come up. The advance was covered by Lord Dundonald's cavalry brigade, which formed an impenetrable screen in front, while thoroughly investigating the country on both sides, which was well adapted to Boer tactics; and it was refreshing to see reconnaissance and scouting at last efficiently carried out. Rain fell heavily, the roads everywhere were deep in mud, but the troopers pressed on; and on the morning of the 12th the hills overlooking Potgeiter's drift were occupied. Next morning 500 Colonial cavalry and a Field Artillery battery moved down to the river's bank without meeting any Boers. The Tugela was in flood, and the enemy contented themselves with holding the hills on the opposite bank, being reinforced by 1000 burghers, who set to work without delay to construct

intrenchments across our line of advance.

On the afternoon of the 16th General Lyttelton's brigade marched down to the drift, some men of the South African Light Horse swam across under fire and got the punt-cable over, when the infantry, taking hands, waded waist-deep through the water, and at once effected a lodgment on a low ridge, where they bivouacked, being joined during the night by a howitzer battery. Meantime Sir C. Warren had marched to Trichardt's drift, seven miles west, reaching it on the 17th. The Boers tried to bar the passage with a battery; but the naval guns above Potgeiter's drift brought a flanking fire to bear—the guns with the division taking it in front—and they were driven back. A strong detachment was ferried across in a pontoon to effect a lodgment on the north bank, followed by others, who rapidly intrenched themselves so as to cover the construction of a bridge, which the Engineers completed in two hours, across which the whole division marched to take post on the western spurs of Spion Kop—the Boers holding a strong position five miles north. Thus on the evening of the 17th January a division and a brigade were safely intrenched on the north bank, and the crossing of the Tugela had been accomplished.

In order to cover the right and protect the camp at Chieveley, a considerable force under General Barton continued in a position fronting Colenso.

From a strategical point the scheme must be considered as well planned and skilfully executed. The columns were some five miles apart, a distance not too great for mutual assistance; the turning movement against the Boer right by a powerful column threatened their communications with the Free State, and should prevent the retreat of the Free-Staters, or indeed of any of the Boer army, by the passes of the Drakensberg, while the assault by a smaller force from the south, on a body facing the Tugela, would hold it between two attacks — General Buller on the south and Sir G. White on the north. A successful action would drive the enemy into the neck of the bottle, which stretches between him and Pretoria, across Lang's Nek, from which, once committed with his heavy guns and numerous waggons, he could only emerge in disaster. General Buller's risk was the Tugela in his immediate rear, interposing between his columns on the north bank and the reserves on the south; but success in war must always be attended by certain risks: to work only on a certainty is half-hearted in tactics as in most other things. In the Zulu war General Crealock did not move till that last ounce of pepper had been served out, and so lost the pleasure of taking part in the battle of Ulundi. A principle of tactics is not to fight with an obstacle in your rear; but in this case, as we know that Boer tactics are opposed to attack, it would not be difficult to occupy defensive positions to cover the passage of our de-

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feated army, to give time for the reserve to move up, or in turn to render assistance to it. The magnitude of the prize rendered the risk microscopic.

Of course such risks are independent of traps, which we may be sure will be set when least expected; but General Buller has had some experience of Boer slimness. That he is awake to such underhand tactics he tells his men in his own words, advising them, when they charge, as to the conditions upon which they should receive the surrender of any of the enemy, warning them that the Boers are treacherous in the use they make of the white flag, concluding with the stirring appeal, "We are going to the relief of our comrades at Ladysmith; there will be no turning back."

On the 18th Lord Donaldson's cavalry brigade, reinforced by the 1st Dragoons, pushed on to Acton Homes, where he found the Pretoria-Heilbron commando on a koppje commanding the road in order to intercept him; but the Natal Carabineers galloped up and gained it, unseen by the Boers, who were driven off with a loss of twenty killed and wounded and twenty-three prisoners, the position remaining in our hands. On the same day General Warren, who had been joined by Sir C. Clery with part of his division, bivouacked two miles north of the river. On the 20th he advanced to within 500 yards of the enemy's position on a long ridge four miles northwest of Trichardt's drift, the defences consisting chiefly of

stone sangars following a semi-circle, which was, however, evacuated during the night. General Clery with a part of Sir C. Warren's force, at 6 A.M. on the 21st, attacked the ridges west of Spion Kop, where the Boers were intrenched, and, with the judicious use of his artillery, succeeded in capturing ridge after ridge for about three miles. His troops bivouacked on the ground they had gained, the main position of the enemy still in front. The action lasted for thirteen hours, and was severely contested, with a loss to us of 190 officers and men, mostly slightly wounded. During the day General Warren's division swung round two miles towards the right, thus gaining touch with the cavalry at Acton Homes. General Lyttelton's brigade, opposite Potgeiter's drift, also moved forward, under cover of the fire of the naval guns on Mount Alice,

to occupy the Boers on his front, and prevent them from quitting the trenches to co-operate with the action on their right.

At Schiet drift, about four miles east, a party of Irregulars came upon a small Boer force on the northern bank, showing that the enemy was watching that point and probably the entire river-line, no doubt to prevent surprise.

On the evening of the 21st the position of the British seems to have been: Lord Dundonald with a cavalry brigade at Acton Homes on the extreme left; Sir C. Warren's division next to him on his right; General Lyttelton's brigade two miles north of Potgeiter's drift on the extreme right of the line; General Hildyard's brigade near Springfield; and General Barton with his brigade and all other available troops fronting Colenso.

SOUTH AFRICAN POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

OF the many problems which this war opens, the one which is most urgent is the prospect, now brought in sight by Sir R. Buller's operations, of its successful and, if possible, speedy termination. The further questions, what amount of reconstruction our military system must undergo, and what must be our naval policy with the presence on the high seas of so many prospective first-class navies, may stand over for the present. Their premature discussion denotes a certain degree of unfounded panic, and may be classed with the exaggerated outcry against the Government in respect of its preparations, and the generals in respect of their mistakes. If our object is to take a fair view of the present position, we must bear in mind that it is one of unprecedented and unforeseen difficulty. We must concentrate our energies on the present, and adjourn the past and future to another opportunity. It is the way out of this difficulty, by successfully surmounting it, that we must discover: the way into it in the past, and the mode of preventing its repetition, may be discussed hereafter.

It is said that we have sent to South Africa the whole of our available British active-service army. It is a statement very difficult to test. We have no doubt a very large and well-equipped force there, much of it, especially the cavalry, too

good for the work which it has to do. But there are large reserves of military force ready to our hand. Thousands of South African volunteers are ready to serve, Australia and Canada will furnish more; our own volunteers are eager to be utilised; our native forces in India, Sikhs and Goorkhas, men most suitable for this class of warfare, would obey as proudly the word of command as they did when Lord Beaconsfield summoned them to Malta, and Mr Gladstone to Egypt. Our resources in men and money are so illimitable as compared with those of the Boers, who cannot replace a man or a horse without commandeering, that it is superfluous to count them up.

Nor is there any need to adopt a pessimistic tone with regard to the course of the campaign. No facts in politics are so thoroughly demonstrated as these—that the Boers have silently and steadily, with the passive sympathy rather than the active support of the Cape Dutch, been building up for eighteen years a great military power; that they have had the advantage of the initiative in war operations; and that they have put into the field at once their whole population and their whole military resources. It was a reasonable calculation on their part that they would be able to drive the slender British forces to the coast. They meant every word of

their ultimatum, and believed they could carry it out and offer to this country the problem how to reconquer a whole continent. When public writers are so glib in arraigning our Government and our generals (for very shame's sake they spare our dauntless soldiers), we are bound to recollect that this avalanche of trained and well-equipped Boers was stayed by a wholly inadequate British force; that Mafeking, Kimberley, and Ladysmith maintain their defence; that the Boers have always been unwilling to court certain failure by attacking us in the open, and are at all points reduced to play a waiting game, for which we are much better prepared than they. No doubt, mistakes have been made, as was inevitable; but at least a task, unprecedented in the history of the world, has been accomplished—that of transporting across 6000 miles of sea a larger force of men, animals, and war-material than were ever sent by one country on one expedition before. A heavy work of organisation, and of equipping that force in a way most suitable to the needs of the country, awaited it on its arrival. The results accomplished have not kept pace with our impatience; but, on the other hand, no reverse has been sustained which at all impairs our confidence in the ultimate result. Mistakes in military administration have been numerous, as was reasonably to be expected after forty years of cessation from large military

enterprises. Difficulties in transport, in raising suitable and sufficient mounted troops, in maintaining communications or executing manoeuvres in a country filled with enemies and swarming with spies, have proved greater than were expected. We have sent our best generals to the front, and we are doing all we can to surmount those difficulties. Alternate victories and defeats have been our fate. But the net result is that our beleaguered cities hold out, and that our opponents are wearing themselves out with fruitless labours, forbidden to advance or retreat, withdrawn from civil life, and eating their heads off in camp.

At the time of writing the undivided attention of the Anglo-Saxon race is riveted on the ground between the Tugela and Ladysmith. We are all eager for a brilliant success; but if disaster awaits us, it is imperative not to yield. There must be no turning back. South African political prospects will be dark indeed if we do. Whatever happens in the immediate future, we desire to emphasise the political effect which must result from the introduction into South African politics of a new factor of overwhelming magnitude—viz., the resolute determination of all classes in this country to maintain in that quarter of the world an effective ascendancy. Hitherto that factor has been non-existent. For the first three quarters of this century South Africa excited no interest at home; its expensive native

wars and its troublesome politics rendered our statesmen more ready to abandon present responsibilities than to assume new ones. The cession of independence to the Orange Free State in 1854 and to the Transvaal in 1852 excited no interest. The establishment of self-government in Cape Colony, with its majority of Dutch electors, in 1872, and afterwards in Natal, passed unheeded: all was well if British power was represented by a handful of troops and by a High Commissioner, even though he possessed no more force of character than Sir Hercules Robinson. The warnings of Sir Bartle Frere, which every British colonist must have known at the time, and which all of us know now, were the ordinary dictates of prudence, were neglected. The surrender by the Transvaal of its independence in 1877 and its retrocession in 1881 after Majuba Hill, with the neglect to purchase from Portugal the Delagoa Bay territory when we might have had it, naturally inspired the conviction that we were neither able nor willing to assert our rights, and were negligent and untrustworthy in respect of our obligations. We are told, on good authority, that a Dutch reformed minister, resident in the Cape Colony, publicly exhorted his kinsmen in the Transvaal to resist the British demands, "because the threats of England are the threats of a man with an unloaded gun."

The truth must be brought home to all our minds that in South Africa the reputation

which Great Britain has steadily built up is that of vacillation, irresolution, and a disposition to yield. German ambition, as well as Boer, was aroused by Majuba; but her project of connecting her east and west colonies by what is now Rhodesia was thwarted. Mr Rhodes for years has represented in his own person, latterly with the aid of the Chartered Company, the principle of *imperium et libertas*, which Lord Beaconsfield did so much to establish as the guide of British policy. The Raid with all its folly marks the parting of the ways, and in its consequences made it incumbent upon this country to enforce or abandon its position. Lord Salisbury's Cabinet, represented by Mr Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner, necessarily chose the former alternative. Their doing so led to the cessation of German intrigue, and forced the Boer conspiracy to reveal itself; and the whole of South Africa, white and black, knows that the era of British neglect and indifference is past, and is replaced by an unyielding resolve to re-establish the almost dislodged supremacy of Great Britain over its South African dominions. That will and must have enduring political result, more particularly as soon as it is accentuated by some of the military successes which are at last beginning to dawn. Many of the Cape Dutch even in the north have wavered as to which side they should join; a good many of the Uitlanders actually preferred the Dutch to the English flag, if only they could

have got rid of Mr Kruger's tyranny and corruption,—for the widespread feeling after the Majuba capitulation was that the British were indifferent and untrustworthy.

It is known now in South Africa not merely that public opinion at home is thoroughly aroused, but that in all parts of the empire Mr Kruger's schemes of dominion, principles of government, and hostile animosity to everything British, have been examined and unanimously decided to be an attack on the life and honour of the empire as a whole. They have called forth a unity of sentiment throughout all our great self-governing colonies, which has led for the first time in history to an effective unity of action to consolidate and uphold *imperium et libertatem*. The moral effect of this in South Africa must be immense. The colonies which swell the ranks of our army have diverse interests from ours. It is inconceivable that they should rush in and make the quarrel their own, except on the double ground that the cause is just, involving the honour and the interests in their widest sense of the whole empire, and that the mother country is resolute to assert it. For us to yield in the struggle would be to abandon duty and forfeit empire. Fortunately there is no sign of any diminution of resolve. The mother country sprang to arms of its own accord the moment it realised that the task was difficult. The Colonials have displayed such dash and valour

in its service that an enthusiasm for active service has spread over Canada, New South Wales, South Australia, New Zealand, British Columbia, and Victoria. Sir Wilfrid Laurier declared that the sending of Canadian volunteers was in response to the unanimous sentiment of the whole population, which desired to show that in this matter the colonies were ranged behind the mother country. Although for the present at all events Indian troops will not be used, the loyalty evoked throughout the whole of India is another proof of the universal sentiment in our favour. The greatest Mohammedan chief, the Nizam of Hyderabad, said, in replying to Lord Curzon's proposing a toast in his honour, that the proudest title he possessed was that of her Majesty's faithful ally, and that his purse, his army, and his own sword were ever ready to defend her Majesty's empire. The great Hindu chief, the Maharajah of Pattiala, asked permission to serve at the Cape either on Lord Roberts' staff or at the base. He offered to send troops, horses, and transport to South Africa. Every native chief without exception has offered to send horses to the Cape. In spite of the envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness which we receive at the hands of the Continental press, it is gratifying to find that those who know us best rally round our flag and trust us implicitly.

On the spot the Boer no doubt is now in the first flush of his power. His whole popu-

lation is in arms. Eighteen years of preparation and propaganda unheeded by us have carried him to the heights of his exulting ultimatum. But as he failed to score at the outset a decisive success, time is against him. Even on the spot the Boers' position is unenviable. Their ruthless and savage policy and conduct towards the native races have rendered them the objects of intense hatred and hostility from the blacks. And although a majority of the whites may be Dutch, there is in the Eastern province of Cape Colony and in Natal a sturdy British population, which, as has recently been pointed out by Dr Wirgman (Canon of Grahamstown), will never suffer South Africa to become a Boer republic. There are seven great towns absolutely English, and, besides the urban population, thousands of English farmers, "whose fathers and grandfathers settled on the land, who can ride and shoot better than the Boer, men who are the sinew and backbone of the British element in South Africa." They are as permanent settlers on the land as the Boer; they are colonising Rhodesia, where they live alongside of Transvaal Boers, who, under good government and away from the influence of the Pretoria propaganda, have become loyal British subjects, as we have no doubt the rest of the Transvaal Boers will become so soon as they have been duly conquered and delivered from Mr Kruger's disastrous tyranny.

The stern lessons of war have been necessary because of the intense ignorance of the outside world which pervades, according to all accounts, the rustic Boers (the majority of the population), and the ease with which they could be exploited by Mr Kruger's Hollander clique. But as exhaustion supervenes, as the miseries and losses of war are experienced, the Boer farmer will begin to ask himself what in the world he has personally to gain by this strife, and the moment he does so he will be confounded by the difficulty of reply. His brother in Cape Colony has no grievances. Even the sentiment of race rivalry had died away in the enjoyment of equal rights and privileges until the Raid blew up its dying embers. The moment his Dutch sentiments got the better of him, he could place a Dutch Ministry in power by the simple expedient of recording his vote at the polls. The Free Staters who surrendered at Arundel, complaining that starvation was imminent in the district and that Kronje was threatening to shoot all malcontents, were obviously in the mood to revise their estimate of fancied grievances and their dreams of future dominion. The Sunnyside prisoners, all or nearly all of them being British subjects, may possibly have been recalled to common-sense by the indignant remonstrance of their Queensland and Canadian captors, "You are fighting on behalf of a country which refused even the right of

citizenship to British subjects, while England allows you sufficient privileges to enable you to elect in her own colony the entire Ministry."

In fact, the bare prospect of the Uitlanders having a fourth share in the representation at some distant time was to Mr Kruger, as he said, worse than the loss of independence. His conduct as well as this sentiment show that his one notion of government was to plunder and oppress and to conceal his *modus operandi*. The notion of fighting to replace British equity and love of liberty by the Transvaal system is not to be reconciled with sanity. The Orange Free State can recall nearly half-a-century of free and independent self-government without the smallest interference from Great Britain, till in an evil moment for the whole Orange Republic President Steyn stepped into the seat once occupied by President Brand, and sold the liberties of his country in order to take a subordinate share in Mr Kruger's delusive scheme. In the Cape Colony, although Mr Schreiner's "loyal" majority is vanishing by reason of his supporters being in arms with the Boers, yet Cape Colony support to the cause generally goes no further than a subscription for widows and orphans. The Boer gets a very half-hearted sympathy from his Cape brother. For whether the Transvaal or Orange Boer looks north or south, to Rhodesia or to Cape Colony, east or west, to Natal or Bechuanaland, he

finds his brother Boer has lived and may live prosperous and contented. What has he to gain by this war? While it lasts he has the prolonged camping-out, with its hunger, dysentery, and fever; he has the hard work with the spade forming miles of entrenchment, the losses in killed and wounded, the cessation of his agricultural and pastoral pursuits, involving ruin to his farms. His mobility with the aid of those much-vaunted ponies cannot last long; for, serviceable as they are, they are being worn out, cannot be replaced, and grass will shortly fail. According to some accounts, first their commandeered forces and then the Free Staters have the posts of peril assigned to them. The Free State prisoners complain that they were driven to the trenches and the guns by the sjambok; while it is stated that some of them have been sjambokked publicly for deserting their posts, and that those who surrendered at Arundel were fired on by the Transvaalers. It was stated by the Lorenzo Marques correspondent of the 'Times' that advices from Bloemfontein show that after the Modder river rout hundreds of Free Staters, including prominent leaders, bolted to Bloemfontein and elsewhere, some arriving without hats or coats. It was added that they rallied afterwards and were sent back. No doubt these statements must all be received with reserve and suspicion as to their literal truth. But they are very persistently made, and are not

without probability, especially as regards those who are under Kronje's command. Even if true, their war enthusiasm will revive from time to time as fortune smiles; but it is a thing of a very fluctuating character, and demoralisation will set in quickly as soon as reverses occur. Though the whole population is in arms, their heart is not in the work, for the cause is not one of liberty. They are commanded in support of an aggressive scheme, the success of which will not benefit them, since it means the substitution of Transvaal tyranny for the self-government and freedom which they previously enjoyed, and the failure of which only means that absolute independence will be exchanged for self-government under a British protectorate.

Allowing for exaggeration, there is sufficient evidence, we think, that the Boer position, both Orange and Transvaal, has no elements of stability. It must grow weaker and weaker as time goes on, unless it is strengthened by successes in the field of a much more signal character than merely repulsing attacks on impregnable positions. Mr Winston Churchill's report has all probability in its favour when he tells us as a result of his survey on the spot that the last Boer reserves have been called out; that many even of the Transvaalers are unwilling fighters; that food-supplies are not large; that there is a difficulty in getting remounts, and

a Boer without his pony is a lost man; and that the dread of a raid from the north while the Transvaal is denuded of its population is considerable.

It results from a comparison of resources that however long this struggle may last it can have but one ending. Fortunately it is not a war for freedom. The liberties of the Boer are not at stake. They will be secured to him under British rule on equal terms with the British. The war was inevitable solely because of the policy pursued by Mr Kruger and his clique. It is they who aroused race animosity. The Majuba capitulation fanned it to a flame, by the contempt it excited on the one side and the distrust it produced on the other. This war will lay the foundation of mutual understanding, and let us hope, in spite of some treachery, of mutual respect. And when its lessons have fully brought Mr Kruger's incapacity for government home to the mind of the average Boer, he will reconcile himself to British authority as the only alternative, commended to his favourable notice by the circumstance that in Cape Colony, in Natal, and in Rhodesia, his brethren thrive under it. The further results which this war will have in promoting the solidarity of the British empire, and in bringing the mother country and her colonies into closer relation, time will reveal; but they will be amongst the most important of its consequences, and will probably

serve to make it an important epoch in the history of the world. Lord Rosebery at Chatham, we see, has drawn attention in a weighty speech to some of these consequences, which will demand our attention when the war is over. The colonies take a part in the war, and must be considered in the terms of pacification. The grasp of the Anglo-Saxon race on the African continent, whether we look to its eastern or western, southern or central portions, or to Egypt or the Soudan, is tightening. And as the policy of this country, wherever she prevails, is that of the open door, equal rights, equal trade opportunities, and equal privileges to all, there is no reason for Continental hostility. Europeans are equally welcome with the rest of the world to try their luck and find their openings. They can do so in safety under the sceptre of Queen Victoria and her successors; while under President Kruger and the system which he represents, their lives will be made as miserable as the Johannesburgers found by experience.

These considerations, all of which are independent of occasional reverses in the field, lead us to the conclusion that the political prospects in South Africa are satisfactory, and that Boer successes would in the end be disastrous to the Boers themselves. So far as they are concerned, they are fighting for the ascendancy amongst themselves of the fiercer, more uncompromising, and least educated class. What

is called race animosity dies out under the influence of mutual prosperity, freedom, and neighbourly feeling. The springs of hostility are to be found only in those classes of them who are from force of circumstances fast bound in the ideas and habits of a past age, who are narrow, retrograde, and averse to commerce, and all contact even with the restless enterprise of modern civilisation,—whose very religion inspires them with domineering cruelty to natives, and an aggressive contempt for the British. Those classes have all been thrown enthusiastically on the side of that model of a far-sighted statesman and ruler whose one answer to the dutiful representations of subjects who seek justice at his hands is, "What is the use of your demands? I have guns, and you have not." It is impossible that at this period of history such a principle of government or policy can prevail. No one with any faith in rectitude or the increasing triumph of morality can accept the possibility of such a principle holding its ground. As between British mode of government and Boer ideas of equity and sound policy the civilised peoples of the earth cannot in their real conscience and considered judgment hesitate to decide.

Yet one of the most noticeable phenomena of the time is the Continental outburst of hatred to the British and of sympathy for the Boers. It is far too general, in France, in

Germany, and in Russia, to be traceable to Dr Leyds' corruption. In large communities like that of Magdeburg, for instance, we learn that subscriptions are made for the Boers, and the position of the resident English is rendered untenable at clubs of mixed Germans and English. While, however, the greater Powers, under the influence of unfriendliness or of political or commercial rivalry, are not superior to a display of petty spite and enjoyment of our perplexities, it is gratifying to find that the smaller communities which are freed from unworthy bias are very generally in our favour. They ratify the verdict of our colonies and dependencies, and tender us their sympathy and goodwill. The Greeks have ranged themselves on our side with enthusiasm; their students, legislators, Government, and public are all of the same mind. So, too, in the Balkan States, amongst the Hungarians and the Danes, and in Norway and Italy, the same sentiment is evoked. Many Servians have offered their services to this country. The Danes have liberally contributed to the comforts of our soldiers. These are, most of them, peoples who know what oppression means, and who would be keen to resent our proceedings if they were regarded as aggressive. All their interests and sympathies are on the side of freedom; and their verdict in our favour means that they regard us as the champions in South Africa of liberty and equal rights, and disapprove

the tyranny and oppression of Mr Kruger's oligarchy. While the colonies, America, and the smaller States of Europe are thus unanimously in our favour, we may rate at its proper value the display of Continental enmity which is universally recognised to be the outcome of British wealth, power, and liberty.

The Continental Governments have too much sense to give way to such prejudiced and unreasoning sentiment. Germany is a South African Power. So is Portugal. In reality, we British are fighting their battles as well as our own. If we could contemplate for a moment the contingency of Boer triumph and British discomfiture to the extent of our withdrawing from South Africa, what would become of German and Portuguese territories? President Kruger has no reason to be grateful or conciliatory to the German Emperor. Delagoa Bay would be far too tempting a morsel to resist when the spirit of annexation was rampant. If South Africa develops into a strong Dutch South African empire, guarded by an invincible Boer soldiery, it is neither Germany nor Portugal, nor both combined, who can land upon her shores a force at all comparable to that which the British Government despatched immediately on the outbreak of hostilities. Yet if we fail, Germany and Portugal will have to submit to humiliation, or step into our place and carry on the contest from which we

recede. We may depend upon it that the Governments of those two countries, if they attach any value whatever to their South African possessions, are keenly alive to the fact that whatever the unreasoning prejudices of their people and press, their permanent interests are bound up in the success of our arms. As far as European politics are concerned, our failure in South Africa and consequent loss of prestige would not promote the permanent interests of Europe. It would relatively increase the power, or rather the prestige, of France and Russia. That would, as the 'Cologne Gazette' points out, "bode no good for Germany." "It cannot be denied," that paper argues, "that a powerful England as a counterpoise to the Franco-Russian dual alliance—if it only be a passive counterpoise—cannot very well be spared, or we also might have one day some very sad experience ourselves." That sad experience is not likely to occur. Our fleet is far too formidable and our power is too widely established to admit of such a contingency. And as for commercial envy, which is really at the base of this international spite, a very little reflection would show them that our ascendancy means no trade-loss to them. Dutch colonial trade-policy is remarkable for its inhospitality to the foreigner; and the Transvaal Boer accentuates in his repugnance to all commerce whatever the worst features of his ancestral and national ex-

clusiveness. On the other hand, it is a commonplace of colonial politics that Great Britain is the only colonising Power which proclaims the open door, and which offers no impediment in any part of the world to the traffic in our dependencies of our trade rivals.

It is undoubtedly an unhappy controversy to which we stand committed. It is due, however, as much to our own negligence and indifference, our unhappy party conflicts at the close of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration, and to the exigencies of Mr Gladstone's political position in 1881, as to any skill or resolution on the part of our antagonists. We have got into this scrape by allowing foreign policy to be made the subject of party strife and platform demonstrations. As a rule, Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, amongst Liberal leaders, abstained from so perilous a pastime. Mr Fox in the Napoleonic wars, and Mr Gladstone during the hated ascendancy of his rival, set no limits to their political animosity, and flung prudential considerations to the winds. The Boers were encouraged to insist upon the retrocession of the Transvaal, were defied into taking up arms, and then were yielded to in a manner which meant, in the eyes of South Africans generally, both white and black, a repudiation of the rights and obligations of ascendancy, and a surrender to the victorious arms of the Boer on our own soil. From that time to this their power has grown, and we—that

is, successive Governments at home—have done nothing to check it, or even to prepare for an eventual trial of strength. So ingrained in our political natures has been this supineness, that we cannot single out the present Ministry for special blame. On the contrary, they are the only Ministry who have acted: they have secured a remarkable uprising of patriotism and resolution both at home and in the colonies on this subject; they have cleared the ground for action by friendly arrangements with all Foreign Powers; they managed to get Indian reinforcements in time; they were ready with a magnificent expedition in a very short space; they will eventually assert the challenged ascendancy of this country. The great want of this country, the political expedient which must be made ready to our hand, is a force of say 30,000 or 40,000 men which can be despatched at once when circumstances require it, without the necessity of elaborate mobilisation, calling out of reserves, and summoning Parliament. These things, when they are resorted to, are a menace of war, and fatally handicap a Government which merely wants to show that at the back of diplomatic representation a military force is ready for action. A power analogous to that of sending forth a flying squadron, which was exercised a few years ago with significant expedition, is one which ought, from motives of public safety and prudence, to be intrusted to the Ministry of the day.

The tendency abroad when military reverses occur is to accuse the generals of treachery and the Administration of corruption. The English never go so far as that. But they are very ready to believe that they are attributable to the grossest carelessness, and to the neglect to take the most obvious precautions and expedients. In the fervour of the wisdom which comes after the event, we refuse to estimate the position and surrounding circumstances of both Ministers and generals at the time when they are called on to decide. We make no allowance for exceptional difficulties, and overlook what has been achieved in our eagerness to censure them. We had much better adjourn the consideration of those matters. The great thing to attend to now is to remedy mistakes and secure the successful prosecution of this war, and for that purpose to appoint and rely upon our best generals. We must go through with it; and whatever it costs in men, money, and resources, we must see it to the end, and the end must be successful and triumphant. The Boer collapse may come any day, and we believe that it will come within a reasonable period. But even if the struggle is prolonged, we must accept it, in loyalty to the colonies which have stood by our side, to the South African British whom we cannot desert without infamy, to the blacks whom we are bound to protect after conquering and disarming them,

to the permanent interests of the South African Dutch, who have everything to lose and nothing to gain from the ascendancy of the Transvaal Boers. A century ago our grandfathers were bearing the brunt of a deadly struggle with Napoleon and his colossal power. Three centuries ago we had just closed a mortal conflict with the whole power of Spain, at the zenith of its greatness, under Philip II. To-day we have only President Kruger and a limited force of peasant farmers to deal with; and that we are so engaged in a way

which jeopardises our empire is entirely our own fault. The struggle will not rank as one of the great enterprises which have made our empire. It is the Nemesis of Mid-Lothian oratory and of a popular statesman's portentous blunders. But such as it is, we owe it to the generations which have gone before us and to those which will succeed us to carry it to a successful end, and worthily maintain the empire which centuries of our ancestors have built up, and which it is our task not merely to enjoy but to defend and uphold.

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AFTER THE WAR—WHAT THEN ?

WHAT is to be done with South Africa? How is that great territory to be governed when peace has been established by the sword? That is the question of the day, and not Home Rule, or Old Age Pensions, or another. It will be said that it is too soon to enter upon such a discussion at the present time, when our armies are held in check and victory seems so far off. It will be condemned as arrogant and presumptuous, and not in accord with that spirit of self-humiliation which is inculcated as necessary to national salvation. To us, however, it seems none too soon to begin the consideration of a problem which needs long and careful thought, nor is it in any spirit of undue confidence or assumption of success that it is put for-

ward. There is a condition subject to which all human designs and plans are conceived and laid. No wise man defers on that account to prepare himself for circumstances that may arise, and which he is striving to bring about. No one but the conventionally pious deems it necessary to be for ever proclaiming the limitation.

Moreover, apart from the difficulty of the problem, there are many strong reasons against delay in this matter. It is one thing to conquer a country and destroy its Government. It is another thing to devise and establish a new system of administration to replace it. And unless the scheme has been thought out and prepared beforehand, there must necessarily occur an interregnum of confusion and uncertainty, even if

positive anarchy does not follow. With the final defeat of the Boer armies will fall not merely the power of Mr Kruger and Mr Steyn and their councillors, but also the whole fabric of the present constitution, with the police and courts of the Republics. There must be some recognised authority to take the reins. At first, no doubt, that will be the chief military officer in command of her Majesty's troops and his subordinates in the various parts of the conquered territories. This, however, is only a temporary makeshift, and must be replaced as soon as may be by a well-organised system of civil administration. The sooner that system is in working order the better for the peace and prosperity of the country. The interests of vast industrial undertakings, in which the capital not only of our own but of other nations is embarked, depend upon the finding of the right solution.

Then again it is of great importance that no room for doubt as to our intentions, and as to the nature of the government which is to follow the assertion of British supremacy, should be left in the minds of the Boers, of the white inhabitants of our own colonies, or of the various native tribes and races.

The first question that has been put to the commander of an invading force more than once in our history is, "Are you going to remain? Many of us would welcome the Queen's Government and the *Pax Britannica*. But have you come to stay?" More than once in

Asia and in Africa the answer has been, "Yes. So long as the sun rises in the heavens, the British flag shall fly in the Transvaal. So long as the earth endures, the British Government will never leave Kandahar." Such promises, sincerely made no doubt, have in the past induced many to come to our side and help our cause. How have they been fulfilled? How have those fared who, trusting to them, have become our friends and given us help? What was the lot of those British subjects who, believing that England would keep the Transvaal, or, when that failed, that she would control it, made their homes there? What was the fate of such Afghan notables as showed themselves friendly to the English in 1878?

There are undoubtedly some at least of our own kindred who have been compelled to take up arms against us, and who would gladly lay them down if they were sure of our intentions. There are probably many in the Orange Free State, even of Boer blood, who have no personal quarrel with England, and no rooted dislike to live under her rule, who might lay down their arms if they knew that the power of England would protect them. As our armies advance into the enemies' country and the hopelessness of their cause becomes apparent, this class will become more numerous. If they have reason to think that the republican government will be maintained in any form, they will fight on, preferring the chance

of a British bullet to the certainty of the persecution that will await them at the hands of their own people when peace has been made.

Then, as to our own colonists. The considerations set forth above are applicable even with greater force to the Dutch in Natal and the Cape Colony. If they believe that the result of the war will be the maintenance of the Republics under conditions much the same as before, they will feel that they can always rely on finding a safe refuge, even if the British Government or the Cape Ministry, with whom it will technically rest, thinks fit to prosecute them for rebellion. With an Afrikaner Ministry in power and the constitution of the Cape Colony as it is now, their chances of escaping prosecution or finding refuge from its effects would amount to certainty. Their obvious and safe game is to continue to fight in the ranks of the enemy. If the Boers win, they are sure of their reward in being allowed to appropriate the farms and the stock of the British or loyal Dutch settlers. If the British win and traitors are threatened with punishment, they will have a city of refuge in the Transvaal or the Orange Free State. They know well, moreover, that a British Government which would use the victory won by the blood of its people to reinstate the Republics, would hardly have the face to move for the punishment of its own disloyal subjects. If they are allowed to hope that the war

will in either case leave things much as they were, it is idle to expect the colonial Dutch to give active help to England, or even to refrain from aiding the cause of the enemy. They must be made to understand that the result of this war—a result irrevocable and inexorable as fate—will be to wipe off these pestilent oligarchies from the face of Africa and to establish a British Government, under which the Queen's warrant shall run in every nook and corner of the land.

If a consideration of the influences bearing on the conduct of the disloyal renders a speedy settlement of the matter advisable, from the view of the loyal colonists even stronger arguments can be adduced. The British in the Cape Colony and Natal have thrown themselves with all their heart into the conflict on the side of the mother country. They have exhibited a loyalty and patriotic devotion beyond praise. Their lives and their property have been given to England without reserve. They ask what is to be the state of things after they have helped us to conquer the Boers, and they have a right to a straight and unequivocal answer from the British Government and nation. It is well worth while to quote the following passage from Mr F. S. Tatham's letter to the Governor of Natal, written on the 11th September last. Mr Tatham is a member of the Legislative Assembly; and Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, in sending the letter to Mr Chamberlain, gives his

opinion that the views expressed by Mr Tatham are shared by a large body of his fellow-colonists in Natal.

"Spurred on," he writes, "by the strong declarations publicly made by Mr Chamberlain and other members of her Majesty's Government, and by their strong sentiment of loyalty to the Crown, the people of Natal have unhesitatingly ranged themselves on the side of the Imperial Government; and by resolutions at public meetings and in Parliament, passed in the firm belief that her Majesty's Government intended to carry through a final settlement of the question, Natal is so deeply committed that she will be at the mercy of the Transvaal oligarchy if that Government be allowed to continue. The loyalty of the people of Natal, intense as it is, might be tried beyond breaking-point if we should be abandoned to the tender mercies of the Transvaal; and though the events of 1881 rudely shocked the British sentiment of the people of this colony, they would be as nothing weighed against such an abandonment now of England's supremacy. The franchise matter is dead. The issue now is British supremacy or Boer supremacy; and upon a definite settlement of that issue hang the lives and fortunes of those who have stood by Great Britain in this controversy. Natalians live in daily dread of news that a settlement is contemplated which will fall short of a complete safeguard of Natal's interests and the interests of those who have taken so strong a stand by the side of the mother country in this matter. Such a dread may be quite unjustifiable; but that it exists cannot be truthfully denied."

If these were the sentiments of the Natal English before the war, what has taken place since the strife began has strengthened and accentuated them. They have now burnt their ships, and depend on English firmness for the future of the colony. The position of Natal with regard

to the Transvaal and the Orange Free State is explained by Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson in his letter to Mr Chamberlain of the 15th September on the state of public feeling and the situation in his province. "I need scarcely remind you," he writes, "that in her relations with the Transvaal Natal is in a very vulnerable position." He goes on to explain that of the Natal loan of £9,000,000 seven-ninths have been invested in a railway which derives the bulk of its revenue from the overberg trade. She has also spent more than £1,000,000 on harbour works to accommodate the railway traffic. The Natal Railway competes with the Cape-Free - State system and the Delagoa Bay system. All three lines centre in the Netherlands Railway, over parts of which all the overberg traffic must pass. The Transvaal Government and the Netherlands Railway, different names for the same thing, can fatally injure the commerce of Natal, and by starving the Natal Railway make it difficult for the colony to pay the interest on her debt. For the interest is derived from the railway revenue. No one can doubt what the Transvaal oligarchy will do if it is left in power. Of Boer malice and ill-will to every South African colonial who has fought for England there is abundant evidence.

There is another, and in respect of numbers a very important, portion of the population in South Africa, on whom uncertainty regarding the future policy of Great

Britain must have a very mischievous effect. The native tribes, who number in Natal alone about three-quarters of a million, are, it is well known, closely watching the present struggle between Boer and British, and any doubt regarding the issue of it must have an immediate effect on their conduct. The suspicion that another surrender by England may be contemplated, would assuredly incline them to lean towards the Boers.

Of all the arguments in favour of a present discussion and prompt settlement of our policy in respect of the Boer Republics, perhaps the strongest may be derived from the British constitution and the caprice of the national character. It is easy to ridicule Lord Salisbury's reference to the British constitution as an excuse for Ministerial *lâches*. It is nevertheless true that a system under which a wave of popular feeling may upset a Ministry, and install successors who will reverse their policy and undo their work, is inconsistent with the maintenance of an empire. It may appear absurd when we see the present bearing of the nation even to hint at the possibility of such an event. This is an age, however, which does not favour steadfastness. The mass of the people are sensation-fed by a cheap press. Popular enthusiasm is strong, but it is short-lived in proportion to its strength. Nothing seems able to hold the attention of the public for more than a few weeks: it will become bored with the war,

weary of the "Absent-Minded Beggar," weary of Kipling, weary even of the 'Daily Mail' itself. Soon it will be sensitive to nothing connected with the war but its cost and its effects on trade. There lies the great danger. The stern and steadfast will which held England straight through more than a decade of fierce battle in the beginning of the century and led her to triumph is wanting, alas! in our present leaders, and may not be found in the classes that now hold the reins of power. When the keenness of the excitement has worn off, and the weariness of spent passion has supervened, then will come the opening for the sentimental literary politician and the Radical who loves to practise a vicarious humility at the cost of his country. It will be so much easier, we shall be told, to let everything be. So much shorter and safer, that is the word, to say to Messrs Kruger and Steyn, "As you were before we began to fight." It will save all the trouble of thinking out a new constitution, and deliver the country from the burden of responsibility inseparable from the annexation of the conquered States. Above all, a conclusion of this kind will be so grandly magnanimous. It will cover this people with a glory of transcendent virtue that cannot fail to excite the admiration, perhaps it may stimulate the hatred, entertained by foreign nations for Great Britain as the exponent of international Christianity. If any one after reading his morning paper thinks that the apprehension of

such revulsion of feeling is chimerical, let him recall how Lord Lytton's arrangements were upset after the last Afghan War; how the annexation of the Transvaal, which was final and irrevocable a year or two before, was cancelled after Majuba; or how the decision to withdraw from Chitral was reversed before the ink was dry. To the British constitution all things are possible.

There are the usual three courses open to us in dealing with this South African problem. First, the Republics may be left as they are, but with their independence guaranteed to them, and with every claim to suzerainty on the part of her Majesty, or of control over their relations with foreign Governments, withdrawn. This proposition reads like a jest; but it has been solemnly discussed at public meetings, and stamped with the approval of Mr Leonard Courtney and others of his kind. It might be improved by adding the gift of a good port on the east coast of Africa and the payment of a suitable yearly tribute by England to the Transvaal.

The second course is like unto it, but not quite so bad. The Republics may be left after the war much as they are, but with certain restrictions on their armaments, with the reassertion of her Majesty's suzerainty and control over their foreign relations, and with a liberal franchise law giving equal rights to white men of all races.

The third course is to abolish

once for all the Dutch Republics, to merge them in British territory, and place them under the British flag—to amalgamate them, in fact, with the British colonies, and form one empire or dominion of South Africa.

The first course may be summarily set aside as the imaginings of a lunatic philanthropist, until it is forced upon us by Boer bullets, or until a degenerate nation places its fortunes in the hands of a Ministry composed of Mr Morley, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr Leonard Courtney, and their followers.

The second plan is the one to be feared. It is of the nature of a compromise, and Parliament dearly loves compromises. It has the appearance of imposing our own terms on the defeated enemy, and at the same time of adding nothing to the burden of our responsibility. Time will not be wasted in examining carefully what it means.

It might be carried out in two ways—either by maintaining the two Republics in separate independence or by amalgamating them into one State. In order to disarm them and to demolish their fortifications, their constitutions must be suppressed for a time, and a strong and rigorous military rule established. No one can doubt that they would bitterly resent this course of treatment. When their teeth had been drawn, our forces would retire, and leave them to the task of reviving their own Government. It will hardly be denied that they would set about the work in a spirit of bitter hostility to Great Britain. They would regard

themselves as practically victorious, for no Boer, indeed for the matter of that no one else, will believe that England would have left them independent if she could have annexed them. Their contempt for the *rooi-neks* and hatred to them would be as great as before the war. They are a patient people, and can bide their time. It is impossible to leave them their independence and at the same time to ensure that they shall govern themselves in accordance with our wishes. They will begin again and strain every nerve to prepare for a new attempt to overthrow our power, when in the future, near or distant, fortune gives them the chance. If they are amalgamated, union will increase their capacity for mischief, and for making the lives of other than Dutch settlers impossible. If they are kept separate, the conditions will be little better. They will conspire together and form secret compacts, as in the past. In either case they will be the rallying-point for Afrikaner intrigue, and for all who wish ill to British power in South Africa. It will be said that the condition of independence, a liberal elective franchise, has been overlooked. The Uitlanders will have votes, and their numbers in the Transvaal especially are so large that their vote will regulate the policy of the States. This condition will no doubt modify the case materially. It may be doubted, however, whether it will have, on the whole, so great or so favourable an influence as at first sight

might be anticipated. In the first place, the great majority of the Uitlanders are collected in and about Johannesburg. Their interests and those of the Dutch farmers who are scattered over the face of the country cannot always coincide. The oppression of the Boer party by the Uitlander faction may be as evil as the tyranny exercised by the Boers over the Uitlanders. The two classes will be divided not only by different political opinions. They will begin their partnership with all the animosity that race hatred, divergent interests, and the bitterness engendered by recent strife and Boer tyranny, can create in the human mind. Add to this that the Boer minority will be conscious of the possession of greater military strength and martial vigour. The heterogeneous collection of mining and shopkeeping Uitlanders could have no chance against them if it came to blows, and both sides will know this. The whole fabric will depend on the power of Great Britain, and will only be held together by the pressure and exercise of that power. You might as well make the commencement of a happy family by caging together a terrier and a cat who had just been tearing each other. There can be no reasonable prospect of good government for a country under such conditions.

Time, no doubt, might work to reconcile and unite the two races to each other. When they found that escape from the enforced partnership was impossible, a *modus vivendi*

would be devised. Grievances would spring up against the controlling power when they discovered that they could not do exactly as they wished in matters of taxation, of the maintenance of armed forces, and of the treatment of native races. The necessity as a matter of justice to the British nation and the loyal colonists of imposing on the Republics some portion of the cost of the war would afford an immediate ground of common complaint. The mining interest would have to bear the chief burden of the indemnity, for the simple reason that none other could support more than a very small proportion of the charge. Although the new taxation might be much lighter, and at the same time more remunerative, to the State than the taxes imposed by Kruger, in process of time the appropriation for the payment of English debt of a large sum from the Transvaal revenue would become intolerable, and a union against England would be the result. The payment of this money, and also in all probability of a considerable sum towards the maintenance of a large military force in South Africa, would have to be made a condition, failing which the independence of the State would not be guaranteed by Great Britain. It would soon become a burning question, and an agitation in which both parties would unite would follow. In a few years the reformed Republics would be as hostile to British supremacy as Kruger and Steyn's oligarchies. Nor would the weakness of the

British Government, which had brought about such a state of things, tend to soften this hostility. Every man in South Africa would feel that England was not the sort of comrade to choose for a bear-hunt. The union of interests might take place, but it would be a union antagonistic to the sovereign country. As to the character of the Government which would be formed by an electorate composed of Uitlanders and Boers, it is not possible to speak with certainty. If it was given a broad popular basis, without a pretty high qualification in property and education, it is open to doubt whether it would be conspicuous for honesty and enlightenment, or would be in any appreciable degree superior to that which it had replaced.

It will be suggested, perhaps, that many of these objections may be removed by separating the mining districts from the Transvaal, and throwing them into Natal. There would perhaps be no insuperable difficulty in carrying this out, although the configuration of the country does not favour it. The Republic would then be almost purely Dutch, and if left to itself it would still remain as a home for Afrikaner intrigue and disloyalty—less powerful for evil, indeed, because less wealthy. But the poverty imposed upon it would bring troubles of its own. The Republic could not pay for an efficient administration, and it would soon be in as great financial straits as was the Transvaal prior to the annexation of 1881. There

would, moreover, be serious difficulty in providing for the present Transvaal debt, which could only be overcome by England making herself responsible for it.

Lastly, there is this very great objection to the plan that is being discussed, that it would be altogether repugnant to the feelings of our loyal fellow-subjects in Natal and the Cape. To see their enemies reinstated and placed in a position, however modified, which would enable them again to become a trouble to the commonwealth of South Africa; to know that their blood and money had been squandered to enable Great Britain to make this weak compromise,—would be a cruel blow to our friends and allies. We shall be told that their feelings have nothing to do with it; that they have no right to nourish hatred and envy and all the rest; that it is a mere sentimental objection, and the like. That is altogether to mistake the position. They have fought for British supremacy and for a final settlement of the rivalry between Dutch and British, without which life in South Africa to the British subject is a burden. If they have helped us to gain the victory, surely they have a right to make their voice heard in the settlement of the terms of peace.

So far we have been occupied in clearing the way by showing the impracticable and insufficient character of any plan which would leave the Republics either as they have been, or in any modified form of indepen-

dence. What is demanded by the British nation and their brethren and fellow-subjects in South Africa and all over the world is a permanent settlement of the contest between Boer and Briton for supremacy. It is necessary to assert that this is no new question. It was not born of the grievances of the Uitlanders, or created by the Jameson Raid, which has been made responsible for so many things, from the hatred of everything English by the Dutch and the armament of the Republics to the ineptitude of our own Ministers.

Mr James Anthony Froude visited the Cape at the time of Sir Charles Warren's expedition to turn the Boers out of Bechuanaland. He did not approve of the expedition. He condemned it as not only unnecessary, but as likely to lead to a bitter war. It was true that the Boers had entered Bechuanaland in contravention of their engagements. It was true that we had made provision in the Convention for the protection of the native chiefs who had been our allies, and were now threatened by the Boers.

"We could not," wrote Mr Froude, "or thought we could not, leave them without taking security for them and their territories. I think it would have been better, though it might have seemed unhandsome, to have fallen back on the principle which had worked so well while it lasted of the Orange River Treaty, and had resolved to meddle no more in the disputes between the Boers and these tribes."

Mr Froude went about Cape Town proclaiming these opin-

ions, and was pleased to find many of the Cape politicians in agreement with his views. But not all.

"I called on one man," he says, "of great eminence, unconnected politically with party, yet intensely colonial, and related personally both to Dutch and English, whom I found to my surprise not only approving of Sir Charles Warren's expedition, but professing to believe that if we meant to retain our position in South Africa we had no alternative. This gentleman said, that after our surrender to the Transvaal, it had been taken for granted that we were weary of South Africa, and had intended to retire altogether. The future had been a blank, on which no one had dared to calculate. They were to be a Republic. They were to be under the protection of Germany; anything was possible. The English in the colony had lost heart; some were preparing to leave the country; others, who could not leave, were making terms with the winning party. He for one, whose home was at the Cape, had been depressed and disheartened. South Africa, he was convinced, could not stand alone, and could never be so free under any other sovereignty as it had been under the English Crown. Till the last few months, and until the resolution of the English Government was known, he had looked at the prospect with dismay. All was now changed. The Cape English knew they were not to be deserted. The Dutch—the sensible part of them—would acquiesce when they saw that we were in earnest."

This quotation from Mr Froude is given because it expresses, as we think, the views held by the English colonists in South Africa then and at the present time. It was written long before the Uitlanders' grievances or the capitalists were heard of, when the Transvaal was a purely pastoral State. It was recorded, by a man who strongly favoured the Boers, as

the opinion of an eminent colonist allied to both races. "If we meant to retain our position in South Africa we had no alternative." "South Africa cannot stand alone, and can never be so free under any other sovereignty as the English." "All was now changed. The Cape English know that they are not to be deserted. The Dutch—the sensible part of them—will acquiesce when they see that we are in earnest." There is the whole question in a few lines as it was nearly twenty years ago, and as it is now. We have no alternative: we must dispose once for all of this question of Dutch supremacy. If we cannot settle it, we must go.

We maintain, therefore, that the only course open to the Government of Great Britain is the third course. The Dutch republics in any form or shape must cease to exist, and the whole of South Africa must be welded together into one empire, subdivided into separate provinces, under the supreme government of the Queen. An impartial examination of all our mistakes and misfortunes in South Africa will show that they are due to the absence of such a government. There has been government of a sort in the Cape Colony, of another kind in Natal, and of still other and more abnormal varieties in the protectorates and in the territories of the Chartered Company. But there has been no local embodiment of her Majesty's rule, with power to control the different parts, to regulate their relations,

to maintain peace within the borders, and to afford protection against enemies from without.

If there had been any such power in South Africa at all approaching in efficiency to the Government of India, for example, it would have been impossible for a number of foolish and ill-controlled officers to organise on British territory an attack against a friendly State. If there had been such a Government, we should not have been caught in October last in a state not only of unpreparedness but of positive blindness. We should not have been ignorant not only of the armament and numbers of the enemy, but even of the configuration of those parts of our own territory which, it was well known, would be, in the first period at least, the field of war. We should not have collected large quantities of warlike stores in a place like Ladysmith. We should not have permitted the Boers to be furnished with arms and ammunition through British ports and by British railways. We should not have permitted the Minister of a British colony to sympathise openly with our enemies, and to obstruct, or at any rate to omit, all precautions for the protection of British territory. We should not have allowed him to make a piteous appeal to the Queen's enemies to refrain from invading her territory.

Hitherto this nation, which boasts of having more experience and success in administering colonies and dependencies

than any other in modern times, has been content to allow everything in South Africa to be left to chance. The consequence is confusion and entanglement past understanding. The Cape is a self-governing colony and so is Natal, both having Governors appointed by the Crown, Legislative Councils, in the Cape elected, in Natal nominated by the Governor in Council, and Legislative Houses or Assemblies, in both cases elected. There is what is called "responsible Government" in both colonies—that is to say, the Ministers are responsible to the Colonial Legislature. The Governor of the Cape Colony is also "High Commissioner for South Africa and protector of native tribes." What are his nominal powers as High Commissioner, it is not easy to find out. They do not appear to be clearly defined. But, whatever they may be, he has no authority or force at his command to make them effectual. He may be able to advise the Colonial Governments, and to make reports to the Secretary for the Colonies and seek his orders. He can as commander-in-chief dispose of any of her Majesty's troops that may be within his jurisdiction as Governor of the Cape. He does not seem to have any power of the kind in Natal, where the Governor of that colony is also commander-in-chief. Basutoland and Bechuanaland are practically reserves for the native tribes, and are under the direct control of the High Commissioner, who can

legislate for them by proclamation, and is represented by local officials who govern under his authority. Lastly comes the enormous territory of Rhodesia, the administration of which was left to the British South African Company, who were empowered to administer it and to legislate for it. It is true that after the Jameson Raid the control of the police and the administration of justice were taken over by the Crown; but other parts of the administration were left in the hands of the company. From a jumble of this kind, what but trouble and confusion can be expected? You cannot toss together a number of differently constituted States inhabited by various races with discordant interests, and hope that, like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, they will group themselves into a harmonious and well-proportioned whole. The extraordinary nature of the situation becomes more apparent when the geographical position of the Cape Colony and the existence of two practically foreign and hostile States in the midst of British territory are added to the picture. The whole country, British colonies and Dutch States, are so closely connected by position, that what affects the one must affect the others. It is not possible to treat them as distinct countries with nothing but diplomatic relations with each other. Yet we have hitherto endeavoured so to treat them. There is no power on the spot to hold them together or make them

act in unison. The High Commissioner, who may know what ought to be done, is hampered at every turn by the self-governing power of the Cape Colony, from which and through which he must act. The Cape Colony is a self-governing colony, and has a responsible Government. If he wishes to move the colonial forces, he must persuade the Ministers and get their consent. If he requires the use of the State railways for Imperial purposes, he may be baulked by the official who has control of them, and is not under his orders. He may foresee a hostile invasion of the colony, which is supposed to be part of her Majesty's dominions, and he may be unable to provide against it because the Ministers, forsooth, think it inexpedient to use colonial forces for such a purpose. If his policy, dictated by Imperial reasons, is adverse to the sentiments of the majority of the colonial Legislative Assembly, he may be thwarted at every point. He may know that the enemy is being supplied with arms through the colonial ports, and he cannot issue an order to stop the importation without the Ministers' consent. While a Dutch Republic is threatening England with war, the first Minister of the self-governing colony may be loudly proclaiming the intention of the Colonial Government to maintain an attitude of neutrality, and whining to the enemy for consideration.

Similar difficulties and obstructions must confront the High Commissioner when in

his capacity of protector of the natives he finds it necessary to take measures not in accordance with the views of his Ministers, or of the majority of the colonial electors and their representatives. The position is impossible. A self-governing colony is all very well when the colony can stand alone, and does not depend for its very existence on the mother country. A colony which under ordinary circumstances can protect itself, is not distracted by internal dissensions, does not adjoin foreign and unfriendly territories, and has not relations with tribes of savages which greatly outnumber its own people, may without mischief be allowed to govern itself, and amused with a parody of the British constitution. In the cases of the Cape and of Natal all these adverse conditions are present. If the genuine British constitution hampers Lord Salisbury, what must be the effect of hanging a paste imitation of it round the neck of our High Commissioner in South Africa?

In 1853, when the present constitution of the Cape Colony was set going, no one foresaw how the country would develop, and consequently the difficulties that now meet us could not have been fully estimated or thought out. The ruling idea was to free the Home Government from direct responsibility, and to leave the colonists to manage their own affairs, or, as Bismarck would say, to stew in their own juice. The Cape is a possession so vital to the British empire and her naval

power, that it is not possible to allow the majority of the colonists to do as they please. What the Dutch majority would like to do would be to get quit of British supremacy.

The first step in forming a suitable Government for South Africa is to substitute for the High Commissioner a Governor-General with powers adequate to the responsibilities and needs of the position. His authority must be derived directly from the Crown and the Parliament of Great Britain, and must enable him to control, and if necessary override, the authority of the governments of the various provinces into which the country may be divided. He must be vested, like the Governor-General in Council in India, "with the superintendence, direction, and control of the whole civil and military government" of all the territories in his jurisdiction. The Governor-General of India has supreme control of the revenues as well. In the case of South Africa it would not be advisable to deal with the finances of all the provinces as a whole. In India the tendency is to decentralise finance, and it would be an error to attempt the reverse process in South Africa, even if it were possible.

The Governor-General should ordinarily be an English statesman of high rank, of a stamp similar to that of the men who are sent as Viceroys to India. Such a man would rarely possess local knowledge or personal experience of the country. He would need, therefore, the assist-

ance of responsible experts. It would be necessary to give him the aid of a Council of three or four members, appointed by the Crown, to advise him. These councillors should be selected from amongst the prominent men of South Africa, whether official or non-official, and should be so chosen as to include experience from all provinces. The relations of the Governor-General with reference to the Council would have to be determined. It would be unwise to bind him by the opinion of the majority of the Council, which should be an advisory not an executive body. It would be his duty to consult them, and if he differed from them to put his reasons on record. They, on the other hand, would have the right of recording their opinions if the Governor-General differed from them, and of asking that they should be submitted to the Home Government. But they should have no power to obstruct or override the Governor-General, or stay his hand if he decided to set aside their opinions.

In matters which require secrecy, or where prompt action in an emergency is imperative, the Governor-General should have power to act on his own responsibility, and without consulting his Council. The commander of Her Majesty's forces in South Africa would be his constitutional adviser on military matters, and should have a seat on the Council.

The most important part of the Governor-General's duties after the cessation of the war will be the organisation and dis-

position of such forces of military police as may be found necessary for the maintenance of order. Such questions must be considered in Council, and military as well as local knowledge will be required to deal with them. The legislative functions and financial powers of the Governor-General will have to be carefully considered. It would seem unnecessary to constitute a Legislative Assembly for all South Africa. Municipal and domestic legislation must be suited to the very diverse conditions of each province, and may best be left to the provincial Legislatures which already exist in the Cape and in Natal, and may be established elsewhere under such restrictions as may seem necessary. It may be found sufficient to give the Governor-General power to veto any Act of a local Legislature, and to make ordinances which shall hold good for a limited period, and have the force of law over such areas as he may direct, when the safety of the empire or the maintenance of internal order renders such a step necessary.

In financial matters the control of the Governor-General should be exercised only when it is necessary to prevent evident mismanagement or the results of incapacity on the part of a local government. It has been said above that to centralise the financial business of South Africa does not appear to be advisable, if it were practicable. It is possible, however, that there may be charges, military or other, which ought to be defrayed proportionately

by all or several of the provinces. To meet cases of this kind it may be found expedient to give the Governor-General power, in consultation with the provincial governments, to apportion the burden, and to recover the money, if necessary, from the customs revenue.

It has been assumed that the whole territories of South Africa will be divided anew into suitable provinces. And it is in this part of the work that the greatest difficulty will be met with. It can only be overcome by persons familiar with the local conditions, and it would be pure impertinence and waste of time to attempt, without such knowledge, to deal with the matter. The Cape Colony may perhaps with advantage give up some portion of its present territories. Speaking broadly, merely for the sake of illustration, it might be as well to break up the Orange Free State, giving the north-eastern portion to Natal, which is connected with it by railway and commercially; the southern part, lying between the Orange and the Riet rivers, to the Cape; the remainder to go to a new province of Kimberley, to which might be allotted Griqualand West and Bechuanaland, and perhaps the corner of the Transvaal which lies between the Vaal river and the Bechuanaland boundary. Natal might take Swaziland also, in addition to the portion of the Orange Free State which has been suggested above. Similarly the Transvaal territory might be broken up, the southern bank of the Limpopo up to the foot

of the mountains going to Rhodesia, and the remainder, with the Bechuanaland protectorate, forming a new province, having its capital at Johannesburg. Rhodesia might in the main stand as it is. These proposals may appear impossible or impracticable in the light of special local knowledge. The main point to keep in view is to break up the territories of the Republics, so as to destroy their cohesion and create a divergence of interests between the different parts, and at the same time so to arrange the division as to give each portion railway communication with the coast, either through British or Portuguese territory.

In constituting the provincial governments the differing conditions of each province will have to be taken into account. It will be obligatory to modify the constitutions of the Cape Colony and of Natal, so far as may be needful to give the Governor-General sufficient control for Imperial purposes. In other respects they may be left as they are. Considering that these provinces cannot stand alone, that they must depend on the Government of Great Britain for protection against all armed attack, and even for the assurance of internal peace, they cannot with reason object to give up so much of their present independence as may be necessary for this purpose. England has been put to enormous expense by the wars in South Africa, past and present. She will always have the burden of extricating these colonies from any trouble into which they

may fall owing to disturbances between the Dutch and British colonists, which it is possible may arise, to insurrections on the part of native tribes, or to invasion by foreign enemies. For the protection of the coast-line, which is the life of the country, they are entirely dependent on her fleet. The Government of Great Britain has therefore the right to insist on such surrender of privileges by them as may be needed for the due maintenance of British supremacy. The surrender will, in any case, be of small importance, and will in no way interfere with their local freedom.

In the newly formed States, which will contain the larger portion of the territories of the Republic, it is desirable so to arrange matters that the majority of electors shall not be our enemies. Whether this may be possible it is difficult to say without very intimate local knowledge. Some such arrangement as that sketched should be devised, with a view to lessen the influence of the Dutch population. The obvious and most reasonable course would be to treat the new provinces as Crown colonies, with Governors appointed by the Crown, and nominated Councils for the purpose of local legislation. For the next twenty years this would certainly be the wisest settlement. The difficulty in the way of adopting it arises from the fuss the British Government has been making over the franchise question. It may be doubted

if it was the true issue, and the raising of it has placed us in a dilemma. We must either refuse to the new provinces any sort of elective Assembly or representative government, or we must incur the danger of having a considerable proportion of the elected representatives hostile to British supremacy. In the former case, it will be said that after going to war with Kruger because he refused a franchise to the Uitlanders, we have denied them, as well as the Dutch, representation in any form. It is impossible, under any circumstances, to follow Kruger's policy and refuse to the Dutch what we give to others. The risk, therefore,—whatever it may be,—of finding the majority or an important minority of the members hostile must be faced, and the new provinces must be permitted to elect their Legislatures. Some restrictions must be placed on the powers given to the Houses or Assemblies; and if it is obligatory to have a travesty on party government, the executive powers of the Ministers must be restricted. It is imperative that the appointments of all superior officials, especially in the police and magistracy, the recruitment and disposition of armed forces, and all matters connected with the possession and importation of arms and ammunition, should be retained in the hands of the Governors, subject to the Governor-General's control.

The appointment and removal of the superior judges must lie with the Crown. The Gover-

nor-General should have power to call to account any one in the public service who is guilty of misconduct—a power which he will naturally exercise through and with regard to the feelings and prestige of the local governments.

Perhaps as much as can be usefully said at the present time has been written with regard to the constitution of the provinces.

There remains the very big question of the method and the agency by which the Governor-General is to be connected with the Home Government and controlled by it. Is he to be under the Colonial Office, and look to the Colonial Secretary as his chief? The Colonial Office will answer, Yes. And it would be the easiest solution. There are reasons for thinking that much of the benefit to be derived from a reorganisation of the local governments would be lost if the reins are to remain in the hands of the Colonial Office. In the first place, no one can read the history of South Africa under the Colonial Office without coming to the conclusion that it is a tale of indifference, confusion, misunderstanding, and inconsistency, which has found its foredoomed conclusion in the present war. There cannot be in the minds either of our friends or enemies in South Africa any strong feeling of respect or affection towards that office. Meddling where interference was unnecessary, annexing one day and cancelling the annexation on the next, threatening and surrendering, promising protection and be-

traying those that trusted to the promise, deaf to the warnings and advice of friends, eager to believe and be cajoled by enemies, what has the Colonial Office done for the British colonists or for the Uitlanders in the Dutch Republics? What is the present condition of those who have appealed to it for redress? The part to be taken by the Home Government in the administration of South Africa had need to be very different from that it has played in the past. Therefore it is desirable to break away from the traditions of the Colonial Office. But it is one of the hardest tasks in the world to get any of the great Government offices to break away from its traditions. They cannot do it. It is as hopeless to expect them to free themselves from their bonds as it is to ask a confirmed drunkard to abstain from alcohol. The men who work the machine have begun as boys. They have never been away from their desks. From the permanent Under Secretary downwards there is not one of them who has been confronted with the actualities of things or has taken a personal part in the administration of the countries with whose affairs he deals. What can they do but stand by their traditions, and when an emergency arises hunt out precedents and put up references? True, there are very able men among them, but they have not had the training in real life and in living contact with the colonial world which alone could enable them to recognise the bearing

of events, and foresee consequences. There is, of course, the Colonial Secretary, who is generally an eminent and capable statesman. He comes to the Office not because he has any special knowledge of colonial affairs, but because he is one of the party which is in power. He has his parliamentary duties, and however able and industrious he may be, he can hardly hope to master the affairs of the numberless colonies with which he has to deal. The tradition of the Office is to let things slide, to leave the colonies as much as possible to themselves. Unless he is compelled by parliamentary pressure to interfere, and that pressure is not always wise or convenient, he will follow the tradition and be guided by precedent.

This method may be very appropriate to the colonies which have been founded by our own people and have gradually worked their way out of a state of tutelage. It may suit small dependencies like the Straits Settlements or Ceylon, which have strong local administrations. But it is ill-adapted to the wants of a growing country with complex problems and numerous provinces, each in a different stage of growth; and a large population of savage tribes who must be controlled, yet cannot be left unprotected in the hands of the white settlers. The governing of South Africa is a very big business, and is rapidly growing. It is not possible for a Colonial Secretary to do justice to it. After

the war is over, the work will be of still greater magnitude and difficulty. If mistakes are made, the troubles caused may be endless.

For these reasons it appears necessary to take South African affairs out of the hands of the Colonial Office, and to constitute a separate department for their administration under a separate Secretary of State. If it is necessary for the Secretary of State for India to be assisted by advisers who are thoroughly experienced in Indian affairs, it is still more necessary that the Secretary of State for Africa should have similar aid. The Council of India is not perhaps a model institution in all respects. There can be no doubt, however, that it is most wise in its conception, and a great safeguard against the mistakes which might be made by an India Office from which local experience was excluded. For one thing, it strengthens the hands of the Secretary of State when parliamentary influence is brought to bear upon him. His voice would not carry so much weight, when he opposes parliamentary meddling, if it were not for the knowledge that he is backed by men of long and varied Indian experience. It is reasonable and necessary that in the case of Africa also local knowledge should be utilised, and that the Secretary of State for South Africa should be aided by a council composed of three or more men of ripe African experience. One of them might be a retired official, and the

others chosen from amongst the most prominent colonists and men largely interested in the mining industries. They should be appointed by the Crown, on the nomination or recommendation of the Governor-General of Africa. Their duty should be to advise the Secretary of State on such matters as he might refer to them. If he chose to act without their advice, he should be at liberty to dispense with it. In that case he would take a heavy responsibility on himself, and he would rarely forego their assistance in important matters unless secrecy and great promptitude were necessary. As the conditions of South Africa are changing so rapidly, these councillors should be appointed for a term not longer than three, or at most five, years.

To recapitulate these proposals, but in a different order. The following measures are advocated for the better government of South Africa:—

Firstly, The amalgamation of the Dutch Republics with the British territory, and the division of the whole into several provinces.

Secondly, Each province to be administered by a Governor appointed by the Crown, with elective Assemblies for legislative purposes. The constitu-

tions of Cape Colony and Natal to be left unchanged, except in so far as it may be necessary to bring their governments under the control of the Governor-General.

Thirdly, The appointment of a Governor-General, aided by a council, with supreme control over the civil and military affairs of all the provinces, and with powers generally similar to those vested in the "Governor-General in Council" in India.

Fourthly, The appointment of a Secretary of State for Africa, with a small advisory Council, to control South African affairs.

Since this paper was written the cheering news of Lord Roberts's well-planned advance has arrived, of General French's brilliant and successful march, and of the relief of Kimberley. The nation will know how to reward the gallant men who have lifted the anxiety which has pressed upon her for the last five months. We rejoice to add our tribute of praise and gratitude to the gallant old soldier who has permitted neither the burden of years nor the heavier weight of private sorrow to impair his vigour, or the skill with which he has obeyed his country's call to lead her armies.

MR RUSKIN.

THE present year is likely to be long memorable in the political history of the British empire—for good or for evil. It has already made its mark in the history of our literature. Within a few weeks of its opening, four names of more or less note have been blotted out from the roll of the living. Of George Steevens we have ere now spoken. A consummate and brilliant journalist, a very “deacon of his craft,” he lays claim to the applause of posterity less, perhaps, in virtue of performance than of promise. His more popular works—the books which made his name familiar in the mouth of the average man—were, no doubt, distinguished by an extraordinary keenness of observation and a marvellous gift of seizing upon the salient points of “things seen.” In these respects he has scarcely ever been equalled in the annals of the calling to which, after a brilliant Oxford career, he devoted himself. The “Balliol Prodigy” (ominous appellation!) developed into the man of the world, in constant touch with high affairs and high action. But he had given his readers a foretaste of even better things to come. Those who recall the sensations with which they read the ‘Monologues of the Dead’ on their first appearance—sensations rivalled in the last twelve years only by those which the perusal of each new ‘Barrack-

room Ballad’ aroused in every appreciative breast—can have little doubt that Mr Steevens would ultimately have attained to a far loftier eminence than he was permitted to reach. *Dis aliter visum.* There is no more to be said.

The other men of letters to whom we have referred had passed the allotted span of human life, and had finished their “darg” in the world. It seems as though the dying century, jealous of its successor, had determined to keep their fame, whatever its degree, whatever its likelihood of permanence, exclusively to itself. On one of the group we cannot but look back with feelings of peculiar esteem and affection. Not many months ago the last novel of Richard Doddridge Blackmore was begun and carried to a triumphant conclusion in these pages. It would be affectation to pretend that ‘Dariel’ as a whole was equal to ‘The Maid of Sker’ or ‘Lorna Doone.’ Yet some of the opening chapters contain a picture of English rural life which their author never bettered. Of his immense influence on contemporary fiction the proofs are abundant. The innumerable heroes who, during the last thirty years, have been so awkward in love and so dauntless in war, and who, with all modesty and many disclaimers of the gift of fluent narrative, have communicated

their adventures to the public, are the lineal descendants, sure enough, of John Ridd. Micah Clark is one of the least unworthy of them. But at the present moment we are not much concerned to weigh the merits of Mr Blackmore's novels with any great nicety. Some little time ago¹ we ventured to attempt an estimate of his place in current literature, to which we have now nothing to add, and from which we have now nothing to withdraw. Our thoughts at this juncture turn rather to the man than to the novelist. In him we have lost one of the true old English stamp: tenacious, it may be, of old English prejudices, but tenacious also of old English virtues and of old English notions of self-respect and honour. To say that he detested the craving for notoriety displayed by so many of his younger fellow-craftsmen is grievously to understate the case. Self-advertisement in all its forms was abhorrent to his nature. He firmly declined to make capital out of his private affairs; nor did he choose that, for the chance of pocketing a few additional guineas, the privacy of his domestic life should be violated. The fact of early failure and neglect is sometimes pleaded in extenuation of the conduct of those who, when success has arrived, take the public to their bosoms and revel in the gaping admiration of fools. That plea would have been open to Mr Blackmore. But with the strange

perversity of genius—or (let us rather say) with the instinctive delicacy of a true gentleman—he declined to be exploited by interviewers of either sex. No man in his generation more scrupulously maintained the best traditions of the vocation of letters. None have more systematically violated them than those who have clamoured most loudly about the emoluments and the deference due as of right to the “profession” of authorship.

Dr Martineau was spared to reach an extreme old age, retaining his faculties almost unimpaired to the very end. His great work, the ‘Types of Ethical Theory,’ did not appear until after he was eighty, and he survived its publication for more than fourteen years. It may be that his speculations were more successful and convincing on the critical than on the constructive side. So are those of many philosophers. But he will always be remembered with gratitude as one of those who did most to explode the colossal system of quackery known as the “Synthetic” philosophy. No one has demonstrated more conclusively than Martineau the absolute worthlessness of any sort of “hedonistic calculus,” it matters not how subtle and refined, as a basis of ethics; and no one in our time has illustrated more nobly by his own life the excellence of plain living and high thinking. Unlike Richard Hutton, who also was bred a Unitarian, he was never able

¹ ‘Maga,’ September 1896.

to accept the message of Christianity in all its fulness; but of him, if of any, we may surely say that he was not far from the kingdom of God. It is difficult to resist comparing him with his celebrated sister. Mr Ruskin, in his most gracious vituperative manner, somewhere describes that lady as "a vulgar and foolish infidel." Such language is of course reserved for the sole use of the wholly polite, wise, and good. But with every desire to deal mercifully with the authoress of 'The Crofton Boys' and 'Feats on the Fjord,' we cannot deny that Miss Martineau possessed many of the qualities popularly attributed to the more spiteful and censorious of her sex. She was a rabid and malignant partisan. Rancour and envy too often held undisputed possession of her heart. There were an elevation of mind and a generosity of spirit in James to which Harriet was a total stranger.

Mr Ruskin himself too has passed away, full of years and adulation. The breath was not long out of his body before such words as "prophet," "seer," "teacher of righteousness," and other flattering terms began to be flung about in the most reckless and handsome manner by the public prints. We were regaled with an official account of the old man's last hours; we were informed what work of what novelist relieved the tedium of his sick-bed; and the tints of

the winter sunset which coincided with his departure were fully and accurately catalogued for our edification. A grave in Westminster Abbey was offered for his last resting-place; our topical sonneteers rushed into verse *ventre à terre*; pulpits rang with his praises. We rather think that Mr Frederic Harrison has threatened to include him in the Positivist calendar of Saints (that Almanac de Gotha of true greatness), a compliment which we doubt if the "Master" himself would have much relished. In short, but for the fact that the war in South Africa occupies the lion's share of space in every newspaper, we should have had a repetition on an equally gigantic scale of the nauseating cant which deluged us after the death of Mr Gladstone.

In this there is nothing surprising; for Mr Ruskin was one of those unhappy authors who become the centre of an adoring clique or coterie, and grow to be dependent upon its adoration. "There is nothing more lowering, nothing more dangerous, to a great man, or, let us say, a great writer, than the little circle of adulators which is so apt to grow round any distinguished person who will permit it." So wrote one whose judgment was as sound as her life was noble, with direct reference to the sage of Brantwood.¹ Foolish fellows combined to form Ruskin societies. University Extension lecturers declaimed upon his goodness

¹ 'Maga,' November 1887, p. 705.

and his greatness. People who travelled in Italy (and your Italian traveller was always a bit of a bore) purchased his books, perambulated the picture-galleries, and presently returned home with a becoming enthusiasm for Angelico and Botticelli, and a proper contempt for daubers like Raphael and Salvator. Above all, the Ruskin cult had the unmistakable note of all cults which are mischievous and absurd, — we mean, the assumption of vast mental and moral superiority. If you dared to question the most preposterous dictum of the master's, you were set down at once as not merely ignorant and presumptuous but also morally degraded; and it must be allowed that this attitude of mind was thoroughly in keeping with the master's own. Much has been written and read as to the sycophant of the eighteenth century, who was indeed a contemptible character enough. But at least he was no high-flyer, and made no pretence to being better than his neighbours; and therefore he was less entirely repulsive (how one falls unconsciously into the mannerisms of the master!) than his successor in our own time. The moral pathologist of the future will have much to say of the parasites of the nineteenth century. A long chapter will be devoted to that well-known variety, the Gladstonian Toady (*assentator locuples*); and the cross-references to it in the index will be Place and Peerage. But space will, nevertheless, be found to do justice to the idiosyncrasy of the

Toady of Robert Browning, and of the Toady of John Ruskin.

The purpose of the present article is to inquire, as coolly and impartially as possible, what justification, if any, exists for the language of rapturous eulogy which it is usual to employ with regard to the author of 'Modern Painters.' In pursuing this investigation it is very far from being irrelevant to dwell upon the folly of his worshippers; for if one thing be more plain about Mr Ruskin than another it is this, that the incense offered at his shrine, poor stuff as it was, had an extremely intoxicating and deleterious effect. It confirmed him in his most characteristic faults, and hardened him in his most outrageous eccentricities. There are certainly plenty of defects to be found in his earlier works; but they increase in number and in gravity with the writer's advancing years. Mr Ruskin was one of those who learn nothing and forget nothing. He did occasionally recant with much emphasis and considerable parade some opinion which he had formerly expressed with the most solemn asseverations as to its truth. But when he did so, it was only to plunge deeper into extravagance and error; to apologise, for example, for the "strong expressions of admiration for Rubens, which, to my great regret, occur in the first volume" of 'Modern Painters.' Such astounding recantations are savoury morsels for the true Ruskinite who has got the "office" to read the master's works backwards. The

more judicious of his disciples, however, are fain to admit that here and there a hasty or ill-considered expression may be discovered; that the doctrine of verbal inspiration is inapplicable to the protracted series of his writings; and that his views are frequently, in appearance, at all events, inconsistent with one another. They stoutly maintain, however, as in duty bound, that these flaws are but spots on a sun of exceptional brilliance and power, and that the substance of Mr Ruskin's teaching is noways affected by them. To us, on the contrary, it appears that these defects enter into the very heart of his work, and that they are no mere accident, but of its very essence.

Mr Ruskin, to begin with, is an incorrigible pedant. His learning and his industry (for which we give him full credit) sit heavily upon him. That this should be so in pretentious works like 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture' is not very wonderful. The curious thing is, that when he is by way of addressing the operatives and mechanics of England he cannot throw off his old habit. The Biblical tags, it is true, are always ready to hand, and he makes the most of the phraseology of Scripture, especially to announce his antipathies. But the trenchant and robust vernacular of Bunyan, of Cobbett, and, we take leave to add, of Tom Paine, is not good enough for him. His erudition gets the better of him; much learning hath turned his brain. For sumptuary laws, and regula-

tions fixing the price of certain commodities, he must needs go to mediæval Venice. The English or the Scots Statute-book would have supplied him with a hundred enactments of the kind. To be sure, they would also have shown him the utter futility of such legislation. In the middle of a discussion on some problem of political economy, he interrupts us by a long-winded and wholly fantastical commentary on some plain-sailing passage in Shakespeare; or mentions with much pomp that the crest of Britannia's helmet is somehow or other associated with the story of the Spartan Philanthus. We ask for bread and are presented with a gorgeously illuminated stone. Desirous of knowing the true theory of value, we are whisked off to St Ursula or some other holy person of Italian nationality. Ambitious of grasping the rationale of genuine patriotism, we are transported to Victor Carpaccio. Eager for information as to the currency, we are fobbed off with an etymological explanation of the Florin. Thirsting for instruction about our cereal supplies, we are referred to the practice of the Otomac Indians. And so the game goes on. Never was bush so diligently beaten; never were the hares started so few. Mr Ruskin's taste for etymology, indeed, amounts almost to a mania. In proportion as a derivation is far-fetched and fanciful it commends itself to his singularly constituted intelligence. No feat in verbal gymnastics is beneath his

notice. Behold "the most analytical mind in Europe" labouring some utterly unimportant distinction between the English "remember" and the Scots "mind"! Hear him gravely quibble about πίστις and πιστεύω and πιστεύομαι! Harken to him explaining that the crocodile, in its true inwardness, is merely a "creature that is afraid of crocuses"! Mark all this, and weep at the thought of a presumably capable intellect expended upon trifles.

Mr Ruskin's arrogance and dogmatism scarcely call for illustration. He is Sir Oracle, and when he chooses to lift up his voice no dog must bark. Everything he says is entirely true, wholly right-worded, and utterly serviceable. Something of the same sort, it must be owned, may be found in Carlyle. The sage of Chelsea in many matters was a very "harbitary gent." But rarely if ever is he aught but dignified. The distinguishing feature, on the other hand, of Mr Ruskin's cock-sureness is that it is inextricably mingled with a strain of petulance or even peevishness. His attitude is that of a spoilt child with whom some one has ventured to remonstrate. His views are inexpressibly dear to him, more especially if they are contradicted. It is only when other people presume to adopt them that he begins to suspect their soundness. Somewhere or other he has said that a picture of Achilles cutting pork-chops for Ulysses would afford a truer realisation of the spirit of Homer than any given to the world for

centuries. But we shrewdly suspect that any artist (not being a Pre-Raphaelite) who, on the strength of this opinion, had depicted that striking subject, would infallibly have been denounced as "base" and "degraded." The truth is that Mr Ruskin is of the genuine Jean-Jacques breed. In reading his exercises in autobiography we are inevitably reminded of the 'Confessions.' Not, of course, that there is any substantial, or even superficial, resemblance in point of character or career between him and the most despicable wretch whom nature ever cursed with genius—by comparison with whom Byron was a model of discreet behaviour and Shelley a compendium of the domestic virtues. But 'Præterita' and the 'Confessions' have one thing in common—the intense and overwhelming interest which the author takes in his subject. For the rest, Mr Ruskin's reminiscences, though not without a certain faint attraction of their own, are apt to be prosy, garrulous, and incoherent.

The cardinal defect, however, in Mr Ruskin's intellect was not the tendency either to pedantry or to egotism, but a radically defective sense of proportion. He has no calmness of judgment, no balance of mind. Let him once fix his attention on a molehill, and the molehill forthwith becomes a mountain. The purest piece of triviality instantly turns into a matter of supreme moment. It is not enough that Joseph Mallord William Turner should be proclaimed a great artist.

He must be alleged to have thought a hundred things which he never so much as dreamt of, and everybody else must be vehemently depreciated. It is not enough that an ideal community should practise the 'offtest virtues. It must also, if you please, be adequately drained in the "neat, patient, and scrupulous use of sugar-tongs instead of fingers." This insensibility to proportion, combined with an almost total want of true humour, is the main reason why Mr Ruskin's paradoxes—his conscious paradoxes, we mean—are such dismal failures. A paradox should be plausible, and must be enunciated with proper gravity. The great master of paradox was Swift, who could sustain it at a greater level of consistency and excellence than any other writer. Now it is pretty generally admitted, we believe, even by the Liberals, that Swift possessed intellectual and literary powers of no inconsiderable magnitude; and we are not so exacting as to expect from Mr Ruskin any performance to which the Dean would have condescended to put his name. But in this special department the master is wonderfully feeble. Here is an outburst: "Of all conceivable ways of getting a living, except by actual digging of the ground, open thieving is precisely the honestest. All other gentlemanly professions but (*sic*) this have taint of dishonesty in them." Is it amusing? Is it convincing? Is it anything except wildly extravagant and rather silly?

Let us now pass to a brief examination of Mr Ruskin's doctrines (in so far as they can be accurately collected) with regard to Art and to Political Economy. We shall treat the topics separately simply for convenience' sake, and not for the purpose of taking for granted any question that may be raised as to their mutual relations. It is well known that Economists generously allow that Mr Ruskin is unrivalled as an Art-critic, while Art-critics magnanimously own that among Economists he has no superior. We believe that both are wrong.

The Art of man, then, it should seem, is "the expression of his rational and disciplined delight in the forms and laws of the creation of which it forms a part." This is precisely one of those high-sounding phrases, the bearing of which lies in their application. It is a sentiment which would have done no discredit to the hero of an eighteenth-century comedy, for it may very well be true or very well be false. It has at all events more semblance of intelligibility than can justly be claimed for the famous dictum that "all great art is praise." To this sentence we are wholly unable to attach any definite meaning, except in so far as by a figure of speech the exercise of any human faculty may be said to be praise of the Creator. In this sense a masterpiece of Rubens is no less "praise" than a masterpiece of Angelico; which of course Mr Ruskin would have vehemently denied.

But a little more light on the subject is vouchsafed. The proper function of painting and sculpture is presently seen to be essentially intellectual, or rather ethical. "The greatest picture is that which conveys the greatest number of the greatest ideas." "Painting or art generally as such is nothing but a noble and expressive language invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing." "It is not by the mode of representing and saying, but by what is represented and said, that the respective greatness of the painter or the writer is to be finally determined." An ill-drawn saint, that is to say, makes *ipso facto* a better picture, or at all events a greater one, than a well-drawn sinner. It is obvious that when the subject is at neither extremity of the moral scale the test is one of some delicacy. Much, nay, everything, must depend upon the spectator, whose reading of what the artist says (*says*, observe) necessarily settles the matter. To apply the principle, however, to portraits and figure-pieces would be comparatively simple. What is to be done in the case of landscapes?

Mr Ruskin gallantly faces up to this difficulty, and goes "the whole hog." Inanimate nature, he says in effect, is only interesting and significant in so far as you import into it the human element. You are guilty indeed of the "pathetic fallacy" if you attribute your own feelings to rocks and trees and streams. But you may

attribute other people's feelings to them, and welcome. The keynote of the justly famous passage about precipices in the fourth volume of 'Modern Painters' is nothing more or less than the ascription to those natural phenomena of human emotions. It is not very easy to see why it is illegitimate to call the river "cruel" which is drowning your child or your sweetheart, while at the same time it is quite legitimate to predicate of the Greta on its way to join the Tees the cheerfulness appropriate to a bride who is about to meet her bridegroom. Moreover, we should have thought that the handiwork of the Almighty was majestic and beautiful enough to dispense with the attribution to it of any passions incident to frail humanity. But Mr Ruskin will have it otherwise. The artist must make believe that the cliff, the forest, and the torrent are animated by the same emotions with mankind; and thus the principal duty of the landscape-painter turns out to be "to inform the spectator of the thoughts and feelings with which" the objects he delineates "were regarded by the artist himself."

It follows that the excellence of a painting may depend upon the presence of some apparently trifling detail. Turner's picture of the St Gothard is what it is solely in virtue of the po'-chay in the foreground, and the glory of his Building of Carthage rests upon an equally unsubstantial foundation. What to the uninitiated seems at the best an insignificant, and at the worst

an irrelevant, incident is of the very essence of the performance, because, forsooth, the children sailing boats are "expressive of the ruling passion which was to be a source of future greatness." Mr Ruskin rightly adds that such a consideration has "nothing to do with the technicalities of painting"; he might have gone farther and said, with painting at all.

The bare statement of the propositions to which we have referred is their best refutation. Reduced to their simplest elements, they amount to this, that good taste is essentially a moral quality, and that no one was ever a good artist who was not a good man. The doctrine, to be sure, is never propounded in quite so crude a form. It is merely said that "the art of any country is the exponent of its social and political virtues." The nearest approach to uncompromising baldness is the complacent admission that in Mr Ruskin's works on architecture "the preference accorded finally to one school over another is founded on a comparison of their influence on the life of the workman"! So be it. If that is the ultimate criterion in the fine arts, it must presumably be the ultimate criterion in literature. Alas! We shall now never know whether the preference is to be finally accorded to the works of William Shakespeare or to those of Erasmus Darwin. We have absolutely no data to go upon, —no grounds on which to form an opinion. By a gross over-

sight on the part of our forefathers, we are completely ignorant as to how those eminent authors influenced the lives of the composers who originally set up their "copy." Lest our readers, however, should be unwilling to believe that Mr Ruskin attempted to judge art by any such preposterous standards as we have indicated, we would invite their attention to the following instances of their application.

The first is the queer case of the Griffin. The great critic selects for comparison a classical and a mediæval representation of that time-honoured, though rarely seen, animal.¹ To our mind, the classical griffin is the better of the two; though we honestly prefer Sir John Tenniel's gryphon in 'Alice' to either. But, like Mr Jingle, we shall not presume to dictate. Mr Ruskin, it need hardly be said, charges strongly in favour of the mediæval beast, for a variety of the most amazing reasons; and he clinches his argument (if so it can be called —tirade would be the proper word) by observing that the classical, or false, griffin "has no other intent than that of covering a level surface with entertaining form" (a truly admirable intent, we should have thought, for a sculptured griffin); whereas the Lombardic, or true, griffin is "a profound expression of the most passionate symbolism." Here follow some eloquent and incomprehensible sentences about Ezekiel, and the faithful and true im-

¹ *Vide* 'Modern Painters,' vol. iii. p. 106.

agination, and the unity of the divine and human natures.

The other instance is even more remarkable. Once upon a time, Messrs Clarkson Stanfield and J. M. W. Turner each painted a windmill. We have little doubt that Turner's was the better picture, or at least we are quite content to concede the point. What is the ground upon which Mr Ruskin plumps for Turner, "technical" considerations apart? Why, "the spirit in which the pictures are drawn," whatever that may mean. Stanfield's windmill is ruined; and the heartless Stanfield "is not the least sorry for it. On the contrary, he is delighted, and thinks it the most fortunate thing possible. The owner is ruined, doubtless, or dead." Turner's mill, on the other hand, is still serviceable; "but for all that he feels somewhat pensive about it. It is a poor property, and evidently the owner of it has enough to do to get his own bread out from between its stones. Moreover, there is a dim type of all melancholy human labour in it—catching the free winds and setting them to turn grindstones." Here follows a screed about the free winds aforesaid. Having told us so much, the artist or the critic (we care not which) might have told us a little more. We should have liked to know the name of the miller's mother-in-law, and whether the miller himself wore a white hat, and if so, with what end in view. Such facts cannot be unimportant, if it be so essential to know

something of the mill as a "going concern." Perhaps the miller had thoughts of converting his business into a company, which would certainly account for Turner feeling pensive about it if he had applied for shares. Lord Burleigh could express much by a simple shake of the head; but that was the merest nothing compared with what an artist can apparently convey by a flourish or two of his brush.

The fact is that, as regards the criticism of art, Mr Ruskin's true progenitor was no less a personage than Denis Diderot, though the father would have cast off the son and the son disavowed the father. To Diderot belongs the distinction of having brought down criticism, as the saying goes, from the closet into the street, where for the most part it has remained ever since. The one thing that Diderot cared for in a picture was the "human interest." By every picture there must hang a tale. The spectator must be tempted to form conjectures as to the past history, the present relations, and the probable future of the characters represented; and the good critic is he whose guesses are the most pleasing or the most plausible, the good artist he who leaves most room for the ingenuity of the critic. Even the girl with the dead bird must be invested with a stock of wholly hypothetical emotions. Thus the appreciation of pictures will not be selfishly confined to such as have artistic perceptions, but will become possible for the whole world. No one can deny

that Diderot's 'Salons' are delightful reading, and show him almost at his best. It does not follow that they are criticism in the strict sense of the term. Now Mr Ruskin's view of art is at bottom identical with Diderot's. Pictures have no charm for him unless they are anecdotal, or unless they give scope for "trimmings" and fine writing. The difference between the two men is the purely superficial one, that Diderot likes one kind of anecdote and "trimmings," and Mr Ruskin likes another. Diderot writes like a good-natured, easy-going, free-living man, with high animal spirits and a boundless capacity for physical enjoyment. Mr Ruskin is a sort of Puritan Procrustes. He curtails or extends the *corpus vile* of painting or sculpture to serve his own turn. To gratify the freaks of a sensitive conscience, he would banish from the realm of art much that constitutes its highest glory, and would introduce much that is fumbling, childish, and tentative. It must be allowed that Mr Ruskin is decidedly more ingenious than the Frenchman in evolving sermons from stones and spinning yarns out of Gothic architecture.

We could more easily pardon Mr Ruskin's wrong-headedness and perversity were it not for his unmeasured attacks upon men as good as himself who

happen to have excited his spleen by failing to pronounce his shibboleths. Even Scott, to whom as a rule he is scrupulously just, does not escape a scolding for being sceptical about witches. To Thackeray he is consistently unfair. Salvini's Othello is "frightful, and radically false." Mozart in his masterpiece, "Don Giovanni," presents an unparalleled spectacle of "unconscious moral degradation of the highest faculty to the lowest purpose." The sublime art of Raphael is "a tasteless poison" which "infects with sleep of infidelity the hearts of millions of Christians." Mr Ruskin knows "no pictures more shameful to humanity than the boar and lion hunts of Rubens and Snyders." It is with reluctant and grudging surprise that Rubens is admitted to have been a respectable member of the community. Claude Lorraine had "neither (*sic*) earnestness, humility, nor love." Charles Keene is damned with faint praise. Keene, to be sure, like Rembrandt, whose chiaroscuro is "always forced, generally fatal, and wholly vulgar," was a master in black and white; and we know that the colourists "have nature and life on their side," while the chiaroscurists have "sin and death."¹ But the choicest vials of his wrath are reserved for

¹ On no subject are Mr Ruskin's rhapsodies more ludicrous than on colour. It agitates him as much (though in a different way) as a red rag does a bull—which, by the bye, only shows the bull's depravity. For "colour is the unvarying accompaniment of all that is purest, most innocent, and most precious." Hence the fierce crocodile is grey, but the innocuous lizard is bright green. "The purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love colour the most." Yet we believe that a red nose is not necessarily the index of a pure and thoughtful mind.

Salvator and Teniers, who, it seems, are "worshippers of the depraved." Salvator was a "dissipated jester and satirist, who spent his life in masquing and revelry." Argal, he was not worthy to black Turner's boots. It is to Salvator that Mr Ruskin applies that elegant and kindly expression, "a lost soul" or "mind," which beings of the stamp of Mr Leonard Courtney have found so useful in political controversy. As for Teniers, he is too low for anything. (D—n anything that's low, is Mr Ruskin's motto.) His pictures are "entirely base and evil." They are "the expression of delight in the prolonged contemplation of a vile thing." "It is bad taste in the profoundest sense—it is the taste of devils." With which temperate and charitable words we gladly part from Mr Ruskin in his capacity of teacher and expositor of Art.

Violence of language and extravagance of sentiment are perhaps more excusable in the field of social and political economy than in that of painting and sculpture. In Mr Ruskin's case unquestionably the provocation to excess was much greater. As we had occasion to explain last month, the Liberal statesmen of the 'Forties, the 'Fifties, and the 'Sixties entirely misconceived the true function of political economy. They supposed that science to prescribe certain rules for conduct, and to determine the true end for which the State exists. The wisest and most judicious exponents of political

economy never pretended to do anything of the sort. They merely offered generalisations, merely predicted that, given A, B would result, without deciding whether B was desirable or not from an ethical or social point of view. Their method—the best method possible, as Mr Mill pointed out in a valuable chapter of his 'Logic'—consisted in abstracting one of the most powerful motives to human conduct, and tracing its operation undisturbed by competing springs of action.

We are far from blaming Mr Ruskin for not realising this. When he and the orthodox economists truly join issue, he often displays great dialectical acuteness, and more than once pierces their armour. Thus he boldly disputes what Mill triumphantly demonstrated, and what no human being, capitalist or labourer, landlord or husbandman, ever believed, that demand for commodities is not demand for labour. On the other hand, he is sometimes disappointing. He adopts, for instance, the futile distinction—a worthless legacy from the Physiocrats—between productive and unproductive labour; and once or twice, when he seems to be on the verge of tackling the crucial question of the economics of consumption, he drops it. As a general rule, however, Mr Ruskin and the economists are at cross-purposes. "These are the facts," say they; "these *ought* to be the facts," says he. There is no common term between them.

His ideal may fairly be summed up as being a return from Contract to Status. He is a believer in "good old times" which never existed, and which the poorest to-day would be eager to get out of. Every man is assuredly entitled to construct a Republic or a Utopia after his own designs and at his own pleasure. Ink is a cheap article of commerce, and quantities of it may be shed without any serious harm. But two considerations seem to make strongly against Mr Ruskin's imaginary polity.

In the first place, he was a man of ample private fortune. This made him apt to underestimate the strength of the desire for wealth, just as Mr Mill underrated the strength of other human appetites. There is nothing so edifying in the world as the lofty contempt of the thoroughly well-to-do person for the money-grubbing of those wretches who have less of this world's gear than themselves. "Oh Calf, Calf! Oh Baal, Baal!" exclaimed Mr Pecksniff mournfully, when he heard of Mrs Todgers's truckling to the youngest gentleman in company for the ridiculous sum of 18s. a-week; and we seem to catch an echo of the eminent architect's tones when we hear Mr Ruskin rebuking people for "laying penny to penny." It may be very wrong to haggle, and there may be a better way of fixing prices than by bargaining. But the world has not yet found it out, and prices will continue to be so ascertained to the end of the chapter.

In the second place, Mr Ruskin made the great mistake, which most of the creators of Utopias have been careful to avoid, of sanctioning an attempt to put his ideas into practice. Stung, we suppose, by the taunt that his views were chimerical, he originated the Company or Guild of St George, which, so far as we are aware, has not been a conspicuous success, or done much to propagate the theories on which it was founded. It was a stroke of bad luck for Mr Ruskin that in the course of spending money upon the endowment of this hobby as well as of others, he came into violent collision with one of his fundamental dogmas. "The national debt," he had said, "is a foul disgrace at the best. But it is, as now constituted, also a foul crime. National debts paying interest are simply the purchase by the rich of power to tax the poor." Desiring, not unnaturally, to reserve for himself out of his fortune a modest provision for his old age, he announced his intention of investing some thousands in 3 per cent consolidated stock of the United Kingdom. In other words, he proposed to be a party to a "foul crime" by purchasing the "power to tax the poor" to the extent of the interest on his capital. His defence of this proceeding is as lame as might have been expected. It would have required Mr Gladstone's gift of casuistry to lend plausibility to the distinction between investing in Bank of England stock and investing in consols. *II*

faut vivre is what his excuse practically comes to; and it is one which he would never have admitted in the case of another.

'Unto this Last' is probably the most vigorous and satisfactory statement of his views on society. 'Fors Clavigera' is unquestionably his worst. It is a farrago of some sense and much nonsense, the incoherence and eccentricity of which almost argue a disordered intellect. We would willingly believe, if we could, that Mr Ruskin's day-dreams of a transmogrified social order have done as little mischief as most visions of the kind. In so far as he bids the members of every class in the community to reform themselves, he says well, and his recommendation will never be superfluous. But unhappily he does not let matters rest there. With the characteristic jealousy of the burgess—and it must never be forgotten that Mr Ruskin was *echt bürger*—he singles out the landed interest for peculiarly ferocious attack. The greatest mischief which a man with a ready command of rhetoric can do is to wrap up selfish or ignoble aims in the cloak of a generous and imposing vocabulary. The abominations of the French Revolution were in large measure due to the combination of high-flying language about universal brotherhood and the regenera-

tion of humanity with an insatiable predatory instinct. To us the main result of Mr Ruskin's political speculations—which of course could not be conducted without a great deal of screaming and calling of names—seems to be the furnishing of a novel set of respectable, persuasive, and distinguished words in which to mask designs for the overthrow, we do not say of the Throne, we do not say of the Church, but of the body politic itself.

Our task is now completed. It has not been a particularly grateful one. But for Mr Ruskin's own example¹ we had perhaps postponed it until a longer time after his death. 'Maga' has ever steadfastly declined to join the glib chorus of his flatterers, and has never ceased to apply the touchstone of reason and commonsense to his most specious and confident utterances.² We had hoped that, on a reconsideration of his principal writings, some good pretext might have been discovered for modifying a hitherto unfavourable verdict. But although we have been able to suggest some extenuating circumstances in mitigation of sentence, no solid ground for altering that verdict has presented itself. As an authority on the fine arts and on social economy alike, he has

¹ "People would not have me speak any more harm of Mr Mill because he is dead, I suppose? Dead or alive, all's one to me, with mischievous persons."—'Fors,' xxxi.

² See especially Mr Paget's papers in 'Maga,' January 1860 and September 1861—both reprinted in 'Paradoxes and Puzzles.'

been weighed in the balance and, in our opinion, been found wanting.

But how? it will be said. Is not the great Mr Ruskin, the celebrated critic, a great master of English prose? To that question we return a hearty affirmative, provided always that Ruskinian principles of criticism are "barred." If the all-important thing be, not the author's "message" but his manner of delivering it, not what he has to say but how he says it,—if, in brief, matter count for next to nothing and form be all in all,—then Mr Ruskin occupies one of the foremost places in the ranks of our later English prose-writers. To his defects we are thoroughly alive. He is a bad model for the literary tyro. He has let loose a flood of "prose-poetry" upon the world which it may take years to dry up. His fine passages, if tolerably numerous,

are neither long nor consecutive. Saharas of insufferable pedantry lie between them. Yet the oasis is worth taking some trouble to reach. Its spring is clear and sparkling; its shade is abundant and refreshing. The want of continuity in his best writing is, no question, a serious drawback. But that he has enriched English prose with new cadences of extraordinary beauty, and that by a deft manipulation of the notes he has produced the most strange and moving effects, can scarcely be denied by the most bigoted devotee of the older—and for common purposes better—school of writing. He is, *par excellence*, the master of the purple patch. The purple is of the true imperial hue; and, inasmuch as he has mixed his colours with consummate art, there is every reason to anticipate that its tints will seem as gorgeous to posterity as they do to us.

SUBMARINE CABLES.

OUR neighbours, who are also our critics, are in the habit of attributing to us a wellnigh more than human measure of foresight in preparing the means to establish that predominance in the world for which we are understood to be for ever striving. It is a flattering opinion this which they profess to have of us, and it presents a curious comparison with our own commonly avowed conviction, that no people is so improvident in providing itself with the necessary instruments for its own defence, or so negligent in asserting its interests. Both views are being freely expressed just now, and it happens that submarine cables are quoted as examples on either side. There are some among us who think that we have shown all our usual carelessness in either failing to provide cables where we ought to possess them, or in not taking care that they shall be beyond the reach of attack by our enemies where they do exist. Abroad, and more especially in France, it is the freely expressed belief that we have seamed the ocean and festooned the coasts of several continents with cables in pursuit of some great scheme, which has for its ultimate object the acquisition of the power to rob other States. It is asserted, and apparently it is believed, that the control exercised over these wires by the British Government constitutes a danger for all others. Plans for breaking down our mono-

poly are being perfected both in France and Germany. Meanwhile fears are expressed here that our cables might be cut to our ruinous loss. An all-British cable is still described as a thing to be desired, while it is being said on the Continent that existing cables are much too exclusively British already.

Now it would be hard indeed to find a more infallible method of wasting time than the effort to persuade foreigners out of their belief in our astuteness and ambition, and not much more profitable to argue the case with those among ourselves who are sure that our negligence will be our ruin. They will remain of their own opinions still. Meanwhile the question of submarine cables, and of their use in war, has a real interest. A glance at a Mercator on which existing lines are marked will convince any one who is open to conviction that they were not laid down to serve any political end, but, as a rule, to meet the convenience of commerce. If four-fifths of them belong to us, it is because that proportion fairly represents our share in the carrying trade of the world, and the degree to which other nations conduct their business through us. Of the lines which connect Europe with America North and South, most are not under our exclusive control, and cannot be, for the simple reason that they either end in some port belonging to another

Power, or touch at foreign ports. The only one of them which has the appearance of owing its existence to strategical reasons is that which goes by Halifax and Bermuda to Jamaica, and even it ends at Colon. If British companies have festooned the Gulf of Mexico, the Isthmus, and the coasts of South America, as far down as Buenos Ayres on one coast and Concepcion on the other, the fastening places are everywhere in the hands of possible enemies, who could make the cables of no use to us. Our direct connection with the Atlantic coasts of South America, and of Africa, are equally little under our exclusive control for warlike purposes, when they touch on their way at Vigo, at Lisbon, and at Madeira. It is only a line going straight out to Gibraltar, and from thence to British ports in Africa, which is entirely ours—and even that is not absolutely safe so long as the points at which it touches are liable to foreign attack. Towards the East our position is stronger, since all through cables belong to us, and we can stop every message going from the Indian Seas to Europe at Aden, or in the Persian Gulf if they get so far. It is this power of ours to cut the communication between themselves and their possessions in Madagascar and Tonquin, which is so peculiarly irritating to the French. They quote the order of the British Government forbidding the transmission of ciphered messages from French officials to their superiors by way of Aden with intelligible

annoyance. It is largely in order to free themselves from this dependence that they are beginning to discuss seriously schemes for laying down cables which, if they are not to be all French, can at least be made international, and therefore not subject to interruption at our free will. At present the Continent of Europe is in a very helpless position as compared to Great Britain. France has indeed two cables across the Atlantic to New York. The most northerly of the two touches on her own island of St Pierre, but this post is entirely at our mercy in war, and in any case both lines end at New York. Thence the French cable goes south to Haiti, and then branches. One of the continuing lines reaches the mainland at Caracas. The other, after touching at the French islands in the Lesser Antilles, reaches South America at Paramaraibo, and follows the coast by Cayenne to Pará. All might easily be made useless to France in war. She has no communication with her possessions on the west coast of Africa, and in the eastern seas only what may be called “ends of cables,” small local lines such as that which connects New Caledonia with Australia. The submarine telegraphs of other Powers, such for instance as the Danish lines in the Baltic, need not be mentioned in this connection.

No words need be wasted in demonstrating the value of submarine cables in a naval war, though there are grounds for differences of opinion as to how

and for what purposes they could be used. Their value as means of protecting commerce and neutralising the activity of destroyers is hard to measure. Indeed the whole question of the protection of trade against attack at sea is covered by an obscurity which is very natural, considering that no naval war on a large scale has yet been fought out by steam fleets which were within a measurable distance of being on an equality. The field is very much occupied by loose assertions, such as that convoy would not now be used, or that British trade would be unable to go to the East by the Suez Canal if we happened to be at war with France. If we wish to realise what the task of protecting our sea-borne commerce will be in war, we shall do better to fix our attention on the problem of the coal-supply. The steamer of to-day is incomparably more powerful than the sailing-ship of former times, and is all but independent of the wind, and is far less liable to be hampered by fogs. But against this increase of power, we have to set the fact that she is tied to her coal-depot. No cruiser will dare to go farther away from some safe coal-supply than she can go back, and she must retain the means of doing at least part of her voyage home to port at full speed in case she is chased. When we try to calculate the range of a modern commerce-destroyer, we have to deduct from the motive-power she carries in her bunkers what she needs to enable her to reach

her cruising-ground and to get back to port. The surplus is all that remains to her for use on her beat, and the farther she goes from her own ports the less will it be. No French, Russian, or German captain could rely, as Semmes of the *Alabama* did, on meeting neutral tenders to which he had given a rendezvous marked on a chart—not at any rate in a war with us. Men may do these things in Russian imitations of the Battle of Dorking. They would not do them in real life. Looking at the problem from the other side, we must take this into account, that we should probably not know when the destroyer had started, nor in what direction she was going. Therefore there would be no information to send by submarine cable.

It is not, however, necessary to bring in the question of the defence of trade in a naval war (a very great question, which has never yet been thoroughly argued out) when we are considering the value of command over submarine cables. It must be obvious that, as between any two combatants, he who can send directions to his officers everywhere, and so can combine the movements of all his forces, must have a marked advantage. He will be able to concentrate for a crushing attack against a foe who must needs remain divided. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the superiority that this would give to a skilful belligerent. Therefore it may be taken for granted that we have a strong

motive to provide ourselves with the means to send our orders all over the world safe from interruption, while our possible opponents have very solid grounds for securing the same resource for themselves if they can. The problem is how we are respectively to obtain what we want. Another glance at the map will show that, as between us and all rivals, the advantage is on our side. We can make an all-round cable from east to west which need not touch anywhere except on territory either belonging to us or under our control, which is what nobody else can do. Looking south, which for the moment is the more interesting direction, the case is, however, not so simple. On the American side of the South Atlantic there are serious difficulties of distance and possession to be overcome. Fortunately this is not a field which is likely to be of vital importance to us. The case is very different with the African side, and it happens that this is just where our communications are most likely to be interrupted and are most liable to interruption.

There are two ways in which a submarine cable can be cut. It can be dredged up even from deep water, or it can be severed at the place where it touches the land. When its exact course is known, a vessel fitted with the necessary appliances can get at it anywhere, and then its destruction follows. But to do this it is absolutely necessary to know the precise course of the line. To dredge

for it when this is only approximately known is a most uncertain process, as the Americans found in the course of their late war with Spain. They dredged for the cables outside Santiago with very moderate success. On one occasion, when they thought they had found the line, it was discovered that what they had secured was in fact only a broken cable which had been long lying at the bottom of the sea as a valueless wreck. In every case when they did contrive to cut the communications of the Spanish officials with their superiors, and with one another, it was by going close inshore, and breaking the cable at some spot where its locality was indicated by buildings at the landing-place. This is the obvious course to follow where circumstances allow it to be adopted. But it cannot always be easily taken. Where the sea deepens gradually it is possible to get at the cables with very simple appliances, and yet at such a distance from the shore that the boats engaged on the work are not subject to the fire of the defenders. When, however, the coast is what the sailors call "steep up"—when, that is to say, the deep water is soon reached because the land sinks near the beach—the case is much altered. Special appliances of greater power are needed to bring up the cable from deep water. To find it in shallow water there is need to come close, and to run the risk of being sunk by fire from the shore. The Americans did

take this hazard at Cienfuegos with complete success, partly because the fire of the Spaniards was wild, partly because they were, according to their well-established habit, wanting in everything at the critical moment. Yet even so the danger was great, and it is very doubtful whether the Americans would have gained their object if the exact spot at which the cable reached the shore had not been indicated for them by buildings. Of course it is obvious that if the Americans could have taken Cienfuegos with a landing-party, they need not have given themselves the trouble to dredge.

In order, then, to attain the utmost possible security that a submarine cable will not be cut, certain conditions must be fulfilled. Absolute security cannot be obtained, because there is always the chance that the enemy will fish it up from deep water. Exact knowledge of the course of an opponent's wire is certainly one of the things which an alert Intelligence Department will strive to obtain. Once in possession of the information, the work of destruction is a mere question of fitting out a properly provided ship. But if perfect protection cannot be attained, it is always possible to make the work of severing the cable difficult. These conditions are—that it shall only touch the shore at places in your power, that there shall be no tell-tale signs to mark out the precise landing-place, that the post shall be defensible against landing-parties, and that it shall be

provided with such an artillery as will keep the assailant's boats and small craft at a distance. If we apply these tests to our cable on the west coast of Africa, we see at once that it is wanting in security. Our communication either goes through places belonging to other States, or it touches on spots where we certainly could not be sure that an alert enemy would not make himself master by a sudden raid. There is a cable from the Cape to Ascension, but it stops on that island. To attain to the nearest possible approach to absolute security that our power of communicating with the Cape will not be broken, we ought to carry on the line from Ascension till it reaches the Land's End. This would be feasible enough, but it is not quite sufficient. In order to maintain a complete control over the South Atlantic, it is desirable to be able to do more than send information and orders from home to Ascension. The vital part of the route for us is in fact rather the portion which lies between the island and the Channel. It is eminently improbable that in any naval war the ships of an enemy would be found as far south as St Helena. Even when, if ever, the French have made a real port of war out of Diego Suarez, they will hardly cruise from thence round the Cape into seas in which they have practically no chance of finding coal. Unless the South American republics of the east develop effective fleets, or are in alliance against us with some Power which has

one, the South Atlantic will in all probability be more free from hostile ships than any other sea. Dependence on coal goes far to counterbalance the greater mobility of steamers. We have, therefore, good reason to make the calculation that it is to the north, and not to the south, of Ascension, that the chief perils will have to be met, and that we shall have most need for secure places where information may be found. Now it happens that it is just on this portion of the route that we are worst off for secure stations of our own. The Cape Verd Islands, the Canaries, and Madeira are all admirably placed to serve the purpose. For all commercial purposes they serve very well as landing-places for a submarine cable, but the question is, What use could be made of them in war?

The answer to this inquiry must needs be, "Very little." Let us suppose that we are at war with a formidable opponent, and that we wish to avail ourselves of the cable which goes by Lisbon to Madeira and the Cape Verd Islands and thence to the Cape. Of course at the same time we shall wish to prevent our antagonist from taking advantage of the line, and as it is in English hands, we shall always be able to do this. What is the position which will be immediately created? We shall be making use of Portuguese territory for a warlike purpose, and our foe will have every reason, and also a perfect right, to call upon the Government at Lisbon to observe its neutrality—that is to

say, to prevent us from using its ports as bases of operations. During the war between Spain and the United States some jealousy was felt and expressed in America lest the Spaniards should be unduly favoured in the use of the French West-Indian cable. It may be considered as certain that any powerful enemy of ours would protest energetically against our exclusive use of a line working through Portugal. Among ourselves it is not uncommon to hear doubts expressed whether the Portuguese could defend their neutrality—that is to say, prevent a belligerent from seizing the station at Madeira and cutting the line. But the neutrality of Portugal—which means its absolute impartiality between the combatants—is not what we must desire. If neither side is to derive an advantage from the cable to the hurt of the other, the Portuguese must insist either that it shall be equally used, or that neither shall avail himself of it. The one course shall be as little to our good as the other. Portugal, as things stand, must either take up a position of real neutrality, or put herself on our side. In the latter case the station at Funchal becomes liable to attack, and the obligation to provide it with effectual defence will assuredly be thrown on us, since the authorities at Lisbon want the power, even if they have the will, to defend the island against a raid of very moderate strength. What is true of Madeira holds equally good for the Cape

Verd Islands, and indeed for any and every station not in our direct possession. The neutrality of any port is as much destroyed when it is used for the transmission of messages for the advantage of one side only, as when it is used for forwarding stores or men. The aggrieved party in such a case is perfectly entitled to protest, and if expostulations are neglected, or even seem likely to be of no effect, then to take hostile measures. In easily conceivable circumstances this is the line which any enemy of ours might be relied upon to follow.

Since, then, we cannot be sure of being allowed to make exclusive use of telegraph-stations on Portuguese territory, it would seem to follow that we ought to endeavour to secure some spot on the sea-route from the Channel to Ascension for ourselves. A writer in the 'St James's Gazette' has recommended that we should secure the Desertas, which lie close to Madeira and afford fair anchorage. His suggestions, it is true, go much further, for he holds that we ought to secure "a series of small island stations along the deep-sea route to the Cape," to be used as naval bases for the "coaling, docking, repairing, and refitting of our warships." This is a larger question, and one into which it is not our present purpose to enter. It may be pointed out, however, that "naval base" is one of a good-sized family of words, to which also "strategical," and "tactical," and "command of

the sea" belong, all very useful when properly employed, of which a monstrous misuse is made in the papers. In the opinion of many competent judges it is not desirable to multiply stations for "coaling, docking, repairing, and refitting." Coal deteriorates rapidly when left in store, and most particularly in the tropics. The only good coaling-station is a great port like Hong-Kong, where there is a constant demand for fuel for purposes of trade, and where it is brought by way of business, and is necessarily renewed, so that it can always be obtained fresh. As for docking and repairing, they imply great works, which again call for fortifications and garrisons. Fortifications and garrisons run away with money. It is not by multiplying vulnerable points of this kind, and causes of expense on immobile instruments, that a naval Power can make its strength felt, but by ships. As regards this route down the West Coast of Africa, it is not more fortified bases we need, but only the security that we can transmit orders, and that there will be a few known centres to which the cruisers can always revert for instructions, and the trading-ship for information.

In our hands the Desertas would serve that purpose very well, but in order to be of real value to us, they ought to be wholly in our possession. That Portugal should allow us to use them would unquestionably be to our convenience; but it is what no serious enemy of ours would allow her to do with impunity.

If, when war came, Portugal asked us, under pressure of our opponents, to withdraw our officials from the Desertas, we should either have to do so or to occupy the post by force. But supposing things to have come to that pitch, Madeira is far better worth taking, and so is St Vincent in the Cape Verds, than a handful of barren and, at present, uninhabited islets. The one advantage of securing the Desertas would be that it would preserve us from a dilemma of this character at a crisis. Moreover, the bargain must be made well before war is on us, since it will not only be necessary to establish the machines, but to provide them with such amount of protection as will make them safe against capture by the boats of some roaming cruiser. More serious attack they will hardly experience, unless the enemy's great fleets are at sea, unmolested for the time being at any rate by our fleet. But in the absence of some such protection, the Desertas would become a pure burden on the navy, since it would be necessary to tell a

ship off to act guard over them, and in that case she would be deducted from the cruising fleet.

If, however, we can secure the islets, the bargain might be a good one to make, unless we paid very much too dear. As the Desertas can be of very little value to Portugal, they ought to be purchasable at least at a *pretium affectionis* which it would be worth our while to give. With them in our hands, a deep-sea cable, protected as well as such a thing can be, would be at our disposition from the Channel to the Cape from the moment we had laid down the piece required to join Ascension to the Channel. The line would be one which existed purely for political and military purposes. It could not pay as a commercial speculation, and would necessarily have to be constructed at the expense of the State. But the outlay would be a profitable one from the political and military point of view, and is indeed necessary if we are to retain the power to combine the movements of our ships in all parts of the world.

THE EVOLUTION OF LITERARY DECENCY.

"TAKE away your bonny *Afra Behn*," said the old lady who, about 1810, borrowed, and vainly tried to read, the novels that had been the delight of her youth. Very few persons now peruse "*Astræa*," who trod the stage so loosely; very few know whether she was more indiscreet than the novelists of the eighteenth century or not. Mrs Behn died in 1689: she had been the wife of a Dutchman, and, in one of her tales, she assures us that it is quite a mistake to suppose that a Eollander cannot love. This remark, and the circumstance that she anticipated Mrs Beecher Stowe in taking a negro for her hero in one novel, are all that my memory retains of the romances of *Astræa*. They certainly did not leave a distinct and separate stain on my imagination.

The familiar anecdote of the old lady whose age rejected as impossible the romances which had delighted Society in her youth, supplies a text for a curious speculation. Wherefore had taste altered so radically in the space of one lifetime? It is a natural but inadequate reply that taste always does alter in sixty years. Thus Lady Louisa Stuart, who was born about 1760, found, about 1820, that Richardson's novels, when read aloud, provoked inextinguishable laughter. In her youth people had wept or sighed over

'*Pamela*': now people mocked, and she mocked with them. Such changes of taste make the pathetic seem absurd, or make what Molière meant to be comic seem pathetic, at least to refined critics. But we are concerned with a change at once deeper and far more sudden—a change in morality rather than in style or sentiment. English literature had been at least as free-spoken as any other, from the time of Chaucer to the death of Smollett. Then, in twenty years at most, English literature became the most "pudibund," the most respectful of the young's person's blush, that the world has ever known. Now, this revolution was something much deeper than the accustomed process which makes the style and the ideas of one generation seem antiquated and uncongenial to the readers of the next. We quite understand why Mr Guy Boothby is preferred, say, to Thackeray, and Mr Henty to Marryat, by the young. Youth detests what it thinks "old-fashioned," and is puzzled by traits of manners with which it is unfamiliar. But custom will presently stale the authors of to-day, and that change of taste will not correspond at all to a change which, in some twenty years, altered the whole tone and character of a national literature. Why, and owing to what combination of causes, did the very plain speech of our

first famous novelists in the eighteenth century become a stumbling-stone to readers of some thirty years later? Why did decency, or prudery if any one pleases, come *suddenly* into vogue between 1770 and 1800? Why were such poems as Suckling's ballad of a marriage published, about 1810, with lines and half-stanzas omitted? How are we to account for Bowdler? The change of moral taste was really as great as the change of opinion about witchcraft, which arose between 1680 and 1736. Mr Lecky has written at length about that revolution, but nobody, as far as I remember, has discussed the other alteration—Bowdler's alteration—in the matter of moral taste. In the first place, it did not correspond with a regular sweeping purification of "Society." Nobody will say that the Regency, the age of Bowdler, was much more moral than the early part of the reign of George III., the age of Wilkes. Yet, between 1760 and 1770 we had Smollett and Sterne for living novelists, while in 1800-1815 we had Miss Edgeworth, Godwin, Miss Austen, Mrs Shelley, Galt, and Scott. Writers more delicate in language and in description cannot be, nor could writers be much looser and coarser than those of the previous generation. The change of 1770-1814 lasted till quite recently. Novels were intended to lie "on the drawing-room table," and were meant to be fit for the young person. So stern were parents about 1840-1870 that they managed to find Thackeray

"improper," and we all remember Thackeray's own remark that, since Fielding, nobody had dared to draw a man. Colonel Newcome must have been born about 1800, and the Colonel revolted naturally against Joseph Andrews and Tom Jones. By our time, of course, taste has altered, and lady novelists introduce situations which, I verily believe, would have made Astræa herself blush vermilion. But even now the *language* of the most advanced writers is far indeed from attaining the simple breadth of Smollett or Fielding, though many modern ideas expressed in fiction would have made Roderick Random exclaim in virtuous indignation. We have had novels fit to accompany Petronius in the library of Lord Stratwell.

A curious point in this evolution is the difference which it exhibits in France and in England. In England, Fielding and others felt it necessary, or desirable, to add coarsenesses to Molière. In France, the translation of 'Tom Jones' (1749) was at first prohibited in the interests of virtue. The French dramatists of the great age of Louis XIV. are as decent, as "mealy-mouthed," as the dramatists of Greece. The dramatists of the contemporary Restoration in England, and of Queen Anne's reign, were notoriously coarse and lewd. The remonstrances of Addison and the 'Spectator' had no effect on Fielding and Smollett. But, just when the old coarseness of these masters was dying out

in England, the literature of France, in Diderot, Crébillon *fils*, and many others, began greatly to outdo what our novelists had dared. The *régime* of conscious Virtue and of the *philosophes* in France rather encouraged than checked such books as Voltaire's unspeakable 'Pucelle.' People thought 'La Pucelle' amusing!

A classical example of the change in England is Charles Lamb's anecdote about the young lady who looked over his shoulder as he was reading 'Pamela.' She soon went away, and Lamb says that there was a blush between them. This may have occurred about 1815, and 'Pamela' had been the very manual of Virtue from 1740 to 1780, or thereabouts. It was put into the hands of ingenuous youth, and even of children. Richardson himself was the mere model of the proprieties, and thought Fielding "low." Diderot put Richardson on the same shelf as Moses. 'Pamela' was written, as Scott says, "more for edification than for effect." Anticipating the modern clergy who preach on Miss Corelli and Mr Hall Caine, Dr Sherlock praised 'Pamela' "from the pulpit." The novel was said to "do more good than twenty sermons," though Lady Mary Wortley Montagu thought it more mischievous than the works of Rochester. Scott also reckoned it apt rather to "encourage a spirit of rash enterprise" among hand-maidens than of "virtuous resistance." As a matter of fact, a genera-

tion or two later, 'Pamela' made Lamb's young friend uncomfortable. She got up and went away. She belonged to the new age of Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth, and Sir Walter. Nor need we, even in this emancipated time, wonder at Lamb's young lady. I doubt if many even of our daring writers would have the courage (the lack of humour they have) to write several of the scenes which Richardson wrote, and which the clergy applauded from the pulpit.

Lately I saw a contemporary picture of a very scantily draped Pamela, aroused by fancying she heard Mr B. under the bed. It was not to be called a moral work of art, and I fear that 'Pamela' owed much of its success to qualities which doubtless made no conscious part of Richardson's design. Indeed, as we read it we "laugh in a strange and improper manner," like the wife of Mr Arthur Pendennis on one occasion. Quite rapidly, in some sixty years, 'Pamela' lost her reputation, became little better than one of the wicked, frightened away the virgins whom she was meant to edify, and sank into "a deplorably tedious lamentation," as Horace Walpole declares, read only by conscientious students of eighteenth-century literature. The reason is not merely that the lowly characters are slavish, as Scott observes. The reason is that, to our changed taste, 'Pamela' is both prurient and coarse. Even 'Clarissa' is obsessed,

through all its intolerable length, by one dominant idea, and leads up to a catastrophe which we cannot contemplate with patience. Once more I doubt if our youngest and ablest writers would dare to subject a noble lady to the martyrdom of Clarissa, or would be admired by the general public if they did.

It is well known that Dr Johnson, though he read straight through 'Amelia,' told Hannah More that she ought to be ashamed of saying that she had read 'Tom Jones.' One cannot guess what fly had bitten the Doctor. 'Tom Jones' is a really moral work, if we set aside Fielding's leniency towards one inexcusable adventure of Mr Jones's. I presume that Fielding was reprobated because he was humorous. Even now we find the advanced, and virtuous, and earnest applauding the most squalid horrors of M. Zola and others, while they would fly in horror from Gyp. And why? Obviously because M. Zola is absolutely devoid of wit and humour (which Gyp possesses), and therefore may be as abominable as he pleases. Has he not a lofty moral purpose! So, in fact, had Fielding, but, alas! he was humorous, —all unlike Richardson, Zola, Ibsen, and Tolstoi. 'Joseph Andrews' not only makes us laugh, but encourages every generous virtue. Still, Joseph was "low," and 'Pamela,' in some incomprehensible way, was elevating. Even now, nobody dares to approach the broad and physically coarse

methods of Fielding. We do not think it at all comic that Sophia should fall in an unbecoming manner from her horse, nor can we even imagine why Fielding thought it comic. So far the change is all for the better, —indeed I am apt to think that it was generally for the better, except in such extreme instances as when the prudery of James Ballantyne spoiled the whole sense of 'St Ronan's Well'; or when Jeffrey induced Dickens to make clotted nonsense of 'Dombey and Son'—*vile damnum* in the latter case. It does not appear to me that our ebullient novelists ought really to be hampered by limitations which do not seem to have been resented by Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, Molière, and Racine. But our problem is, not the good or evil results of certain restraints on freedom of language and incident, but the wonderfully sudden rise of these restraints between 1770 and 1790. In 1771 Smollett published 'Humphry Clinker,' distinctly his best book. The brutality of 'Roderick Random,' the infamous ferocity of 'Peregrine Pickle,' are here mollified and mellowed. But, except in the works of M. Zola or of Swift, there are few passages in literature, if any there are, so physically and so needlessly nauseous as certain of the early letters of Matthew Bramble. Everything disgusting that medical practice could suggest to a brutal fancy is here set forth with elaborate care. There is something of the ape, of the

Yahoo, in these passages attributed to the pen of an honourable and benevolent country gentleman. On the chapter of Smells, "Smelfungus," as Sterne called Smollett, is as copious as M. Zola or M. Guy de Maupassant. Nobody seems to have objected, as some purists did object to the freakish contemporary lubricities of Sterne. All these great eighteenth-century writers revelled joyously in the necessarily grotesque physical side of human nature. It was primely witty to half-poison somebody with a surreptitious dose of medicine. Homely articles of everyday life were constantly dragged in to get a laugh—articles that the most emancipated novelist of to-day keeps out of his daring pages. And, in thirty years, all these amusing objects, and scores of sets of comic or sensual situations, had become even more impossible in fiction than they are to-day. Even the author of 'Tom and Jerry' would have given them a wide berth in England, and few authors, except M. Armande Silvestre, venture on them in France. In 1740 Dickens would have had cheap and nasty resources, and would have used them, while the Dickens of 1840 shunned them even more scrupulously than most men.

One cannot imagine a change more rapid and more radical. We had not been a prudish people. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Congreve, Smollett, Burns, Sterne, are at the opposite extreme from the prudish.

Why did we become so dainty between Smollett's death (1771) and the rise of Mrs Radcliffe (1789)? We cannot attribute the revolution to the influence of feminine authors (such as Mrs Radcliffe, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Austen), for feminine influence, in Mrs Manley, Mrs Heywood, and Afra Behn, had tended in quite an opposite direction. Moreover, it is ladies to-day who throw their caps highest over the windmills, both in licentiousness of idea and physical squalor of theme,—always, of course, for lofty moral purposes. Again, one cannot see that Society was more delicate when Rowlandson drew than when Hogarth boldly designed spades as spades. The Court of the Regency was not purer than the early years of the Regent's worthy father. People were as naughty as when Lady Vane published the 'Memoirs of a Lady of Quality.' Yet everything Smollettian and Rabelaisian was banished clean out of literature, and has never returned. Those persons are very young and ill-informed who think that the change is "Early Victorian." That theory, if correct, would be intelligible; but the revolution was really late Georgian: it arose in an age of heavy courtly licence,—an age when popular life was nearly as rough as it had been in 1740. Yet quite a large class of topics was now banished, not only from books, but from conversation between the sexes. Burns, as a peasant, was probably the last poet who

was allowed to take, or who took, his full swing. Byron was reprobated; and Leigh Hunt was gibbeted (hypocritically, I fear) for the 'Story of Rimini.' None of the three would have been much censured forty years earlier.

I have stated the problem, but I do not pretend to solve it. I remember no Jeremy Collier, and no Addison, who set about reforming the coarseness of taste, just after Smollett's day; and it does not seem that Jeremy or Addison, when they tried, really produced much effect. The 'Spectator,' in Lamb's situation on Primrose Hill, might, indeed, have proved as embarrassing as did 'Pamela' herself. Nor did foreign influences produce the revolution, for France was then hurrying into what had been the English extreme.

If I must make a guess, I would hazard the theory that the change was caused by the rise of a larger reading middle class, especially by the increase in the numbers of women of the middle classes, and in the country, who read books. They had not hitherto been literary: they had simply been housewives and stitchers; good mothers, not bookish. At no time had their class been so free, in conduct or conversation, as the women in "Society" and in London. What they avoided in life, they disliked in literature. They now began to get into contact with literature through book clubs. There were regular societies of provincial Blues, not spotted by

town or court. Moreover, we must probably allow a good deal for the many and far-reaching influences of the Wesleyan movement, and of the Anglican Church as affected thereby. The red-faced parsons, absorbent of port and of ale, the Parson Trullibers, died out. What can Mrs Trulliber have read? Nothing, probably; but the wives of the Henry Tilneys did read, and doted on Cowper as well as on Clara Reeve and Mrs Radcliffe. Moreover, even Sterne, with his "sentiment," made people desire fiction which could touch the heart as well as amuse, and they got it, in Mackenzie's 'Man of Feeling' and 'Julia de Roubigné.' Shelley, in boyhood, tried to set the example of didactic novels, meant, he says, to inculcate his metaphysics and morals. When once sentiment, and didacticism, and romance, and terror (as in Mrs Radcliffe and other favourites of Miss Catherine Morland) came in, and were found delightful, humour and libertinism went out. Broad farce was not in harmony (despite Dickens) with sentiment and the wilfully didactic, nor with "the horrid," with spectral castles, and inquisitorial dungeons. Smollett had thought such attractions dead for ever, but he was wrong. They revived, they were hugely popular, they held the field, and horseplay went out. Miss Burney, again, could not be expected to sin in the direction of Astraea, yet she could interest and amuse without

such gambols. There were no humorous novelists, or none who are now remembered as authors of stories, between the days of Smollett and Miss Edgeworth. There arose a forgotten school of historical novelists. So nobody was tempted to use the old, simple, animal expedients for getting a laugh. Thus the new and great generation of Scott and Miss Austen had no temptations to coarseness or licentiousness, even a moderate freedom would have been fatal, and modern critics may think Scott and Miss Austen "senselessly decent."

On the whole, the most obvious and probable cause of the sharp and sudden revolution of taste was probably what we may call the Wesleyan Reformation acting on the middle classes far beyond the bounds of the Wesleyan communion. Wesley's movement was really (though he did not know it) part of the Romantic movement: it began in an asceticism, and in an emotion, and in "supernormal experiences" after the model of the ideals of the medieval Church. Romanticism itself (in spite of some old French romances) is, in essence, "a delicate thing"; knights amorous and errant are all unlike the festive wanderers of Fielding and Smollett. The squires of romantic lovers are no Straps nor Partridges, and the knights understand "the maiden passion for a maid," in a sense unknown to the lovers of Sophia, Emilia, and Narcissa. The new middle-class lady novel-reader could

not put up with the infidelities of Tom Jones, Roderick Random, and Peregrine Pickle. She felt personally insulted (and no wonder) by their behaviour. From all these influences, one ventures to conjecture, the singular and rapid change in taste, and the decent limitations on literary art (limitations hitherto conspicuously absent from English fiction), drew their origin. That the once Puritan middle classes deserve most of the praise is a theory strengthened by the example of America, where prudery as to the use even of simple harmless phrases (for example, you "retire," in America: you never go to bed) irritated Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes. American literature is assuredly neither licentious nor coarse. But these hypotheses may be inadequate or erroneous, in which case the problem becomes vastly more curious and interesting. A problem it is: the generation of Scott's father saw nothing out of the way or reprehensible in literary forms which the authors of Scott's generation might, and, of course, did enjoy, but dared not, and cared not to follow. Sir Walter himself was an ardent admirer of Smollett, whom at one time he was constantly quoting. But Scott's own heroes never once wander from the strict path of a solitary virtuous attachment. His one heroine who, in fact, had transgressed from the path of Dian, was, if I may say so, violently shunted back into it, owing to the prudery of Ballantyne, some of whose MS.

notes on Scott's proof-sheets prove him to have possessed "a nice morality." Henceforward every hero was a Galahad, till Mr Rochester broke away from the rule and Richard Feverel fell into the ancient errors of Captain Booth. Even now a hero's confessions are less startlingly explicit than those of Roderick Random; and nobody would pretend to interest us in a Peregrine Pickle, or even in a Pamela. The change, which was born full grown, has lasted for a century in England, which had previously set the very opposite example. It was a change due not merely to the moral revolu-

tion that sprang from the Wesley's, but to a general revolt, all along the line, in favour of the ideal and the spiritual, and against the godless commonplace and brutality of the early Hanoverian time. The new materialism of science has probably fostered the new "emancipated" literature of the *strugforlifeur* of M. Daudet. Thus reactions succeed each other; but on the whole, in fiction, and not looking at the worse than Smollettian vulgarity of such plays as "Lord Quex," the tendency to a new licence seems to have expended itself.

A. LANG.

THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS.

OUR army as a whole, and in each of its branches, has been severely tested for several months. There have been many details of command and administration which apparently deserve to be criticised, though it is possible that, when the whole truth is eventually published, it may be found that the present weight of criticism may have to be readjusted or even removed altogether. Circumstances are sometimes stronger than organisation however perfect, or plans of action however well conceived. But there is one military department which has proved itself quite equal to the work that it has undertaken, in whose operations it has been impossible to detect the slightest flaw, and in which there has never been any friction or shortcoming. The medical service of the army has attracted the cordial admiration of Continental, and particularly Russian, military surgeons by its performance of duty in the field and the completeness of its arrangements, and this means a great deal, as almost every other branch of the army is, whether rightly or not, judged unfavourably. It is a good thing when others see us as we would wish to be seen, and 'Maga' most cordially joins in the chorus of foreign approval, and wishes to direct attention to noble work nobly done. It is in the highest degree satisfactory

to see a perfect organisation perfectly successful in the ends for which it has been framed, and those who are responsible for it ought not to lack their meed of public appreciation.

There is no question but that the Royal Army Medical Corps (the department of which we speak) is animated just now by a very special desire to deserve well of England. Some years ago, and for a long time previously, the Army Medical Department, admirable and deserving as it had always proved itself, had been left by the country's Government in a most anomalous condition both as regards rank and privilege. It had been systematically snubbed and its professional and military pride had been gravely injured. Its officers were justifiably disheartened, and the service had lost its attraction for the best young men from the medical schools. In December 1896 'Maga' took up the cudgels in its behalf, and summed up the subject in a manner which, she is proud to believe, gained the gratitude of the department, and had some influence in moving the authorities to make necessary reforms. A due military rank was subsequently granted to the medical officers, and they with their men were formed into a special corps bearing the proud distinction of "Royal." Although it is certain that this concession should be by no means final, and that, in many details, there yet re-

mains much to be done, it has given the highest satisfaction to our army surgeons, and, in order to show themselves worthy of honour, they are, if it were possible, more anxious than ever before to strain every nerve in the performance of duty. They can never have to submit to a higher trial than that which is being given to them by the present war.

Few people realise completely what is the work that the Royal Army Medical Corps has to do, how vast are the responsibilities committed to it. Let it then be understood that, from the time when a severe campaign is in full swing, the most moderate estimate of the number of the sick and wounded to be dealt with is ten per cent of the total forces employed. If we have 100,000 men in the field, there will at any given time be about 10,000 in the care of the R.A.M.C. While soldiers are effective for fighting purposes they are distributed in regiments, battalions, and batteries; in brigades, divisions, and armies. The moment that they are stricken by disease or become victims to the enemy's weapons, they pass into another organisation. They become medical or surgical cases, and are on the strength of one or other of the established posts over which floats the red-cross flag. Every one of these posts has its special object, from the hurried relief on the battlefield itself, the careful examination and treatment at some neighbouring spot, more or less sheltered from the

enemy's bullets, up to the completely fitted field hospital and the still more elaborate hospital at the base of operations. It is worth while to examine all of these, and to see what share each takes in the saving of life, the mitigation of suffering, and the possible restoration of a soldier to his place in the fighting-line.

First, for the battlefield every unit (regiment, battalion, or brigade division of artillery) has attached to it an officer of the R.A.M.C., who accompanies it wherever it goes, and is ever at hand to give instant attention when casualties occur. These gallant gentlemen are as much exposed to the enemy's fire as any of the combatants, and they practise their profession coolly and deliberately under circumstances the most trying to nerve and mental equilibrium that can well be conceived. To their valour is often due the preservation of a life that is ebbing away or the saving of a limb that would otherwise be lost. Even if the case is beyond the aid of science, who can gauge the great reduction of mortal agony that may be the work of their tender and skilful hands? After the first attention has been paid to the wounded, they are removed by the regimental stretcher-bearers to the "collecting station," a spot as near the fighting-line as possible, but to a certain extent sheltered from the enemy's fire. No surgical work is done here; but the first line of ambulances is in waiting, and receives the victims of war for carriage to the "dressing station." And

now we come to the work of another item of the system, the "bearer companies," one of which is attached to each brigade of cavalry or infantry. In a great battle it would be obviously impossible for the surgeons attached to units to attend to all the men who are injured,—the regimental stretcher-bearers could not carry all from the field. More assistance is necessary, and this is given by a bearer company, consisting of three officers, nearly sixty non-commissioned officers and men of the R.A.M.C., and thirty-eight men, under a warrant officer, of the Army Service Corps. The major of the company and another medical officer remain at the dressing station with the sergeant-major, three non-commissioned officers, four privates, and a cook, while the remainder of the company moves after the fighting-line to help in tending and removing the wounded as they fall. The dressing station is established beyond the zone of fire, and, if possible, near a road and a good water-supply. Buildings are utilised when available, but if not tents are pitched; fires are lighted for heating water and preparing restoratives; everything that surgery requires is ready for use, and medical comforts are provided. It is here that there is the first opportunity of minutely examining the condition of a wounded man. Here he is carefully attended to. Here immediately necessary operations are performed, and here his strength is sus-

tained by food and stimulants. Mr Treves, one of the consulting surgeons with the forces in Africa, gives a most vivid account of what he saw at such a place:—

"The scene presented at this spot was beyond description. The men were coming in as fast as ambulances and bearers could bring them. Some were dead, some were dying, all were parched with thirst and baked and blistered with heat. The men were lying on all sides on stretchers—amidst tents, piles of rifles, accoutrements, battered helmets, and blood-stained tunics. It was a sight no one would wish to see again, and the blazing sun added to the miseries of all."

But the dressing station is only a halting-place. There it is impossible to keep any cases for prolonged treatment, and all are at once placed in the second line of ambulances for conveyance to the "field hospital." This is a large establishment consisting of a hundred beds, and is under the charge of four officers and a quartermaster, with thirty-five non-commissioned officers and privates R.A.M.C., and, in addition, twenty non-commissioned officers and privates Army Service Corps for transport duty. A field hospital is attached to every brigade or equivalent body of troops, and it can, if required by circumstances, be subdivided into sections of twenty-five beds. As it must accompany its brigade on the march, it is to the fullest extent mobile; but it is so equipped and provided that it can remain in one place for a considerable period and give to its patients every facility for

repose and comfort as long as they remain in its shelter. This is no long time, however. Being liable to marching orders at any moment, every case that can possibly be removed must be transferred at once to a "stationary hospital." As its name implies, this is a hospital which does not accompany the movements of the army, and is a fixture until there is a great change in the scheme of operations. It is placed on the line of communications, and all of its arrangements have a more or less permanent character. There are several stationary hospitals now in South Africa, and each contains a hundred beds; but it can be broken up into sections of fifty beds, complete in every respect. The *personnel* of each is nearly the same as that of a field hospital, with the exception that there is no transport equipment. No man is, however, placed in a stationary hospital if he is fit to undergo the journey to a "general hospital" at the base of operations. General hospitals have been established at the great South African seaport towns, and they are the *ne plus ultra* of medical science and administration, hardly yielding in any single point to the great organisations at home. Each accommodates 500 rank and file and 20 officers, and is worked by a large staff, comprising a colonel, seven officers, and about 140 non-commissioned officers and men of the R.A.M.C., with eleven civilian surgeons, a lady superintendent, and eight nursing sisters. From the general

hospital there are only two moves possible for the patient—one back to his native land, when he is, alas! permanently disabled or not likely to be fit for war for a considerable time; the other, and happily it is one that can often be made, when he is entirely restored to health and strength and is able to return to his duty in the ranks, very likely again to qualify for hospital treatment.

The long list of posts where sick and wounded are treated by no means exhausts the rôle of beneficent establishments under the direct charge and administration of the officers R.A.M.C. Besides the base depots and advanced depots of stores, medical comforts, &c., for which they are directly responsible, they have entirely in their hands the equipment and control of all the transport of patients by land and sea. No methods long prepared and framed in accordance with any practicable peace establishment could ever cope satisfactorily with the dire immediate necessities of a great battlefield, and the wise foresight of Colonel Gallwey, C.B., the principal medical officer with Sir Redvers Buller's army, made one of the most admirable provisions ever heard of in war's history. He organised a volunteer ambulance corps of 2000 men, who were told off in the proportion of 12 men to a stretcher. These stretcher-carriers bore all the more seriously wounded from the field in the Colenso fight, and thus spared them the suffering and danger which would have been inevitable from the

jolting of the ambulance-wag-gons over the uneven ground. Not only did they do this all day, but during the following night and day they carried all the worst cases on to the stationary hospital. It was due principally to Colonel Gallwey's bold initiative and thoroughness of previous organisation that not a single wounded man was left on the field after dark. This is only one instance out of many that might be cited showing what a practical grasp the officers R.A.M.C. have of everything that bears on their responsibilities, and how perfectly prepared they are to foresee and meet necessities that may arise.

Then, for the long railway journeys from the front to the base, hospital trains of the most elaborate completeness in equipment were prepared before the necessity for their use actually arose, and have been found admirably adapted for their purpose. Each train is a self-contained hospital, with stores, means of cooking, comfortable arrangements for patients, and room for medical staff. African railways are generally a single line of rails, so frequent shunting on to a siding must take place to allow other trains to pass; but from this there follows no inconvenience except the delay, and every precaution is taken that in passing from the battlefield to the general hospital there is no increase of hurt or suffering. Again the work on the Natal side may be quoted as an example of what has been done, but certainly only as a case of *ex uno disce omnes*. Major Brazier

Creagh has made his hospital trains the object of unlimited labour and thought. In them, as soon as a patient has been put into his berth, he has been able to command iced soda-water and whisky, iced milk, hot soup, or even champagne and seltzer-water. In relation to hospital trains it should be noted that Major Creagh brought his train actually under fire on to the battlefield at Colenso, and that the wounded were lifted into it from the place where they fell. Truly, if war is a brutal and illogical business, at any rate some of its worst evils have been palliated by philanthropic science.

In African waters there are now six hospital ships—the Trojan and the Spartan, which were provided by Government; the Princess of Wales, prepared by the Red Cross Society, assisted by funds given by the kind Princess whose name it bears from moneys remaining in her hands after the occupation of Egypt; the Maine, chartered and fitted out by the generous exertions of American ladies, under the personal care and supervision of Lady Randolph Churchill; and the Lismore and Nubia, lately fitted out in the colony. These magnificently arranged and provided ships are under the direct control of the R.A.M.C., though it has been of course impossible to find, from its too limited numbers, all the professional *personnel*, and this has been formed from the cream of the medical faculty in England and the United States.

The normal requirements of an army in the way of medical attendance differ so enormously from the tremendous pressure of a great war, that it would be out of the question to maintain such a permanent establishment of the R.A.M.C. as would be sufficient to meet all the duties which now lie before it. Like those of other nations, our military medical department has always had to contemplate the necessity, when an emergency arose, of appealing to the medical profession at large for assistance. The appeal has now been made by the Director-General, and most nobly and enthusiastically has it been answered. Thousands of the most highly qualified men in our islands, representing all the great medical schools, have applied for employment, and the only difficulty has been to choose from the multitude the few hundreds that have been required. It is understood that these civilian surgeons are to receive the same pay and allowances during their term of employment as the regular officers; but no such temptations, nor indeed any temptations whatever, were necessary to secure their services. These gallant volunteers were only anxious to practise their noble profession in their country's service, not in mere commonplace hospital work, but in the most advanced posts, where exposure and hardship are greatest and the enemy's bullets are flying most thickly. So far it has not been considered desirable to gratify their very laudable ambition to the utmost, as

their lack of military experience and knowledge of military routine might present some difficulties, but they are finding ample employment in the base and stationary hospitals. It is by no means improbable, however, that the time may come when some of them may find themselves in situations which will very fully try their nerve and hardihood.

In addition to the regular working staff of our medical organisation for war, our soldiers are also having with them some of the greatest British surgeons as consultants. The names of Sir W. MacCormac, Mr Treves, Sir W. Stokes, and others who have gone to South Africa, are those of princes in their great calling, and England owes a deep debt of gratitude to such men, who, forsaking their great positions and largely paid practices at home, have gone forth on their errand of mercy. It is no confession of weakness on the part of the R.A.M.C. that it should welcome the advice in grave cases of scientists whose reputation is pre-eminent. The credit of its officers, gained brilliantly in peace and war, puts it beyond any such suggestion; but there is no doubt that it is often more difficult to decide whether a serious operation is advisable than to perform the operation itself, and it must be of the greatest satisfaction to the patient, to the patient's friends at home, and to the surgeon that the propriety of any course of action should be supported and fortified by an opinion of unquestionable weight and

value. If they had gone from England for nothing else but to inspect and report upon the R.A.M.C. work in the field and in hospital, the presence of the consultants in Africa would have been an immense satisfaction to the English people. No men know better than they what surgery and nursing should be, and when, as independent critics, they can and do pour forth unstinted praise upon every detail that has come before them, we can bless the arrangement that has given us their opinion. In employing these distinguished men, England is only doing what all great Continental nations propose to do in the case of war; but even in our own history we have seen a leading London surgeon hurry to the scene of a great campaign:—

“The fact may not inappropriately be recalled that Sir Charles Bell acted as a volunteer consultant to the forces after Waterloo. In his ‘Letters,’ published by his widow, it is stated that when, on June 22, 1815, the news of the great battle reached London, Bell exclaimed to his brother-in-law, Mr John Shaw, afterwards surgeon to the Middlesex hospital: ‘Johnnie! How can we let this pass? Here is such an occasion of seeing gunshot-wounds come to our very door. Let us go.’ They set off at once, the only passports they thought of being surgical instruments: these Shaw shook in the faces of the officers, who thereupon let them pass without making any difficulty. On their arrival at Brussels they found things in some confusion. Bell writes on July 1: ‘It was thought we were prepared for a great battle, yet there we are, eleven days after it, only making arrangements for the reception of the wounded.’”

Sir Charles Bell appears to

have given his great skill principally to the French wounded, though he was consulted by General Adam, Sir Edward Barnes, Sir Henry Hardinge, and other officers.

After all, surgery and medicine are not everything in the treatment of a case, but careful and tender nursing takes a very important part. The medical officer cannot always remain by one bedside, and if his directions are not minutely carried out during the long hours when he is employed elsewhere, his best skill will be but of partial avail. It does not appear to be usually known that the men of the R.A.M.C. are not only stretcher-bearers but are also highly skilled and experienced hospital attendants, and are divided according to their capabilities into various classes. The orderlies of the first class are thoroughly trained “nurses,” while the others are employed as compounders, cooks, &c. Probably nowhere is the responsibility of nursing more felt than it is by the orderlies in a military hospital. Quite irrespective of the sympathetic feeling which we believe that most Englishmen have towards helplessness and suffering, they are very fully imbued with the military virtues of discipline and devotion to duty. We know well how in the combatant ranks good officers can by their leading incite their men to deeds of chivalry and heroism, and in like manner the unfailing scientific coolness, resource, presence of mind, and entire forgetfulness of self shown by the officers

of the R.A.M.C. are constantly emulated by the men who serve with them. There is no doubt that in the line nearest the enemy, where work must inevitably be to some extent rough and ready, when grave danger is hovering near, and a hospital must, as it were, "come into action" with the utmost rapidity, and not always under the most favourable surrounding circumstances, the men of the R.A.M.C. are the best possible nurses. It has been suggested that some lady nurses should be attached to the field hospitals; but the consensus of opinion among those who are responsible that the work is well done, and among the poor Tommies who form the cases, is that the ladies would be quite out of place so near the battlefield, and that it is much better to rely entirely on the men who have always proved themselves to be so good and efficient. It is obvious, too, that, if a lady nurse falls sick, it would be impossible in a field hospital to provide that she should have the care and privacy due to her sex.

But in the case of our sick and wounded soldiers there is still a very important place for lady nurses. Immediately after the first shock of a wound, the patient's thoughts are still full of the excitement of the fight, or else he is nearly unconscious of surrounding influences. So long as he is attended to, there is little room for the sway of the mind over the body; but when he finds himself in a stationary or base hospital, during the long-drawn-out days while he is slow-

ly progressing to convalescence, or when perhaps he is fading out of life, the gentle touch of a woman's hand and the soothing tones of a woman's voice are to him of inestimable value. Good and attentive as male nurses may be, their care lacks something which is supplied by that of the "ministering angels." This has been recognised for some years, and a corps of ladies called the Army Nursing Service has been formed for hospital duty in England and the Colonies, India being provided for by the Indian Nursing Service, which is a separate body. The sisters of the Army Nursing Service all go through a course of instruction at Netley, and there become accustomed to military ways and military discipline. A large number of them are now in South Africa, and how admirably their work is done will be told by the invalids who are now returning to England. As the Army Nursing Service would be unable to meet all the calls upon it, it is supplemented by sisters from the Army Nursing Reserve, an organisation managed by a committee of which Princess Christian is president, and into whose benevolent work she has thrown her whole energy. The followers in the footsteps of Florence Nightingale are now many. The good work that she initiated has now become a commonplace of warlike organisation, the difficulties that she found in her path have passed away for ever, and all the world recognises the noble practicalness of her aims.

Some comment has been made

on the omission of special sanitary officers from the staffs of our armies. The fact is, however, that such officers are now in no way needed. Every officer of the R.A.M.C. goes through a course at Netley on all matters connected with sanitation, and is perfectly competent to advise in every such detail. The medical officer attached to each unit is responsible to the principal medical officer of the division for the proper condition of his camp, and a most careful eye is kept upon the sources of water-supply, the food, and all matters that can possibly affect the wellbeing of the men. How thoroughly sanitation is attended to is shown by the excellent general health of all the troops, although typhoid fever is known to be very prevalent in South Africa during the autumn and summer. The only places where there have been any serious outbreaks are among the besieged garrisons and one or two camps close to the enemy, and their conditions are of course beyond the control of any sanitary science, however perfect and however energetic in action.

A very ill-advised commander in the English army once said, not so very long ago, that the medical corps "were not soldiers but only attendants upon soldiers." It may be perhaps difficult to define what special qualifications or employments make a man a soldier; but if entire self-abnegation in the cause of duty, if patient endurance of fatigue and hardship in the course of military operations, if the profoundest dis-

regard of danger in the battlefield, if the fact of their officers and men being large sharers in the death and injury that smite the *personnel* of an army, are any of the conditions that mark a true soldier, the R.A.M.C. can say, "No men are more of soldiers than we." This must be iterated again and yet again; for, in the face of these very palpable facts, there can be no doubt that in certain military quarters, and those, so far, very influential quarters, there is still a deep-rooted feeling of animosity against the medical service. Or is it possible that the feeling is rather one of jealousy because that service has been so eminently equal to a great occasion, when the purely combatant administration has, to say the least, not been too successful? Specific army status has been granted to the medical department, but this has not apparently always carried with it the recognition that is due. For a salient example of what is meant it may be pointed out that the name of the principal medical officer of the last Soudan expedition was omitted from the otherwise comprehensive list of those to whom the thanks of Parliament were tendered. The record of special acts of gallantry performed by our officers and men in South Africa is somewhat slow in reaching us, and what has come has been wanting in fulness. Perhaps it is only the despatches of successful generals that can be expected to contain eulogies of subordinates, however well they may have served, however brilliant an example

they may have given. But, though we have yet to learn officially the details of many deeds of heroism, the commanders of the most important forces hitherto employed have spoken generally in the most laudatory terms about the work done by the R.A.M.C. General Buller says:—

“One of the Natal papers is attacking the military hospitals, and, as some of the false and ridiculous statements may cause anxiety at home, I think it right to say that Mr Treves assures me that there is no possible ground for complaint, and that I may rest satisfied that all the medical arrangements are completely satisfactory to him. I pressed him if he could suggest improvement, and he said he could not. I have given the matter every consideration, and can only express my admiration of the arrangements made by Colonel Gallwey and the Royal Army Medical Corps, and Mr Treves assures me that he entirely agrees with me.”

Lord Methuen thus concludes his despatch after the Modder River fight:—

“Again I call attention to the splendid hospital arrangements, for at 4.45 p.m. on the day after the fight all my wounded were on the way to Capetown. I am glad to have been slightly wounded, because in no other way could I have learnt the care taken of the wounded; and there was nothing officer or private soldier required that was not provided at once, and the medical officers never tired in their endeavour to alleviate suffering.”

The despatch also contains the following mention: “He (Colonel Paget) draws attention to Captain Moores, R.A.M.C., who, although wounded in the hand, said nothing, but continued his duties.”

From other sources we know

that, while our soldiers have behaved, without exception, in accordance with the noblest traditions of the British race, when one of the few bright elements in the campaign's history is the knowledge that all ranks have quitted themselves like men, the R.A.M.C. has specially distinguished itself, and we cannot help feeling our blood stirred by tales of what it has done. Mr Treves tells of poor Lieutenant Roberts's death:—

“Before he was brought in he had been lying for seven hours in the sun in a donga. Here he was attended by Major Babbie, R.A.M.C., who rode into the donga through a hail of bullets, and whose horse was killed under him. Major Babbie kept by the wounded men in the donga until the battle was over, and as he alone had water in his water-bottle he doled out water to each man in a minim measure, 1 drachm to each. The courage and daring of Major Babbie on this occasion call for some recognition from the medical profession, if not from the military authorities.”

Then the ‘Morning Post’s’ correspondent, writing of the battle of Magersfontein:—

“It is most necessary here to say a word in praise of the Army Medical Corps, who faced a hot fire all day long, going close up to the firing-line to bring back our wounded. It seems almost incredible that during the day 500 wounded men should have been brought back by the Medical Corps, though to get them back stretcher-bearers and searchers had to cross and recross a zone of fire nearly a mile wide.”

Writing of the same battle, the ‘Daily Telegraph’ correspondent says:—

“When the ambulance was brought up about noon, the Boers would not allow it to come nearer than 500 yards. Ensor, however, went on

alone within 300 yards of the enemy and brought back a wounded man, although a heavy fire was directed on him by the Boers. Captain Probyn, attached to the Gordon Highlanders, walked erect up and down the firing-line attending to the wounded officers and men under a hail of bullets."

And so on and so on.

Several officers of the R.A.M.C. have met a soldier's death in the field. The first to give his life for his country was Major Gray, who fell while ministering to the wounded at Elandslaagte. Then Captain Hughes, one of the most brilliant young English scientists, died by Buller's side at Colenso. Even that unemotional commander telegraphed, "We had all learned to love him"; and it has been written of him in a great professional journal, "His untimely death is a loss not only to the Royal Army Medical Corps, but also to the profession at large and to medical science." And, alas! there are others.

A very spirited ditty has come before us. It was published in the 'Morning Post,' and it is no discredit to it to say that it is evidently inspired by the study of Rudyard Kipling. Its last lines seem to sum up very perfectly all that we think about the R.A.M.C. in the field:—

"But, here's to the man of the R.A.M.C.
Buzzing about on the field like a bee,
'Tending the wounded where lead's
flying hot,
Biting his lip when he gets hisself shot:
Brave as the best of us, hurt and not
tell,
Doctor he may be—he's soldier as well."

And, besides their chivalrous courage and readiness in the

actual battlefield, the R.A.M.C. have given examples of the most extraordinary endurance in carrying out their duties after the actual fighting is over,—an endurance so much beyond the ordinary capacity of human powers, that it can only be accounted for by believing that they are stimulated by the noblest professional zeal and the most eager and high-minded philanthropy. After the battle of Magersfontein the medical men worked incessantly for *thirty-six* hours. After the battle of Colenso Mr Treves writes:—

"Some 800 wounded were passed through the field hospitals and dealt with by sixteen surgeons. Those who harshly criticise the Medical Department should have seen the work done on the memorable Friday on the Naval Hill before Colenso. No work could have been done better. The equipment was good, the arrangements elaborated, and the officers worked on hour after hour without rest or food under the most trying possible conditions. No greater strain could have fallen upon a department, and all concerned met the brunt of it valiantly and well. One could not be other than proud of one's profession."

And be it remembered that the men who did this great work, work which involved as much toil to the brain as it demanded the utmost skilfulness of hand, did not come to it fresh and unfatigued. Many of them had had a weary march, many of them had been present and employed during the long and bitter action. The temperature was over 100°, and the atmosphere was permeated with dust. Truly a marvellous feat!

Something has now been

said of our Army's Medical Service in the field, of its marvellously perfect organisation, of the individual initiative, cool courage, skill, endurance, and sense of duty shown by its members in the most trying tests that can well be conceived; but it must be remembered that there are other officers of the R.A.M.C. who, though they are not serving in the field, have to discharge duties as essential to the efficient working of the department. A long succession of most able, experienced, and practical men have built up the present system of administration and execution, and it has been the good fortune of Surgeon-General Jameson, the present Director-General, to see how admirable in every respect is the result of the labour done

by himself and his predecessors. He has within the last few months had to face a gigantic task, and to face it at the head of a service which is miserably undermanned. Complaints have, in one or two instances, been made of so-called shortcomings in the department that he controls, but they have been the outcome of profound ignorance as to real facts, and in no single case have they been justified—indeed they have always been triumphantly refuted. The strain has been terrible, but in no detail has the medical service given way. Surely there is here a combination of science, of business capacity, of patriotic feeling, of profound sense of duty, which our nation should be proud to see in servants of the State. Surely it should not be ungrateful.

BUSH - WHACKING.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD.

III.

AN EXPEDITION INTO THE BENIGHTED LANDS.

AN expedition into the Benighted Lands! Until you have served your apprenticeship on the outskirts of the empire, breathed frontier air, heard frontier talk, dreamed frontier dreams, you cannot realise the splendour, the magic, the thrill of that idea. For years you have heard tales without number of the States beyond the border—fragmentary echoes of deeds that have their counterparts only in the ‘Arabian Nights.’ For years you have speculated with your fellows concerning all that goes forward in that dim back-of-beyond where no white man has hitherto set foot. Now and again you have caught a passing glimpse of the blue line of distant mountains which separate a nineteenth-century protectorate from a kingdom of the middle ages, and the faint haze upon the hill-tops has seemed to you to be the visible cloud of mystery which hovers over the untrodden land. Earnestly you have longed for the day when the Government will step on and out; when the barrier of frontier will be removed; when the new raw country, which is yet so old, so unchanged, shall be forced to yield its secrets to you; when the mystery which has surrounded it, which has severed

it from the white races since the Creation, shall be laid bare to your probe; when you shall at last be suffered to enter the stronghold which has so long withstood the assaults of progress and civilisation. Until you have yourself experienced these desires, you cannot conceive the measure of their potency. The men, military or civil, whose duty takes them to the border-lands, cannot escape the contagion. It is in the air they breathe, the sounds they hear, the sights which fill their seeing. The restlessness, which under Elizabeth drove men Westward Ho! sets our fellows itching to cross the borders of the Queen in this later day, there to seek for new countries, to see new things, to experience new dangers, excitements, privations. Our border-folk are the gentlemen adventurers of our age. They are glorified tramps every man of them, and the song of the tramp is their war-song:—

Since the day when I played in the
squalid street,

And dreamed that I'd go to sea,
No place in the world was dear or
sweet,

Or good in itself to me!

The Land I loved was the Land I saw
Just dipping below the sky,
And when I was there,—it was good
no more,

So forward again trudged I!

If the matter were left in the hands of the frontier-men, the expansion of the empire would proceed at a rate positively terrific, and England would have more little wars on her hands than she owns men to fight them. But the folk who sit in the offices of Downing Street — 'tis an atmosphere little calculated to breed excitement or enthusiasm — know this well; and the men on the frontier hold their posts only so long as they curb their desires and their restlessness. That is what frontier-men mean when they say that energetic action on their part does not receive the support it deserves from Government.

But when the word goes forth that an expedition into the Benighted Lands is sanctioned, there is mighty delight among the men upon the border. Every soul thinks that he has especial claims or qualifications which render his inclusion in the expedition a mere matter of common-sense. The Resident is bombarded with applications, is pleaded with, almost tearfully, by disappointed men, and is presented with an *embarras de choix* that might well be bewildering were it not that he knows exactly what he wants, and which of his officers most accurately fulfil the conditions which he requires. The expedition will probably occupy several months; its way will lie through vast uninhabited forests for many days, and later it will pass villages scantily populated. Supplies must be taken to tide the men over

these barren zones; and since the staple of the bulk of the force is rice, without which Malays cannot live, it is necessary that the white men should conform as far as possible to the native custom, and should satisfy themselves with food such as the natives use. The Resident gathers together a hundred fighting Malays — villagers of his State, who follow him willingly at his invitation without pay or fee. The old feudal feeling, so strongly rooted in the people, has now been transferred from the native chiefs to himself, and since the raiding of the rebels has broken the peace which the Malays have learned to love under British rule, they have a personal object to serve in aiding their white friend to remove all possibility of future trouble from them by carrying the war into the enemy's country. But each of these fighting-men consumes a quarter of a bushel of rice every twenty-four hours; and a Malay bearer can only carry five bushels of rice upon his back, if he is to move swiftly through jungle in the wake of the fighters. Also, the bearer needs an equal quantity of food, in order that he may do his work efficiently; and this means that he carries supplies for himself for ten days, and rations for a similar period for one fighting-man. In addition to rice there are other burdens that must be borne, such as ammunition, sleeping-mats for the white men and the chiefs, the medical stores and instruments, and sundry inevitable

impedimenta; and each bearer employed in this duty requires a man to carry his rations for ten days. The Resident and his aide work the problem out on paper after the manner of their kind, and the figures representing the number of men needed reach alarming dimensions. When the jungle march begins the supplies must be cut down as much as possible; dried fish and salt must be the only luxuries allowed in addition to the necessary rice; and the white men must take their chance with the natives. These are the conclusions at which the Resident arrives. In anticipation, with the glow of excitement engendered by the thought of the expedition still upon them, the prospect does not dismay the Europeans; but none the less their chief selects as his comrades only those in whose physique he has the greatest confidence. The moral qualities needed—courage, patience, devotion to duty, energy, good temper, and good sense—are things of course. A man lacking these had hardly won his spurs in the trying districts of the border-land.

It chanced that it is on St Patrick's Day the start is made. During the past week natives have been flocking from all parts of the interior district to Kuâla Tëmbëling, where the united waters of the Tëmbëling and the Jëlai form the noble Pahang river. At this place a wide spread of golden sand, set with silver shingle, flanks the left bank of the river for several hundreds of yards, furnishing a camping-ground such as it is

not easy to find in this jungle-smothered land. A stockaded police-station rises from the centre of a small parade-ground high on the river-bank above the spread of sand. At a distance of a couple of hundred yards in front of it the forest shuts down upon the edge of the running water. In mid-distance a sharp point of land, swaddled in thick, secondary growths, juts out, dividing the Jëlai from the Tëmbëling. The edge of the sandbank is fringed with moored boats of many shapes and sizes, from the dug-out canoe fashioned from a single charred log to the great mat-covered freight-barges which can be punted no higher up the rapid-beset stream. On the sand itself temporary huts—mere lean-to roofs supported on rude uprights or punting-poles—are scattered about without order or plan. Some of these are thatched rudely with green palm-leaves cut in the neighbouring jungle; others are roofed in with sheets of *mên-khang*-palm mats, borrowed from the boats; others again are sheltered by lengths of bamboo, split in half, and cunningly laid side by side, the concave surfaces uppermost, with convex pieces protecting the joins, draining during rainy weather into the hollows on either hand, and rendering the whole waterproof. The contents of the huge freight-barges have been packed into smaller covered boats during the last few days; the bearers who are to carry the burdens when the marching begins are now manning the punting-platforms, for the Ma-

lays of the expedition have all been born on the river-banks and bred to paddle and pole; the warriors, with their rifles, cartridges, and bundles of personal gear, are fitting themselves into the dug-outs, taking their turn to steer or work the boat; the white men, with their slender stock of baggage, are crawling each into the slim craft which is to be his home for the next ten days. The huts are being rapidly dismantled of mat roofs and punting-poles, many of them collapsing into confused rubbish-heaps as their supports are dragged away from them. The whole scene is one of extraordinary bustle and confusion, of flitting figures clothed in gay garments, of pattering bare feet, of brown arms waving, of brown faces, some excited and eager, others stolid and expressionless. Men bear the last loads riverwards sturdily with bowed backs, moving methodically; others noisily shouting directions to which no one pays heed, stamping and gesticulating wildly, and impeding the busy workers. At last the boats are ready. A Malay who enjoys some reputation among his fellows as a man of learning stands on the platform in the stern of the Resident's boat and lifts up his voice in shrill Muhammadan invocation. The sonorous words of the prayer end with the Prophet's name, and the crowd of natives chimes in, repeating "Muhammad!" in a crashing roar. "Peace be to thy journeying!" screams an old chief from the bank as the Resident's boat gets under way; "Peace be to thee

tarrying!" comes the answering shout. The phrases are repeated from boat to shore, from shore to boat again as the whole flotilla crawls off in an irregular line, the steermen seeking the shallower parts of the stream. Then boat after boat vanishes round the bend into the Tëmbëling valley, till the last dug-out disappears with its freight of armed men, and a great hush falls upon those who stand watching from the sandbank. The expedition has started on its way to the Benighted Lands.

All day long the fleet of boats struggles up-stream, punting-poles creaking and complaining, their metal tips grinding in the shingle of the river-bed, water splashing and dripping from their ends in a jewelled shower; the men, whooping, groaning, grunting at each fresh effort, labour and strain with bent bodies combating the current, their bare wet soles stamping on the poling-platforms. All day long the sharp noses of the boats are thrust forward fretting the river, cleaving its waters with a delicious sound suggestive of the coolness for which all are craving. All day long the white men lie stretched upon their mats under the thin low awnings, grilling in the merciless heat. At every village a party goes ashore and comes back laden with miscellaneous supplies — noisy fowls which have resolutely resisted capture and now protest furiously, yams, brinjals white or purple, coconuts, long stalks of sugar-cane, preserved *dûri-an* wrapped in palm-leaves, bananas, oleagin-

ous rice drenched in molasses, and all the other unspeakable luxuries of an up-country village, from putrid fish to the salted yolks of last year's eggs newly disinterred. Transport presents no difficulties so long as the journey can be made by boat, so the Resident, at whose charges all these purchases are made, encourages his men to eat of the best that can be procured so long as the opportunity is theirs.

At dusk—here, so close to the equator, the day ends always soon after six o'clock—the flotilla halts, the boats being made fast alongside a sand-bank. The boatmen camp ashore, and fires are soon blazing, rice-pots boiling, fish and other things roasting in the embers. The white men walk about and stretch their legs, swim in the cool waters of the river, and then gather in the Resident's boat for the evening meal. Thereafter they sit smoking, filled with a great content. From the sandbank there comes a continuous hum of soft, melodious voices, for Malay is a musical tongue; the splash of feet wading to or from one of the moored boats sounds frequently; the river croons gently, like a mother soothing her child to sleep; from the forest the note of nightbird, insect, and tree-frog is heard ceaselessly, the background, as it were, against which all the other noises are revealed. The coolness of the Malayan night in the quiet up-country places comes gratefully after the fever of the day, comforting the white men, making them actively con-

scious of a sense of most complete wellbeing.

For many days the flotilla forces its way up-river, penetrating farther and farther into the bosom of the Těmběling valley. The range of mountains, which forms the barrier between the empire and the waste beyond, grows hourly more near. At last a point is reached where a river, falling into the Těmběling on its right bank, opens the way to the most frequented route that leads into the settled districts of the Benighted Lands. Here the Resident calls a halt, and sends messengers forward to spread the news of his coming; but next morning, to the genuine surprise of the whole expedition, the order is suddenly given to continue the ascent of the main river. Late in the afternoon the mouth of another stream is reached, and into this the flotilla is steered. For a week the expedition labours up this shallow river,—now poling along straight reaches of an oily smoothness; now dragging the unloaded boats up flights of noisy rapids, where the waters leap furiously around the wallowing canoes and the drenched straining men; now carrying the crafts over belts of rock, or running them on wooden rollers; now pushing them through the shrieking shingle-beds. From early in the morning until the darkness comes every soul is labouring unceasingly, loading and unloading the boats, tugging, dragging, pushing, pulling, lifting and heaving, righting

crafts which have capsized, baling water from those which have been swamped in the rapids, punting forward over the short smooth reaches which separate obstruction from obstruction. There is no eight hours' theory here, and white men and brown toil uncomplainingly and with a marvelous energy during all the hours of daylight.

"Aren't they splendid fellows?" says the Resident, enthusiastically. "Look at them! Would you ever get white labourers to work like that? You would think that they enjoyed it, and not a man among them is getting anything except his food!"

As he speaks, a mob of fifty yelling Malays rush the biggest of the boats against the foaming wave of a rapid. The river is only waist-deep; but the current is mighty, and no one but a Malay could keep his footing amid the roaring waters. On the punting-platform forward six men, with knees and bodies bent, stagger under the fearful strain as they essay to hold the boat in position by the poles with which they are grappling the rocks upon the bank. The remainder of those engaged in pushing the boat up the rapid struggle on either side, holding the gunwale with their hands. The charging volume of the torrent disputes every inch of the way. Little by little the boat forges ahead, then slides back a foot or two, then moves forward again, hangs poised and motionless, then thrusts its nose deeper into the white wave in

front of it. The Malays labour manfully, yelling in chorus with the excitement of their exertions, battling with the current as though it were some living thing. Once more the boat creeps onward; again it hangs in suspense; then, with a final rush, it leaps to the top of the rapid into stiller water. A great roar goes up; the men who have been pushing lustily fall forward when the resistance is so suddenly removed, and one of them is jammed between the boat's side and the jagged surface of a piece of protruding rock. The Resident gives a sharp cry and leaps forward to his aid, but the man extricates himself and limps ashore laughing. "It does not signify, *Tuan*," he says cheerfully. Two other men scramble on to the bank and dance wildly with grotesque gesticulations. They have overcome an enemy, and they are tingling with excitement no less real than that of the triumphant warrior. "They are wonderful fellows," says the Resident again. "I had rather have them to work with than any men I know, yet people will tell you that the Malays are the laziest animals on the face of the earth."

"There's a good deal in the way you work them," says the second in command. "They will do their best for you or me, because we can talk to them, understand them, and show them that we wish to consider their comfort. The Malay requires the personal motive to set him going. He will only work like this because it pleases

him to serve a friend; he can see no point in toiling for a master or for a wage."

"That's just it; and it is why the Malay when he works for one who knows him works as no other man can do."

At the end of a week a spot is reached on the banks of the little river where the Resident means to leave his boats and take to the shore. The loads are apportioned, the men whose aid is no longer required are told off and given leave to return to their villages, arms are inspected, rations are doled out to the fighting-men, and all the necessary preparations are made for an early start on the morrow.

During the past week the expedition has been creeping through forest lands which have no inhabitants save the wild beasts whose cries are heard in the melancholy night-time, and whose spoor is seen so frequently in the yielding mud near the brink of the river. Native tradition tells that this route into the Benighted Lands was used once, long ago, by a little band of fugitives flying the anger of a hostile chief; and the Resident has selected it as the way of all others by which his coming will be the least expected. A Sâkai, a hill-tribesman, acts as guide. He is a citizen of the jungle, and owns no country as his home. To him the States on the fringe of the empire and the Benighted Lands are all one; he recognises no boundaries; he and his fellows have moved hither and thither through the forest, driven this way or that as their primi-

tive food-supplies became exhausted. To him all the interior districts of the Peninsula form one state—the jungle-kingdom—a land without definite limits, where all men are free to come and go at will, and with its obscure byways he has been familiar from infancy. Without the aid of his knowledge—the knowledge of a creature who wears his scanty loin-cloth of rough bark ungladly, and can count no higher than the numeral three—the white men, the "heirs of all the ages," and the semi-civilised brown folk, their companions, would be unable to prosecute their journey; without his help the great engine of empire, which, working from Downing Street, is propelling the little force into the Benighted Lands, would find its monstrous wheels clogged! The idea has something awful about it: it exemplifies the impotence of the mighty in a manner which is humiliating.

At four o'clock in the morning the camp is astir. An order has been circulated overnight, and the word passed for a march which is to occupy all the hours of daylight. The cold winds which herald the dawn are blowing down the stream from the near mountains; the moon has sunk to her rest; the darkness is profound. Suddenly a voice shouts through the gloom bidding men arise. The cry is taken up from hut to hut, travels round the camp, and is greeted with groans and the inarticulate murmurs of men heavy with sleep. Again the shout rings out imperatively from the white men's camp,

and with slow reluctance the Malays begin to move. No dressing is required, for the natives sleep in their day-clothes; but each man gropes his way to the river-brink and washes himself elaborately. Then fires spring into red life here, there, and everywhere. Against the ruddy smudges of flame forms are outlined blackly, squatting figures bowed above the cooking-pots, swaddled to the chin in shapeless cloaks. The heaviness of the waking-hour is still upon them, and their speech is broken and fragmentary, indistinctly heard above the growing volume of sound occasioned by the roar of fire and the crackling of dry fuel.

One by one the white men awake, stretch themselves, creep down to the river to bathe, and stumble back through the darkness to dress. A pair of coarse jungle trousers, a flannel shirt, stout socks, canvas shoes, and a slouch hat constitute their simple costume. Belts, from which depend pouches for money, pouches for tobacco, watch-pouches, compass-pouches, cartridge-pouches, a holstered pistol, hang about the Europeans' waists, giving them the air of dingy Christmas-trees. Shaving is postponed until a more favourable opportunity presents itself, and the morning toilet is, therefore, an operation which occupies little time. Before it is completed the orderlies bring huge plates of rice and curry which they place upon the sleeping-mats, and the white men fall to and make as good a meal as the early hour and a

total lack of appetite render possible. Natives have this advantage over their white brethren—they can feed at any hour, gorge themselves to any extent, take in rations as though they were stoking an engine, and so fortify themselves for the labours of the day which lies ahead. A white man may acquire a similar aptitude, but he needs constant practice; and during the early days of a jungle march he is apt to eat too little while the opportunity is his, and to go sorrowing all the day in consequence.

Presently the daylight comes, slowly and stealthily, with an almost imperceptible strengthening of wan light, looking in at the men camped under the overhanging trees with as much caution as an urchin uses in peeping under a flower-pot in which he believes an imprisoned bird to lie concealed. The Malays, having eaten their fill and thereafter swilled deep draughts of cold water, rise to their feet, settle their loads upon their backs, and form up into an irregular line. The hill-tribesman leads the way, naked save for a bark girdle through which is thrust all his worldly gear. He steps forward lightly as a stag, and the tread of the bare-footed Malays behind him seems heavy by comparison, while the thin shoes of the white folk trample and crash. Civilisation hath ever a weighty footfall, as those who have marked the wrecks of old and broken landmarks which it leaves in its wake know full well. The nearer man is to the beasts the more active and

catlike his agility; the nearer he wins to the Godhead the more ponderous and vulnerable is the body which weighs upon and shackles him.

The string of laden men wriggles into the forest. Here the highways of even semi-barbarous men have ceased to be. The world is in its primeval condition, and human beings must share with their brothers the brutes the roads of Nature's contrivance. A little stream splutters down through lichened rocks and shingles to the river by the camp, and up its bed the Sâkai steps with the whole expedition trailing behind him. The waters vary from a depth of two feet to as many inches; they come leaping and squabbling from the mountains, and they are bitterly cold. The rocks and shingles past or over which the stream rushes are of a glassy slipperiness, and bare-shod men trip and flounder along with their skin turned to goose-flesh, their marching accompanied by the sound of stones grating loudly one against the other, and a great splashing of disturbed water. Hour after hour passes away. Each one's legs are numbed to the knee, the heels and the balls of his feet are sore and bruised; even through their shoes the white men can feel the tenderness in the hollow beneath the instep which comes from balancing on insufficient foot-rests of hard rock. Overhead the branches of the trees join hands above the stream, in some places spreading downwards so lowly that men are forced to crawl under them on all-fours. The

track is a mere thread of running water passing through a tunnel of greenery, and as each slow mile is traversed the size of the path shrinks and the stream is diminished in volume. The sun which now is soaring high above the forest is powerless to warm the dank atmosphere in this natural vault.

Shortly after mid-day a halt is called, and the white men and their followers seat themselves on boulders, with their drenched legs drawn up out of reach of the running water, and wait for the straggling baggage-bearers to arrive. A busy search is made in every fold of each man's clothes for lurking leeches, and the brown or green creatures, with their bodies erect and their pointed tips waving inquiringly in every direction, are hacked into pieces with wood-knives, or are shrivelled up for ever by a drop of tobacco-juice. Here and there on a brown leg, or showing dimly through coarse trousers, a smudge of dirty red leaves sure traces of a leech which has feasted heartily. The men are sweating from their toil, for in a tropical climate it is never so cold that exertion can be undertaken with a dry skin; but the perspiration is cold and clammy, and is not accompanied by any sensation of warmth. Slowly the baggage-coolies straggle in, and when all have arrived the Sâkai resumes his march upstream. Half a mile farther on he suddenly turns off, leaving the rivulet on his right, and begins to scramble up a hill which has a gradient steep as that of a thatched roof. The

armed Malays, the Europeans, and the baggage-coolies follow, clinging with hands and feet, pulling themselves up by means of the thick underwood, and wriggling through the tangles of thorns and interlaced rattans. Ahead the Sâkai wields his knife restlessly, and at a touch the boughs and palm-fronds, the vines and the trailing creepers, part and fall asunder as though by magic. Each man makes the way a trifle easier for those behind him, so that the last to pass finds a well-trodden track stretching before him up the mountain-side, although, when the Sâkai turned aside from the river, there was nothing to be seen—no sign or token to guide anything less keen than his jungle-instinct, marking the existence of a possible ascent.

The summit of the first hill reached, the Sâkai leads the way along a spur, or hogsback, which has been much trodden by big game, and is studded here and there with the bare and twig-strewn circles where the argus pheasants strut and drum for the entertainment of their admiring hens. Half a mile farther on the Sâkai again faces the steep hill upon his right, and climbs swiftly skywards. As the Resident toils and scrambles up the ascent he looks aloft and sees almost over his head the brown limbs of the guide running through the brushwood on all-fours, swinging himself from shrub to shrub, darting nimbly between tree-trunks, and breasting the sheer hill without effort. Behind him the Malays of the advance-

guard strain and toil, panting slightly. Behind them again come the white men, blowing like winded buffaloes. The burdened baggage-bearers straggle over half a mile of hillside in the rear. Another hogsback, another brief stretch of level ground, and then another ascent. Will the summit of the mountain never be attained? The Sâkai does not even seem to think of halting, and the Malays are unwilling to lose sight of their guide. The Englishmen will not confess themselves to be beaten. The line wriggles upwards, and the trees grow sparse and few. Another hogsback and another ascent, this time the last and the worst, and then the white men throw themselves down upon the drumming-ground which crowns the ridge, and pant as though they would burst their lungs. Their hearts are leaping and racketing about within them, and the coldness of the wind which plays around the mountain tops, at a height of near 3000 feet above sea-level, chills them horribly, catching their breath.

After a few minutes the white men rise and look around. From the peak on which they stand a view of the surrounding country is commanded: great billows of mountains rise on every side shutting out the plain—mountains smothered from base to crest in impenetrable jungle, of a dark even green, which fades to a blur of blue in the distance. There is not a single well-defined peak among them all. Everywhere, as far as the eye can reach, there are great round sweeps of hill-top, curve after

curve of undulating waves of mountain. Looking upon them thus, a man might almost imagine that some giant sea had been petrified in a moment of seismic fury, its billows fixed for all time in the contortions of their mighty upheaval.

An hour passes, during which bearings are taken by compass of all the mountains of which the Sâkai can furnish or invent names, for the Europeans, after the manner of their kind, are making a rough map of the unknown land; and when at length the whole party has gathered itself together on the summit, and has had time to recover its breath, the descent into the Benighted Lands is begun. It is accomplished in a very short time, the expedition sitting down for the most part and slipping, tumbling, sliding, falling through the brushwood, down the steep face of the hill from terrace to terrace and from hogback to hogback. At last the plain is reached, and after marching down a tiny trickle of rivulet for an hour, a camp is formed in the heart of the forest, and huts of palm-leaves are erected. Stiff limbs are washed in the stream; fires are lighted; the grateful odour of cooking food pervades the air. The insects in the jungle around chant a glad song; fuel cracks and splutters; there is a musical hum of speech from the clusters of Malays about the fires; then food is eaten with a hunter's appetite, and blissful sleep falls upon the tired men before the darkness is two hours old.

At four in the morning the

camp will wake once more; the day will be spent in trudging through strange jungles uninhabited by human beings, untraversed, save at rare intervals of time, by any creature born of man. On every side the traces of the beasts, which here live as secluded, as safe from molestation, as did their ancestors in pre-Adamite days, are visible on tree-trunk, on beaten game-path, on the yielding clay at the drinking-places by the hurrying streams. Here a belt of mud nine feet from the ground shows that an elephant has rubbed his itching back against the rough bark of a tree; and see! coarse hairs are still sticking in the hardened clay. There a long sharp scratch repeated at regular intervals marks the passing of a rhinoceros. Here again is the pad-mark of a tiger, barely an hour old; and the pitted track of deer of all sizes and varieties surround the deeply punched holes which are the footsteps of an elephant. Day after day the expedition trudges on through the forest, following the paths made by the great beasts, reading the sure story of their presence and their doings in Nature's picture-writings on every side. Night after night the war-party camps in the jungle beside some noisy stream, the vast untrodden solitudes of woodland shutting in the tiny cluster of human beings as with an impenetrable wall; the trust which all feel in the instinct of the Sâkai guide, and in his ability to steer a course through the wilderness, inspiring the party with a confidence which does not even

dream of being shaken. The sole anxiety of this time of travel is borne by the white men, who count the daily rations jealously, and work out long sums showing the number of days to come during which food will still be plentiful. The babbling waters of the rivulets, rushing downwards from the mountains to meet larger streams, keep the journeyers company by day, hush them to sleep by night with a song insistent and monotonous, provide a footpath through the thickest portions of the jungle, and by their increasing volume indicate the gradual approach to navigable rivers.

The wild forest-land, uninhabited even by Sâkai, is still round the expedition, a narrow horizon limiting their vision, when at last the war-party makes its way to the banks of a broad but shallow river, the borders of which are covered with mighty *ngëram* trees hanging out over the water, and a dense fringe of graceful bamboos. Loads are stacked quickly on a sandbank in mid-stream, and all the natives set to work with axe and wood-knife to fell the bamboos, to strip them of leaves, to cut them into lengths of about twenty feet each, and to fashion from them light rafts, each capable of bearing two or three men and their loads and supplies. All day long the note of the blades telling loudly upon the hollow stems rings out, and by nightfall the task is completed, and the rafts, moored to the bank by means of slender lines of green rattan, rock lazily in the wash of the current.

Next day the expedition moves forward once more; but the time of dreary travail, of plodding on foot through dense forest, is past. Down the long and shining reaches of this unexplored river, through places which, since the beginning of the world, have been hidden so jealously from the prying eyes of strangers, the long flotilla glides smoothly in a straggling line. The eternal forest has the air of standing aside to let the intruders pass, with a flutter of green draperies, as though it were loath to soil its garments by contact with creatures of so puny a breed. The waters of the river tearing over their shingle-beds, hurling themselves headlong down boulder-set falls and rapids, dancing around the rafts with a soft lapping sound in the calm, sun-gilt reaches, shaking a glistening mane of golden splash and ripple as they run, seem to the travellers like the embodiment of some wild steed broken for the first time to bit and saddle, now galloping furiously in panic, now striving to unseat its rider, again prancing light-heartedly despite its unwonted burden. The solemnity, the mystery of untouched Nature, grips the white men's hearts. Their presence with their train of noisy natives in the heart of these temples of solitude and silence seems an incongruity, a profanation, an indecency. At one point, as the leading raft rounds a sharp bend, a herd of the mighty wild bison, the bulls measuring nineteen and twenty hands at the shoulder, are come upon suddenly, standing knee-

deep in the shallows with dripping muzzles. For an instant the bull who is the leader of his clan stares at the adventurers, sniffing the man-fouled air with nose thrust upwards: then, with a torrent of angry snortings, voicing the protest of the jungle, the herd splashes back to the shore, plunges into the forest, and is lost to sight among the crackling under-wood. The natives watch the bearers of so much red beef disappear with longing eyes; but orders have been given that no shots are to be fired, for the white men do not know how near they may be to a village, and the report of an explosion might prematurely warn the inhabitants of the Benighted Lands of the coming of the expedition.

These are the distinctive features about this journey,—the total ignorance of all as to what may lie ahead, as to the distance which must be traversed, the dangers and difficulties which must be encountered, the obstacles which must be surmounted before inhabited country is reached. It adds an excitement, an interest, a curious feeling of alert expectancy, to each mile of unknown river. And the surprises are plentiful. Here and there great flights of rapids are encountered, where men are forced to lighten the rafts of their burdens and to lower them by long lines of rattan into the seething foam-waves between the black granite boulders, whence they emerge shattered and bruised into the smooth waters below. At one point the whole of the first

flotilla has to be abandoned at the head of a succession of impassable waterfalls down which the river leaps and plunges for a distance of five miles, and the men of the expedition, bearing their burdens on their backs, are obliged to limp and hurry along the banks, which are smothered in great beds of *jělátang*, the fearful Malayan stinging-nettle. At the foot of these falls a fresh set of rafts has to be fashioned, and the second fleet moves onward once more to discover new difficulties, new dangers, new obstructions.

As the river broadens, increasing in volume with each tributary stream that empties its waters from the hills on either hand, the jungle stands farther and farther apart, and the white men make acquaintance with heat such as is not to be experienced by any one who has not used a raft under a tropical sun. The numerous fallen trees which beset the passage, under or over which the rafts have to be dragged, render the construction of even the frailest awning an impossibility, and the slowness of the pace at which the flotilla moves forward with the tug of the current causes the men to be roasted as though they hung upon a spit which had ceased to revolve. As the sun climbs above the ramparts of forest it lashes down pitilessly upon the creeping rafts; the sheer walls of jungle seem to focus the burning sun-glare upon the tiny thread of open river; the waters, running with a sleepy murmur of indistinct sound, catch the

beams and refract their heat blindly; not a breath of wind stirs in all these silent places; and when a passing glimpse of distant mountain-tops is caught, they are seen to dance and shimmer giddily in the heat-haze. Whenever by the chance movement of a limb a piece of loose clothing is tightened suddenly against a white man's skin, the contact with the sun-baked cloth burns painfully. The glare from the water, striking upwards under the brims of hats, is more torturingly fierce and insistent than the heat of the sun itself. Men feel as though their very brains were grilling; their eyes ache and smart; their skin, wherever it is exposed to the air, feels taut and rough, is tender to the touch, and parched to a dryness as of fever. Those of the white men who are not already sun-tanned to invulnerability, are burned a raw red colour, — not the enriching and beautifying hues of the south of Europe, but the ugly, crude flaying of tropical sun-burn,—which leaves behind it swollen water-blisters, sore patches of scalded flesh, and a rough peeling surface.

But the white men's worst grievance is the diet. Daily they sit confronting their plates of dry rice with the chillies and salt-fish which are designed to render it palatable, making use of language which is not in the dictionary. They cannot swallow the stuff in sufficient quantities to adequately support life; the dry clots stick in their gullets chokingly; and after a few mouthfuls they are full-fed, though they remain as famished

with hunger as before the mocking meal. As they sprawl upon their mats in camp when the day's toil is over, they talk of little save food. They speak of meat and bread with voices which are almost lachrymose in their sentimentality; they frame *menus* of impossible dinners, to be devoured hereafter at their clubs in London when the time has come to celebrate the memory of the expedition; and they fall asleep to dream of feasts and banquets, and wake to find the morning rice lying untemptingly at their elbows. It is trial more sore than folk in England can well imagine; but never once do these men repent themselves that they are with the expedition. The excitement, the joy of the Elizabethan adventurers is theirs; the glamour, the intoxication of the Unknown is upon them, as daily they press forward into new lands, untrodden by their fellows. Who can say what hidden marvels may await their coming? The kingdom of the Sleeping Beauty was not more mysterious than is this remote country, which has slumbered on through the centuries undisturbed by the noise and progress of the restless West. Now the veil is about to be lifted, the interminable trance broken, the "long-pent stream of life" released. Even in the extremity of their hunger the wayfarers would not lightly barter a birthright so precious for the most savoury mess of pottage!

The first village in the Benighted Lands,—a cluster of little huts, half hidden in groves

of palm- and fruit-trees, perched upon a shoulder of rising ground, with the river running below, —the first place tenanted by human beings which the travellers have seen for weeks. The adventurers land a quarter of a mile above the spot where the scouts report it to be situated, and surround it before its inhabitants are aware of their coming. Suddenly, so it seems to the terrified villagers, a mob of armed men drops down out of the heavens,—for within living memory no one has come to them from the wilderness which lies up-stream,—and their leaders are pale-faced folk, who must belong to that strange white breed of which legends have reached even this remote place together with tales of ogres, giants, and peniless princesses told in the torchlight by the wandering minstrels, the “soothers of care.” A panic seizes the people and spreads like wildfire. Leaving all that they possess, they make for the jungle, barely waiting to carry their screaming women and children with them; but the strangers are everywhere, heading them back, so they crowd together in the centre of the village, cowering miserably, patiently expectant of death. A handful of the old raiders—the men who had joined the rebel chiefs in their abortive raid into British territory—are found and captured; but no one of the leading warriors is there. The Resident has hoped that they would select this village as their city of refuge, secure in the belief that the journey by the unknown route is a thing impossible for the white men,

and expecting danger only from below. Over and over again he has told himself that this would be luck too good for realisation; but unconsciously he has built upon the hope, and now his castle in the air has crumbled and fallen. By means of that mysterious agency, the native telegraph, the news of his coming will spread broadcast over the Benighted Lands, the rebels will be warned of his approach, his difficult task will be rendered a thousand times more difficult of accomplishment, and the labour and the travail of his fellows across the wastes of forest are things suffered in vain. With the sense of the limitless vastness of the jungle through which the expedition has passed fresh upon him, the idea of finding the lurking-place of a band of men hidden therein seems all at once to be a desperate impossibility, a folly, a madness.

More days pass, spent in rafting down the great river, days and nights flecked with little incidents, trials, adventures, excitements. One day the capsizing of the commissariat raft puts the whole party back abruptly upon a rice diet; on another occasion three rifles are lost at a dangerous place, and half a day is spent in diving for them before they are recovered. One evening the white men, having pressed on too far ahead of their people, find the darkness upon them when they are still separated from their supper by 500 yards of furious, rock-beset river. It is a desperate place, a narrow passage down which the waters

plunge, turning and twisting like a snake in agony, fenced with rugged walls of granite, with here and there a half-submerged boulder pricking up its wet and blackened nose in the centre of the fairway. Very disconsolately the white men stretch themselves to rest upon the sandbank where they are encamped, and by seven o'clock they are seeking to forget their hunger-pangs in uneasy sleep.

Suddenly they are startled into alert wakefulness by a faint sound up-stream — a whimpering call like the cry of a child. On the sandbank men sit erect, peering foolishly into the gloom, straining their ears to listen. Again the cry reaches them, shrill and reedy, still faint and distant, half deadened by the angry roar of the rapids, but, none the less, nearer than before.

"Some of our fellows are trying to make their way down to us through those impossible rapids, and in the dark too!" whispers a voice. "It's sheer madness! Hark!"

Again for a space there is silence upon the sandbank and over the river, a heavy silence that sets the imaginations of the listeners to work painting all manner of ghastly pictures on the blank page of the impenetrable night — fearful upturned faces agonised by futile effort, broken limbs striving vainly in the grip of the giant current, shattered wrecks of rafts, rent garments floating ownerless amid the white foam-waves. Then out of the gloom the chorus of shrill whoops rises again, tingling with the excitement of the men who are

braving the death they cannot see out there in the inky darkness, throbbing and panting, half-choked by the up-leaping of beating hearts into stifled gullets. For a moment it rings out thrilled and triumphant; but just when the squeals are at their loudest they cease abruptly with a sort of jerk, as of the breath caught sharply, and the silence falls again more heavily than before. A sound, half groan half sigh, comes from the listeners on the sandbank. They need no telling that that strangled whoop means a violent collision with an unseen rock. The horrible visions of a moment before seem now to have become realities. Unconsciously they leap to their feet, and strain their eyes, peering out over the dim waters of the river. Almost, though the darkness holds them blind, they fancy that they can see the shattered wrecks of rafts and men borne by them on the current, blacker objects wallowing in the heart of the shapeless shadows. But even as they stand gazing into the night the whoops break out again, and a few minutes later, guided by the cries of the men on the sandbank, a raft waddles out of the darkness, and the precious food is laid at the Resident's feet.

"Yes, *Túan*," says the leader of the crew, a boy of some fifteen years of age. "I was sore afraid, for the river was rude and angry. Moreover, since we are not its sons" — viz., not natives of the valley — "we knew not its windings, nor where the hidden rocks might lurk, and the darkness

covered all things, blinding us. But it was not fitting, *Tâan*, that thou shouldst go fasting all through the night, while we, thy servants, were full-fed and happy."

"It is well," says the Resident. "Also thy pluck will repay the trouble of a little sharpening, wherefore, tell me who is thy chief, that I may ask him to give thee to me to become my man?"

The boy flushes with pleasure under his brown skin, and the Resident knows that he has said all, and more than all, that is expected of him; but there are times, such as this, when a white man cannot but regret that the Malayan tongue and custom make so scant a provision for the expression of personal thanks.

Wherever the white men halt among the villages their presence creates a ferment of excitement. All men have heard tell of the *Orang pâteh*, the white folk, but no one has ever set eyes upon them, and now of a sudden members of the strange race are here, close at hand, in the very midst of the villagers. Troops of peasants with strings of gaily dressed women bearing and leading their little ones come in from all the neighbouring villages to the place where the white men are camped in the house of an elder of the people, and squat patiently in the sunshine, waiting for the evening hour when the Europeans will be tempted out of doors by the coolness, or will make their way down to the river's edge to bathe. The men crowd into

the hut where the white folk are sitting on their mats, address the strangers with the elaborate phrasing usually employed only to persons of royal birth, and by conversing with them for hours at a time, the Resident begins to learn many of the long-cherished secrets of the Benighted Lands. But when the afternoon has arrived, and the white men come out from the dim interior of their hut, the attentions and the curiosity of the mob of villagers become embarrassing. They line the paths the white men tread; they follow them to the river; they take an earnest interest in their ablutions: occasionally the shock of their strange appearance sets a woman screaming in mock hysterics, while the children clutch their mothers, shrinking from these bogey men, and howling dismally. Now and again a personal remark, none too flattering to European vanity, is passed among the giggling women, and is caught by the white men; but when the latter turn to answer it, only a little shriek, half fear, half amusement, greets them. The Englishmen feel as though they were wild beasts of a strange variety exhibited in a menagerie, and those among them who are bashfully inclined prefer to sneak out after night has fallen to braving a publicity which puts them so sorely out of countenance.

The expedition into the Benighted Lands has been in progress for over two months. The Resident has visited the capital of one of the States, has been royally entertained, but has come

away bringing with him no information, and no hope of assistance from the rulers of the country. The fact, known before ever the war-party set out upon its journey, that the whole of the native population would do its best to aid the hidden rebels and to baffle the strangers, has made itself evident in a thousand ways; but there is no active opposition, no overt acts of hostility such as a man may lay his finger upon. The folk among whom the strangers sojourn would be open enemies if they dared; but the Resident has anticipated this, and has brought with him a force which no village cares to offend. For the purpose of tackling the remnants of the rebel band a dozen men would amply suffice; but such a party would fare ill in the outlying portions of the Benighted Lands, where neither law nor the desire of peace make men circumspect in their actions. As it is, the natives content themselves with passive opposition; and no adequate conception can be formed of the strain which this puts upon the temper and the patience of the man who is responsible to the Government he serves for the expedition and for its results. Daily, deep in his heart, he thanks God that he is not linked to the telegraph. In the eyes of the men who do their country's work on the outskirts, telegraphy, seen in the light of a bitter experience, is the most abominable of human inventions. Fettered to the little ticking instruments by miles of thin wire, a man loses all power of initiative: the passion for personal re-

sponsibility, which has had so much to do with the formation of the characters that have made England's rule in Asia a possibility, is scotched or slain; by the agency of the telegraph the man at a distance is enabled to override the recommendations of the man on the spot—the man, be it noted, who is best able to form an opinion; by its aid a centralisation is created which, had it existed from the beginning, would infallibly have choked the life out of our Eastern empire while it was still a puling thing in swaddling-clothes. Were he now in telegraphic communication with headquarters, the Resident feels sure that he would be bidden to return, to abandon an enterprise so hopeless, to confess to the people of the Benighted Lands, once for all, the impotence of the Government and its inability to punish those who have been concerned in raids into its territories. But it is not the least of the many fascinations of these remote places that no word of instructions or advice can reach the expedition; and since the Resident is therefore able to act precisely as he chooses, he determines to make one last attempt to do that which the natives of the land have tried so hard to prevent. To this end he splits up his little force into three divisions, each under a white man, and sends them to and fro across the Benighted Lands, to pounce down upon one unsuspecting village after another, and to put the fear of death into men with guilty consciences.

Presently by this means a sense of unrest is made to per-

vade the land. Men look into their fellows' eyes with suspicion and distrust. Will the temptation to sell information to the strangers prove too strong to be resisted? The question is in every mind. All sense of security deserts the villagers. Seated within their closed doors at night, they scarce dare speak save in whispers. The white men's folk are ubiquitous; even now they may be lurking in the darkness listening to the mumbled words; yet with this dread constantly in their minds the natives find it impossible to avoid the dangerous topic, the secret hiding-place of the rebels. The subject has for them a deadly fascination, alluring and irresistible. Over and over again, when they are supposed to be at the other end of the country, the Europeans descend upon a suspected hamlet and institute a rigorous search. More than once a supposed refugee, with a realistically bleeding head, seeks shelter from the pursuing white men, and when all the available information has been given to him by those who wish the rebels well, he is discovered to be yet another of the strangers' many "eyes." Gradually the nerves of the people become fretted to ex-cruciation. No self-loving population is called upon to endure such discomforts for the sake of mere friendship: the elders whisper to their villagers, and so the rebel chiefs, who have hitherto been guests honoured and welcomed by all, are suddenly cold-shouldered, are

hustled out of the *kampongs* as though they carried some dreaded infection, and are driven incontinently into the jungle.

Disease, old wounds, desertions, capture, death have wrought their ravages among them. Of all the once reckless band which thought to batter upon the face of the great idol, Pax Britannica, only a tiny remnant survives—five gaunt men and two frail women. But, alas! the names of these poor creatures have become a legend throughout Malayan lands. They are the chiefs who once stirred a countryside to rebellion, and at any moment the fire of fanaticism may kindle anew, and warriors may be led to flock readily to the green standard if it be set on high by the hands of these famous desperadoes. The fact that they are now reduced to such sorry straits only renders their capture or death the more imperative. They have nothing to lose, and therefore everything to gain, by the renewal of disturbances: loot must be for the future their only road to wealth—nay, their only means of livelihood. Their misery and their despair are the very things which make them most dangerous, most potent for evil. The hunting of these stricken wretches through the forest seems to the white men a thing ignoble, almost cowardly; but the stern necessity will admit of no denial, and all attempts to induce the fugitives to surrender fail completely.

Slowly the little band creeps

forward with its enemies pressing upon its heels, and on the march her hour of travail comes upon the younger of their women, and they turn aside into the jungle, lying up in lairs like those of wild beasts. For many days they hide in the thickest of the underwood, eking out their scanty stock of food with yams, palm-shoots, and sour roots. Through the long hours of the day they sit listening, cowering at every rustle in the bush, starting when a branch snaps off and falls breaking upon the silence, leaping to their feet when a squirrel sets a dry bough creaking, or when a gust of wind whispers among the tree-tops. In the tapping of a woodpecker they hear the blows of an axe, in every chance sound the stealthy footfalls of their pursuers.

But in turning aside they have veiled their tracks skilfully, and their enemies have overshot the mark, passing them by though they know it not. Thus it comes to pass that when at length they break covert, coming out upon the waters of a navigable river, the Resident is nearly a hundred miles downstream before the news reaches him.

Thirty picked men are selected, and at dawn the pursuit begins. All day the dug-outs are punted up river, warring with the current, the men relieving one another at the poles, and cooking the rice without calling a halt. All through the night the journey is continued, with never a break. The dawn of a new day looks down upon the white men and their friends

still striving hard against the rapid waters, pressing forward towards the unseen goal. Their eyes are smarting with want of sleep; their limbs ache and throb with exertion and with the cramp occasioned by the narrow limits of the dug-outs; the fever of excitement and long watching is in their blood; but no halt is allowed, and during all the burning hours of that pitiless day the boats creep steadily up-stream. Afternoon comes at last with its grateful coolness, with the even-song of the birds and insects sounding through the jungle, the drowsy lowing of the kine in the villages, the homing of toilers from field or forest. Nature is luring all things to repose; the very earth seems to be falling into a gentle sleep; every joint and muscle in the strained bodies of the wayfarers cries aloud for rest; but still the little party struggles onwards against the resistance of the current.

The spot where the rebels are reported to have emerged from the forest and taken to boats is reached and passed. Sure word of the movements of their quarry is brought to the pursuers by the natives of the valley, who have aided the rebels impartially, and are now shaking with fear of the evil things which are like to befall them at the hands of the white men. A long flight of rapids is reached at dusk, and until three o'clock in the morning the men of the expedition labour manfully dragging their boats up the difficult passage. It is with a fresh thrill of excitement that they learn that the rebels

lacked the energy to attempt the ascent of the falls by night, and that they only won clear of them at noon on the preceding day. The hunters are gaining on their quarry: the latter can be but a few miles distant now. The hour of reckoning draws very near.

In a tumble-down hut, the property of some Pahang natives long settled in the valley, the woman whose trouble has delayed the rebels on their march has been left like a cast burden. She sits in the centre of the floor-mats, a pathetic little figure, scarcely more than a child, worn with privations and exposure, nursing on her bosom the poor squirming atom which is her new-born baby. It is a miserable fragment of humanity, measuring only some ten inches in length, with frail, withered limbs, and a puckered, æon-old face, grotesque with broad soot-smears for eyebrows. The brand of the Great Master, who claims his own so surely, is scored upon every feature of the wretched writhing thing—the child lacks even the strength to suckle; but to its mother it is infinitely beautiful and precious as she fondles it lovingly, her face sweetened by maternity hovering over it with constant care and tenderness. The expedition has been journeying ceaselessly for six-and-forty hours, and now the Resident suffers his men to lie down while he interrogates the waif whom the rebels have cast adrift. She has much to tell concerning her own miseries, of that awful time when motherhood came to her in the jungle, of the bitter railings against

her raised by the chiefs who risked their lives ungladly on her behalf; but she knows little or nothing of their plans, or if she knows she steadfastly refrains from giving her knowledge to the strangers. At five o'clock the dawn breaks, and the Resident stirs up his tired men, and resumes the pursuit.

With fierce determination the work of the new day is begun. News of the rebels comes thick and fast now with every village passed, and the distance between them and their pursuers is diminishing hourly. The men tingle with excitement, like hounds whimpering on a hot scent; success, of a completeness undreamed of, seems of a sudden to have come within their reach; and the task accomplished, the distant homes which the travellers have not seen for months will once more be theirs! Inspired by such hopes, the expedition struggles on and on, and the pangs of extreme fatigue are forgotten in the excitement of the chase.

The scene of the rebels' last camp is reached; the ashes of their mid-day fire—for they have stayed to cook food, no word having reached them of the close pursuit—smoulder sullenly on a sandbank; dusk finds the expedition halting at a point where a large tributary falls into the main river. The country here is familiar to the Resident, for in scouring the district for a trace of the rebels he has passed over it more than once. The tributary stream is uninhabited even by Sâkai, but it constitutes one of the best recognised routes into a neighbouring State—the State where

lives the saint who preached the holy war. Some ten miles farther up the parent river there is a large Malay village. The rebels are probably making for the hermitage of their friend, there to seek sanctuary; but they may have fled for refuge to the nearer village, the headman of which is their staunch ally. At this game of hide-and-seek a man may not neglect even a remote chance without courting failure, so the Resident, with a couple of boats, sets off at once for the latter place, leaving the remainder of his men at the junction of the two streams to rest and await his return.

Silently the boats are punted up-stream through the dead darkness of a moonless night. The clash of the punting-poles among the shingle, the dull bump of wood upon wood, the splash of water, and the murmur of the river, mingle with the cries and counter-cries which sound from out the forest. Hour after hour the boats creep onwards, steadily, slowly; an agonising desire for sleep is upon all, numbing and depressing them; in the gloom of the heavy night the hope which has burned so gloriously during the hours of daylight smoulders and dies; to the tired minds of the men, sore spent with fatigue and long waking, failure seems to be a thing preordained from the beginning. At eleven o'clock the village is reached, the house of the headman is surrounded, but the place is drawn blank, and the war-party learn with bitter disappointment that the rebels have not come this way. Relentlessly the Resident hustles his people

back to their boats, and they paddle hastily down-river to rejoin their fellows.

Arrived at the camp, some confusion occurs, for the men who have fallen asleep are roused with difficulty. For nearly seventy hours the expedition has been constantly on the move, with a halt of only two hours' duration, and now that some of the weary folk have surrendered to slumber, they seem to be fairly intoxicated by it, relapsing again and again into attitudes of sleep when they have been shaken into semi-consciousness, answering all questions addressed to them in thin far-away voices, without any regard to their purport, forgetting where they are, what object has brought them hither, even the names by which they are known. At last, however, the whole party is afoot, the boats are manned, and the journey up the tributary stream is begun.

The vast, uninhabited forest, felt rather than seen, hedges the river on either hand; overhead a narrow ribbon of dull sky hangs in the darkness of the tree-tops unlighted by a single star; the blackness of the gloom which lowers above the running water is intense, giving the impression of a solid obstacle against which the boats butt, burying their noses ceaselessly. The slow hours crawl by, soul-crushing and heavy-shod, filled with uneasy dreams, which somehow seem to have no connection with sleep, for no one is conscious of having closed an eye. The weight of an insupportable weariness presses sorely upon all, bowing

their backs as with a tangible burden; minds wander, resisting all control, recalling petty incidents of days long since forgotten, connecting things concrete and abstract—things essentially incongruous and apart—with a bond which for the time appears to be completely logical, much as men do when a fever holds them in delirium. But no matter how or whither errant thoughts may stray, never for a moment is the insistent agony of the present softened or mitigated. The toil, the strain, the long wrestle with the desire for sleep, torture the mind, rack the body. It seems to many that they are damned eternally; that they are doomed for ever to struggle thus against the load of weariness which is oppressing them, to move onwards up this inky river, through the gloomy shadows of everlasting night. A little more and their jangled nerves, worn-out bodies, and wrenched brains would breed a madness. As it is, a man here and there sobs furtively in the darkness, and knows no reason for his tears; a strange longing to scream aloud possesses others, and is with difficulty repressed; but the punting-poles clash and grind in the shingle regularly, and the pace never slackens.

Just before the dawn a spot where the rebels have halted on the previous evening is reached, and since a change of camp is a common manœuvre for men fearing pursuit, a scouting party is sent a little farther up-stream to search for the victims of this long chase. As

the day breaks, the thin light wandering between the masses of foliage overhead and putting a faint sheen upon the running water, the scouts come upon the rebels sleeping under the shelter of a rude hut. As the dawn wind whispers gently, first one and then another sits erect, shivering under patched coverlets, unconscious of the death which hovers so near, of the rifles hidden by the curtain of underwood. Five gaunt men are there, long-haired, pale and hollow of cheek, spent with toil, wearied out by many wars, sunken in a limitless despair. For a moment let their cruelties and their evil deeds be forgotten; let the ignoble and selfish ends for which they took up arms pass into oblivion. They are pathetic figures sitting thus, cowering on the brink of a new day,—a day which for them will have no ending. They are the last of their breed—the last of the men who dared to pit their puny strength against the might of the British Rāj. They are men who have loved, and enjoyed life greatly in the days before the coming of the white folk, who have fought manfully for years for those pleasures and privileges which mean the misery of the peasants born beneath their heels, and now comes a merciful ending to the struggle so wearily prolonged. Here let us leave them, the dreamers of dreams, the lost heroes of a day too late. “Here is tears for their love; joy for their fortune; honour for their valour; and death for their ambition!”

LORD JIM: A SKETCH.¹

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

CHAPTER XII.

"ALL around everything was still as far as the ear could reach. The mist of his feelings shifted between us, as if disturbed by his struggles, and in the rifts of the immaterial veil he would appear to my staring eyes distinct of form and pregnant with vague appeal like a symbolic figure in a picture. The chill air of the night seemed to lie on my limbs as heavy as a slab of marble.

"I see," I murmured, more to prove to myself that I could break my state of numbness than for any other reason.

"The *Avondale* picked us up just before sunset," he remarked moodily. "Steamed right straight for us. We had only to sit and wait."

"After a long interval, he said, 'They told their story.' And again there was that oppressive silence. 'Then only I knew what it was I had made up my mind to,' he added.

"You said nothing," I whispered.

"What could I say?" he asked, in the same low tone. "... Shock slight. Stopped the ship. Ascertained the damage. Took measures to get the boats out without creating a panic. As the first boat was lowered ship went down in a squall. Sank like lead. ...

What could be more clear' ... he hung his head ... 'and more awful?' His lips quivered while he looked straight into my eyes. 'I had jumped—hadn't I?' he asked dismayed. 'That's what I had to live down. The story didn't matter.' ... He clasped his hands for an instant, glanced right and left into the gloom: 'It was like cheating the dead,' he stammered.

"And there were no dead," I said.

"He went away from me at this. That is the only way I can describe it. In a moment I saw his back close to the balustrade. He stood there for some time, as if admiring the purity and the peace of the night. Some flowering-shrub in the garden below spread its powerful scent through the damp air. He returned to me with hasty steps.

"And that did not matter," he said, as stubbornly as you please.

"Perhaps not," I admitted. I began to have a notion he was too much for me. After all, what did I know?

"Dead or not dead, I could not get clear," he said. 'I had to live; hadn't I?'

"Well, yes—if you take it in that way," I mumbled.

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" 'I was glad of course,' he threw out carelessly, with his mind fixed on something else. 'The exposure,' he pronounced slowly, and lifted his head. 'Do you know what was my first thought when I heard? I was relieved. I was relieved to learn that those shouts—did I tell you I had heard shouts? No? Well, I did. Shouts for help, . . . blown along with the drizzle. Imagination, I suppose. And yet I can hardly . . . How stupid. . . . The others did not. I asked them afterwards. They all said No. No? And I was hearing them even then! I might have known—but I didn't think—I only listened. Very faint screams—day after day. Then that little half-caste chap here came up and spoke to me. "The *Patna* . . . French gunboat . . . towed successfully to Aden . . . Investigation . . . Marine Office . . . Sailor's Home . . . arrangements made for your board and lodging!" I walked along with him, and I enjoyed the silence. So there had been no shouting. Imagination. I had to believe him. I could hear nothing any more. I wonder how long I could have stood it. It was getting worse, too . . . I mean—louder.'

"He fell into thought.

" 'And I had heard nothing! Well—so be it. But the lights! The lights did go! We did not see them. They were not there. If they had been, I would have swam back—I would have gone back and shouted alongside—I would have begged them to take me on board, . . . I would have

had my chance. . . . You doubt me? . . . How do you know how I felt? . . . What right have you to doubt? . . . I very nearly did it as it was—do you understand?' His voice fell. 'There was not a glimmer—not a glimmer,' he protested mournfully. 'Don't you understand that if there had been, you would not have seen me here? You see me—and you doubt.'

"I shook my head negatively. This question of the lights being lost sight of when the boat could not have been more than a quarter of a mile from the ship was a matter for much discussion. Jim stuck to it that there was nothing to be seen after the first shower had cleared away; and the others had affirmed the same thing to the officers of the *Avondale*. Of course people shook their heads and smiled. One old skipper who sat near me in court tickled my ear with his white beard to murmur, 'Of course they would lie.' As a matter of fact nobody lied; not even the chief engineer with his story of the mast-head light dropping like a match you throw down. Not consciously, at least. A man with his liver in such a state might very well have seen a floating spark in the corner of his eye when stealing a hurried glance over his shoulder. They had seen no light of any sort though they were well within range, and they could only explain this in one way: the ship had gone down. It was obvious and comforting. The foreseen fact coming so swiftly had justified their haste. No wonder they

did not cast about for any other explanation. Yet the true one was very simple, and as soon as Brierly suggested it the court ceased to bother about the question. If you remember, the ship had been stopped, and was lying with her head on the course steered through the night, with her stern canted high and her bows brought low down in the water through the filling of the fore-compartment. Being thus out of trim, when the squall struck her a little on the quarter, she swung head to wind as sharply as though she had been at anchor. By this change in her position all her lights were in a very few moments shut off from the boat to leeward. It may very well be that, had they been seen, they would have had the effect of a mute appeal—that their glimmer lost in the darkness of the cloud would have had the mysterious power of the human glance that can awaken the feelings of remorse and pity. It would have said, ‘I am here—still here’ . . . and what more can the eye of the most forsaken of human beings say? But she turned her back on them as if in disdain of their fate: she had swung round, burdened, to glare stubbornly at the new danger of the open sea which she so strangely survived to end her days in a breaking-up yard, as if it had been her recorded fate to die obscurely under the blows of many hammers. What were the various ends their destiny provided for the pilgrims I am unable to say; but the immediate future brought, at about nine o’clock next morning, a French gunboat home-

ward bound from Réunion. The report of her commander was public property. He had swept a little out of his course to ascertain what was the matter with that steamer floating dangerously by the head upon a still and hazy sea. There was an ensign, union down, flying at her main gaff (the serang had the sense to make a signal of distress at daylight); but the cooks were preparing the food in the cooking-boxes forward as usual. The decks were packed as close as a sheep-pen: there were people perched all along the rails, jammed on the bridge in a solid mass; hundreds of eyes stared, and not a sound was heard when the gunboat ranged abreast, as if all that multitude of lips had been sealed by a spell.

“The Frenchman hailed, could get no intelligible reply, and after ascertaining through his binoculars that the crowd on deck did not look plague-stricken, decided to send a boat. Two officers came on board, listened to the serang, tried to talk with the Arab, couldn’t make head or tail of it: but of course the nature of the emergency was obvious enough. They were also very much struck by discovering a white man, dead and curled up peacefully on the bridge. ‘*Fort intrigués par ce cadavre*,’ as I was informed a long time after by an elderly French lieutenant whom I came across one afternoon in Sydney, by the merest chance, in a sort of café, and who remembered the affair perfectly. Indeed this affair, I may notice in passing, had an

extraordinary power of defying the shortness of memories and the length of time : it seemed to live, with a sort of uncanny vitality, in the minds of men, on the tips of their tongues. I've had the questionable pleasure of meeting it often, years afterwards, thousands of miles away, emerging from the remotest possible talk, coming to the surface of the most distant allusions. Has it not turned up to-night between us? And I am the only seaman here. I am the only one to whom it is a memory. And yet it has made its way out! But if two men who, unknown to each other, knew of this affair met accidentally on any spot of this earth, the thing would pop up between them as sure as fate, before they parted. I had never seen that Frenchman before, and at the end of an hour we had done with each other for life : he did not seem particularly talkative either ; he was a quiet, massive chap in a creased uniform, sitting drowsily over a tumbler half full of some dark liquid. His shoulder-straps were a bit tarnished, his clean-shaved cheeks were large and sallow ; he looked like a man who would be given to taking snuff—don't you know? I won't say he did ; but the habit would have fitted that kind of man. It all began by his handing me a number of 'Home News,' which I didn't want, across the marble table. I said 'Merci.' We exchanged a few apparently innocent remarks, and suddenly, before I knew how it had come about, we were in the midst of it, and he was telling me how much

they had been 'intrigued by that corpse.' It turned out he had been one of the boarding officers.

"In the establishment where we sat one could get a variety of foreign drinks which were kept for the visiting naval officers, and he took a sip of the dark medical-looking stuff, which probably was nothing more nasty than *cassis à l'eau*, and glancing with one eye into the tumbler, shook his head slightly. '*Impossible de comprendre—vous concevez*,' he said, with a curious mixture of unconcern and thoughtfulness. I could very easily conceive how impossible it had been for them to understand. Nobody in the gunboat knew enough English to get hold of the story as told by the serang. There was a good deal of noise, too, round the two officers. 'They crowded upon us. There was a circle round that dead man (*autour de ce mort*),' he described. 'One had to attend to the most pressing. These people were beginning to agitate themselves—*Parbleu!* A mob like that—don't you see?' he interjected with philosophic indulgence. As to the bulkhead, he had advised his commander that the safest thing was to leave it alone, it was so villainous to look at. They got two hawsers on board promptly (*en toute hâte*) and took the *Patnaintow*—stern foremost at that—which, under the circumstances, was not so foolish, since the rudder was too much out of the water to be of any great use for steering, and this manœuvre eased the strain on the bulkhead, whose

state, he expounded with stolid glibness, demanded the greatest care (*exigeait les plus grands ménagements*). I could not help thinking that my new acquaintance must have had a voice in most of these arrangements: he looked a reliable officer, no longer very active, and he was seamanlike too, in a way, though as he sat there, with his thick fingers clasped lightly on his stomach, he reminded you of one of those snuffy, quiet village priests, into whose ears are poured the sins, the sufferings, the remorse of peasant generations, on whose faces the placid and simple expression is like a veil thrown over the mystery of pain and distress. He ought to have had a threadbare black *soutane* buttoned smoothly up to his ample chin, instead of a frock-coat with shoulder-straps and brass buttons. His broad bosom heaved regularly while he went on telling me that it had been the very devil of a job, as doubtless (*sans doute*) I could figure to myself in my quality of a seaman (*en votre qualité de marin*). At the end of the period he inclined his body slightly towards me, and, pursing his shaved lips, allowed the air to escape with a gentle hiss. 'Luckily,' he continued, 'the sea was level like this table, and there was no more wind than there is here.' . . . The place struck me as indeed intolerably stuffy, and very hot; my face burned as though I had been young enough to be embarrassed and blushing. They had directed their course, he pursued, to the nearest Eng-

lish port '*naturellement*,' where their responsibility ceased, '*Dieu merci*.' . . . He blew out his flat cheeks a little. . . . 'Because, mind you (*notez bien*), all the time of towing we had two quartermasters stationed with axes by the hawsers, to cut us clear of our tow in case she . . .' He fluttered downwards his heavy eyelids, making his meaning as plain as possible. . . . 'What would you! One does what one can (*on fait ce qu'on peut*),' and for a moment he managed to invest his ponderous immobility with an air of resignation. 'Two quartermasters—thirty hours—always there. Two!' he repeated, lifting up his right hand a little, and exhibiting two fingers. This was absolutely the first gesture I saw him make. It gave me the opportunity to 'note' a starred scar on the back of his hand—effect of a gunshot clearly; and, as if my sight had been made more acute by this discovery, I perceived also the seam of an old wound, beginning a little below the temple and going out of sight under the short grey hair at the side of his head—the graze of a spear or the cut of a sabre. He clasped his hands on his stomach again. 'I remained on board that, that—my memory is going (*s'en va*). Ah! *Patt-nà. C'est bien ça. Patt-nà. Merci*. It is droll how one forgets. I stayed on that ship thirty hours. . . .'

"'You did!'" I exclaimed. Still gazing at his hands, he pursed his lips a little, but this time made no hissing sound. 'It was judged proper,' he said, lifting his eyebrows dispassion-

ately, 'that one of the officers should remain to keep an eye open (*pour ouvrir l'œil*)' . . . he sighed idly . . . 'and for communicating by signals with the towing ship—do you see—and so on. For the rest, it was my opinion too. We made our boats ready to drop over—and I also on that ship took measures. . . . *Enfin!* One has done one's possible. It was a delicate position. Thirty hours. They prepared me some food. As for the wine—go and whistle for it—not a drop.' In some extraordinary way, without any marked change in his inert attitude and in the placid expression of his face, he managed to convey the idea of profound disgust. 'I—you know—when it comes to eating without my glass of wine—I am nowhere.'

"I was afraid he would enlarge upon the grievance, for though he didn't stir a limb or twitch a feature, he made one aware how much he was irritated by the recollection. But he seemed to forget all about it. They delivered their charge to the 'port authorities,' as he expressed it. He was struck by the calmness with which it had been received. 'One might have thought they had such a droll find (*drôle de trouvaille*) brought them every day. You are extraordinary—you others,' he commented, with his back propped against the wall, and looking himself as incapable of an emotional display as a sack of meal. There happened to be a man-of-war

and an Indian Marine steamer in the harbour at the time, and he did not conceal his admiration of the efficient manner in which the boats of these two ships cleared the *Patna* of her passengers. Indeed his torpid demeanour concealed nothing: it had that mysterious, almost miraculous, power of producing striking effects by means impossible of detection which is the last word of the highest art. 'Twenty-five minutes—watch in hand—twenty-five, no more.' . . . He unclasped and clasped again his fingers without removing his hands from his stomach, and made it infinitely more effective than if he had thrown up his arms to heaven in amazement. . . . 'All that lot (*tout ce monde*) on shore—with their little affairs—nobody left but a guard of seamen (*marins de l'État*) and that interesting corpse (*cet intéressant cadavre*). Twenty-five minutes.' . . . With downcast eyes and his head tilted slightly on one side he seemed to roll knowingly on his tongue the savour of a smart bit of work. He persuaded one without any further demonstration that his approval was eminently worth having, and resuming his hardly interrupted immobility, he went on to inform me that, being under orders to make the best of their way to Toulon, they left in two hours' time, 'so that (*de sorte que*) there are many things in this incident of my life (*dans cet épisode de ma vie*) which have remained obscure.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

"After these words, and without a change of attitude, he, so to speak, submitted himself passively to a state of silence. I kept him company; and suddenly, but not abruptly, as if the appointed time had arrived for his moderate and husky voice to come out of his immobility, he pronounced, '*Mon Dieu!* how the time passes!' Nothing could have been more commonplace than this remark; but its utterance coincided for me with a moment of vision. It's extraordinary how we go through life with eyes half shut, with dull ears, with dormant thoughts. Perhaps it's just as well; and it may be that it is this very dulness that makes life to the incalculable majority so supportable and so welcome. Nevertheless, there can be but few of us who had never known one of these rare moments of awakening when we see, hear, understand ever so much—everything—in a flash—before we fall back again into our agreeable somnolence. I raised my eyes when he spoke, and I saw him as though I had never seen him before. I saw his chin sunk on his breast, the clumsy folds of his coat, his clasped hands, his motionless pose, so curiously suggestive of his having been simply left there. Time had passed indeed: it had overtaken him and gone ahead. It had left him hopelessly behind with a few poor gifts: the iron-grey hair, the heavy fatigue of the tanned face, two scars, a pair of tarnished shoulder-straps; one of those steady,

reliable men who are the raw material of great reputations, one of those uncounted lives that are buried without drums and trumpets under the foundations of monumental successes. 'I am now third lieutenant of the *Victorieuse*' (she was the flagship of the French Pacific squadron at the time), he said, detaching his shoulders from the wall a couple of inches to introduce himself. I bowed slightly on my side of the table, and told him I commanded a merchant vessel at present anchored in Rushcutters' Bay. He had 'remarked' her,—a pretty little craft. He was very civil about it in his impassive way. I even fancy he went the length of tilting his head in compliment as he repeated, breathing visibly the while, 'Ah, yes. A little craft painted black—very pretty—very 'pretty (*très coquet*).' After a time he twisted his body slowly to face the glass door on our right. 'A dull town (*Triste ville*),' he observed, staring into the street. It was a brilliant day; a southerly buster was raging, and we could see the passers-by, men and women, buffeted by the wind on the sidewalks, the sunlit fronts of the houses across the road blurred by the tall whirls of dust. He turned away. 'I descended on shore,' he said, 'to stretch my legs a little, but . . .' He didn't finish, and sank into the depths of his repose. 'Pray—tell me,' he began, coming up ponderously, 'what was there at the bottom of this affair—

precisely (*au juste*)? It is curious. That dead man, for instance—and so on.’

“‘There were living men too,’ I said; ‘much more curious.’

“‘No doubt, no doubt,’ he agreed half audibly, then, as if after mature consideration, murmured, ‘Evidently.’ I made no difficulty in communicating to him what had interested me most in this affair. It seemed as though he had a right to know. Hadn’t he spent thirty hours on board the *Patna*—had he not taken the succession, so to speak, had he not done ‘his possible’? He listened to me, looking more priest-like than ever, and with what—probably on account of his downcast eyes—had the appearance of devout concentration. Once or twice he elevated his eyebrows (but without raising his eyelids), as one would say ‘The devil!’ Once he calmly exclaimed, ‘Ah, bah!’ under his breath, and when I had finished he pursed his lips in a deliberate way and emitted a sort of sorrowful whistle.

“In any one else it might have been an evidence of boredom, a sign of indifference; but he, in his occult way, managed to make his immobility appear profoundly responsive, and as full of valuable thoughts as an egg is of meat. I don’t know what I expected him to reveal. I certainly expected something. What he said at last was nothing more than a ‘very interesting,’ pronounced politely, and not much above a whisper. Before I got over my disappointment he added, but as if speaking to himself, ‘That’s it. That is it.’ His chin seemed to sink lower on his breast, his

body to weigh heavier on his seat. I was about to ask him what he meant when a sort of preparatory tremor passed over his whole person, as a faint ripple may be seen upon stagnant water even before the wind is felt. ‘And so that poor young man ran away along with the others,’ he said, with grave tranquillity.

“I don’t know what made me smile: it is the only genuine smile of mine I can remember in connection with Jim’s affair. But somehow this simple statement of the matter sounded funny in French. . . . ‘*S’est enfui avec les autres*,’ had said the lieutenant. And suddenly I began to admire the discrimination of the man. He had made out the point at once: he did get hold of the only thing I cared about. I felt as though I were taking professional opinion on the case. In his imperturbable and mature calmness he did look like an expert in possession of the facts, and to whom one’s perplexities are mere child’s play. ‘Ah! The young, the young,’ he said indulgently. ‘And after all, one does not die of it.’ ‘Die of what?’ I asked swiftly. ‘Of being afraid.’ He elucidated his meaning and sipped his drink.

“I perceived that the three last fingers of his wounded hand were stiff and could not move independently of each other, so that he took up his tumbler with an ungainly clutch. ‘One is always afraid. One may talk, but’ . . . He put down the glass awkwardly. . . . ‘The fear, the fear—look you—it is always there.’ . . . He touched his breast near a brass

button, on the very spot where Jim had given a thump to his own when protesting that there was nothing the matter with his heart. I suppose I made some sign of dissent, because he insisted, 'Yes! yes! One talks, one talks; this is all very fine; but at the end of the reckoning one is no cleverer than the next man—and no more brave. Brave! This is always to be seen. I have rolled my hump (*roulé ma bosse*),' he said, using the slang expression with imperturbable seriousness, 'in all parts of the world; I have known brave men — famous ones! *Allez!* . . . He drank carelessly. . . . 'You conceive—in the Service—one has got to be—the trade demands it (*le métier veut ça*). Is it not so?' he appealed to me reasonably. '*Eh bien!* Each of them—I say each of them, if he were an honest man — *bien entendu*—would confess that there is a point—there is a point—for the best of us—there is somewhere a point when you let go everything (*vous lâchez tout*). And you have got to live with that truth—do you see? Given a certain combination of circumstances, fear is sure to come. Abominable funk (*un trac épouvantable*). And even for those who do not believe this truth there is fear all the same—the fear of themselves. Absolutely so. Trust me. Yes. Yes. . . . At my age one knows what one is talking about—*que diable!*' . . . He had delivered himself of all this as immovably as though he had been the mouthpiece of abstract wisdom, but at this point he heightened the effect of detachment by

beginning to twirl his thumbs slowly. 'It's evident — *parbleu!*' he continued; 'for, make up your mind as much as you like, even a simple headache or a fit of indigestion (*un dérangement d'estomac*) is enough to . . . Take me, for instance — I have made my proofs. *Eh bien!* I, who am speaking to you, once . . .'

"He drained his glass and returned to his twirling. 'No, no; one does not die of it,' he said with finality, and when I found he did not mean to proceed with the anecdote, I was extremely disappointed. It was not the sort of story, you know, one could very well press him for. I sat silent, and he too, as if nothing could please him better. Even his thumbs were still now. Suddenly his lips began to move. 'That is so,' he resumed placidly. 'Man is born a coward (*L'homme est né poltron*). It is a difficulty—*parbleu!* It would be too easy otherwise. But habit—habit—necessity—do you see?—the eye of others—*voilà*. One puts up with it. One has got to live—you cannot get away from that. And then the example of others who are no better than yourself, and yet make good countenance. . . .'

"His voice ceased.

"'That young man—you will observe—had none of these inducements—at least at the moment,' I remarked.

"He raised his eyebrows significantly: 'I don't say; I don't say. The young man in question might have had the best dispositions—the best dispositions,' he repeated, wheezing a little.

“‘I am glad to see you taking a lenient view,’ I said. ‘His own feeling in the matter was—ah!—hopeful, and . . .’

“The shuffle of his feet under the table interrupted me. He drew up his heavy eyelids. Drew up, I say—no other expression can describe the steady deliberation of the act—and at last was disclosed completely to me. I was confronted by two narrow grey circlelets, like two tiny steel rings sparkling and still around the profound blackness of the pupils. The sharp glance, coming from that massive body, gave a notion of extreme efficiency, like a razor-edge on a battle-axe. ‘Pardon,’ he said punctiliously. His right hand went up, his body swayed forward. ‘Allow me . . . I contended that one may live with the knowledge that courage does not come of itself (*ne vient pas tout seul*). There’s nothing much in that to get upset about. One illusion the less ought not to make life impossible. . . . But the honour—the honour, monsieur! . . . The honour . . . that is real—that is! And what life may be worth when’ . . . he got on his feet with a ponderous impetuosity, as a startled ox might scramble up from the grass . . . ‘when the honour is gone—*ah ça! par exemple*—I can offer no opinion. I can offer no opinion—because—monsieur—I know nothing of it.’

“I had risen too, and, trying to throw infinite politeness into our attitudes, we faced each other mutely, like two china dogs on a mantelpiece. Hang the fellow! he had pricked the

bubble. The blight of futility that lies in wait for men’s speeches had fallen upon our conversation, and made it a thing of empty sounds. ‘Very well,’ I said, with a disconcerted smile; ‘but couldn’t it reduce itself to not being found out?’ He made as if to retort readily, but when he spoke he had changed his mind. ‘This, monsieur, is too fine for me—much above me—I don’t think about it.’ He bowed heavily over his cap, which he held before him by the peak, between the thumb and the forefinger of his wounded hand. I bowed too. We bowed together: we scraped our feet at each other with much ceremony, while a dirty specimen of a waiter looked on critically, as though he had paid for the performance. ‘Serviteur,’ said the Frenchman. Another scrape. ‘Monsieur’ . . . ‘Monsieur.’ . . . The glass door swung behind his burly back. I saw the southerly buster get hold of him and drive him down wind with his hand to his head, his shoulders braced, and the tails of his coat blown hard against his legs.

“I sat down again alone and discouraged—discouraged about Jim’s case. If you wonder that after more than three years it had preserved its actuality, you must know that I had seen him only very lately. I had come straight from Samarang, where I had loaded a cargo for Sydney: an utterly uninteresting bit of business,—what Charley here would call one of my rational transactions; and in Samarang I had seen something of Jim. He was then with De Jongh, on

my recommendation. Water-clerk. 'My representative afloat,' as De Jongh called him. You can't imagine a mode of life more barren of consolation, less capable of being invested with a spark of glamour—unless it be the business of an insurance canvasser. Little Bob Stanton—Charley here knew him well—had gone through that experience. The same who got drowned afterwards trying to save a lady's maid in the *Sephora* disaster. A case of collision on a hazy morning off the Spanish coast—you may remember. All the passengers had been packed tidily into the boats and shoved clear of the ship, when Bob sheered alongside again and scrambled back on deck to fetch that girl. How she had been left behind I can't make out; anyhow, she had gone completely crazy—wouldn't leave the ship—held to the rail like grim death. The wrestling-match could be seen plainly from the boats; but poor Bob was the shortest chief mate in the merchant service, and the woman stood five feet ten in her shoes and was as strong as a horse, I've been told. So it went on, pull devil, pull baker, the wretched girl screaming all the time, and Bob letting out a yell now and then to warn his boat to keep well clear of the ship. One of the hands told me, hiding a smile at the recollection, 'It was for all the world, sir, like a naughty youngster fighting with his mother.' The same old chap said that 'At the last we could see that Mr Stanton had given up hauling at the gal, and just stood near her,

watchful like. We thought afterwards he must 've been reckoning that, maybe, the rush of water would tear her away from the rail by-and-by and give him a show to save her. We daren't come alongside for our life; and after a bit the old ship went down all on a sudden with a lurch to starboard—plop. The suck in was something awful. We never saw anything alive or dead come up.' Poor Bob's spell of shore-life had been one of the complications of a love-affair, I believe. He fondly hoped he had done with the sea for ever, and made sure he had got hold of all the bliss on earth, but it came to canvassing in the end. Some cousin of his in Liverpool put him up to it. He used to tell us his experiences in that line. He made us laugh till we cried, and, not altogether displeased at the effect, undersized and bearded like a gnome, he would tiptoe amongst us and say, 'It's all very well for you beggars to laugh, but my immortal soul was shrivelled down to the size of a parched pea after a week of that work.' I don't know how Jim's soul accommodated itself to the new conditions of his life—I was kept too busy in getting him something to do that would keep body and soul together—but I am pretty certain his adventurous fancy was suffering all the pangs of starvation. It had certainly nothing to feed upon in this new calling. It was distressing to see him at it, though he tackled it with a stubborn serenity for which I must give him full credit. I

kept my eye on his shabby plodding with a sort of notion that it was a punishment for the heroics of his fancy—an expiation for his craving after more glamour than he could carry. He had loved too well to imagine himself a glorious racehorse, and now he was condemned to toil without honour like a costermonger's donkey. He did it very well. He shut himself in, put his head down, said never a word. Very well; very well indeed—except for certain fantastic and violent outbreaks, on certain occasions when the irrepressible *Patna* case cropped up. Unfortunately that scandal of the East ern seas would not die out. And this is the reason why I could never feel I had done with Jim for good.

“I sat thinking of him after the French lieutenant had left me, not, however, in connection with DeJongh's cool and gloomy backshop, where we had hurriedly shaken hands not very long ago, but as I had seen him years before in the last flickers of the candle, alone with me in the long gallery of the Malabar House, with the chill and the darkness of the night at his back. The respectable sword of his country's law was suspended over his head. To-morrow—or was it to-day? (midnight had slipped by long before we parted)—the marble-faced police magistrate, after distributing fines and terms of imprisonment in the assaults-and-battery case, would take up the awful weapon and smite his bowed neck. This is metaphoric speech; but at the time

our communion in the night was uncommonly like a last vigil with a condemned man. He was guilty too. He was guilty—as I had told myself repeatedly, guilty and done for; nevertheless, I wished to spare him the mere detail of formal execution. I don't pretend to explain the reasons of my desire—I don't think I could; but if you haven't got a sort of notion by this time, then I must have been very obscure in my narrative, or you too sleepy to seize upon the sense of my words. I don't defend my morality. There was no morality in the impulse which induced me to lay before him Brierly's plan of evasion—I may call it—in all its primitive simplicity. There were the rupees—absolutely ready in my pocket and very much at his service. Oh! a loan; a loan of course—and if an introduction to a man (in Rangoon) who could put some work in his way. . . . Why! with the greatest pleasure. I had pen, ink, and paper in my room on the first floor. And even while I was speaking I was impatient to begin the letter: day, month, year, 2.30 A.M. . . . for the sake of our old friendship I ask you to put some work in the way of Mr James So-and-so, in whom, &c., &c. . . . I was even ready to write in that strain about him. If he had not enlisted my sympathies he had done better for himself—he had gone to the very fount and origin of that sentiment, he had reached the secret sensibility of my egoism. I am concealing nothing from you, because were I to do

so my action would appear more unintelligible than any man's action has the right to be, and—in the second place—to-morrow you shall forget my sincerity along with the other lessons of the past. In this transaction, to speak grossly and precisely, I was the irreproachable man; but the subtle intentions of my immorality were defeated by the moral simplicity of the criminal. No doubt he was selfish too, but his selfishness had a higher origin, a more lofty aim. I discovered that, say what I would, he was eager to go through the ceremony of execution; and I didn't say much, for I felt that in argument his youth would tell against me heavily: he believed where I had already ceased to doubt. There was something fine in the wildness of his unexpressed, hardly formulated hope. 'Clear out! Couldn't think of it,' he said, with a shake of the head. 'I make you an offer for which I neither demand nor expect any sort of gratitude,' I said; 'you shall repay the money when convenient, and . . . ' 'Awfully good of you,' he muttered without looking up. I watched him narrowly: the future must have appeared horribly uncertain to him; but he did not falter, as though indeed there had been nothing wrong with his heart. I felt angry—not for the first time that night. 'The whole wretched business,' I said, 'is bitter enough, I should think, for a man of your kind to swallow. . . . ' 'It is, it is,' he whispered twice, with his eyes fixed on the floor. It

was heartrending. He towered above the light, and I could see the down on his cheek, the colour mantling warm under the smooth skin of his face. Believe me or not, I say it was outrageously heartrending. It provoked me to brutality. 'Yes,' I said; 'and allow me to confess that I am totally unable to imagine what advantage you expect from this licking of the dregs.' 'Advantage!' he murmured out of his stillness. 'I am dashed if I do,' I said, enraged. 'I've been trying to tell you all there is in it,' he went on slowly, as if meditating something unanswerable. 'But after all, it is *my* trouble.' I opened my mouth to retort, and discovered suddenly that I'd lost all confidence in myself; and it was as if he too had given me up, for he mumbled like a man thinking half aloud. 'Went away . . . went into hospitals. . . . Not one of them would face it. . . . They! . . . ' He moved his hand slightly to imply disdain. 'But I've got to get over this thing, and I mustn't shirk any of it or . . . I won't shirk any of it.' He was silent. He gazed as though he had been haunted. His unconscious face reflected the passing expressions of scorn, of despair, of resolution,—reflected them in turn, as a magic mirror would reflect the gliding passage of unearthly shapes. He lived surrounded by deceitful ghosts, by austere shades. It was startling to have the thought occur to one—as it did, for some reason, occur to me just then—that his flesh and blood were like mine; his

brain too, and whatever else goes to the making of a human being—only that I had escaped being played with in just that infernal way. This consideration checked the many wise things I wished to say; but I spoke all the same. ‘Oh! nonsense, my dear fellow,’ I began. He had a movement of impatience. ‘You don’t seem to understand,’ he said incisively; then looking at me without a wink, ‘I may have jumped, but I don’t run away.’ ‘I meant no offence,’ I said; and added stupidly, ‘Better men than you have found it expedient to run, at times.’ He coloured all over, while in my confusion I half-choked myself with my own tongue. ‘Perhaps so,’ he said at last; ‘I am not good enough; I can’t afford it. I am bound to fight this thing—I am fighting it *now*.’ I got out of my chair and felt stiff all over. The silence was embarrassing, and to put an end to it I imagined nothing better but to remark, ‘I had no idea it was so late,’ in an airy tone. ‘I daresay you have had enough of this,’ he said brusquely: ‘and to tell you the truth’ . . . he began to look round for his hat . . . ‘so have I.’

‘Well! he had refused. Refused a unique offer. He had struck aside my helping hand; he was ready to go now, and beyond the balustrade the night seemed to wait for him very still, as though he had been marked down for its prey. I heard his voice. ‘Ah! here it

is.’ He had found his hat. For a few seconds we hung in the wind. ‘What will you do after — after . . .’ I asked very low. ‘Go to the dogs as likely as not,’ he answered in a gruff mutter. I had recovered my wits in a measure, and judged best to take it lightly. ‘Pray remember,’ I said, ‘I should like very much to see you again before you go.’ ‘I don’t know what’s to prevent you. The damned thing won’t make me invisible,’ he said with intense bitterness, —‘no such luck.’ And then at the moment of taking leave he treated me to a ghastly muddle of dubious stammers and movements, to an awful display of hesitations. God forgive him — me! He had taken it into his fanciful head that I was likely to make some difficulty as to shaking hands. It was too awful for words. I believe I shouted suddenly at him as you would bellow to a man you saw about to walk over a cliff; I remember our voices being raised, the appearance of a miserable grin on his face, a crushing clutch on my hand, a nervous laugh. The candle spluttered out, and the thing was over at last, with a groan that floated up to me in the dark. He got himself away somehow. The night swallowed his form. He was a horrible bungler. Horrible. I heard the quick crunch-crunch of the gravel under his boots. He was running. Absolutely running, with nowhere to go to. And he was not yet six-and-twenty.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

FRANCE'S LOVE OF FALSE NEWS—HER INJUSTICE TO HERSELF AND TO OTHERS—THE USELESSNESS OF LIES—ENGLAND'S DISCOMFITURE GERMANY'S TRIUMPH—CAMBRIDGE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—THE ART OF AMIABLE BIOGRAPHY—THE UNIVERSITY AS GUNNING KNEW IT—THE DARK AGE OF SCHOLARSHIP.

THE French nation, change-ful in all else, has remained for twenty centuries constant to its love of false news. Cæsar tells us how the ancient Gauls would stop any stranger to ask him whence he came, and what stories he had to tell them. And while they would shift their policy at the first idle word spoken by a traveller, they made no attempt to distinguish between the truth and an uncertain rumour. Is it wonderful, then, that the strolling traders told them precisely those falsehoods which seemed to suit the Gallic temper? As it was in Cæsar's time, so it has always been. The French love of false news is as ardent to-day as it was then. From time to time philosophers have done their best to expose and correct it. Good Master Pantagruel, for instance, as we know by the 'Prognostication Pantagrueline,' set France a good example, which unhappily she did not follow. This discreet monarch posted certain worthy persons at the borders of his kingdom, who should examine into the truth of whatever rumours were brought to his people. But the Parisians, as we know them, have throughout their history well justified their

name, which, being interpreted, means the Free of Speech. Their credulity is bounded only by their imagination; if others will not tell them falsehoods, they readily invent the lie which corresponds most closely to their aspiration. And since no censorship checks the sin of repetition, they freely repeat the lie to every idler that passes their way. True, the lie is soon forgotten, but that is from no lack of malice: it perishes, without apology or regret, as soon as another, more gross and palpable, is found to take its place. The vice, a vice of folly and weakness, explains better than any political argument the present attitude of France; and we, recognising the amiability of our neighbours, may congratulate ourselves that the vice is hopelessly incurable.

Once upon a time, when France was marching to an easy victory over the forces of the German empire, a telegram was said to be posted up outside the Bourse. The front man in the crowd read (or thought he read) the news of a glorious victory. The word was passed behind him, and in ten minutes five thousand persons were prepared to swear that with their own eyes they

had seen an actual confirmation of the splendid rumour. Of course there had been no victory: it is more than likely that there was no telegram. But the quick wits of Paris imagined a phantom message upon the wall of the Bourse, and were content. So lies succeeded lies, until the blood poured out by the Commune wantonly and hideously washed away the stain of falsehood. Again, whatever view we take of the pitiful *affaire* which still divides France in secret, one thing is certain—it was nursed and cherished in the lap of untruth. Two years ago it was France's point of honour to pin her faith to perjurers, and to applaud the sublime virtue of forgery. But though at times she has involved herself in her favourite vice, her best efforts have always been devoted to the discomfiture of those she deems her enemies, amongst the first of whom we are pleased to rank ourselves.

Why France hates England it is idle to inquire: we are not wont to diagnose the disease of a mad dog. It is enough to note that she hates us, and expresses her hate after her usual method—in lies. In so doing she pays us the highest compliment possible, and it is not for us to repel her soothing flattery. If France may be believed, England has devilishly contrived all the evils that have fallen upon Europe since the ice age. We need not go quite so far back as that for our examples. The history of the last five or six years will yield us an abundant harvest. The

Madagascar Campaign was a splendid opportunity for denunciation, and gossip was both busy and malicious. No sooner had France resolved upon her ill-fated expedition than the perfidy of Albion became apparent. The Minister of War having no ships at his disposal, was forced to borrow his transports in England, a compulsion which in itself was a clear proof of British duplicity. In the Mediterranean one of these transports broke down, and all the newsmongers in France drew their pens to declare that the accident was designed by the British Government. Nor was that all our sin: a club of sportsmen was formed in London, whose purpose was to arm itself with rifles of the newest pattern, and to stalk Frenchmen in Madagascar. It was a new sport, said the press, well adapted to those who are tired of big game. Now, this story, be it remembered, was invented not by a gutter-journal, but by the 'Figaro' itself, which pretends to hold aloft the banner of truth and good manners. We are not told that the sportsmen were discovered lurking murderously in the bush; nor do we suppose that the 'Figaro' deemed it worth while to correct its falsehood. But the fairy-tale was believed, and another drop of virus sped through the veins of the mad dog.

England, in fact, if the Boulevards are to be believed, is an ogre of hideous mien, belching forth the fire of hate and destruction. It eats up India for its breakfast, and gulps Africa at its hasty lunch.

It annexes countries merely to drive them to starvation. For instance, it is well known to Paris that when India some time since succumbed to famine, she got not one penny piece from England. The poor natives, whom we had deprived of sustenance by a policy of egoism, were saved from death by the generosity of Russia. This lie, also, was published under the auspices of the 'Figaro,' despite the fact that the largest subscription known to history had been raised in London. In better taste was the rumour, which excited Paris for quite four-and-twenty hours, that the earth-hunger of England had persuaded her to annex a forgotten isle of the Channel, and that at low water the union-jack might be seen floating over a sunken rock. Then, again, it is a matter of common knowledge—in Paris—that the war between Spain and America was devised and managed solely by Great Britain, which Power obstinately forbade the Treaty of Paris to be signed. And when peace was signed, what did England do? Why, she straightway intrigued with Don Carlos, because she thought she might just as well seize the Balearic Isles! So Britain controls the cholera and the plague, and all other diseases, letting them loose where and when she will. In brief, there is as little check upon our power as upon our malice, and again we accept the compliment with equanimity.

But the war which is now being waged in South Africa sharpened the tooth of France

to a fine point unknown even in Cæsar's time. Ignorance is easily acquired, and the French spared no pains to make the acquisition complete. Of course nature had equipped them for the task, since a man who could not find either England or South Africa upon the map of the world is easily capable of misunderstanding the present campaign. The press, then, has believed and printed any travellers' tales which turned to the discredit of England. There has been no attempt to distinguish between true and false. Hurrah! shouted these valiant knights of the pen, England is in difficulties! Come, let us libel her! And libel her they did and do to their own (and our) content. Ink is cheap, cheaper than courage, and so the ink of the Boulevards annihilates the British army and opens the gates of Ladysmith at least twice a-week. The accounts of such battles as have been fought are admirably cooked to suit the susceptibilities of our neighbours. At Colenso, we are told, 800 Boers opposed 12,000 British, of whom they killed either 3000 or 5000. On another day 16 Boers kept 300 Lancers in check, and took them all prisoners. No less than 2000 English soldiers have been arrested dying of hunger in Portuguese territory, and doubtless the inference is that the same country which left India to perish of famine is quite content to starve its drunken mercenaries. Another correspondent, with the same spirit which persuaded France that Bismarck was a butcher,

while her soldiers might slay without the guilt of blood, denounces Colonel Bullock as a felon, because he defended himself with a revolver against the attacking Boers. And if you would like to discover the real cause of the war, you may find it in the blatancy of Lord Salisbury, against which the courteous manners of President Kruger fought in vain. This gentleman reminds us of that other writer, equally well informed, who assured a credulous world that Lord Salisbury was the son of Benjamin Disraeli!

Now, this habit of lying is not bred of inadvertence; it is ingrained in the French character. Twenty times a-week the halfpenny press of Paris prints false news, whose falsity is demonstrable in an hour. For example, our ambassador lately left Paris for a holiday. Instantly a dozen sensation-mongers saw a chance of a scare. Sir Edward Monson was disgusted, said one, at the decoration of M. Léandre, the libeller of our Queen. Of course he was not disgusted. Why should he be? France may decorate whom she pleases; and we know no one more fit in taste and talent to wear the red ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur than M. Léandre. He is as little influenced by truth or manners as the rest; and his calumnies, exquisitely suited to the temper of Paris, are worthy of the reward they have won. At last, then, he is the colleague of the late Colonel Henry and of M. Judet. But that is not our point. Our point is this, that the journalists who falsely said

that Sir Edward Monson was breaking our diplomatic relations with France, or had gone to Italy to beg for aid, knew, or could have known, that they lied. But the chance of knowledge does not deter them from their daily task. They still wander up and down the streets, as they did in Cæsar's day, buttonholing any loafer who will tell them the tale they would like to believe. And when the tale is told, they deem correction unnecessary. They neither regret nor excuse their falsehood, and possibly they are not even now conscious that they have been guilty of dishonourable conduct.

Such is the attitude of France; and it is for us to accept that attitude in all thankfulness of heart. That our neighbours, who love us not, should be convinced of our decadence is worth an army corps, and England has taken a far too serious view of a merely peevish habit. On the one hand we have heard a great deal about the ingratitude of France. We have been reminded that when the French lost in a single day 173,000 soldiers, 6000 officers, three marshals of France, 56 eagles, 622 pieces of field- and 876 of garrison- artillery, 72 mitrailleuses, 137,420 chassépots, and 132,326 other small-arms, we displayed a fervent and sincere sympathy. It has been recalled to our memory that when Paris was starving, we who, *teste* the 'Figaro,' decline to feed the famished Indians, brought food and comfort to the hungry. These things are

true: we did show France a dignified courtesy when she was in distress; we have never congratulated ourselves on her misfortunes in her own country, in Tonquin, in Madagascar—on the contrary, we have fed her hungry and tended her sick. But these truths do not affect the question at issue. It is misunderstanding the French character to expect gratitude. Suspicion is the answer which our neighbours give to kindness, and we have not the smallest right to resent the unfriendliness of those who have for two thousand years fed upon rumours. On the other hand, our statesmen have gravely discussed the animosity of France, and one Minister has gone so far as to administer a reproof. He might as well have reproved a blizzard or an unstoppered drain. The falsehood of France deserves no reprobation from us. After all, a lie does not last longer than twenty-four hours, and it is never worth while to complain of a blind man because he cannot see. The French, so far as the truth is concerned, are blind-eyed. You can hardly call their habit a vice. It is rather a moral obliquity of vision. It is not that they weigh truth and falsehood in a balance, and compel truth to kick the beam; it is that their hand is physically incompetent to hold the scales, and that France will never conquer a place in the world until she can steady her trembling fist. We should not be surprised even if M. Rochefort worshipped truth in secret; we can even believe

that M. Drumont is in his own eyes an honest man; we might be persuaded that M. de Casagnac, when he urged President Kruger to slaughter the British prisoners, regarded himself as a modern Bayard. Such freaks of chance and nature are nothing to us. They are the effect of one cause—that love of false news which dominates France more efficiently than Government or intelligence.

From France, then, we have nothing to fear, save falsehood, which breaks no bones, and which need evoke no other sorrow than contempt. But when the apologists of France insist that she has nought in common with her press, a modest protest must be uttered. A press lives only on the approval of the people, and MM. Rochefort and Millevoje would not mark every day with a black lie if they were not paid to do so. So that France cannot but share the pitiable disgrace of her journals. What, then, does it all mean? Nothing whatever. There may be a suggestion of the jealousy which a dying race feels for the race which rides upon the wave of progress. But we don't believe it, because France is not even half-conscious of decay. No; it is idle to seek for serious causes. It is enough that France is never likely to fight us again, unless she fights, as she attempted to fight at Fashoda, under the standard of somebody else. Not only is her Exhibition imminent, which ensures peace for six months, but a war with England would be a war by sea, which will neither

set General Mercier upon a dictator's throne nor give the General Staff a chance of rehabilitation. France, indeed, is as dangerous as Switzerland or Belgium, and it is only the accident of a free untrammelled press that brings home to us in England the immaterial fret of her animosity.

Moreover, though France knows it not, the fall of England is the sole incident needed to finish her existence. And, though the press of the Boulevard is all ignorant of this elementary truth, the statesmen of France have a just perception of its importance. M. Delcassé, for instance, is far too wise to risk a rupture with the only Power whose friendship is useful to his country. When Prussia broke the power of Austria at Sadowa, France, as M. Hervé said, suffered her severest check since Waterloo without striking a blow. Yet the journals of Paris applauded vociferously the victory of Prussia. So to-day the loud voice of France clamours for the extinction of England, and the brain which is behind that loud voice does not understand that if the Boers were victorious in South Africa, the curtain would be drawn up on the last act of France's tragedy. But if the people fail to penetrate the obvious, M. Deschanel has a clear vision of the truth. The speech which he made just a month ago, when he was received into the Academy, proved, in spite of itself, the folly of the Boulevards. Quoting M. Hervé, whose eulogy it was his fortune to pronounce,

he said: "It is only Germany that has an interest in a quarrel between England and France. To make a campaign against English policy, is to make a campaign in favour of German policy. . . . If we take sides with Berlin against London, we commit a great folly, especially as we should only tempt London to come to an agreement with Berlin at our expense." What was true then is still true to-day. The one chance that France has for the future—vague enough, to be sure—is an alliance with England, and M. Deschanel was acting the part of a true patriot when he bade his countrymen forget for a while the bite of the mad dog, and look upon politics with a cold eye.

But there is another side to the argument. An alliance implies a benefit on either hand. France, no doubt, would find it very much to her advantage if she could obtain the support of the perfidious and vilified Albion. But Albion has still much to say in dispraise of a sudden reconciliation. If we could help France, France is powerless to help us, and until she restores unto herself a stable system of justice and a firm method of government, her alliance is absolutely worthless. At present her energy seems lost in intrigue—with Menelik, with Mahdism, with Dr Leyds. But intrigue is the antithesis of statesmanship, and it is not likely that an English statesman will ever again deem it prudent to hold out the hand of close fellowship to France. Nor shall we regret the inevitable breach.

A nation which envies the expansion of her neighbour, and yet has not the energy to occupy effectively the African territory which her diplomatists won for her a brief year ago, is not a valuable ally. And what need have we of allies, who behold "this Britannick Empire built to a glorious and enviable height, with all her daughter islands about her"? Would we dare to hint for a moment that we shall not be "stayed in this felicity"?

The abuse of the French we may bear with a calm pleasure. The abuse of our own countrymen is not so easily supported. But, after all, the modern cannibal is a harmless beast, who would devour his fellows not with his teeth but with his tongue. His worst trait is his anxiety to solace your dying hours (as he esteems them) with inaccurate information. He says, in effect: "Thank God, the country which is yours and mine has fallen upon ruin;" and then, to improve the occasion, straightway explains how he would have averted an impending disaster. So he has established an "association" which shall spread the truth about South Africa. He should, of course, begin with the instruction of his own committee; but here modesty steps in, and he shrinks from a task which even his sanguine temper finds insurmountable. Wherefore he distributes the vague opinions of his country's enemies among the sound patriots who know their worthlessness. Of one thing he

is certain—England is ruined; nor has he yet discovered that the wish is father to the thought. He is only anxious to explain the welcome destruction. Now he would saddle Lord Rosebery's racing-stable with the responsibility; now he finds that our universities are at fault. Were he gifted with reason, he might reflect that something more than a racing-stable is necessary to kill the British empire, and that *post hoc* is not always *propter hoc*. But malice is not reason's best encouragement, and so our cannibal shows his teeth aimlessly, until the news of his country's triumph will plunge him in grief.

And pat to the argument comes Mr J. W. Clark's 'Old Friends at Cambridge,'¹ a work which should instantly reassure the waverers. There is many an English institution which we are not prepared to defend. But Cambridge and Oxford are above and beyond the need of defence. Older universities there are, and wiser nurseries of scholarship. Paris may boast her greater freedom, Berlin her deeper learning. Yet we need not fear any competition. Cambridge and Oxford are the children of an old unreasoning tradition, and they could not have been born elsewhere than in England. They display at once the vices and virtues of our temperament. They spring not from logic, but from the past. They are good because they *are*, not because they serve a narrow

¹ London: Macmillan & Co. 1900.

practical aim. It is thrown at them for a reproach that they fit their pupils for no profitable career. A young Englishman does not come down from his university a lawyer, or a soldier, or a doctor. But he comes down with a far better equipment than a mere diploma: he comes down able to master most situations into which he may be thrust. And it is for this reason that our Government has been for centuries in the hands of graduates from our universities.

When the question is thus put to our enemies, their reply is obvious, and obviously irrelevant. Time was, they say, when the universities of England did breed a race of strong men; but strength has gone from us long since, and they who descend every year from Cambridge and Oxford with the useless right of using a degree are poor pampered minions. That this is untrue is demonstrable: despite the attacks of women, democrats, headmasters, and other faddists, our universities have lost precious little of their ancient character. Their worst enemy has always been the architect, who is far more dangerous even than the reformer, and the architect's triumph is undisputed. Yet there is so much that he has been powerless to destroy, there is still so rare a mixture of athleticism and the middle ages in our time-stained colleges, that we can even think of the dastard builder with some equanimity. To enter what appears a monastery, and to detect a monk in boating

flannels who is not only a capable scholar but a real live man, is not elsewhere a common experience; and if our universities have made this experience possible, let us turn a deaf ear to the envious critics who dislike an unshared privilege, and give our universities full credit for the work they have accomplished in the world.

But our universities accomplish another work within their own borders. After all, while it is their general duty to make men, it is their particular duty to make scholars. And herein lies the interest of Mr J. W. Clark's book. The Cambridge men whom he celebrates are, with one or two splendid exceptions, unknown to the larger world which lies far from the Cam. But for all that they are men who performed their allotted tasks with admirable skill and courage. We cannot all be generals or saviours of our country; on the other hand, it is not every man who can prove himself the distinguished Head of a House, and William Whewell may certainly claim without at least some of the glory which was his within the walls of Trinity College. For there is no doubt that Dr Whewell was, within the limits of his profession, a very great man. He was not a great scholar: at his death his copyrights were worthless, and we do not suppose that any person will ever again consult his masterpieces. His own account of his scientific position is perfectly just and true. "I did but systematise," said he, "portions of knowledge which the

consent of opinions has brought into readiness for such a process." Not a lofty ambition, maybe, but useful, so long as it lasts, and the writer of a lucid synthesis need not feel shame for his work. However, we do not know Whewell from his writings. His 'History of the Inductive Sciences' was long since forgotten, and his 'Plurality of Worlds' would have followed its companion into oblivion had it not been for Sir F. Doyle's epigram—

"Though you through the regions of
space should have travelled,
And of nebular films the remotest un-
ravelled,
You'll find, though you tread on the
bounds of infinity,
That God's greatest work is the Master
of Trinity."

And that is what William Whewell was—Master of Trinity, and nothing else. He was a don in temperament, in learning, in conduct. A very great don, to be sure, but still a don. His view of his own importance was exaggerated, as his estimation of the universe was contracted. Within his own boundaries, he was an imperious autocrat; and he attempted, by instinct rather than by design, to carry his autocracy into the world. It is not astonishing, therefore, that he made many enemies, of whom Thackeray was the bitterest: that stories should have been told to his discredit is the punishment which he shares with all those in authority. He would not permit an undergraduate to sit down in his presence, said one; he is always insolent and overbearing, said another. And

Mr Clark, his most loyal apologist, confesses that he was often at fault. "There are two ways," says he, "of doing most things, and Whewell was unlucky in nearly always choosing the wrong one." No wonder, then, if he were unpopular, and if on one occasion he marched from his college to the Senate House with a prize-fighter on either side of him. But his fault was largely, as Mr Clark points out, a fault of manner. He browbeat rather from habit than from conviction; and it may be true, though it sounds a monstrous paradox, that Whewell "was in reality an extremely humble-minded man, diffident of himself, and sure of his position only when he had the approval of his conscience for what he was doing." However, whatever his character, he was a great master, and as a great master he will ever claim the glory which the careless world denies him.

Far more polished and more august was Dr Thompson—another Master of Trinity, who is still fresh in the memory of the present generation. In all things he differed from Whewell—save in autocracy. They were both born rulers, and it was not their fault if the province over which they ruled was a small one. But with autocracy the resemblance vanishes. Dr Thompson chilled with an epigram, while Whewell crushed with a heavy bludgeon of contempt. Moreover, Dr Thompson had the advantage from a spectacular point of view. No portrait of Whewell can be compared to the alert,

kindly, contemptuous figure of Dr Thompson as we remember him. The ivory head of his cane was of the same tone as his sallow face, to which his silver hair was as a crown, and in every feature there was a sense of learned, amiable superiority. And behind that curious mask was as quick a wit as ever flashed at folly. This Master was not rude, but ruthless, and his jests are still the treasured heritage of Cambridge.

For the rest of Mr Clark's scholars, Lord Houghton belongs rather to England than to his university, and though Henry Bradshaw deserves a panegyric in every history of Cambridge, it is Edward Henry Palmer who of them all best served his college and his country. Yet let it not be thought that he was not also a loyal pupil of Cambridge. True, he died the death of a hero; true, also, he girded at the restraints of an academy; but he was still in sentiment an undergraduate, still in learning a professor. Whether Cambridge made the best of her treasure may be doubted, even if we do not follow Sir Walter Besant's condemnation of the university's behaviour. At any rate, we cannot deprive Cambridge of the distinction of having educated and encouraged so fine a professor and so intrepid a man.

Now, Dr Thompson, and Henry Bradshaw, and Palmer belong to the last decades of the century, and we may applaud their achievements without incurring the charge of fogeydom. In our universities,

at least, there need be no retrogression, and the critics who put the blame of our "certain ruin" upon these seats of learning should go back a few steps on the path of history. To compare the Cambridge of to-day to the Cambridge of Gunning's 'Reminiscences,' which were gathered under George III. and the Regency, is to acknowledge that in all essentials modern Cambridge is superior to its predecessor. In one point only do we admit a manifest inferiority. When all the Heads of Houses were blackguards, and all the fellows were drunkards, Cambridge gained in picturesqueness what it lost in repute. Gunning frankly acknowledges that the university in his day plumbed the very depths of disgrace, and there is scarcely a single man who figures in his entertaining volumes that would be endured in our more modest days. But it would be absurd to suggest for one moment that Mr Clark's book can be set on the same shelf with Gunning's. A difference of temperament explains much, and it is certain that the excellent Gunning would have uncovered some scandals even in our reputable days. Yet the essential difference is a difference of material. Gunning and Mr Clark are writing about entirely different races of men. In Gunning's book there are stories which recall Aubrey's 'Lives' in their mixture of truth and phantasy; in Mr Clark's there is but a record of honest endeavour and sound, if eccentric, character. It is not from spite that Gunning

assures us that in his time all the Seniors of Trinity were addicted to rather squalid vices. It is merely because he combines with a love of truth a sense of picturesqueness. We shall never again see within the walls of Cambridge so eccentric a gentleman as Samuel Peck, B.D., who gave the country-folk the benefit of his legal advice, and then proclaimed—"A lawyer would have put you to expense: Sam Peck never takes a fee, but he loves gratitude; and he will accept a few sausages, a joint of pork, a couple of fowls, a goose, or a turkey, or any article that your farm produces." But the Rev. Samuel Peck, despite his mean gallantries, was an angel of virtue compared to the Rev. James Backhouse, B.D., that man of intrigue whose denunciation by Porson not even Gunning is bold enough to quote. All this is changed, with glory to our university, yet not without a tinge of regret to ourselves. The dark

ages of scholarship have passed away, and are succeeded (maybe) by a too general intelligence. The old times were more entertaining and less meritorious; they would, of course, have inflamed the ire of the jealous Radical and given some colour to the popular charges. For all that, they still attract us; and while we are glad to read Mr J. W. Clark's amiable record, we pray that in some corner of Cambridge there lurks a Gunning who will preserve the eccentricities of the last decades. There remains (or did remain) at least some curious material different in its essence from Gunning's, yet not unworthy a skilful attention. All we ask is a seeing eye and a bold pen that will treat it without venom and without timidity. Then in twenty years we may have another book that shall earn an honourable place by the side of Henry Gunning's 'Reminiscences,' which remains after half a century a unique and matchless record.

THE WAR OPERATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.—IV.

BY A MILITARY CONTRIBUTOR.

THE column under Sir C. Warren, which was to attempt to turn the right of the Boer forces investing Ladysmith, moved off on the 20th January only to find itself face to face with an elevated plateau, its precipitous sides scored with watercourses, which stretched for some miles north-west from a point on the river's bank, midway between Trichard's and Potgeiter's drifts, towards Acton Homes, thus completely barring the way to the open country lying south of Ladysmith. This ridge terminated on the south in Spion Kop, an almost inaccessible mountain except where the nek joins it to the main ridge; its top a high plateau running to two sharp points overlooking and enfilading the Boer trenches on each side. It was impossible to exaggerate the strategic importance of this hill; our guns there would render the Boer trenches before Potgeiter's drift untenable, and they had no second line of defence. So on the early morning of the 24th inst. it was decided to make a night-attack on it. The nek was strongly held by the Boers, who also occupied a spur on which they had constructed thirty-five rifle-pits to bring a cross-fire upon the advance. The only possible point for our attack was the south, with sheer precipices right and left; a narrow footpath admitting men

in single file only led to a flat table-land on which the Boers had commenced to dig a trench; while in front there were several lines of schansjes. The night was pitch dark, and our men were not discovered till they were within thirty yards of the first schansje. The Boers fired one volley and fled precipitately. The second line poured in a heavy fire, but also fled at their approach. The cheer with which our men rushed into them was heard by the troops in the camp below, and told them that the attack had succeeded. It was now four o'clock in the morning; the mountain top was shrouded with mist, but at eight o'clock it lifted, and immediately the Boers, who had evidently been preparing, opened a terrific cross-fire with shells and rifles from the lower ground. For two hours the men were under the heaviest shell and Maxim-Nordenfeldts' fire, the latter firing off twelve shells in quick succession, each one a few inches above the other, with most deadly effect. Three times they advanced against the Boer position, and each time had to retire. This lasted till eleven o'clock, when our batteries found the Boer guns, hitherto invisible, and almost immediately silenced them. The fight continued for the rest of the day, our men under a heavy fire pushing

gradually forward till late in the evening.

General Lyttelton's brigade had marched out at dawn, and, covered by a heavy shell-fire, had moved along the face of the Boer position, sending a battalion to climb Spion Kop about 5 A.M., when, after a sharp fight, they found themselves unopposed on the summit. The attack was made chiefly by the 2nd Cameronians, 3rd Royal Rifles, 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, and 2nd Middlesex, with Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry.

The position was found to be too large for efficient defence, water was deficient, and it was terribly exposed to the enemy's artillery, to which our own could hardly reply; so, after holding it all day and losing 40 per cent of the defenders, it was decided by Major Thorneycroft, who had succeeded to the command when General Woodgate was wounded, to withdraw during the night,—a decision that was carried out before day-break on the 25th.

Was such a decision necessary? Was it necessary for our guns to fire upon our own men? Was it necessary to retreat at all from the key of the position, which our men had won? Was it necessary to leave the momentous decision on which hung the fate of Ladysmith—of the campaign—on the shoulders of a major of mounted infantry, a corps in the nebulous condition that leaves the men uncertain whether they are fish or fowl? We heard that the Boers were galloping wildly about, their

waggon were trekking, their laagers were breaking up; on one side of all this confusion were two or more divisions of British, on the other 8000 more, waiting, expecting to burst out and join them—a little more, only a little more, and the back of the Boer army was broken. Were there no generals to appeal to? Every one knew General Woodgate was shot; there was General Buller across the river; there was General Warren with his division down below; there was General Clery somewhere; there was General Lyttelton; General Coke was on the hill; General Hart was about,—surely out of these one could have been forthcoming. Of that army of Staff that left their college to set things right in South Africa, were none of them about? It is not in the curriculum taught at the college, though it is an axiom of common-sense, that the "highly placed" staff-officer may, on occasion, turn "galloper," and tell a general that he is wanted. Did it not occur to one of these to overstep the line of study? Are there no heads left in Natal? It would seem so. If there are, the Boers have the monopoly.

A correspondent tells us—

"Things had been done in huggemugger fashion, and the gunners had no precise information imparted to them as to the object and scope of the day's operation. They were quite unaware of the movement led by General Lyttelton, which resulted in the capture of the northern spur of Spion Kop: the consequence was that the Scottish Rifles and 3rd Rifles suffered from their own shrapnel bursting over the reverse slopes. At 6 P.M. both regulars and colonials had

held out bravely, for weary hours had behaved magnificently, and means might have been more promptly adopted for helping them: instead of that came an order to the Rifles, who were in an exposed position, addressed to the 'O. C.,' who had been killed, for them to retire. Major Thorneycroft read it, and took it to apply to the whole force on the Spion Kop range. Retirement, which may have been a retreat, followed. There were those, I learn, who refused to take the order. As General Buller was setting out to ride over to Warren's force, he for the first time heard of the disaster."

He reached Sir C. Warren's camp at 5 A.M. that morning, and decided that a second attack on Spion Kop would be useless, and that the Boers' right was too strong to be forced: so he ordered the whole of Sir C. Warren's division to withdraw south of the Tugela, a movement which was carried out at once, and at 8 A.M. on the 27th it was across the Tugela without the loss of a single man or waggon—General Lyttelton's brigade remaining on the north bank opposite Potgeiter's drift.

General Buller in his despatch says—

"The fact that the force could withdraw from actual touch—in cases the lines were less than 1000 yards apart—with the enemy in the perfect manner it did, is sufficient evidence of the *morale* of the troops; and that we were permitted to withdraw our cumbersome ox and mule transport across a river 85 yards broad, with 20-foot banks and a very swift stream, unmolested, is, I think, proof that the enemy has been taught to respect our soldiers' fighting powers."

More than all, it shows up the defect in Boer tactics which shuns the attack, as well as the paralysed state of the burghers; also the mag-

nificent discipline, unaffected by the losses which they had just suffered, which enabled our men, as a defeated army, to retreat unmolested, and the military genius of a commander who can take such a momentous decision without hesitation. No better proof of the soundness of the principle in tactics that lays down the importance of the attack can be offered. Had the Boers the stomach to attack the column which was retiring across their front, a river before it, the retreat must have become a disaster. Two pontoon bridges for miles of waggons which dragged slowly over the veldt under command of Boer positions to cross a river 85 yards wide, the approaches steep banks 20 feet above the rapid stream! Fortunately for us, Boer tactics do not include this power. Had those 40,000 Boers when they invaded Natal attacked Ladysmith with a will, they would have ridden unopposed to Maritzburg, from whence to dictate those terms of peace which we heard of.

The attack is the kernel of the military nut, because the active is more prominent than the passive in human nature. Men just now are accustomed to speak of armies, those collections of soldiers where thousands are quoted as mere trifles, as mere blocks that a general can move across the table with a toothpick. But an army consists of men, mere specks, each one brimful, as you are, of thoughts, of hopes and fears; one speck may be braver than the rest, and the bravery of

that speck will infect those nearer specks till we have one army braver than the other. These armies take the field; the specks on one side will be behind a ditch, a wall, defending; those on the other side advance to attack; there will be a fierce struggle, and the attacking specks will be driven back. As they go, one speck turns about—"Are they coming?" ask its comrade specks—"No! they're afraid; let's have another try." The attack is renewed and is beaten off again, but the defeated specks do not go so far back this time; still the defenders don't budge—"It's better behind the wall than in the open, let us stay where we are well off." Then the specks outside, who do not find the open quite so bad, seeing them hesitate try back; once more flung out, not very far this time; and the other specks cry out, "They're coming on again, oh law! Those specks will never stop, here's off"—and they dissolve themselves, and the attack walks in. If you meet a bully in the street and let him pound you, he is a big fellow and you will go down; hit him back and he will diminish rapidly—human nature tells you why.

The gallant struggle to relieve the men in Ladysmith had failed, an effort consecrated by the blood of their comrades, and the brave men flashed back, "Disappointed, but not disheartened"! Our casualties before Spion Kop were: killed, 205, including 30 officers; wounded or missing, 761, of which 39 were officers. To

these numbers must be added 584 of all ranks in actions north of the Tugela.

So the campaign dragged on through January, towards the end of the month finding itself, at every point, in a *cul-de-sac*. Sound strategy had been sacrificed to indifferent tactics—indifferent because due to under-rating the intelligence of the Boers, and to the absence of materials adapted to meet their tactics. True, they have the koppje, and have fortified and held it on principles not taught at Chatham; but with reconnaissance and scouting, common-sense being added, our generals should have solved the koppje: if they cannot do so, let us confess ourselves beaten, and retire into the consciousness of our own moral superiority.

With regard to the materials supplied, the man in the street knew that the Boers were mounted, and should be met by mounted men; yet we sent out battalion after battalion of infantry—the excuse, that there were no ships fitted for the conveyance of horses, when 5000 Colonists in South Africa were longing to distinguish themselves on horseback, another 5000 in Australia and the other colonies, every man of them ready to stand by his horse and greet the arrival of that Napoleonic Army Corps. The complaint about the materials supplied is emphasised by Lord Methuen in his despatch after the battle of Belmont:—

"The last height cleared, the enemy in large numbers galloping into the plain, the enemy's laager trekking across me, 3000 yards off; my mounted

troops unable to carry out their orders on one side—left—because the retreat was covered by koppjes ; on the other—right—because too far ; the artillery dead-beat and unable to help me. A cavalry brigade and a horse artillery battery from my right would have made good my success. Shrapnel does not kill men in these koppjes, it only frightens ; and I intend to get at my enemy.”

Still, to act on unreliable information and imperfect knowledge of the enemy's position, which he refers to, can only be charged against himself and his staff, who neglected the most ordinary precautions : as General Buller says in his comments, “I suppose our officers will learn the value of scouting in time ; but in spite of all one can say, up to this our men seem to blunder into the middle of the enemy and suffer accordingly.” But surely he committed the same mistake on the Tugela, when he seemed to be ignorant that Boers were occupying trenches and the river's bank on the south. The tactical methods by which an almost unfordable river, when both banks are held by the enemy throughout its length, can be forced in face of a strongly intrenched position are not readily found in any text-book. We are casting about for a scapegoat on whom to lay the cause of our defeats, and we find it in the power of rapid movement which the Boers possess, and which enables them to anticipate all our movements. It always will do so if we adhere to obsolete and antiquated drill. If we provided a battalion of balloons the Boer mounted tac-

tics would become obsolete ; probably they would alter them. Our generals must move with the age and try to get a bit “forrader.” The lessons of the Peninsula must be rewritten with a quick-firing pen. More mobility is the cry now, which the crowd interprets to mean more mounted infantry ; but the crowd is wrong. Mobility is a relative term ; the regiment that marches three miles an hour is sufficiently mobile to walk round another that can only walk two and a half miles. At the battle of Gravelotte, when the Prussian infantry failed to force through to the French left, they marched off for seven miles to St Privat and got in on the right, and the day was won. To start off a regiment at ten miles an hour to anticipate another which only covers three in the same time, would mean that the first would have to wait for the second to come up : half an hour is as good as a score in such “cutting-out” tactics. The man who gets to his train an hour before it starts, arrives at his destination no sooner than another who caught it by five minutes.

The cry for mounted infantry was not heard till 1881, when the newspapers told the crowd that the Boers were the best mounted infantry in the world, which they are not. We did not hear it when the Americans discovered the value of mounting, not mounted, infantry in the War of Secession, neither when the general who fought the Battle of Dorking prophesied that a force of 30,000

mounted infantry would be a deciding factor in wars to come. It is only now that it has broken out again, because the Boers, who are mounted, as every one is in South Africa, have scored some successes over our troops. It is a system that has won, a system evolved out of the conditions of the country in which the Boers live,—the intelligent use of the spade and the marvellous power of lifting heavy guns up precipitous slopes are later developments, probably gained from foreign instructors,—peopled by mounted sportsmen, and a sportsman everywhere makes a good soldier.

Our mounted infantry, organised at Aldershot as an adjunct to cavalry, are a most useful force, and would be increased in numbers if to do so did not deplete our regiments of their most handy men, while it would expose a larger body to the risk of considering themselves a mounted arm. The value of infantry is, that it is equally good in attack or in defence; of cavalry, in the united action of man and horse, but with no power for defence: to mount infantry or to dismount cavalry is an anomaly suitable only on occasions. The fascination which a horse exercises over a man who is in constant intimacy with him is such, that when they are separated the man feels that virtue has gone out of him: clap a pair of spurs on a man's heels, and his feet will become too large for his infantry boots. Take away from a Boer the veldt for his pony to feed on,

koppjes to give him shelter, and boulders from behind which to shoot, and any army of the regulation constituents will beat him, white flags and all.

There is a matter in which the Boer beats us hollow: he has practised it all his life; his dinner has often depended on it; and just now his fighting successes are the result of it. He knows the ground he rides over and the value of it. A man with an eye for ground will, in war, be a genius, for the ground is always with a soldier. Hunting men make good soldiers; they learn the value of the ground they gallop over. A thoughtful soldier cannot go over ground without taking note of its capabilities for the action of troops. There was a field with a slope, a farmhouse, and a hedge which the railway passes, so admirably suited for defence that I always looked out when the train ran by,—the trench following the crest, the slope flanked from the farm, the hedge to divide the attack.

Discussions about the guns have been endless, but are best left to gunners to decide. I am sure when we meet the Boer artillery, where boulders do not intrude, our batteries will walk round them. Guns are not metal only: the men who work them must be reckoned with, and they are a match for any Boer assisted by the "foreign element." Men talk in easy terms of 40-pounders, 60-pounders, even 100-pounders, which the Boers appear to carry in their portmanteaus to out-range our own till the Navy

lent us theirs: this is not the soldiers' fault. It is a shameful blot on our politicians that a State within our own should have armed itself with such without remonstrance, or that they did not provide gun for gun out there. Parliament has prosed about "old age pensions," or "railway servants' compensation," when the Boers were building up a military nation strong enough to shake the fabric of our empire. Artillery is a delicate subject to talk about. Still, with all this we might have provided some handy, quick-firing guns, suitable to the mountainous country which prevails both in Natal and Cape Colony. It was the Maxim-Nordenfeldts that made Spion Kop untenable.

A document has just come to light which purports to have been issued at Pretoria some time before the war began for the private information of the members of the Volksraad, which throws some light on the Boer armament: with such cannon, range, shells, and rapid firing at their disposal, it is small wonder that the British cannons are everywhere outranged, out-shelled, and put out of action. As "Ubique" writes to the 'Times'—

"The Boers are credited with the possession of two 120-ton guns. This is truly prodigious. Another type has 'an arrangement of springs and brakes to lessen recoil, which gives greater velocity to the projectile and increases the range.' This is new and very interesting from the scientific point of view. 'The gun carries a trifle under five miles with a charge of less than 2 lb. of powder.' Then

there is a Schneider-Canet 14½-pounder which 'fires 200 rounds per minute'—another singularly attractive weapon. Lastly, we learn that 'five batteries of eight Maxims, or 40 guns, each firing 350 shells per minute,' or 14,000 shells per minute in all, 'are being used against Mafeking.' This, again, is most instructive, such a bombardment being apparently unprecedented."

If this lying trash is good enough for the intelligence of the simple burghers, what must the simple burghers of Cape Colony and Natal expect to have served out to them when Kruger is king.

So much has been heard of Delagoa Bay, and of the use which the Boers find possible in its position on their border, that an outsider might think Portugal was a State that, if not unfriendly to England, found that sitting on the fence to watch how matters are to turn out was politic, and that England must be a terribly small Power with a hand-to-mouth Ministry not to put its foot down and say, "One way or another; are you for or against us?" Procrastination is ineradicable in Portuguese methods: a nice answer will come in time—so we are told, while arms, ammunition, supplies, and the scum of Europe go through, most amiably, to invigorate the Boers. A company of marines at first would have been a fair exchange for Mr Pott, and it is not at all certain that a European convulsion would have followed.

It is unfortunate that in the engagements we have fought

circumstances did not admit of our striking promptly as soon as the blow was decided on, or that we have never followed up the first by a second blow.

The Boers knew, when General Buller arrived at Frere on the 25th November, that he came to conduct the attack which was to lead to the relief of Ladysmith; but it was not till the 15th of December that the blow was delivered, giving them three weeks in which to embellish their trenches.

General Methuen turned the Boers out of Modder village on 28th November; but a fortnight passed before he attacked them at Magersfontein. Here the river was the obstacle; but the materials of the village were available for rafting or for a rough bridge; some men were already across when the Boers drove off: almost any risk is legitimate when the enemy is in retreat and you want to catch him up. The next or the following day Magersfontein should have fallen, like Belmont or Enslin; barbed wire and trenches deep enough to hide a horse were still to come. After our repulse there, most of the 9th Brigade, a battalion of the Guards, all the guns and cavalry, were fairly fresh; a second attack next morning, leaving the worked-out men to mind the camp, might have got in. Our men were exhausted, but the Boers were more so, and a few hours' shelling would have told; our heavy guns must have had some fight left in them, ammunition might have been brought up with an effort; a little more

and the campaign was won—it was a big prize!

General Buller disclosed his intentions on the 11th January, but it was not till the 23rd that Spion Kop was taken, giving the enemy so long to strengthen his flank. It was known that, the Boers being mounted, a turning movement was almost impossible: given less than a week, and a flank becomes their front. Would it have been possible, knowing this, to push out a flying column, carrying absolute necessities only, to anticipate this mobility? In the absence of maps it might have been possible for a man with an eye for country to get across the river with his horse, half-a-dozen rifles hidden away on the south bank to cover his retreat, and to have gained an idea of the ground.

It is not intended to suggest what ought to have been done. The remarks are interrogative. Would any such action have been possible under the circumstances? To sit in an arm-chair and to say how things ought to have been done is to paint a picture with your eyes shut.

No doubt General Buller felt that a further attempt must be made, inadequate as was his force. The ways-in had all been sealed—by Colenso, by Acton Homes; while that by Weenen was a long way round, lending itself to Boer mobility. The only road by Krantz Kloof still open was closed by tactical considerations: it might just be possible to surprise it, and trust to finding a secure position overlooking the open country

south of Ladysmith, where he would not be exposed to a converging fire from heavy guns at a distance. But it was the way out again that required thinking of. He would be in a defile, commanding heights on either side in undisputed occupation by the Boers, who would be apt to squeeze in together in his rear, and so form a barrier between himself and his base, which must be the pontoons across the Tugela: thus a second Ladysmith would be created.

Before you enter a defile, the sides must be cleared of the enemy: this done, you can safely fight your way across the eight or ten miles in front to Waggon Hill. But here the containing heights were a long way off—Doorn Kloof on the east, Spion Kop on the west, two or three miles respectively; a valley of death between; broken, hilly ground; each koppje and every donga to hide a Boer party, with “Long Toms” and automatic “Pom-poms” on the precipice above. Men cannot be asked to do so much. The Boers they had to face are not what they were: hastily collected, without cohesion, the slightest fancy for discipline, and in face of artillery fire for the first time: four months of victorious fighting—it is painful to say so—have converted a horde of stray units into a force of well-seasoned soldiers, confident in themselves, accustomed to stand up to artillery fire, to repulse the stoutest infantry attacks, and to look with something like derision at the British cavalry,

which can't catch up their rough ponies. Four months on the veldt hardens a man, and the Boers from the first possessed excellent constitutions for the hardening process. To have been unsuccessful so long is not the only disadvantage our want of preparation has entailed.

The road by Krantz Kloof was finally decided on: the general scheme to make a feint by Trichard's drift, on the west, to draw off the Boers from the true crossing at Potgeiter's drift, five miles to the east. Accordingly, some heavy guns were quietly moved to Zwart Kop and secreted there in order to command the main point of crossing; these were followed in the early morning of the 5th February by Wynne's brigade with five batteries Field Artillery marching on Trichard's drift, which they crossed, and advanced a short distance towards Brakfontein,—a manœuvre which drew a large number of Boers from farther east. After an hour and a half's vigorous demonstration and sharp skirmishing, General Wynne, having accomplished his object, withdrew over the river in good order with slight loss. That the trick succeeded is learnt from Pretoria. The real attacking force bivouacked the previous night under Alice Kop on the right bank, and early on the 5th inst., under cover of the guns on Zwart Kop, the Engineers with conspicuous gallantry promptly threw a pontoon-bridge across the river below Potgeiter's drift, when General Lyttelton's brigade, fol-

lowed by General Hildyard's, crossed under a heavy fire and advanced to a line of koppjes which formed part of the Boer position farther north: these were prepared by an overwhelming fire from 72 guns, and at 4 P.M. the koppje called Vaal Kranz was taken in a most brilliant fashion by the 1st Durham. The Boers were completely surprised, and fled precipitately, leaving many dead and several prisoners in our hands. On the 6th the Boers made a most determined attempt to retake Vaal Kranz, but were repulsed by the 1st Rifle Brigade and 2nd Scottish Rifles, who had pushed on for the next koppje. The troops were now in occupation of a long ridge, on which they bivouacked. The whole time the Boer guns on Spion Kop and Doorn Kloof were firing without intermission. The shells burst all around, but did little damage. One of ours struck an ammunition-waggon, which exploded and silenced the heavy Creuzot gun beside it. A second and third pontoon-bridge were constructed by the engineers, who worked steadily under fire. On the 6th inst. no further advance was made, the men intrenching themselves against the heavy guns which the enemy had mounted on the previous night in the gullies of Doorn Kloof and Spion Kop. Little damage was done, for Lyttelton's brigade held about half a mile of ridge all day under their fire with slight loss. At 4 P.M., after a vigorous shell-fire, the Boers made another attack on the position, advancing across a bare koppje

between it and Brakfontein. They gained the advance trench, but were repulsed in about half an hour.

But the level space which we occupied was cramped: there was no room for the guns, and little shelter against the cross-fire which was continuous; a 100-pounder had been hauled into position on Doorn Kloof, which all attempts failed to silence; so General Buller was compelled reluctantly to abandon it. As he explained to Lord Roberts, "It was necessary after seizing Vaal Kranz to intrench it as the pivot of further operations; but I found, after trying for two days, that, owing to the nature of the ground this was not practicable: it was also exposed to fire from heavy guns, which fired from positions by which our artillery was dominated." The retirement commenced at 9 P.M. on the 7th inst., the pontoons being taken up after General Hildyard's brigade had crossed the river. In the morning the whole force retired beyond the range of the Boer guns, which continued shelling them.

In effect, though the attempt failed to relieve Ladysmith, it had slackened the investment and given the garrison a short breathing-time, it had kept the investing force moving, besides inflicting considerable losses on it, and, perhaps most important of all, it had riveted the Boer main army to a strategically unimportant locality, preventing it from detaching any considerable help to the western frontier, where it might expect help would soon be urgently required.

There is no doubt that the absence of maps of the country north of the Tugela had much to do with the selection of an advance by Spion Kop and by Krantz Kloof and their subsequent abandonment.

Complaints have been made already that the troops have not been supplied with maps, but for all strategical purposes that published by Stanford, at a scale of 14 miles to 1 inch, is ample. It is when manœuvres happen in special localities that a large-scale map is wanted,—a position, a hill like Spion Kop to be captured, the ground near a ford, buildings, or a village; for these cases a mile of ground may usefully be represented by 4 inches on the map, or even by 6. Maps on these scales show the contours of the ground, small streams, or at least the water-courses that hold them, the steepness of mountain-sides, the presence of precipitous cliffs, the shape and extent of buildings, and all features important in the attack or defence of that particular locality. But such maps to be useful must be reliable—that is, accurate—and this can only be obtained by a careful survey. The Ordnance maps, at 1 inch to the mile, of the United Kingdom, are too small for tactical purposes, and have been constructed at a cost out of reach of most colonies, while the time and skilled labour expended would be equally great.

Critics say it was not necessary to survey the whole country. "Why not have mapped out on a large scale the neighbourhood of Ladysmith?" This is the argument born of wisdom-after-the-event, much affected by the

writers of detective stories, who first imagine a crime and then work back to the clue of the "crooked sixpence." There are a hundred positions, or more, in northern Natal inviting defence or conversely attack. We should certainly make maps beforehand of the point we expected to assail,—no doubt the Boers, having all along intended to make for Maritzburg by way of Ladysmith, had mapped out whatever country they foresaw might come into the fighting. Had we known at the outbreak of the war that Mr Rhodes would go to Kimberley and that Mr Kruger would go after him, we should have mapped out Magersfontein and the surrounding karoo on a gigantic scale.

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Lord Roberts, on landing, found the strategy of the campaign altogether neglected, and at once set to work to remedy matters: transport was organised with marvellous energy by his able and hard-working Chief of the Staff, Lord Kitchener; a mounted brigade of local Irregulars, under General Brabant, was formed; troops were landed, provided with transport, and despatched to unknown destinations, and the telegraph kept strictly under his own control, with the result that on the 6th February he left for Modder river, to find himself there in command of a cavalry division, four infantry divisions, and a large artillery force—probably, in all, 50,000 men.

For the first time since the commencement of the war a

British general found himself in command of a field army so constituted as to be able to take the offensive under conditions which the nature of the country and the mobility of the Boers demand. General French, whose tactical resources against a mounted enemy, thoroughly used to the features of the ground and the habits of the country had pointed him out as specially fitted for the post, was in command of the mounted corps, consisting of three brigades of regular cavalry, three or four batteries Horse Artillery, together with mounted infantry and Colonial forces, numbering probably in all 6000 men. This mounted corps was in camp near Honey Nest Kloof; two infantry divisions remained at Modder river camp, fronting Magersfontein, and the remaining two divisions were echeloned along the railway south of that camp.

No doubt Commandant Cronje, in command of the Boer forces round Kimberley, was aware of the concentration at Modder river; and as the success of the turning movement depended upon effecting a surprise, a false movement on the 3rd inst. was made on Koodoosberg, a drift across the Modder about eighteen miles west, by General Macdonald, with the Highland Brigade, the 9th Lancers, and a battery of artillery. After two days they arrived at the drift and intrenched themselves. Next day a large body of Boers approached: they mounted a gun on the north end of the ridge and shelled our position, making a determined effort to drive

the Highlanders out without success: large reinforcements continued to arrive from Magersfontein while they were intrenching themselves, but on the arrival of a cavalry force from Modder river the whole dispersed with some loss. The object of the move being accomplished, General Macdonald returned to Modder river.

The turning movement which Lord Roberts had planned now began to develop. On the morning of the 11th February General French, with the Cavalry Division, left camp near Enslin for Ramdam, about twelve miles east, within the Free State border, and concentrated for the night, followed on the next morning by the 6th Division, under General Kelly - Kenny. The cavalry pushed on to De Kiel's drift, on the Riet river, which was seized after slight resistance, the troops camping on the north bank. Here the 7th Division and baggage came up, and a long delay took place: the transport parked on the south bank, while the waggons were passed over with great difficulty owing to the steepness of the north bank, and it was not till 4 A.M. on the 13th that the greater part was across. This delay was unfortunate, as it might give Commandant Cronje sufficient time to get away most of his guns, which otherwise must have fallen into our hands.

The 6th Division crossed the Riet river by Waterfal drift on the 14th, and continued on to the Modder at Klip drift. On the same morning the cavalry division pushed on to Wegdraas,

about three miles east of Jacobsdal, where the horses rested, General French sending patrols on towards the town to ascertain if it was held in any force by the enemy, as well as to report if the 6th Division was coming up. Few Boers were found in the town, so he continued his ride by the road which runs easterly towards Blauwbosch, so as to cross the Modder well outside the Boer patrols, making for Klip drift, which he reached just before midnight, capturing three of the enemy's laagers, while a brigade made a feint on Rondevaal drift, four miles west. This was seized, also a second drift higher up, together with two more laagers.

As soon as Klip drift was occupied a 12-pounder naval gun was hauled up by the blue-jackets on to a koppje which commanded the passage and both banks of the river. This done, on the afternoon of the 15th he left the drift in charge of the 6th Division, which had just arrived, and rode rapidly on towards Beaconsfield in spite of the fire of some Boers who occupied a large koppje on the river's bank, and who were in strength about 1000, soon afterwards themselves shelled out by the 12-pounder on the south bank. A few miles south of the Kimberley some troops of the garrison in an outlying Boer redoubt, which they had captured not long ago, gave him the first greeting, while the cavalry with him rode on through the night which had now fallen and entered the town: the relief of Kimberley was accomplished!

On the night of the 16th inst.

the position of our troops was—Lord Roberts and Headquarters with the 7th Division at Jacobsdal—Lord Methuen's division at Modder river camp—General Colville with the Guard's brigade holding the Boer position at Magersfontein, which they had hastily abandoned the previous night—General French and cavalry division in Kimberley assisted by the garrison, which was posted on the north-west corner to watch for any Boers who might try to steal out that way—the 6th Division with the Highland Brigade at Klip drift. This strategy, with a loss of about twenty men, had accomplished what tactics, with the loss of the Highland Brigade, had failed to do. Is it any wonder that Continental critics should exclaim when our generals abandoned sound strategy for indifferent tactics? The fault was not altogether theirs—a workman cannot work without tools: to attempt to carry out a campaign on a single line of rails many hundred miles in length is to play into the enemy's hands.

Cronje had now the choice of two alternatives—to fight or to retreat; the entire British force of 30,000 men had placed itself between his camp and his base at Bloemfontein; so, like a Boer that he is, he chose the latter. The retreat began on the night of the 15th inst., when the trenches at Magersfontein were evacuated in hot haste,—Cronje himself, with 10,000 men and an enormous line of waggons, made off with all speed for Bloemfontein. The 6th Division on the 16th

captured seventy-eight waggons laden with stores, two with Mauser rifles, eight boxes of shells, ten barrels explosives, and a large quantity of stores, which had lagged behind.

Lord Kitchener, who had now arrived, took command of the column in pursuit of the flying Boers, consisting of the Cavalry and the 6th Divisions, the Highland, and later on the Guards' Brigade, and at once attacked the laager which they were forced to make owing to the exhausted state of their oxen. On the 19th the railway to Kimberley was opened, and Lord Methuen was sent on with reinforcements. Lord Roberts issued a proclamation to the Free Staters warning them to desist from further hostilities, assuring them of protection if they do so, and declaring that their property will be respected by the British troops.

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The news of the defeat of the Boers' Western Army must have reached those round Ladysmith with great speed, for on the 16th inst. an unusual activity prevailed: it appeared as if they were moving off some of their guns with considerable parties to accompany them. On foreseeing this, General Buller, on the 14th inst., moved out of Chieveley with the whole of his force with the exception of General Hart's brigade, and attacked the hills south of the Tugela which the Boers had for so long occupied. The advance was directed upon the low-lying slopes under Monto Cristo, which is two miles south of Hlangwane, covered by the

mounted troops. At 9 A.M. General Lyttelton's brigade approached the hills and drove back the Boers under cover of our guns and howitzers; they replied by shells from batteries hidden behind the rocks and bush: whenever they were silenced they changed position and opened fire again, till at sunset our troops held the position, on which they encamped for the night, having suffered slight loss. On the 18th inst. General Hildyard's brigade assaulted and took the southern end of Monte Cristo, the 4th Brigade taking the western. The Royal Welsh Fusiliers, supported by the rest of the 6th Brigade, assaulted the eastern flank of the enemy's position, while the cavalry on the extreme right drove back those of them trying to escape that way. Suffering from artillery fire on their front and flank, and attacked on their flank and rear, the enemy made slight resistance, and abandoning their strong position, were driven across the Tugela, leaving behind their camps, ammunition, stores, and a few prisoners. Next day the Fusilier Brigade took Hlangwane hill, the right of the enemy's position commanding Colenso. On the 20th the whole force advanced towards the Tugela, to find the Boers had withdrawn behind the river; General Hart occupied Colenso, and at once sent his advance-guard across to follow up the Boers, who seemed to be in full retreat: casualties throughout appeared to have been few. The relief of Ladysmith was thus practically assured.

THE ADDRESS AND ITS LESSONS.

THE parliamentary session of the year 1900 opened under circumstances to which no parallel is to be found in our parliamentary history for more than forty years. Yet events move so rapidly, and assume such a variety of aspects from day to day, that the great debate to which only a month ago we were all looking forward with such intense interest is already more than half forgotten. Still, regarded as a whole, and apart from its gladiatorial character, it was at once so instructive and so suggestive that some of its lessons at least, and some of its indications, deserve to be extracted from the mass of verbiage in which they lie embedded, and placed on record in some more distinct and concise form than they necessarily present either in the columns of a newspaper or the pages of Hansard.

It will be remembered that considerable disappointment was caused by the speeches of Lord Salisbury and Mr Balfour, who were charged with being insensitive to the gravity of the situation, and with postponing to party and personal considerations what was due to the relief of a widespread national anxiety—forgetting that the outside public were expecting to hear from their rulers something more closely in harmony with their own highly strung feelings. So far from rising to the height of the great argument

before them, they scarcely, it was thought, seemed conscious of its existence. Of the Opposition, on the other hand, it can hardly be said that the attitude was disappointing. We had, indeed, tried to persuade ourselves that on this occasion history would not repeat itself, and that the faction exhibited by the ancestors of the present Opposition would not be renewed by their descendants. But we cannot say we were surprised to find ourselves mistaken. There is, however, something to be said both for the Government and the Opposition, and now that time has been allowed for reflection, and we have seen the end of the debate as well as the beginning, the public may be ready to allow that the discontent excited by the earlier speeches, though in some respects quite justifiable, was perhaps in some others a little precipitate.

We thought at the time, and we think still, that both the Prime Minister and his lieutenant in the House of Commons showed themselves less responsive to, and less in sympathy with, public opinion on the subject of the war than was suitable to the occasion. It is very well to deprecate panic, and despise clamour. But there is a time when both, if they exist, are more likely to be encouraged than allayed by any seeming indifference on the part of the Government to what the public

think a real danger. Nobody conversant with public life would dream of imputing to either Lord Salisbury or Mr Balfour any real disposition to underrate the present crisis. But their speeches on the 30th of January conveyed the impression that they were looking "too near the ground," and were picking up pins, when they ought to have been studying the heavens. Mr Chamberlain and Mr Wyndham gave the right tone to the debate. But the country had to wait a whole week for it, and it is a pity that the keynote was not struck at once by the Prime Minister and the Leader of the House of Commons. The Minister of a free country, governed by popular institutions, must be willing at times to make himself *unus multorum*, and, without abdicating his right to lead and instruct public opinion, show that he can sympathise with the feelings of the people on any great national emergency, and appreciate their estimate of its magnitude, even though it be a trifle exaggerated, which in this case it certainly was not.

A second mistake was made, we think, in the *tu quoque* style to which both the Conservative leaders had recourse. Those who adopt this mode of argument never seem to understand how little effect it produces on any one except themselves. Who cares? What does it matter to the great body of the nation, when the Government has met with a disaster, that it is due to the blunder-

ing of some other Government twenty years before? Charges and counter-charges going back to 1881 and Majuba Hill, and throwing the blame for what has happened on the Ministry of Mr Gladstone, only accentuated the party tone which Lord Kimberley and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman brought into the debate. References to the British constitution and its inferiority to other forms of government for military purposes, though they pointed to a truth to which we shall presently return, were, we venture to say, a third mistake—out of place in a debate on a crisis of exceptional urgency calling for immediate action. *Spartam nactus es, hanc orna*, was the proper answer to Lord Salisbury when he tried to make the national institutions answerable for our want of preparation. But there is unfortunately too much truth in Lord Salisbury's statements, however inopportune when uttered, to admit of their being passed by in silence, especially when nobody can tell how soon their significance may be put to a fresh test. When we add that his lordship's mode of expressing himself was occasionally too colloquial to suit the dignity of the subject, we have said all that it is necessary to say of adverse criticism either on himself or Mr Balfour, to whose speech similar objections were taken.

On the other hand, a great deal too much has been said of the Ministerial reply. It could

hardly be expected that any body of statesmen loaded with such heavy accusations as had been heaped upon the Ministry continuously throughout the winter should sit tamely down under them without any attempt at self-defence; or confess themselves guilty of faults of which, rightly or wrongly, they believed themselves innocent. The Ministry only did what they had a perfect right to do, and what in fact they were bound to do, in answering certain definite charges brought against them. They had to speak to the Amendment. This seems to have been overlooked. Whether their reply was entirely satisfactory or not, is a different question. What they said had a certain degree of weight and truth in it—and it had to be said by somebody. When Mr Wyndham and Mr Chamberlain spoke this task had been performed, the Amendment had been answered, and they were at liberty to lift the debate on to a higher level. Mr Wyndham, indeed, hardly spoke to the Amendment at all. His extremely able and comprehensive statement scarcely touched the questions raised by Sir Charles Dilke; and it was left to the Secretary for the Colonies to take his stand exclusively on the great Imperial principle now at issue. His eloquent address went home at once to the heart of the country, and whatever discouragement had been caused by previous shortcomings disappeared before it like frost before the fire.

If we turn to the Opposition, there is no doubt that their attitude from the beginning has given even greater offence to the public than the want of insight and sympathy manifested by the Government. Yet it does seem to us that Sir Charles Dilke's amendment has met with more abuse than it deserves. Constituted as our parliamentary and party system now is, we hardly see how the Opposition could have kept silence; and the amendment only repeated in Parliament what everybody was saying outside of it. It would have been better if Sir Charles had withdrawn his amendment after the question had been exhaustively discussed. But that something of the kind was naturally to be expected from the Opposition, and that a perfectly legitimate debate might have been raised on the amendment, we hold to be indisputable. Where the Opposition went so grievously wrong was in abusing their opportunity, and carrying the discussion far beyond the scope of the amendment into the whole question of our antecedent relations with the Transvaal. They dealt in recrimination far more largely than the Government, and seemed anxious—at least the leaders did—to pin it down to that level. Sir William Harcourt was one of the worst offenders. For the sake of a blow at Mr Chamberlain, which the Colonial Secretary had no difficulty in parrying, he asserted that complete independence should have been restored to the Boers in 1881,

that it ought to be restored now, and that Mr Chamberlain, when a member of Mr Gladstone's Government nineteen years ago, thought so too. It is strange he did not see the answer with which, of course, he was promptly met. A statesman is not inconsistent because the policy which he approved under one set of conditions he is obliged to renounce under another. The independence which Mr Chamberlain would have recognised in 1881 did not mean the establishment of the Boers as the dominant race in South Africa, or the creation of a Dutch republic on the ruins of a British colony. As this design became evident, Mr Chamberlain's opinion changed. Sir William Harcourt conveniently forgot this little difference, and, as Mr Chamberlain put it, jumped over all that had occurred between Majuba Hill and Mr Kruger's ultimatum.

It is, indeed, deeply to be regretted that the responsible leaders of what is still an important political party, men who have been and may be again servants of the Crown, should in their eagerness to discredit a political opponent have given all the moral assistance in their power to the enemies of the country. They must know perfectly well that by calling the war an unjust war, an unnecessary war, an unprovoked war, and by suggesting that when the Boers have retired from Natal we should surrender to them the prize for which they have been

fighting, and recognise the absolute independence of the Transvaal,—they must know, we say, that by giving utterance to such views as these they are only encouraging the Boers to prolong a hopeless resistance, and dooming thousands to death whom a timely submission might have saved. This miserable party spirit is not only exposing their own country to the risk of further heavy losses ere her ultimate object be achieved, but is also preparing a retribution for their Dutch friends which will be all the heavier the longer the rebellion lasts. When terms of peace come to be finally arranged, their severity will be in proportion to their cost. If the Boers have ever heard of “the blessings of the evil genii which are curses,” they will know how to describe the encouragement bestowed upon them by their Liberal allies in Great Britain.

Of course the Liberals are too acute and too experienced not to couple all their attacks upon the Government with loudly expressed wishes for the success of our arms and fervent assurances of their intention to support the Government in the prosecution of this unjust and unnecessary war. But what is the value of such assurances when those who make them do all in their power to nullify them? The debate on the Address unmasked all their professions of patriotism, and showed party spirit at bottom as bitter and as reckless as ever. The Opposition, with some honourable exceptions, have followed

the worst precedents of the worst period of Whiggism, and in some respects they have gone beyond their masters. The Whigs in the Revolutionary war did not pretend to wish for British victories. But the Liberals at the present moment have a better way. They abuse the Government and sympathise with the Boers, and declare at the same time their readiness to support the war. They hope to gain popularity by the one proceeding, and to serve a party purpose by the other. This double dealing is really too transparent. They will not be allowed to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds in this fashion—of that they may be sure.

In spite of all that has been said, the impression left upon the public mind by a comparison between the Government and the Opposition is overwhelmingly in favour of the former. A majority of 213 in a House of 491 clearly shows what Parliament thought about the matter. The great Unionist victory at York, the record of 1800 Unionist votes by the University of London, and the unbroken Unionist majority at Newark, proclaim in equally unmistakable tones what the public are thinking about it. Our working-class constituencies are not likely to be deeply read in military history. But the British artisan and the British peasant have an untaught sagacity of their own, enabling them fully to appreciate the old vulgar proverb which forbids a man to cut

off his nose to be avenged on his face. They are convinced that for many reasons the Boer conspiracy must be not merely scotched but crushed. They know they have a Government in office determined to effect this object, supported by a powerful and unanimous party, animated to a man by the same spirit, and able to ensure success. They are at the same time well aware that no Government taken from the other side of the House could possibly answer this description. No Liberal Government could now take office with even a nominal majority at its back one quarter as numerous as Lord Salisbury's. Of these, a moiety at least would be only half-hearted supporters of an Imperial policy; and though a Unionist Opposition would, of course, lend their aid to the Government, everybody knows the difference between a Ministry kept in office by such means as these, and one which relies on a compact majority drawn exclusively from its own supporters, and in harmony with itself on general political principles, as well as on a single question. The people understand this difference, and can calculate which of two such Governments is the better able to give effect to the national will. Having made up their minds on this point, they will not be deterred from supporting the present Ministry either by the rant of the Opposition or by those military reverses which do but show us the way

to more complete victory in the end. The English democracy has so far shown itself remarkably free from the inherent vice of democracy in general,—we mean impatience of delay, which some knowledge of history is usually required to correct. But the British people by their own natural common-sense seem to have reached practically the same conclusion as the student arrives at by the study of past campaigns. Our defeats under William taught us how to conquer under Marlborough. Our disasters in Holland helped to educate the general who drove the French armies out of Spain. The many disasters through which we fought our way to victory in Afghanistan are fresh in the recollection of the present generation, and the working man has learned from them what are the difficulties of mountain warfare against an enemy familiar with the country. This much knowledge of military history he does possess, and if we can trust the evidence afforded by the last six months, he is prepared to act upon it.

But we would not have the Government forget that, for the next six months at least, they will be on their trial. If past errors are condoned, Government must succeed in showing that they know how to profit by experience, and are conscious of being engaged with an enemy to whom we cannot afford to give points. The people at large are willing to let bygones be bygones, and as

long as they continue in that frame of mind, which will be as long as Government do their duty, so long may Ministers smile at the taunts of their opponents. Of course what we have said does not apply to the whole Opposition, though it applies to its recognised leaders in both Houses of Parliament. We refer, however, only to those who, while allowing that the war must be vigorously carried on, nevertheless denounce it as a blunder, represent English diplomacy rather than Boer duplicity as the immediate cause of it, and affect to believe that it was an English conspiracy against the Boers, rather than a Boer conspiracy against England, which originally provoked, and now justifies, the rebellion. This cheerful and patriotic sentiment was echoed by the Opposition leaders when a private member moved for a new inquiry into "the Raid," though they had previously declared themselves perfectly satisfied with the investigation which was granted by the Government, and partly conducted by themselves. The blow, of course, was aimed at Mr Chamberlain, who smote his assailants hip and thigh. But it was the worst exhibition of party spirit which the session has yet witnessed, and fully bears out all that we have said upon the subject. Besides these veterans, the regular Opposition army, heroes of a hundred faction fights, there will always be in every party a few soured and disappointed individuals, both in

and out of Parliament, who look on a Government difficulty as their own opportunity, and use it to pay off old scores. Peace to all such. We name no names. But none of our readers who know anything of Parliament or the press need have much difficulty in supplying the omission for themselves.

To retrace our steps, therefore, for a moment. The first lesson which we learn from the recent debate is the danger which Governments incur by neglecting to take account of the warmth of public feeling in any great national emergency. Under our present constitution, the people, as Lord Sherbrooke said, are our masters, and Ministers must answer to the spur. Lord Palmerston understood this in less democratic days than our own, and so did Lord Beaconsfield. And the worst of it is, that if at the beginning of the session, and in circumstances like the present, Ministers make a bad start, they may be some time in recovering their lost ground, during which everything they do will be looked at with suspicious eyes, and with a readiness to find fault, by which the stoutest Government is liable to be unnerved. If Ministers had "caught on" when Parliament met, and by a timely display of sympathetic enthusiasm had put themselves thoroughly in touch with the national sentiment, they would have escaped some difficulties which they now seem likely to encounter.

The second lesson which we

have learned from recent debates is to cease indulging in those utopian visions of political magnanimity which still continue to haunt us as often as public affairs seem to stand in need of it. The party system is still the machinery by which parliamentary government is worked; and where party is, there will party spirit be also. It is always with us, and though it burns at some times less fiercely than at others, it never goes out, and is ready to leap up again at a moment's notice. How often do we hear it said that such and such a question is not a party question. We have been told that the South African war ought not to be a party question. But we may depend upon it that while the system lasts questions of peace and war always will be made party questions, as well as every other debatable point which is capable of being turned into one. Speaking in support of the vote of want of confidence which turned out Lord Derby's Government in 1859, we have the testimony of that very eminent Liberal constitutional authority, Sir G. Cornewall Lewis: "I fully admit that this motion is a party move. But I must be permitted to remark that all great questions in this House have been decided by party moves." Lord Beaconsfield said the same thing, and also that there was no alternative between party government and falling back on some form of personal government. Professor Court-hope seems to have got into his

head some idea that a compromise is possible, and that Imperial affairs might be withdrawn from the operation of party, domestic and constitutional interests being left to its tender mercies. We are afraid this suggestion smacks a little of the academic atmosphere. That Parliament would ever consent to see Imperial questions withdrawn from its cognisance, especially when from time to time they demand a large expenditure of public money, seems to us so improbable as to be beyond the range of practical consideration. It is part of the argument that large sums would often be required in time of peace. Would the House of Commons vote them on the word of "a Minister for the Empire," responsible only to the Crown? We are often assured that the House of Commons would vote anything whatever which Ministers had the courage to ask for. But under our present system Ministers will not, and cannot, always have the necessary courage. It is only just two years ago—March 7, 1898—that, at a meeting of the National Liberal Federation, the Liberal party were solemnly advised to lose no opportunity of embarrassing her Majesty's Government, to oppose the slightest increase in our military and naval forces, and to regard the statesmen who asked for it as so many "horse-leeches." Now, suppose a Government in office to whom the support of that party which represents the National Liberal

Federation was indispensable, how could they come down to the House in time of peace and ask for the sums required to keep the army and navy on a footing of efficiency? If they could not do it now, still less could they do it under such a system as Mr Courthope suggests.

Nevertheless, it is quite certain that the party system, which answered its purpose well enough under a more or less aristocratic constitution, does not work nearly so well under a democratic one. It is sometimes said that if Ministries were formed by uniting the best men of all parties, that would be the deathblow of the present system, and so it would. But is not such a remedy a dream? Down to 1832 it might not have been impossible. It is conceivable that Mr Pitt might have done it had he lived twenty years longer. The leading statesmen of that day differed from each other chiefly on questions which did not necessarily divide them into hostile camps. On the Roman Catholic question, for instance, and on parliamentary reform, Whigs and Tories were intermingled, and could have sat together in the same Cabinet without great practical inconvenience. In the second place, such men were comparatively independent of their constituencies, who in their turn were but little exercised in mind by the multitude of questions—social, commercial, and religious—which interest the working class to-day. How long would a

member returned by the trades-union interest, or by the temperance party, or by the labour party, or what not, retain his seat if he took office with a Government which declined to carry out the views of his constituents? Sir William Harcourt's fine free generalisations about Marlborough, Chatham, and Wellington left out of account all the changes which have occurred since. The constitution to which Lord Salisbury and Mr Balfour refer is not the constitution which existed in the reign of Queen Anne and George the Third. Sir Robert Peel himself has called attention to the essential difference between the two. "Times are changed," said he in a letter to Lord Aberdeen in August 1847, "since a Prime Minister, after ascertaining the sentiments of the Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Hertford, and the Earl of Lonsdale, could form a pretty good guess of the inclination and probable conduct of the whole party." And these men could be relied upon. They did not withdraw to-day the confidence they had bestowed yesterday, except in the case of some glaring and flagrant misconduct — and not always then. "An aristocracy," said Lord Beaconsfield, "hesitates before it yields its confidence, but it never does so grudgingly. Such a following is usually cordial and faithful." But the system under which aristocratic influence could turn the scale at a general election is gone. The support on which a Minister could rely, as on a

rock, in the times referred to by Sir Robert Peel, is no more. To the "old social feeling" which knit together a statesman and his supporters our huge modern constituencies are necessarily strangers. A large proportion of them will not take a Minister's word for what is necessary till the wolf is at the door. Let the National Liberal Federation be a witness to this. They will not take our foreign policy from experienced statesmen, if clashing at all with any of their own fads or their own ignorant predilections: witness the Liberal meeting in the Palace Hotel on the 14th of February. We have, in fact, by recent legislation, turned a large number of members of the House of Commons into mere delegates; and though they do not, of course, represent majorities, yet they represent minorities strong enough to give a good deal of trouble. The spirit of the English people is roused just at present, and they are not to be moved either by the sordid suggestions of the one party or the dotting folly of the other. But for the successful conduct of Imperial affairs it is necessary that Ministers should be able to rely on the continued support of a powerful and educated class, extending over long periods of time. And it is because the party system at the present day cannot guarantee such support that the constitution of which it is an organ is not, as Lord Salisbury declared, "a good fighting machine."

"I don't like these great turn-over majorities," said Mr Leonard Courtney in 1880, and the remark pointed to a more important truth than he was perhaps conscious of at the moment.

Briefly, it comes to this, that a War Minister who has to consult a popular assembly on whose votes he is dependent, and take into consideration all the various interests by which it is actuated, and the numerous points at which his policy may come into collision with prejudice, ignorance, and bigotry, must necessarily move more slowly than one who is free from such impediments. As for saying that the British constitution is just what a powerful Minister may choose to make it, one might just as well say that Brown-Bess was just what any good marksman chose to make it.

The party system, though in circumstances like the present its action is apt to be mischievous, is all we have got for the service of parliamentary government; and we fear we shall have to make the best of it till public opinion is ripe for constitutional changes, to which it is certainly not prepared to give a hearing at the present day. It is excited and indignant at this moment; but the impression will wear off, and interests too vast and too powerful to be overcome by anything short of some terrible national calamity are arrayed against any interference with the House of Commons or any reduction of

its omnipotence. As long as Ministers are practically obliged to regard a hostile vote on any question of importance as a vote of want of confidence, and therefore as the signal for resignation, so long must the machinery against which everybody is declaiming maintain its ground with all its imperfections and absurdities. What would happen if this rule were abandoned, and Ministers, regarding themselves as the servants of the Crown, left it to the House of Commons to stop the supplies when they were really determined to get rid of them, it is impossible to say. It is not difficult to see that if it relieved us from one great evil, it would probably land us in another. It would bring legislation to a standstill. Of course if the country chose to take the matter into their own hands, they might make it impossible for the Opposition to act in this manner. But are the people ever likely to do this? Or if they did it once, as in 1784, could they be relied upon to do it again, to make a rule of doing it, and of showing their sense of faction whenever and by whomsoever it was displayed? To trust to this is leaning on a broken reed.

What was said in the course of the debate on the subject of the British constitution was not said for the first time, either by Mr Balfour in his speech at Manchester or by Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords. "One would think the hon. member for Monmouth had never heard" of the Crimean

war, when comparisons were constantly being drawn between the military efficiency of despotic and constitutional Governments, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter. Lord Salisbury was only repeating what had become a political commonplace fifty years ago. And certainly if parliamentary government was not so good a fighting machine as an absolute monarchy in the middle of the century, it is no better now.

Lord Rosebery's speech is calculated to make us ponder still more deeply on the language used by Lord Salisbury and Mr Balfour, though, as we have said, there is nothing new in it. If we could regard hysterics as the voice of the Cumnæan Sibyl, we should not only ponder—we should tremble. But seeing that Lord Salisbury on this occasion (House of Lords, February 15) devoted his reply exclusively to Lord Kimberley, who, though he spoke as an alarmist, spoke in the customary tone of English statesmen, we must presume that he saw something in Lord Rosebery's jeremiad which induced him to ignore it. In our opinion this was the wisest thing he could do. To have answered him would have been to acknowledge that the speech required an answer; whereas those who are quite as well acquainted with the Streets, the Exchange, and the Market-place as Lord Rosebery himself know that it requires none. His lordship has added another to the long train of

indiscretions which mark his political career, and shine beside his path like glow-worms. To say that wherever men do congregate nothing is talked of but our perilous position, and that men are bowed down and sick with anxiety, under a crisis which they regard as "a matter of life and death," is to assert what any one may see to be a falsehood who will take a walk through the city of London or Edinburgh, and mingle with all the busy groups which he encounters. What he will hear will be this: that our position is undoubtedly serious, and our defence at the moment, perhaps, inadequate; but that to publish our anxieties to the whole world in a highly exaggerated form, professing to represent the feeling of the great majority of the nation, while in reality it is a gross libel on them, is to court the very danger against which Lord Rosebery warns us, and to teach foreigners to believe that our great rock of defence, the national character, is being gradually undermined. Some will, perhaps, add that as his lordship is too clever a man to be blind to these consequences, it can only be supposed that his object was to create a panic, thinking that in the general confusion something might turn up to his advantage. If such was his purpose, the man in the street will exclaim he was never more mistaken in his life, and that is not saying a little.

We sincerely hope that with the receipt of good news from

South Africa, promising the termination of the war at no very remote date, the Opposition will see the propriety of desisting from these attempts to agitate the public mind by visions of Continental hostility. The more foreign States see that we are afraid of them, the more likely they are to attack us, especially if they have reason to believe that the de-termination of the whole kingdom is not at the back of the Government. We hope the Opposition are not so far lost to all sense of patriotism as to say to themselves virtually, "Evil, be thou my good," and to seek in the gratification of party passions a pleasure which they cannot find in upholding the greatness of their country.

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RUSSIA'S SEA POWER.

MUCH has been written lately in this country on the subject of the Russian navy, and various speculations are rife as to the effect which the extreme activity of the Russian dock-yards, and the large orders for war-ships placed abroad, may have upon Great Britain's relations with that Power, should she still further increase her naval armaments to such a point that they would (in the opinion of some people) become a serious menace to British sea-borne commerce.

There appear to be two distinct and opposite schools of thought on this subject. One school sees no menace to Great Britain in a large increase in Russia's navy, but only regards

it as a proper and legitimate effort to obtain her fair share of the world's commerce, and a wise precaution to be ready to protect her interests and her distant and scattered possessions, which must otherwise be open to attack by any rival possessing a powerful navy. The other school regards Russia's abnormal activity in naval matters (taken in connection with her territorial aggressions in Central Asia, Persia, and the Far East) as a direct menace to Great Britain.

One of the latest additions to the literature on this subject is a handsome volume entitled 'The Imperial Russian Navy,'¹ by F. T. Jane. Mr Jane belongs to the former school: he

¹ The Imperial Russian Navy: Its Past, Present, and Future. By Fred. T. Jane. London: W. Thacker & Co.

thinks the increase in the Russian navy is in no sense a menace to Great Britain, but merely a proper and fair increase to meet the needs of her growing empire. He believes that Russia honestly desires peace and not war, at any rate for many years to come; and, finally, he thinks the supposed increase has been largely exaggerated by the alarmists and Russophobes in this country. Mr Jane has lately made a tour in Russia, visiting some of her ships and dockyards, and he appears to have been received with marked hospitality and kindness by every one he met—from Grand Dukes to navy captains and naval constructors—and to have been shown everything worth seeing without stint or reserve. He has, on the whole, formed a favourable opinion of the Russian navy, and of Russia's peaceful and benevolent intentions; and—as before mentioned—he thinks the large increase in her shipbuilding programme to be a matter of imagination, and a hallucination of the alarmists. He says:—

“Nearly all those ships that the Navy League have shrieked themselves hoarse about have no present existence, nor are there even vacant slips in Russian dockyards whereon they could be built.¹ Ten years hence some of them may be in progress; but nearly the whole of that particular storm in a teacup arose from a misunderstanding of Russian methods. ‘We shall,’ they say, ‘build a ship A, after A we might begin B of the same type. If A and B are success-

ful, it might be a good idea to then think about a C, to be followed, perhaps, at some future date by a D.’ Now this is *one* ship to be built. But the mildest statisticians say, $A+B+C+D=4$ ships, while the most of them may bring it up to 7. This is no stretched or fancy picture. And, further, it takes at least ten years for a Russian ship to grow into complete existence.”

Mr Jane's book is written in a lively and dashing style—we had almost said a slap-dash style—and it is interesting to read, especially in the historical and descriptive parts; but he cannot be accepted as an authority on Russian naval affairs, and he is greatly in error when he supposes that it takes ten years to complete a Russian war-ship. Such things may have occurred in Russia—they have occurred in England—but they are the exception, not the rule, as we are given to understand by Mr Jane. If we may be excused for using homely and popular expressions, we should say that Mr Jane had been “got at” and “bamboozled” by his hospitable entertainers, and sent away to tell his countrymen (as he has done in his book) that they need not be alarmed at any increase in the Russian navy, as it is only intended to secure peace and not to provoke war.

Mr Jane is the inventor of a naval war game, played with small models of ships on a board ruled off into squares, like a gigantic chess-board. It is not thought much of by English

¹ This is quite true, and that is why so many of them are being built abroad, as we shall presently show.

naval officers, but it seems to have been adopted in Russia as a tactical exercise, and no doubt Mr Jane's feelings as an inventor have been largely operated on by his sagacious Russian entertainers.

We pass now to a far graver and more thoughtful work on the same subject—Colonel Sir George Clarke's '*Russia's Sea Power*.'¹ The subject is treated with Sir George Clarke's well-known power of language and felicity of expression; and we see before us, as in a panorama, the remarkable rise and development of the navy of an inland Power, from the accession of Peter the Great (1689) to the present day; and we see further the influence which sea power—or the lack of it—has had upon the expansion of the Russian empire.

The keynote of Sir George Clarke's book is, "A better understanding with Russia"; and he is certainly not alone in thinking that could a better understanding, politically, socially, commercially, be established between Great Britain and Russia, it would be the better for both, and better also for the peace of the world.

Undoubtedly the main hindrance to a better understanding between the two peoples is the mutual suspicion which each has of the other—a chronic distrust of the ulterior designs which lie hidden behind the political manœuvres, and the actual absorption of new terri-

tory, which each sees the other "guilty of," and usually considers to be a direct menace to their own interests. Hitherto this rivalry and antagonism has been mainly confined to the land, and Russia's sea policy, as indicated by the nature of the war-ships she has been building, has been one of defence, and not of offence, on the sea. But the last few years have seen a complete change in this respect, and the building of ships like the *Rurik*, *Rossia*, *Gromoboi*, and numerous others of the same nature, have been regarded by British naval officers—if not by our statesmen—as a menace to British sea-borne commerce. "For," they argue, "the mercantile marine of Russia is quite insignificant, and Russian statesmen, who generally have a good reason for what they do, are not spending all this money with the totally inadequate object of protecting this insignificant commerce. This great fleet of fast and powerful battleships and cruisers must therefore be intended to attack the ocean commerce of some rival Power." Whose? France? Germany? The United States? Or that of Great Britain? Which is the most likely?

Thus when Russia went to The Hague with her famous peace proposals, she had in commission a powerful navy, far beyond the requirements for the protection of her coasts from invasion; and she had the fol-

¹ *Russia's Sea Power, Past and Present*; or, *The Rise of the Russian Navy*. By Colonel Sir George Sydenham Clarke, K.C.M.G., F.R.S. London: John Murray.

lowing ships actually in course of construction, besides a considerable list of others "projected":—

	Tons.	Knots.	At
Prince Potemkin	12,582	17	Nicolaief.
Oslyabya	12,674	20	St Petersburg.
Peresvyet	12,674	20	"
Retvizan	12,750	18	Cramp's, Philadelphia.
Tsesarivitch	12,900	18	La Seyne.
Pobyeda	12,675	20	St Petersburg.
Borodino	12,675	20	"

The above are all first-class battleships, heavily armed and well armoured; and when completed, they will be equal in fighting power to any battleships afloat.

Russia was also building the armoured cruisers *Gromoboi*, of 12,196 tons, and 22 knots' speed, at St Petersburg, and the *Bay-*

an, of 7800 tons, and 21 knots' speed, at La Seyne. But, what is most significant of all, she was at the same time building, in various countries, the following cruisers of moderate size and possessed of high speed, technically known to naval architects as "commerce destroyers":—

	Tons.	Knots.	At
Diana	6630	20	St Petersburg.
Pallada	6630	20	"
Aurora	6630	20	"
Varyag	6000	23	Cramp's, Philadelphia.
Bogatyr	6396	23	Vulcan Works, Stettin.
Askold	5900	23	Germania Co., Kiel.
(Not named)	3000	25	Havre.
Novik	3000	25	Schichau, Ebling. ¹

In addition to the above, Russia was building at St Petersburg, at Chrichton Abo, at Havres, at Schichau's, Ebling, and at Laird's, Birkenhead, thirty-three "destroyers" of from 240 to 400 tons each, with speeds ranging from 27 to 32 knots. Thus we see that in the summer of 1899 she was not only building war-ships of the most formidable and predatory types, to the full extent

of her own resources, but that she was also employing France, Germany, the United States, and even England, to assist her.

As already mentioned, in addition to the above list of ships actually on the stocks, and some of them in a very advanced state, there are several more battleships, another armoured cruiser of the *Gromoboi* type (though larger),

¹ It appears from this that Mr Jane's remark, that there are not slips enough in Russia to build the new ships ordered, has very little to do with the subject; and furthermore, as to its taking ten years to build a Russian war-ship, it may be noted that some of these ships are contracted for to be delivered in twenty-four months, some thirty months, and so on, but none are to take more than three years.

and several more commerce destroyers "projected," and which will probably be built.

In view of all the circumstances of the situation, shall we be accused of unfriendly and unworthy suspicions of Russia if we venture to suggest that when she invited Europe to disarm, and went to The Hague with peace upon her lips and an olive-branch in her hand, she also had her tongue in her cheek? But the cream of the joke is, that Russia is going to pay for these ships with other people's money!

It may also be worth mentioning that France (Russia's ally) was at the same time building thirteen large and four smaller cruisers, all of the "commerce-destroying" type, of high speed and heavily armed. But France makes no secret of her intentions; and every one knows that she would fight Great Britain to-morrow if she thought she had any chance of success.

It is probable that many of our readers are not aware of the fact that the rise and development of the Russian navy is largely due to British officers. Thus, in his interesting historical sketch, Sir George Clarke tells us that—

"The great naval enterprise of Catherine II. had spent itself, and such success as it had obtained was entirely due to Great Britain. By the aid of British ports and British officers the Russian squadron reached the Levant. To British officers was due the destruction of the Turkish fleet. The name of Tchesmé is now borne by a Russian battleship; but the fact that the victory thus com-

memorated was due to Elphinston, Greig, Dugdale, and Mackenzie is altogether forgotten. Whether originating in the friendship of Peter the Great with Sir John Norris, or suggested by the prestige of the British navy, the practice of obtaining officers from this country had steadily grown.

"Under Catherine II. the number of such officers, largely of Scotch descent, was considerable; and when, in 1788, Paul Jones was appointed a rear-admiral in the Russian service, sixty are said to have resigned their commissions. Among the earliest importations was Lord Duffus, who in the *Advice* frigate fought a gallant action with eight French privateers off Yarmouth in June 1711. Carried to Dunkirk as a prisoner, he became involved in the rebellion of 1715, was attainted, and after being released from the Tower was made an admiral by Peter the Great. Sir Samuel Greig, after seeing service at Quiberon Bay, before Brest, and at Goree, joined the Russian navy as a lieutenant, became rear-admiral after the action at Tchesmé, and was afterwards Governor of Cronstadt. His son, Alexis Samuelovich, was made a midshipman at birth in 1775, and won great distinction in the Turkish war of 1827-29, afterwards devoting himself to the organisation of the navy and the development of the Black Sea fleet. A grandson showed great gallantry during the siege of Sebastopol. Elphinston joined as a rear-admiral in 1769, and afterwards returning to England commanded the *Magnificent* in Byron's action off Grenada in July 1779, and in the battle between Rodney and de Guichen in April 1780. In 1788 Captain Sir Frederick Thesiger became a Russian officer, and won laurels in fighting the Swedes, who were assisted by Sir Sidney Smith. The roll is a long one, and the Russian navy may almost be said to be the creation of British seamen."

Sir George Clarke—quoting some of his facts from the '*Annual Register*'—gives the following brief but graphic account of the destruction of

the Turkish squadron at Tcheshmé by the Russians, plus some British officers. After an indecisive action off Chio—

"At nightfall the Turks cut their cables, and, in opposition to the opinion of the more experienced officers, ran into the Bay of Tcheshmé, where, huddled together like birds in a net, they were blockaded by the Russians. On the 6th, at midnight, four fireships, prepared by Admiral Elphinston, were taken into the bay by Lieutenants Dugdale and Mackenzie, the operation being covered by Commodore Greig with four ships of the line and two frigates. The Russians, who were unaccustomed to service of this nature, showed great backwardness; but Dugdale, though deserted by his crew, succeeded in grappling a Turkish vessel, and set fire to his ship. In five hours the whole fleet, except one 62-gun vessel and a few galleys, was destroyed."

And again, Sir George Clarke tells us that in 1796 "the Russian navy, trained by British officers, had grown to formidable dimensions."

This was more than a hundred years ago; but we know that to-day Russia is largely indebted to Great Britain for the development of her present war navy.

Have we, then, for two centuries been cherishing in our bosoms a scorpion which is now preparing to turn upon us, and sting us, if possible, to death?

Sir George Clarke uses this close connection between British officers and the Russian navy as an argument in support of his plea for a better understanding between the two countries upon all points where in their interests appear to clash. A "better understand-

ing with Russia" is an excellent idea—if practicable. It is probably the statesman's ideal of happiness,—his *El Dorado*, for which he is seeking; but he must be sorely puzzled to find out how it is to be arrived at, when he remembers that Russia's notion of an "understanding" is one which she is to observe just as long as it suits her convenience and her policy to do so (for instance, *Merve* and the *Afghan* frontier). This renders it rather awkward to make a bargain with her.

Russia—with the support of France and Germany—turned Japan out of Port Arthur on the "understanding" that the possession of that peninsula by a strong Power would threaten the integrity and independence of the Chinese empire, and upset the balance of power in the Far East. Upset the balance of fiddlesticks!

"That in the captain is but a choleric word which in the soldier is flat blasphemy." That in Russia is but a friendly act which in Japan is a threat to the independence of China. Can hypocrisy go further? All the world knows that Russia has herself taken Port Arthur, that she is strongly fortifying it, that she has already practically absorbed a large slice of the Chinese empire—viz., *Manchuria*; that she commands the entrance to the Gulf of Pechili, that she threatens Peking, and can take that city as soon as she wants it (*i.e.*, as soon as her Trans-Siberian railway is finished), and that Great Britain's weak, isolated, and unfortified possession at Wei-

hai-wei can offer no sort of check on Russia's ambitious schemes.

We have said that all the world knows these things. Probably we ought to have made an exception, and said that all the world except Great Britain knows them. At any rate Russia knows them, and Japan knows them; and the latter country is making heroic efforts to be prepared to safeguard her own interests by organising her army and building a most formidable navy: but she looks for allies, and thinks that her interests are identical—or at any rate coincide—with those of several of the Great Powers, and that they are diametrically opposed to those of Russia.

An understanding with Russia would no doubt be an excellent policy for Great Britain to pursue, if it were possible; but it seems to pass the wit of man to come to an understanding with a Power that acts as Russia does.

That Great Britain, or at any rate the Government of Great Britain, did not at all recognise the significance of the audacious seizure of Port Arthur by Russia, is clearly shown by a remark made by Lord Salisbury at a Primrose League meeting at the Albert Hall on the 4th of May 1898. He said: "I think Russia has made a great mistake in taking Port Arthur. I do not think it is of any use to her whatever." What an extraordinary misconception of the situation!

To refer again to the historical aspect of Russia's sea

power, it is interesting to note that although the Russian navy was nursed into vigour by British officers, our greatest admiral—who was not a bad judge of men—never had any faith in the Russians, nor desired them as allies. Sir George Clarke tells us that—

"Admiralty orders sent to Lord St Vincent in 1798 enjoined on the Mediterranean fleet co-operation 'with the Turkish and Russian squadrons which are to be sent into the Archipelago,' and Nelson was thus brought into contact with the youngest of European navies. From the first he seems to have formed an unfavourable opinion alike of the motives and of the efficiency of his allies. 'The Russians,' he wrote to Lord Spencer on November 29, 'seem to me to be more bent on taking ports in the Mediterranean than destroying Bonaparte in Egypt.' On September 5, 1799, he wrote to Captain Ball, 'The Russians are anxious to get to Malta, and care for nothing else.' And to General Fox on December 14: 'The Austrians are calling out for a naval co-operation on the coast of Genoa. They complain that the Russian ships never come near them. Our Government think naturally that *eleven sail of the line, frigates, &c.*, should do something: I find they do nothing.' After complaining several times of a want of co-operation, Nelson wrote to Lord Spencer on December 23, 'The Russians, even if at sea, of which I see no prospect, cannot sail, or be of the least service.'"

And again, Sir George Clarke tells us—

"A treaty of offensive alliance, to which Austria and Sweden acceded, was signed on April 10. By Nelson in the Mediterranean, the prospect of a fresh period of Russian co-operation was not viewed with enthusiasm. He had previously formed a low estimate of the efficiency of the Russian navy, and he doubted the sincerity of the Russian policy. 'If Russia goes to war with France,' he

wrote to Sir H. Elliot on July 8, 1804, 'I hope it will be her own war, and not joined with us. Such alliances have never benefited our country. . . . No ; Russia will take care of the Ionian Republic, the Morea, and in the end Constantinople. The views of Russia are perfectly clear.' Again, on August 3 he emphasised his suspicions in a letter to Sir A. G. Ball: 'My opinion of the views of Russia has long been formed, and to this moment I see everything she does works to the same end—the possession of all European Turkey.'

At that period it had not become obvious that Russia also wanted large slices of Asiatic Turkey, if not the whole of it. It is, however, only proper to add that Sir George Clarke also tells us: "Nelson's misgivings were not at this time justified. Alexander I. loyally upheld the alliance, and put one hundred and forty-six thousand men in the field."

It is also interesting to note a certain consistency in the views of our two political parties with regard to Great Britain's policy concerning Russia. Thus, more than a hundred years ago the Tories and Whigs—of whom our present Conservatives and Radicals are the lineal descendants—were sharply divided on this subject, as they were on many others. The Whigs wished for an alliance with Russia, but the Tories regarded that country as our probable enemy.

"The Russian successes in this war gave rise to apprehension in England, and in June 1790 a conference was assembled at Reichenbach under the auspices of Pitt, with a view to mediation between Russia and Turkey. Catherine, however, refused to admit any interference, and

for the first time the progress of Russia formed the subject of warm debates in the House of Commons. Pitt's proposals for an increase of naval armaments as a check to the ambitions of the Tzarina were strongly opposed. Fox considered an alliance with Russia 'the most natural and advantageous we could possibly form.' Burke stated that 'the attempt to bring the Turkish empire into consideration of the balance of Europe was extremely new, impolitic, and dangerous.' He therefore protested against incurring 'an immoderate expense in order to bring Christian nations under the yoke of severe and inhuman infidels.'

Here we have the keynote to the Radical's opinion of the "unspeakable Turk."

If our policy with regard to Russia is to change in its fundamental principles every time the Conservatives come in and the Radicals go out, or *vice versa*, it is not likely to be a successful policy in the long-run. Russia knows her own mind, and goes on steadily and consistently: she can wait for her opportunity, and when she sees it she pounces on it like a cat upon a mouse. Her last grab—of Port Arthur—was the grandest one she has ever made, fraught as it is with the most tremendous consequences to all the Great Powers of Europe, and to America and Japan also; and it is now quite certain that Russia was herself much surprised at the ease with which she was permitted to accomplish this great *coup*. The withdrawal of the British ships from Port Arthur at a critical moment gave her exactly the cue she wanted.

We entirely agree with Sir George Clarke that the policy of trying to stop Russia's ad-

vance into places where we don't want her, with diplomatic notes, or remonstrances, or treaties which we are unable to enforce, is futile to the last degree; but we are unable to agree with all his conclusions, or with the practicability of the propositions which he sets forth in the eloquent appeal with which this interesting little book concludes. He says:—

“From first to last the policy of hostility to Russia has proved an absolute failure. It has not in the slightest degree retarded her Asiatic expansion. It has bred and maintained misunderstanding and ill-feeling between two great nations. It has directly provoked measures of reprisal, which have entailed commercial and other losses upon the people of Great Britain and India. It has not conduced to our national dignity. Its drift is towards war upon some minor issue, such as that of Penjeh, which experts alone could pretend to understand—war from which no national advantage could be obtained. If it could be finally buried in oblivion, Europe, as well as Great Britain, would be the gainer.

“Reflection will show that, after two centuries of expansion, Russia has not occupied a square yard of territory which is now or has ever been desired by Great Britain. This cannot be said of France, of Germany, or of the United States. In such circumstances it is especially difficult to believe that a direct understanding with Russia in Asia—such an understanding as was reached with Germany in East Africa and in New Guinea, and as we are patiently seeking to obtain with France in West Africa—is impossible. Until Russia advances into a defined sphere of British influence, we have no grievance against her; until such a sphere is defined, we have no claim to arrest her advance. No policy is so dangerous as that of drift; no assumption is so gratuitous as that Russia is ‘our great enemy.’ To remove the long-standing an-

tagonism between the two nations, and to substitute direct agreements between London and St Petersburg for competitive manipulations of the dummy Government at Peking, would be a task worthy of a great statesman, and a powerful guarantee of the peace of the world.”

This is all very eloquent, and some of it very wise; but we are reminded of the homely proverb that “Fine words butter no parsnips.” Facts are stubborn things, and Russia's present position in North-East Asia is a fact. It is the very wildest delusion to assume that Russia intends to go halves with any one in the “manipulation of the dummy Government at Peking.” She intends to do that herself, without anybody's assistance or interference. She is even now practically mistress of the situation, and in three or four years will be absolutely so.

Japan is the unknown factor in the “Far Eastern” problem. She has a powerful navy composed of the most modern ships, and apparently she knows how to work them. She is full of enterprise and energy, and she cannot view with indifference the menacing attitude which Russia is now assuming on the very confines of her dominions. She has large interests in Corea: there are several flourishing Japanese settlements in that peninsula; men and women are flowing into the country daily, as if they intended to make it their home. Japanese fishing-boats go across during the summer months, making temporary mat-shed settlements on the coast, and catching the fish the idle Coreans are too lazy to catch themselves. A Japanese

company has bought from the American company the incomplete Seoul-Chemulpo railway, and is now rapidly completing it. Four-fifths of the line are finished, and well-appointed trains run now to within two miles of the Seoul river; but the great bridge has still to be built, and it offers some difficulties, which, however, will speedily be overcome by the capable and enterprising Japanese engineers. Japan will never allow the decaying kingdom of Corea to fall into the hands of any other Power.

While we now write there is a three-cornered duel going on about a plot of land, near Mesanpho. It appears that the Russian Minister has asked the King of Corea for the concession of a considerable piece of land and foreshore at the head of Sir Harry Parkes Sound, and close to the town of Mesanpho, for the ostensible purpose of building a commercial dockyard! The King of Corea referred the question to the Japanese Government, and the Japanese Government was then "sounded" as to what its reply would be if asked officially, and its answer was that the concession should be promptly refused.

We may here explain, for the benefit of our readers who are not well acquainted with the geography of Corea, that the town of Mesanpho is about twenty miles west from Fuzan, which latter is at the south-east corner of the Corean peninsula; and that Mesanpho stands at the head of the finest harbour in the world. We

speak from personal knowledge: we have visited all the "finest harbours in the world," and we have visited Sir Harry Parkes Sound (Douglas Inlet) several times, and we have no hesitation in saying that it is absolutely *the* "finest harbour in the world." Japan will never allow Sir Harry Parkes Sound to fall into the hands of any other Power. She cannot afford to do so; it is too near her own coast.

It may be further explained that Sir Harry Parkes Sound is close to our discarded possession of Port Hamilton, and that it is about half-way between Vladivostock and Port Arthur, on the sea route.

Great Britain should do all in her power to keep on good terms with Japan: their interests in the Far East do not clash in any material respects, and when the great struggle comes she will be a most useful ally. But in the meantime we must give and take, and not be too exclusively selfish about "British interests," nor expect her to jump to our assistance the moment we beckon her. She is ready to do so *now*; but if treated coldly she may make her own arrangements.

Russia's recent movements in the Far East add a special significance to the extraordinary and altogether unprecedented efforts she is making to increase her navy, especially in those classes of ships intended for offence, and not for defence.

It will probably be some years before the nations of Europe discover who is their common enemy, and who it is that threatens their indepen-

dence, with her prodigious armaments, her enormous extent of territory, and her almost unlimited resources.

At present jealousy of England's prosperity appears to be the ruling passion on the continent of Europe. She, however, does not threaten the independence of any of the nations of Central and Western Europe. It is impossible that she can attack any of them in their own countries (except, perhaps, Italy), whatever she may be able to do to their colonies and their trade. But if we glance for a moment at a map of the eastern hemisphere, we shall see, and perhaps be able to realise, the immense extent of Russia's dominions, and the way they seem to grasp, like a huge hand, the two continents of Europe and Asia, to which has now been added a sharp and powerful claw in the shape of the Liau Tung Peninsula, with Port Arthur at the extremity of it. The paw of the Great Bear grasps the whole eastern hemisphere.

An interesting and masterly paper has appeared lately in the 'Journal of the Royal United Service Institution,' by Colonel Mark Bell, V.C., C.B.,¹ in which he points out clearly, and with irrefutable logic, the danger which the gigantic Power of Russia is rapidly becoming to all the nations of Europe; and he urges, without delay, a sinking of the petty jealousies and rivalries which

now divide them, and a combination to save themselves from the common enemy before it is too late.

Colonel Bell points out that if Russia once gets possession of the decaying kingdom of Persia, and runs her strategic railways to the head of the Persian Gulf, she will be mistress of all Asia. All possibilities of land communication with China and the Far East will be cut off, save her own Siberian railway; Asia Minor will speedily be absorbed, and she will then hold Europe in the hollow of her hand. The will of the Czar and his Ministers will be the law of Europe, and England will, of course, lose India.

The ambition to absorb fresh territory and gain more power undoubtedly grows upon what it feeds; and although Great Britain is perhaps not the country to throw stones in this respect, it is pointed out by Colonel Bell that the peril arising from Russia's Asiatic expansion affects the Central Powers of Europe much more nearly than the Western Powers. They will be the first to fall and lose their independence, and then the Western ones will follow. Already Russia dictates to Europe, and all the nations are afraid of her: they know she is herself unassailable, and she holds the balance of power. She does this largely through her servile and well-organised press, which is employed by her

¹ "The Highway of the Nations. The Turco-Persic-Indian Commercial Route between Europe and Asia, and the considerations influencing its Alignment." By Colonel Mark Bell, V.C., C.B., Fellow of King's College, London.

astute and unscrupulous statesmen to coquette with first one nation and then with another. Vain and giddy France is flattered and cajoled at one time, jealous Germany at another; but care is taken to use every possible means to foment discord amongst them all, and to prevent a combination against herself, the common enemy of all freedom, until she has so extended and consolidated her power as to be able to defy them either singly or combined.

That the danger of a Russian domination of all Asia, and then finally of all Europe, is imminent, cannot possibly be denied by any one who has studied the question, and is not affected by a predisposition of blind optimism as to Russia's gentle, peaceful, and pious intentions.

Colonel Bell, in the paper above alluded to, puts the case very clearly, and without any exaggeration, when he says—

"The southern expansion of the great Northern Power, now more a Power of Asia than of Europe, and whose centre of empire lies in Central Asia, out of her own sphere and into the zone of influence of Europe, and her too great solicitude to control commerce and religions and communications wholly within it, are dangers to Europe, and its further encroachments would lead to that Power running roughshod over her—a final over-running of Europe by Asia. This danger is enhanced when we consider the power that Russia is becoming in Northern China; that Bandar Abbas is already called by her the Vladivostock of Russia in the Persian Gulf; that she seeks by connecting Central Asia with the gulf by means of railways from Ashkabad *via* Mashad, Herat, Birjand, and Kerman to Bandar Abbas, and from Tiflis by Kars, and the Turko-Persian frontier, to render herself free

of the Dardanelles and the Suez Canal, and to cut off British interests to the westward of the former line, and that she gives herself out to be the vindicator of Iran! With a motto of patience and velvet to cover her claws, a nation can achieve supremacy in time; and, looking into the dim and far-distant future, and judging of coming events, if they are not forestalled, by the lowering shadows that they cast before them, one sees a vision of Russia extending from the Baltic to the Chinese seas, from the Arctic Ocean to the Black and Caspian Seas and the Oxus and Yellow rivers, in conflict for the dominion of the old world with Europe and Southern Asia—*i.e.*, the North of the old world arrayed against the South."

The only fault we have to find with this description is that Colonel Bell puts it in the form of a vision, or a prophecy, whereas more than half of it had already taken place at the time he wrote.

And again he says: "In any general irruption of Asia into Europe the continental Powers of Europe would be the first to suffer, and in a much greater degree than an island Power such as Great Britain."

In this connection it is interesting to note the opinion of that greatest of modern strategists. As long ago as 1854 (the time of the Crimean War) von Moltke wrote: "It seems to me that the German Powers are playing a sorry part. Evidently a new increase of Russia's power is more dangerous to them than to any one, and yet they leave it to the Western Powers to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them." And yet there are so-called "Statesmen" now living who regard the Crimean War as a huge blunder! Have

they any idea of where Russia would now be if there had been no Crimean War? They say, "Oh, but she has regained all she lost." Possibly; but she has been kept back for forty-five years, and in the meantime other nations have become stronger. That you will be hungry to-morrow is not a good reason for eating no dinner to-day.

It would be well, indeed, for the future peace and prosperity of all Europe if the German Powers, including Austria, could be got to see the question with the eyes of their great strategist; and better still if some good fairy would whisper into the ear of La Belle France, and tell her that she is preparing for her own and her neighbour's destruction. No doubt her anarchists would be delighted to see the whole European fabric destroyed with one common explosion, even if they went up with it themselves; but all Frenchmen are not anarchists: there must be some sensible men left in France, even if the nation—as a nation—seems to have gone mad on more than one subject; and it is to be hoped that France will see before it is too late the folly of her infatuated love for the great autocratic Power which plays upon her vanity, borrows her money, uses her as a tool to further her own unscrupulous and ambitious schemes, and who will assuredly throw her over as soon as she has squeezed her dry, and finds that she can make no more use of her.

Colonel Bell's paper is devoted to a full explanation of the

proposal—which is not new—that a railway should be run from the Mediterranean through Mesopotamia to the head of the Persian Gulf, and then on through India to the Far East; and that this railway should be constructed by the European Powers, exclusive of Russia, as a means of counteracting the effect of the great Siberian railway, and to prevent the whole of Asia from becoming absolutely Russian. It is evident that Colonel Bell has deeply studied the whole question, not only from its military and strategic aspect, but from its political and commercial aspect also. He says:—

"Europe has lent Russia money to construct communications, whereby she has placed her in a position to injure herself. Let her now lend herself a little, to be laid out in Turkey and Persia, &c., to be administered by herself, and not as heretofore by venal Pashas, to counteract the harm she has done, in order to construct counter-communications."

Yes, truly, this is the best of the joke, from Russia's point of view: she is making gigantic preparations, both by land and sea, to obtain the supreme dominion in Europe and Asia; and—as we have before pointed out—she is doing it with other people's money! with the money of those whom she intends to oust, both strategically and commercially.

For those who desire further information on the very interesting subject of the proposed Mesopotamian railway, we would strongly recommend a perusal of Colonel Bell's paper,

though we cannot part company with him without further quoting one or two of his pregnant remarks. He tells us :—

"Napoleon considered the valley of the Tigris to be the strategical key of the whole world. Such sayings are not unimportant, although the present generation may be unable to assign specific reasons for them."

And again :—

"If the belt" (the Mesopotamian-Persian belt) "is occupied by Russia, the doom of both Turkey and Persia, the Persian Gulf and the Dardanelles, is sealed, and she will have gained a position from which she cannot be ousted, strengthened as it would be by art, and backed by millions of soldiers."

Colonel Bell sums up the situation in the following words :—

"Russia, with youthful energy and great forethought and fertility of resource, is leading the world; she leads enterprise, and is running her rails longitudinally" (*sic*) "through Asia, and under her own guarding, from Moscow to the Chinese seas, and from Batoum through Trans-Caspia, to the Kuldja gate of China, and is gaining inestimable advantages from her magnificent enterprise. She is gradually pushing her feeder lines southward into Europe's sphere of influence, to gain a predominating influence in Turkey and Persia as well as in China, and to Charjui and Tashkend to put an end to the inconvenience of the trans-shipment across the Caspian, and Europe can no longer stagnate, and rely upon her shortest line—the Suez Canal—to Asia, and along which now all nations run steamers to India and the Far East and Australia. She now requires three commercial lines to the East—*i.e.*, *vid* the long-sea routes, the Suez Canal, and by rail across Mesopotamia: no line through Russia could possibly serve Europe's purpose. She must now enter into keener competition for the trade of Asia, a railway competition with Russia, and inaug-

urate a quicker route than any she yet possesses by running her rails across Mesopotamia, *vid* Mosul and Baghdad, to Kawait or Grain on the Persian Gulf, and across Persia to the gates of India, *vid* Karmanshah, Ispahan, Yazd, Kirman, and Seistan. Its Persian terminus, Seistan, is a fertile oasis, capable of great expansion, and a centre of trade-routes between Persia and India, the Caspian and the Persian Gulf. Commerce and strategy adhere to natural directions, and this line is as necessary to her commercial as her political requirements."

We have laid before our readers two opposite views of the relations existing between Great Britain and Russia, and two opposite opinions as to the wisest policy to be pursued in our future relations.

Some will probably agree with Sir George Clarke and Mr Jane that we ought to use every possible means to come to a friendly agreement with Russia upon questions whereon our interests appear to be opposed; and others will no doubt be found to agree with Colonel Bell in his proposed policy of trying to thwart and forestall Russian expansion in Asia by constructing, or helping to construct, a line of railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, and thence onward to India and the Far East. But we imagine there will be a universal consensus of opinion to condemn a vacillating, halting, or half-and-half policy. Surely upon a question of such vital importance to the future of the British empire it ought not to be impossible for the political parties in the State to come to some understanding as to the

main lines, at any rate, of our future policy. Europe has not yet awakened to a sense of the danger which threatens her in the further expansion of the already prodigious extent and power of the Russian empire,—prodigious not only as to actual territory (which might mean much or little), but as to her newly acquired strategical positions, and the millions of well-armed and well-drilled soldiers which she has prepared to defend them.

As von Moltke pointed out nearly half a century ago, the German Powers will be the first to suffer; England perhaps last of all, as England could live without India, though with diminished glory, for as long as she maintains adequate sea power she could defend her other possessions, and still have a mighty empire. And yet such is the superiority of Russian diplomacy and intrigue, that she has succeeded in persuading all Europe into the belief that England is the common enemy—the enemy of all freedom and progress, the tyrant and the bully.

England may not perhaps be quite the lamb which some of our advanced Radical politicians would like to make her, but it is absurd to depict her as the wolf; yet, however absurd it may be in fact, it is nevertheless done, and, what is more, millions believe it, especially in France, and lend their money to help Russia to help her to check England from conquering the world.

Russian advance and expansion has hitherto been compara-

tively slow, and not free from checks and reverses, though never halting longer than necessary to gain strength and await opportunity for another advance; so that it has on the whole been continuous, from Peter the Great to Nicolas II. But now she seems to be preparing for a rush, or perhaps two rushes simultaneously—one for Peking, and the other for the Persian Gulf. She knows, or at any rate believes, that England will not, if she can help it, permit either; and she is therefore preparing the means by which she thinks she will be able to threaten and overawe England, by attacking her in her tenderest place—viz., her sea-borne commerce. For this reason and for no other is she now spending millions of money, and straining every nerve to construct that very powerful fleet of war-ships, the list of which we have given to our readers at the beginning of this article; and we would once more emphasise the point that the great majority of these ships are not such as Russia requires for defence, but are simply “commerce-destroyers.”

Our duty is clear. We are already building battleships in sufficient numbers to maintain our superiority in this respect; we are also building several large, fast, and powerful armoured cruisers, though not nearly in sufficient numbers to meet and deal with the immense fleet of this class of ship which Russia and France combined will in two or three years be able to let loose upon our ocean trade.

Sir George Clarke tells us

that "Fate has, however, ordained that Asiatic dominion should be shared by two great nations. There is ample room for both, and could they attain to a reasonable measure of mutual understanding, fairer hopes of peace and progress would dawn upon the world."

We do not profess to know what "Fate" has decreed; but we have a very decided opinion that Russian statesmen have decreed that they do not intend to go shares with any one in Asia, if they can keep it. We can therefore only regard this enormous increase in the war navy of an inland Power, possessing an insignificant mercantile marine, and practically unattackable by sea, as a direct menace to some one who does possess a mercantile marine, and who is particularly vulnerable in this respect; for the nature of the ships under construction clearly indicates the purpose for which they are intended. The production of such a fleet of "commerce - destroyers" does not appear to us to be merely a phase in the legitimate expansion of a friendly and peace-loving Power possessing the largest army that the world has ever seen. And yet we take leave of Sir George Clarke with the most sincere and hearty wish that his visions of "a better understanding

with Russia" may be speedily accomplished; though always with the proviso that our national dignity and interests be in nowise compromised in our efforts to obtain it, and that we take due precautions to provide against the possible failure of those efforts.

England's large fleet of unarmoured cruisers was sufficient for yesterday; is perhaps sufficient for to-day; but it will not suffice for to-morrow, either in speed or in power of individual ships. If her rivals build commerce-destroyers she must build anti-commerce-destroyers, larger, more powerful, and slightly faster. We would therefore most strenuously urge the First Lord of the Admiralty, and through him the Government, to make immediate provision for at least a dozen more of the "King Alfred" type of armoured cruisers; and perhaps half-a-dozen of a type somewhat larger, faster, and more powerful than the "Novik."¹ Such a programme, in addition to the ships we already have building, would undoubtedly be expensive. It would "cost a lot of money," as the expression goes; but it would be far cheaper than the loss of our ocean commerce. This competition in armaments is not of our seeking: it is the act of those who wish to destroy

¹ Mr Goschen lately told the House of Commons that he was unable to spend all the money voted for shipbuilding last year, thus implying that the resources of the country had been stretched to their fullest extent. Such an assumption has, however, been contradicted by various letters to the press, and there can be no doubt that the resources of our private yards have not nearly been exhausted. They are building largely for foreign countries, and they might just as well be building for their own country, if orders are placed in time.

our commerce, and with it our empire.

All the great moves in warship construction which have taken place during the last half-century, almost all the innovations in type, armour, speed, armament, boilers, and some other minor but not unimportant matters, seem to have originated in foreign countries, and to have been simply and solely designed with the object of depriving conservative John Bull of his boasted naval supremacy, by rendering his "fleet in being" obsolete. Fortunately, we have the great advantage of being able to build more rapidly and more economically than our rivals.

The competition in naval armaments may be extravagant; but it is a competition in which we must take the lead, regardless of cost, or perish as a nation. Dark clouds are rising around our horizon, and there is no time to be lost.

Thoughtful Englishmen sometimes ask themselves, and one another, why they are so generally hated and cursed on the continent of Europe. The answer may be given in a very few words—Envy and jealousy of their unprecedented commercial prosperity. That is a sufficient cause: no other is necessary.

Since the above was written, the interference of Russia in Persia, where she seeks by various means to obtain complete dominion over the weak Government of the Shah, lends additional force to Colonel Mark Bell's arguments.

Russia's move is undoubtedly due to the fact that Great Britain has her hands full at present in South Africa. It is sufficient to show the insincerity of the famous disarmament proposals, even if unsupported by other acts. A straw will show all but blind men how the wind blows.

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS.

It was getting late when we drove up to the big drill-shed. We had a private farewell of our own to attend to first, and we looked rather dishevelled. When five big men in fur coats pile into one cab, dress clothes are apt to get rumpled, and the temperature rises, even if the windows are open and the thermometer outside the club marks 25° below zero. The floor was crowded, and in that sea of upturned faces it was difficult to pick out one's friends and acquaintances. The people were talking when we arrived—about lyddite shells and quarter-column formation, and the "lava charge," and other mysterious technicalities. On the platform were rows upon rows of school-children, and scattered here and there about the great hall were men in uniform. Then some one sang Rudyard Kipling's Invocation, and the children's fervent appeal to "pay, pay, pay," sounded like a mandate. When the last verse was ended the colonel of the 90th Battalion stood up and told us of the burial of the union-jack by the Johannesburgers, and how there was painted on the box the one word "Resurgam," and added that the Canadian Contingent proposed to be present at the resurrection. Whereat we cheered ourselves hoarse, and began to talk again,—about Imperial Federation, and the consolidation of the Empire, and other themes that are very near to the people's hearts

these days. Then came "Soldiers of the Queen," and the schoolboys let themselves go in the chorus. The papers said there were only 150 of them, but judging from the volume of sound that went ringing along the roof, the lungs of the rising generation in this crisp clear atmosphere are exceptionally healthy. They sang that refrain with a whole-souled resoluteness and energy that made the men stare hard, and some of the women choke a little. It was only a chorus of colonial schoolboys singing a music-hall song; and yet, looking into the future, it was more than that—it was a pæan of loyalty and defiance, it was the growling of the cubs of the young lion. Then another pause, and we were just getting started on a perfectly new scheme for the amalgamation of the English Yeomanry and the Canadian Rough Riders, when a wild tumultuous cheer broke out in the neighbourhood of the platform, and was caught up and rolled back like a wave from the body of the hall. A single, soldierly, red-coated figure was threading its way through the front ranks of the choir, and the audience threw their fur caps in the air, while the lion cubs tumbled over one another and yelped gleefully, "For he's a jolly good fellow." The commanding officer turned a little white, and raised his hand to his moustache, and some of the women who were round his young wife began to

choke again. He spoke after the manner of the English, "in straight-flung words and few," and told us how proud he was of his men, and how they rejoiced at the chance of fighting for the old flag; how they would think of us, and remember that we should be crowding round the bulletin-boards to hear what our fellow-countrymen were doing "out there." Then he had to stop for a minute or two till we had done cheering; and after silence had been restored one individual lion cub expressed his complete approval of the speaker by piping out the shrill remark, "E's all right," whereat we all broke loose again, and the commanding officer told us how for some months he and his men had been practising the Boer formation out on the prairie, and that they hoped to teach "our friends the enemy" a trick or two in their own game. And afterwards the whole assembly sang "God Save the Queen"; and his friends went up and shook hands with the speaker; and I noticed that some of the women were looking a little dewy about the eyes, while the men poured out on to the snow-clad side-walk, and swore softly at nothing in particular to relieve their feelings.

Three days later I started to the capital of the "Territories" to see something of the Cowboy and Mounted Police Contingent before they left. I got on the train a couple of hours before dinner, and arrived in time for early breakfast next morning. In a country of magnificent distances like this,

we look on such a journey very much as you would on a "run down" from London to Brighton. In a corner of the smoking-car were fastened up the latest tissue bulletins of the war, as they arrived over the wires from station to station. In the dining-car, and in the Pullman, the talk was of Buller and Methuen, and the chances our men might have—to the total neglect of the wheat-market and of the weather. When the negro porter called up the Regina passengers at six o'clock the next morning, the first question was, "Any news?" and there was no need to particularise either. I had to wait an hour at the hotel before getting my breakfast; and the first half-dozen guests to enter the dining-room were tall lithe men, booted and spurred, who seemed to smell of fresh air, and who swung into their seats with an unmistakable cavalry swagger. Half an hour later the Mounted Police "democrat" drove up, and, with a couple of the officers, I started for the barracks. It is a three-mile drive alongside the railroad track, beyond which there lies a flat waste of snow to the sky-line.

I said something about the cold, and was promptly snubbed by one of my companions. Major Constantine — by the way, he says "Mr" is good enough for him—has just returned from the Yukon, where it *is* cold. I asked him what was the coldest dip he had experienced there?

"One day," he told me, "the thermometer marked 77° below zero."

"Did you feel it much?" (My little record of 52° below zero was losing importance.)

"Well, it wasn't pleasant out of doors: there was no wind luckily, but the air was full of sparkling particles of ice. It was impossible to see across the barrack-yard,—the smoke poured straight down from the chimneys like water, and lay on the ground like a blanket. We had only four hours' daylight at that time, and candles were a dollar apiece, 120 dollars a box."

"How in the world did you put in time?"

He smiled grimly and said: "My boy, I had work to do. I was Chief Magistrate, Commander-in-Chief, Home and Foreign Secretary, and a few other things besides. I had three tables in my room with a different class of work on each, and when I got tired I took a rest by moving from one table to another. You see, the mining population was a little mixed: we had Arabs, Chilians, Kanakas, Japs, everything except Chinese,—there were Government regulations against *them*. I arrived there with twenty men on July 26, I remember, and by November 8 we had built nine houses, one 75 feet long, and the smallest 16 feet by 16 feet. We had to cut and carry all the timber ourselves, and the men's shoulders used to get raw. We had to do everything by man-power at that time, and food was expensive. I got up a consignment of 12,000 lb. of beef; 1500 lb. of it cost \$1.50 per lb., the rest only \$1."

I didn't "grouse" about the

cold in Regina after that. We drove into barracks, and my two companions disappeared into their offices promptly. The contingent was to start in three days, and they had no time to spare. I walked off towards the riding-school to judge the recruits. There was a long narrow pathway of a couple of planks laid side by side on the snow, slanting from the barrack-yard to the stables. Strung out in single file for its whole length was a line of recruits, each man carrying a brand-new Californian saddle on his head. I have the highest respect for these volunteers in the service of the empire, but I must confess that they looked tough. Their khaki uniforms were waiting for them 2500 miles away, on the Atlantic seaboard, and knowing that their travelling kit would probably have to be thrown away, they had not chosen their best clothes. The corporal at the head of the line was attired in very old breeches and gaiters, a flannel shirt, and a Norfolk jacket that had seen better days. At the sight of me his face broke into a smile, and his eyes twinkled gleefully under the superincumbent saddle. It was T., a man of more than independent means, owner of a string of polo ponies, and of a name known throughout England. But he had travelled, for the love of it, throughout all this great North-West country; hunted in the Barren lands; been "out" with French's Scouts; and the war fever was on him, and he was thoroughly and conscientiously happy. There were plenty more like him—I must have talked to a

dozen that morning. Here comes another, a tall figure in "shaps," or fringed leather overalls, a buckskin coat, and a wide-brimmed cowboy hat under which a pair of Saxon blue eyes look straight into yours, while the owner speaks in a soft cultivated drawl that suggests a London club. I saw them afterwards in the riding-school, sitting their half-broken Western-bred horses, some of whom appeared to think they were in a circus, with an ease and grace that told of years of practice.

It does not do to judge by appearances: even the skilled eye of the Commissioner may be deceived sometimes. One guileless simple-looking youth, with a vacant sleepy face, came up for inspection. The Commissioner scanned him distastefully. He was doubtful about his chest-measurement, about his stamina, about his physique generally, and more than half inclined to get rid of him. So he asked sharply, "Can you ride?"

The boy looked up with a tired smile, and said, "Yes, sir."

The Commissioner told an orderly to bring a horse from the stables; and the orderly took care not to pick the tamest horse he could find. The new recruit swung himself into the saddle, and the horse began to buck. We know something about bucking horses out here, and I had heard of this one. The troop were going to take him out as a "Mascotte." They said he would "buck round and round in a ring, and cry like a baby." The new recruit sat on him with a peaceful, meaningless grin, and never moved.

The colonel said, "That'll do, you can take the horse." Then he turned to the rider and gruffly remarked, "Well, you can ride."

The boy smiled apologetically; he was sorry for having given so much needless trouble. "Yes, sir," he said; "I think I can ride anything with hair on"—a pause—"except a porcupine." He was accepted.

After riding-school they turned out for foot-drill. Verily they were a motley crowd. Some of them wore fur caps; some "Stetsons," or cowboy hats with a stiff brim; some had red "tuques," and reminded me of Masaniello; one desperado had a broken brown "billy-cock." Beside them the Mounted Police busby with its yellow bag looked smartness itself. Many were clad in long fur coats reaching nearly to their heels—they looked the most comfortable; some had buffalo or buckskin pea-jackets, which were certainly serviceable. A few poor devils had no overcoats at all, not even gloves; and I was always relieved when the "Stand easy" gave them a chance of stamping on the frozen ground, and slapping a little life into their numbed fingers.

There were men in moccasins; there were men in shooting-boots; there were men in riding-boots; and men in rubber overshoes. And the most conspicuous feature in the whole business was their utter lack of self-consciousness. Every eye was on the drill-sergeant, and on every face there was a strained eager look of attention. They wanted to learn every-

thing they could in the shortest possible time, and nothing else mattered. They were much above the ordinary run of recruits in intelligence, education, and especially in initiative and individual resource. No wonder that they picked it up so quickly, and that their mistakes were so few.

I drove back to the hotel that evening with a good deal to think about. After dinner I smoked with the man who had returned from the Yukon, and made him tell me things. How he had hunted one fugitive from justice for six months over the North American continent, and finally run him to earth at Loredo, where the Mexican Government detailed a major and twelve men to arrest him. How he had to take him from there to the Gulf of Mexico, in order to board a British steamer, and avoid trouble about extradition. How the only steamer he could catch was bound for Jamaica, and he had to ship his man to Kingston, and thence to Halifax, in order to bring him within reach of Canadian law. Of the U.S.A. marshal, who was a Montrealer by birth, and had to use his revolver with his left hand because his right elbow was crippled by a bullet. He was a dead shot, and extraordinarily quick "on the draw"; report said that he had killed eighteen men in his time, and he was universally respected. Of the fight on the platform of the railway station at Albuquerque, and how some of the bullets broke the train windows. Of the fandango he attended at Les Cruces on

Christmas Eve, when there were three dead men on the floor inside two hours. How they drove at midnight from the hotel at Tularosa, which is in No-man's Land, after making all their arrangements to stay for two days; because, had some of the inhabitants of that thriving town known the date of their departure, their chances of getting away safe would have been slim. Of his first journey to the Yukon with only one companion, and how they built their own boat and paddled it 750 miles down the river.

He showed me the proper way to fire a revolver, with the middle finger on the trigger, and the forefinger laid along the stock, parallel with the barrel, because in that way you line dead on your object, instinctively. I wanted more, but uninteresting outsiders came in and interrupted.

The education of the North-West Mounted Police during their term of service is varied and comprehensive.

Next morning I walked up to the barracks alone. There was a dense white mist which made all objects at a distance of ten yards look hazy and indistinct. The trail lay close to the railway track, but even that I could hardly make out. I had gone about a mile, and was beginning to wonder whether I might not have missed the way, when the mist lifted a little and a watery-looking sun struggled to show itself overhead. Away to the left stretched the endless prairie, and, for the hundredth time, I was struck by its extraordinary resem-

blance to a calm summer sea. The surface of the snow was rippled by yesterday's wind, and here and there a tiny hummock broke into sparkles like a crested wavelet. It was good to live on a morning like this. Suddenly I heard a distant shout, and looked round. Growing out of the mist behind me came a troop of ghosts, rising and falling, and heralding their approach by unearthly yells. It was a band of horses being driven in from some of the western ranches. At their head rode a cowboy, in buckskin coat, shaps, long spurs, wide-brimmed hat, and lariat on his saddle. Behind him some thirty or forty rough-coated, wild-looking bronchos; behind them again a couple more cowboys, and a smart-looking police sergeant in uniform. They swung by at a half-speed gallop, and faded out of sight in fifty yards, the regular beat of their hoofs on the frozen snow passing like a rataplan of muffled drums. A moment later and a bugle-call sang out loud and clear from the invisible barracks beyond. Then the fog lifted, and the buildings stood out sharp and distinct on the crest of the hill, and high up the flag fluttered out its scarlet folds against the cloudless blue of the sky.

There was a commotion when I got there. A young corporal in the police had volunteered for South Africa, and his services had been refused. Subsequently he had got into trouble for some trivial offence and been put under arrest. When he was sent for to the orderly-room he reached down his cap,

put it on, adjusted his belt, and quietly remarking, "I'll settle this business right now," he placed the barrel of his revolver in his mouth and drove a bullet through the top of his head. When they picked him up, his left hand was still grasping the barrel and his right was round the trigger. Everybody was, I think, genuinely sorry, but everybody was so busy that little was said.

The quartermaster was ubiquitous. To see him fussing about with a sheaf of memoranda in his hand, it was hard to realise that little more than a year ago he was lying on the prairie with his right arm smashed by a bullet, a rifle pointed straight at his head, and behind it "Almighty Voice," son of "John Sounding Sky," cattle thief, murderer, and, in his way—hero. How that worthy slew five white men and three Indians before he was slain himself; how, with a couple of boys, he dug rifle-pits in a small bluff, and held it for two days and a night, till a field-gun had been brought from Regina; and how, all through the fight, his old mother sat on a little hillock near by, wrapped in her blanket, crooning a death-song, and calling on her son to die as became an Indian brave,—are not all these things told in the chronicles of the Mounted Police?

The quartermaster's arm is a little stiff; he was subsequently pitched out of a dog-cart in an English lane and broke it the second time; but he offered to raise and equip 50 or 100 men at his own expense for service in South Africa. The offer was

refused, and then came the news that a second contingent had been accepted, and that it would be recruited from the Mounted Police. Captain A. was in Winnipeg at the time, and there was a doubt about his medical fitness, owing to his wound. I will not vouch for the truth of the story, but it is said that he called on the regimental doctor one afternoon, closed the door behind him, whipped a revolver out, and ordered the astonished medico to throw up his hands. Then he explained what he wanted, and added that he did not propose to leave the room without a certificate of fitness—and he got it.

I lunched with the Commissioner: the house was crowded, and we took our meal in relays. My hostess was the chief's only daughter, the type of a pretty English girl. She was sending out her father, husband, and one brother; and was to accompany the contingent to Halifax. "Not that they want me a bit," she explained, "but Wenonah can't go without me, and they won't go without Wenonah." Now Wenonah is a wide-eyed baby of fourteen months, and she rules the regiment, from the colonel downwards, with a rod of iron. Her name is Indian for sweetheart, and sounds just as pretty. (A murrain on the philologist who told me that the original form of the latter word was "sweetard," on the analogy of "drunkard" and "coward"!)

After lunch we all moved off to the parade-ground. The sun was dazzling, and the glare from the snow was hard to face. So

our party crossed the square, to the imminent peril of our lives, with a couple of hundred Western horsemen charging down it at full gallop, and leant our backs against the wire fence, with the sun behind us. Right opposite were the barrack buildings, and a long dark line of sleighs and blanketed horses. Everybody in the neighbourhood was out, from the Lieutenant-Governor to the railway hands. Between us and them were four troops of mounted men manœuvring. How those men could ride! Three days ago half of them had never been drilled; three days ago many of those horses had never had a saddle on their backs. Yet they trotted and cantered, and galloped and wheeled in line, the riders with the same intent look on their faces, and their rough-coated 15-hand steeds obeying every touch of heel and bridle, in a manner that would have done no discredit to a cavalry regiment. True, some of the men rode with short stirrups, and when they charged past a few were sitting down in the saddle, and racing with a seat that was strongly reminiscent of an English hunting-field; but they were unmistakably workmanlike. Strolling up and down, his hands behind his back, garbed in a buffalo coat, beneath which you caught an occasional glimpse of blue riding-breeches with a yellow stripe, perfectly fitting boots and glittering spurs, was the colonel. Those keen steadfast blue eyes of his never missed anything, though he rarely spoke, and then only to give a short sharp word of

command. The officers understood the men they had to deal with, and I never heard an oath or rough word. "You did that very well, men; now try it again." And the men obeyed; you could feel that they were doing their very best.

The full-dress uniform of the police is a scarlet tunic with yellow facings, white helmet (in summer), blue cloth breeches with yellow stripes, cavalry boots, and cavalry overcoats. In winter they wear coats of Russian lamb, since the extinction of the buffalo, and fur bushies with yellow bags. All of which added just the touch of colour to the scene that made it a joy to look upon. But 300 yards in our rear was a little square strip of snow fenced in, and dotted here and there with headstones. A small group of men in charge of a non-commissioned officer were bending over a dark patch of black earth,—a fatigue party of prisoners digging the grave of the man who had shot himself four hours ago because he could not be permitted to go to the front.

What the Commissioner's daughter didn't know about horse-flesh didn't seem to be worth knowing: the lady next to me was chatting about Hurlingham and Ranelagh with the familiarity of a born Londoner, pausing to remark with pardonable pride, "You wouldn't think that horse my husband is riding never was saddled till he was caught and ridden down to the railway station on Thursday, would you?" And I acknowledged that I wouldn't. We were all sorry when the ride

was over and the men returned to stables.

That evening I dined at the hotel, sitting next to a bishop in orthodox Episcopal garb. At the next table was a quiet-looking youth, who was heir-presumptive to an English marquissate; another was in a very similar position, owing to a recent return among the killed and wounded in South Africa.

The bishop, if I may be allowed to use such a disrespectful expression, was chortling. He was doing it softly and unobtrusively, but he was undeniably tickled. The night before he had found himself alone in a Pullman with a prominent rancher and a Japanese student from an American university. They had read all their papers, talked themselves hoarse, and the rancher suggested a game of whist. To get a fourth they enlisted the services of the nigger porter on the car. "The porter played a remarkably fine rubber," said his lordship gleefully; "the Jap had only played twice before, but he picked it up in the most wonderful manner; but I wonder what they would think of such a quartet over in England!" I always did respect that bishop.

I left on the train that night, with a couple of police officers from Calgary, in the heart of the ranching district, where they were raising another similar corps, enlisting some of the finest cowboys in the Territories. One man, they told me, presented himself to the recruiting officer, and stated his various qualifications strongly but concisely.

The officer looked at him hard and said, "Where have I seen you before? Why, you've been convicted three times for horse-stealing!"

"Yes, sir," responded the unabashed volunteer hopefully, "and *I've brought my rope!*"

The sequel of the story is unauthenticated, but it is whispered that that officer will never be short of a good horse if there is one anywhere in the neighbourhood during the campaign.

Another giant of about six feet four, but a splendid rider, was cleaning his horse two days after enlistment. He was in his shirt-sleeves, his waistcoat was unbuttoned, and underneath was a belt with the brass cartridges peeping in gleaming rows. He was asked why he carried his belt loaded at such a time, and explained in a hurt tone that he had carried his belt loaded since he was big enough to lift a revolver. These men can shoot straight, with both hands, from the back of a horse going at full gallop; and heaven help the Boers if they ever get a chance at them in pursuit!

We began to talk about the individual resourcefulness to which the men are trained in their police experiences. One of my fellow-travellers was travelling last autumn among the foothills near Great Slave Lake, when he came to a mountain stream. A week ago it was fordable, although there was a steep pitch down the bank to the water's edge. To-day, though he did not know it, the bank had been eaten away, and the river was in

flood. The waggon he was driving dropped straight into the swollen current, and the horses disappeared bodily. "There was a bar about fifty yards away, and by swimming the horses diagonally, so as to get the force of the stream to push behind, I managed to get to land all right; but a man who did not understand that would in all probability have tried to make straight across, and lost the horses, and, very likely, his own life too." Wherein I concurred.

They had a sham fight at Calgary a day or two previously, calling out all the available forces in the neighbourhood, including a couple of 9-pounder guns, whereof the inhabitants are very proud. During the engagement, by a skilfully executed flank movement, a troop of cowboys, led by a retired officer in the Imperial army, charged down on those guns like a storm, "roped" them in less time than it takes to write it, twisted their lariats round the horns of their Californian saddles, and galloped away at full speed with the enemy's artillery clattering at their heels. Picturesque, and possibly some day useful too!

Men who have shot tigers in Central India and *Ovis poli* in the Himalayas, tell me that among the Indians in this country are the finest trackers in the world. An Indian hunter may not match certain shikaris on the spoor of a tiger among rocks, but for "still-hunting" the wary wapiti and picking up an imperceptible trail in the pathless forest—for stealing through dried timber on moccasined feet,

as silently as a ghost, he is unrivalled. He will glance carelessly at a moose-yard and tell you offhand the number, age, and sex of the herd from the footprints alone. He will tell you anything about tracking, except how he knows it, and that he seems unable to explain. As scouts these men are invaluable. The police themselves have picked up a good deal of this knowledge in hunting stray bands of horses, runaway cattle, and cattle-thieves.

Not long ago a number of petty thefts occurred week after week in one of our small Western towns. The police force consisted of a young constable, little more than a boy. He was sorely perturbed over the matter, but kept his own counsel. He prowled about the streets at night, long after the inhabitants were in bed, alone, but saw nothing. At last, about two o'clock one morning, he noticed a barrel, upturned, under the hotel-windows, and drew up to investigate. There was a crash of broken glass, and a dark form landed on the side-walk and sped away silently with his pursuer close on his heels. But a policeman in boots is no match for an Indian in moccasins, and the constable gave up the chase—for the moment.

He returned to the town, knocked up a sleepy stable-keeper, hired a buckboard, and the two drove off to pick up the trail. The Indian was wily with the craft of his race. He had tried all his tricks to cover up his tracks: in one place he jumped a clear twelve feet sideways from the path, and doubled

like a hare; he caught his pony at last, and rode him straight into a band of horses to obliterate the hoof-marks. Finally, thinking all was safe, he crawled into a hayrick eight miles away on the prairie, and went to sleep. He woke to find himself looking at the barrel of a revolver; and, being a sensible man, got into the buckboard like a lamb, and drove to the lock-up. Characteristically enough, his thefts had consisted principally of cheap looking-glasses, children's toys, and valueless knick-knacks. But it was a good piece of tracking—at night, and done from a wheeled vehicle.

The Assiniboine Indians have been known to cut the lariat in a sleeping man's hands and steal the horse without waking the owner at the other end; and men of this stamp take a lot of catching.

The history of the North-West Mounted Police is full of interest, and no one, perhaps, is a better authority on the subject than Colonel Irvine, who commanded the force between the years 1880 and 1886, and in whose private residence I am writing these notes. From the reports which he has put at my disposal, it would be easy to write a book which would contain a fairly complete history of the rise and progress of this North-West country. From these reports I learn that the nucleus of the force consisted of 150 men, who arrived in the Province of Manitoba in October 1873, and were quartered in the old stone fort on the banks of the Red river. They were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel French,

of the Royal Artillery, who had organised the school of gunnery in the Dominion, and who is now Major-General commanding the New South Wales Forces. He was quickly impressed with the necessity of increasing the strength of the troop in order to cope successfully with the outlaws and whisky traders in the Far West, and returned to Ottawa, to find that the Dominion Government were in complete sympathy with him. On the 6th of June 1874, he left Toronto in command of 16 officers, 201 men, and 244 horses. Of the men a considerable number had served in the regular army, the Royal Irish Constabulary, and the schools of gunnery at Kingston and Quebec; and all had been carefully selected for the work before them. On the morning of the 12th they arrived at Fargo, the terminus of their railway journey, and 1300 miles from their starting-point. Here ensued a scene of wild confusion. The waggons had been taken to pieces, and packed in detached parts; the saddlery was all in pieces, though each box was complete in itself; the horses had to be disembarked and attended to; there were acres of ground covered with stores of all sorts; and the people of the town were gathered round enjoying the sight, and prophesying that it would take a week, at least, to get them started. At 4 o'clock A.M. of the 13th, says Colonel French, the saddlers were at work at the harness and saddlery, the wheelers putting the waggons together, and an officer

and thirty men getting out stores and loading them. This party was relieved at 8 o'clock A.M., again at noon, and again at 4 o'clock P.M. At 5 o'clock P.M. "D" division drove out with twenty-nine loaded waggons, at 7 P.M. "E" division following; and by the afternoon of the 14th "F" division cleared up everything (with the exception of heavy stores going down by steamer), and came to where the other divisions were camped, about six miles from Fargo. Four days later they camped again on Canadian soil, and here their difficulties began.

The night after their arrival the worst thunderstorm ever seen in the country burst over them. For eight hours it lightened without cessation. At midnight 250 horses stampeded, breaking halters and picket ropes, and crushing their way through the laager of waggons that encircled them. The men made a desperate attempt to stop the runaways, six of the pluckiest being badly trampled, and one severely injured. Under these circumstances horses have been known to run straight ahead with the wind for fifty miles before they are stopped. The North - West Mounted Police were lucky: they recovered all theirs (with the exception of one, supposed to have been drowned in the Pembina river) within a distance of thirty-five miles, but the catastrophe caused a delay of several days.

When the train pulled out from Dufferin it was a mile and a half long when closed up to a proper interval. But from advanced- to rear-guard it was

more usually from four to five miles, owing to the uneven rate of travel of horses and oxen, and the difficulties presented by the breaking of axles and wheels of what Colonel French calls "that imposition of the country, the Red river cart."

At the head of the column was "A" division with splendid dark bays and thirteen waggons. Then "B" with dark-browns. Next "C" with light chestnuts, drawing the guns, and gun and small-arm ammunition. Next "D" with greys, then "E" with blacks, the rear being brought up by "F" with light bays. Then a motley string of ox-carts, ox-waggons, cattle for slaughter, cows, calves, ploughs, harrows, mowing-machines, &c. The force had not only to fight if necessary, but to establish posts throughout the Far West.

And so they marched 800 miles to the Rocky Mountains through unknown country, whose inhabitants were some 30,000 Indians and a few white whisky-traders and desperadoes.

Here they left the Assistant-Commissioner to build Fort Macleod, so called after himself, and sent another detachment north to Edmonton, while the main column turned back, crossing northwards by way of Qu'Appelle to Fort Pelly, whence they returned to Dufferin, arriving in November. From Toronto, which they left in June, to the Red river was a distance of 1460 miles. From Dufferin, which they left on July 8, with the thermometer at 95° to 100° in the shade, till the balance of the force returned

there, four months afterwards to a day, the thermometer marking 20° to 30° below zero, they had marched 1959 miles, and not lost a life.

From that time on the duties of the Police were many and various. They were magistrates, judges, cavalry, artillery, infantry, engineers (military and civil), constables, architects, builders, mail clerks on the railway—sorting the letters in uniform and side-arms (*N.B.*—never has a train been "held up" in Canada), and Indian agents. They were several other things too, but I am only enumerating a few of their principal official occupations.

First and foremost, they had to induce the Indians to "take treaty." By these treaties the various tribes bound themselves to remain on their different "Reserves," which were allotted to them of sufficient area to allow one square mile for each family of five persons, or in that proportion for larger and smaller families. In extinguishment of all their past claims, the Government bound itself to a yearly payment, in cash, of the following sums: to each chief, 25 dollars; to each minor chief or councillor, 15 dollars; and to every other Indian of whatever age, 5 dollars. There were other provisions for the supply of ammunition, cattle, implements, school instruction, medals and robes of honour to the chiefs, &c.

To impress the several tribes with the advisability of closing with these terms was a matter of years. It was strongly represented to them that in the case of misbehaviour by any

member of the tribe, that individual, and that individual only, would be punished; that there would be no more wiping out of half a nation for the sins of one of their number. This proved to be one of the most cogent arguments used, and invariably elicited grunts of approval.

I will give an instance of the methods used by the police in dealing with natives. Fort Walsh is situated some seventy miles from the American border. In the neighbourhood of the fort some years ago was a large Sioux camp under the chieftainship of Spotted Eagle. A photograph of this individual is lying beside me as I write. He is a tall, stately, very intelligent man, rather like a good-looking Mongol. His long hair hangs down in front of him in two pigtails or plaits, bound round and round with strips of cotton. His robe is beautifully decorated with porcupine-quill work; on one shoulder are the claws of a grizzly bear; in his hand he carries a formidable-looking weapon with a razor-shaped wooden handle some three feet in length and studded with brass nails, projecting from which, at right angles, are three knife-blades. On his head he wears the single feather distinctive of the Sioux tribe. A few miles from the main camp was another smaller camp, a kind of suburb of the larger. One night a party of Assiniboines, from the other side of the border, swooped down on the lesser of these two bands and carried off all their horses. Spotted Eagle, as soon as he heard the news, reported the

matter at Fort Walsh to Colonel Irvine, telling him that the hostiles were making for the border as fast as they could travel.

Colonel Irvine called a superintendent and two men, and invited the Sioux to come with them and identify their property. This they were unwilling to do, as they were inferior in number and at deadly enmity with the Assiniboines. Finally they compromised by selecting one of their tribe, a young man who owned the largest share of the stolen horses. So the six men (including an interpreter) rode off into the night. All next day they rode on, and at night camped by a small river. Here their Sioux guide, who could not speak a word of English, gave a little illustration of the soldierly qualities of our much-abused Red brethren.

As soon as the evening meal was over he sat down before the camp fire, unslung his buffalo-hide quiver from his shoulder, and proceeded to carefully sharpen and straighten each arrow in turn. While he was busy at this, and the colonel was holding him up as an example to his men, the teamster, a long and rather excitable Scotsman, ran in to announce that a strange animal, which he took to be a bear, was stealing up to the horses, and that the latter were showing signs of alarm, so that he feared a stampede. The men jumped for their rifles and followed him. Sure enough, there was a shaggy-looking object advancing cautiously through the bushes. The men ran on,

anxious to get a shot, when an arrow sang past their ears, and the intruder dropped uttering a wild yell; the teamster charged up, and flung himself on the prostrate body, with his arms round its neck. Luckily for him, it turned out to be only a buffalo calf with an arrow through its heart.

Next day they struck a camp of Assiniboines, commanded by a well-known warrior named Red Dog. Leaving the two men and the Sioux guide in charge of the horses, the colonel and the superintendent walked up to the chief's lodge with the interpreter. The lodge was of unusual size and beautifully decorated. In the seat of honour was Red Dog, and round him his staff, all tall, handsome, young Indian braves. The interpreter explained their mission, and after a little hesitation Red Dog announced that he had not taken the horses, but that he knew who had—namely, a superior chief to himself, who was already some miles on ahead towards the border. Colonel Irvine asked him if he would lend them a guide, as it might be difficult to locate the band under the circumstances, no one knowing to within fifty miles at what point they might choose to cross. Red Dog consented, and early next morning a fresh start was made.

After an hour's ride they heard a cry behind them. Turning round, they saw Red Dog, surrounded by all his staff ("for all the world like a lot of A.D.C.'s," said the colonel in telling the story), coming up at full gallop. The police halted for their arrival, and, somewhat

to their relief, found that the chief had made up his mind to accompany them.

Then ensued a scene which for artistic effect must have been hard to beat. It was a brilliant day, and Red Dog and his staff, splendid horsemen and magnificent trackers, spread out in skirmishing order over the prairie, and took up the trail at a fast canter. On they swung, the chief with his blanket vivid with dyed porcupine-quills; the colonel in scarlet tunic and white helmet; the braves in breech-clouts, and little else but a feather on their heads and a quiver over their shoulders; and the policemen in red coats, long boots, spurs, and the cowboy hats they are permitted to buy at their own expense in summer-time. Every now and then one of the young Indian braves would throw himself far down along the side of his horse, and indicate the direction of the tracks by a long free swing of the arm, rising again to smile over his shoulder at his companions. On they rode until they came in sight of a small hill rising out of the prairie, and here Red Dog called a halt.

He explained that he thought it would be safer for him to go on alone, and that if he found the camp there, as he expected to do, he would light a small fire for a signal. The detachment waited, while the chief raced off at full gallop; and in a short time a thin pillar of smoke curling up told them that they had run their quarry to earth at last. It was getting dusk by now; the Sioux's life would not have been worth an

empty cartridge-case had he entered that camp, and the colonel left him and the two constables behind, some three miles from the hills, and went on alone with the superintendent and the interpreter.

In the gathering darkness they caught the twinkle of many fires, and on arriving at their destination found an encampment of over three hundred lodges. It was not difficult to pick out the chief *teepee*, and the little party went straight up to this and were at once admitted. The chief was seated, as usual, in the place of honour, and the lodge was packed with young braves, each one with a Winchester between his knees.

Through the interpreter the colonel explained his mission, and the chief rose to address them. With all the stateliness and dignity of an Indian warrior (who would be as much at home in a European Congress as in a painted wigwam) he acknowledged that they had taken the horses. He said that the Sioux were enemies of the Americans, who were his friends. He unrolled a parchment commission which had been given him by the United States Government; and finally, by way of peroration, drew a sword given to him by some American officer in high standing, and waved it over his head. The eyes of the young braves began to sparkle in the firelight and their fingers to fidget with their Winchesters.

The colonel explained courteously but firmly that the horses had been stolen on English territory, and that he wasn't going

back without them, and the braves crowded up a little closer. Then the colonel remarked *sotto voce* to his companion, "I don't think I'll arrest all those chaps"; and the superintendent, whose sense of humour was a little to seek, said, "For God's sake don't."

The chief rose in reply. He complained that the Sioux had stolen some of their horses, and asked scornfully if the colonel would assist him to recover them. Where to the latter promptly replied, "Certainly; if they were taken on this side of the line, you shall have them all returned." The chief acknowledged that they had been taken on American soil, and the colonel suggested that, in that case, he had better get his American friends to recover them for him. Meanwhile Spotted Eagle had been talking to the braves round him, and advising them to give up the horses. There was a long consultation, and then the Assiniboine chief again arose.

"I am going," he said, "to make your hearts glad. The horses were taken on this side of the line, and to-morrow morning you shall have them back." The colonel said, "That's all right," and advanced and shook hands, an action which was explained to the somewhat astonished chief to be a ratification of the bargain.

Next morning all the horses, excepting two or three, were brought in, and the interpreter appealed to his officer to be satisfied, adding that the Sioux would be more than pleased to recover that number. The

answer was curt, "I am not here to please the Sioux or any one else—I'm here to get back those horses."

To save further trouble, the missing number was made up from horses belonging to the Assiniboines themselves, and the army of six returned to Fort Walsh. Next morning, early, Red Dog galloped up with his men in columns of troops behind him. They formed up into line in front of the fort, and the men dismounted with the speed and precision of a crack cavalry corps. The colonel returned their property. The Indians remarked with a grunt, "*Coup* for you" (*coup* meaning a good stroke of business); and the incident was at an end.

But the greatest trouble they had was with the whisky-dealers. The Indians, or the more intelligent among them, recognised early that they could not drink and live, so that the chiefs co-operated with the police, while the more bigoted drinkers among them were driven to pain-killer, and red ink, and hell broth, concocted by boiling tea and tobacco in the same kettle, and that soon weeded them out.

With the white men it was different. In the first place, the constables themselves regarded whisky-drinking as a *malum prohibitum*,—nothing could persuade them that it was a *malum in se*; so that they hated arresting a delinquent, unless it was out on the prairie, and they suspected him of trying to trade spirits to the natives.

In the next place, one of the evils of prohibition is that it drives men to think longingly of forbidden fruit, and to set their wits to work to devise means of obtaining it. They smuggled it in coffins; in eggshells carefully packed and duly labelled; in tomato cans; even in Bibles, ingeniously constructed of tin, and holding about a pint apiece. And the police caught them and poured it regretfully out on the prairie. In one case they buried a tub in a certain spot, and over the tub they placed an iron grate, and over that earth. They chose this place to empty a particularly large seizure, and that night there was but one sober man in the detachment, and he was the officer in charge.

But away from the settlement the men recognised the necessity of the measure, and joined keenly in the chase of illicit traders.

One Saturday night the officers at Fort Macleod were half-way through dinner when some Assiniboine Indians came in and reported that a quantity of liquor was being smuggled into the country, to be "cached" near a point where two Indian tribes, who were not on the best of terms, were camped in somewhat dangerous proximity.

Colonel Irvine knew that this meant red war, and he promptly started with an inspector and a force of about twenty men to make the seizure. They rode all night, and reached Fort Whoop-up an hour before dawn. There they waited for the sun to rise, and to rest the horses. At break of day they pushed on

till a scout galloped back and reported that there was a cart three or four miles ahead in the valley beneath them, with two men driving. The men were standing up, flogging the horses, and racing for the river. It was a lovely morning, the dew sparkling on the grass, and the green valley, dotted here and there with bluffs, stretching away far beneath their feet. With one accord the whole troop caught hold of their horses' heads, turned them sharp, and rammed them down the precipitous incline.

Once on the flat they were racing for blood, the red coats of the pursuers making the scene curiously like a fox-hunt. But the quarry had a long start, and were over the river and galloping up the farther bank before the leaders had reached the water's edge. By that time their load was lightened, as they had been seen throwing cans into the stream as fast as they could get rid of them during their transit.

The police didn't trouble about looking for a ford,—each man rode straight into the river where he first reached it, and the whole troop were swimming like a pack of otter-hounds. They scrambled up the bank on the far side, and the cart stopped, the drivers throwing up their hands. It was necessary, however, to secure a *pièce de conviction*, and, by the colonel's orders, a sergeant picked up a can which had been washed ashore. "Open it, and taste it," said his chief; "we've got to prove that it's whisky." The sergeant com-

plied, nothing loth, but he promptly spat the first mouthful on to the grass. It was pure alcohol.

The detachment returned with the prisoners to Fort Macleod, having been in the saddle for twenty-four hours, with the exception of one hour at Fort Whoop-up, and having covered nearly a hundred miles.

The depot and headquarters of the Mounted Police are situated at about two or three miles from Regina, on the banks of the Wascona (which, being interpreted, means "Pile-of-Bones Creek"). Their official duties cover an area of over two and a half millions of square miles—about two-thirds the size of Europe; and, railroads being scarce in this country, most of their travelling has to be done on horseback, or in winter with dog-trains. It was found that the Ontario horses took too long to acclimatise, and that the native broncho, crossed and much improved with thoroughbred stock, was far better adapted to the country both in endurance and hardiness. They are tough and wiry, averaging about fifteen hands, with short backs and sound legs and feet. Lord Lorne's escort of about fifty mounted men travelled 1229 miles in thirty-five days, an average of over thirty-five miles per diem. Owing to the large amount of transport, they had, speaking generally, two horses to a man, and not one single horse was incapacitated from work by sore back or shoulders. His Excellency, prior to taking his departure from Ford Shaw,

ordered a parade of the escort, and in the course of his address made use of these words:—

“You have been subjected to the most severe criticism during the long march on which you have accompanied me, for I have on my personal staff experienced officers of the three branches of the service—cavalry, artillery, and infantry—and they have one and all expressed themselves astonished and delighted at the manner in which you have performed your arduous duties, and at your great efficiency. Your work is not only that of military men, but you are called upon to perform the important and responsible duties which devolve upon you in civil capacities,—your officers in their capacity of magistrates, and other duties they are called upon to perform, even that of diplomacy.”

Of the services rendered by the North-West Mounted Police during the construction of that gigantic undertaking, the Canadian Pacific Railway, Sir William Van Horne wrote in the following terms:—

“DEAR COLONEL IRVINE, — Our work of construction for the year 1882 has just closed, and I cannot permit the occasion to pass without acknowledging the obligations of the Company to the North-West Mounted Police, whose zeal and industry in preventing traffic in liquor and preserving order along the line under construction have contributed so much to the successful prosecution of the work. Indeed without the assistance of the officers and men of the splendid force under your command, it would have been impossible to accomplish as much as we did. On no great work within my knowledge, where so many men have been employed, has such perfect order prevailed.

“On behalf of the Company and all their officers, I wish to return thanks, and to acknowledge particularly our obligations to yourself and

to Major Walsh.—I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

W. C. VAN HORNE,
General Manager.”

The number of men employed on the Canadian Pacific Railway during construction was over 30,000.

If the history of the Mounted Police is ever written it should be of thrilling interest; but enough—perhaps more than enough—has been said in this article to show that we have here in Canada a force which, properly used, should render invaluable assistance towards the defence of the empire.

I have another word to say. The “Recessional” is a great poem. At the moment it was written it put into burning words the idea that was growing half defined in the minds of most Englishmen, that the power of Great Britain had reached its climax, and that henceforward our empire might begin to decay. To these men I would say, Come out to the Colonies; fill your lungs with the wild free air of a new country; look around and see your blood-brothers living close to Nature herself, facing the difficulties and fighting the foes that beset a young nation. Remember that they are round you and with you, east and west and north and south. Then you will feel and know that the coming century is only seeing the birth of a new empire greater than we have yet known. Come out here, for here you will feel it in the air.

C. HANBURY-WILLIAMS.

DISRAELI AND THE COLONIES.

NOTHING is more striking in modern parliamentary life than its growing disregard of the past. Great issues are mooted by men who either ignore or are ignorant of their historical origin. Young members discuss weighty problems in the light of native omniscience. The ancestry of events is neglected. Development is relegated to the few students whose lucubrations moulder in classical dust. The fact that statesmanship is able to look forward, because it has already looked back, is either flouted or forgotten. Public interest is gradually being withdrawn from the debates of the Commons, just because they are daily, less and less, in touch with national life, whose very changes are organic. The genius which treats facts with imagination has been replaced by the opportunism which invests phantoms with solemnity. The causes of this degeneration we shall not here attempt to explain. That degeneration it is must be patent to any one who reflects how the national growth depends upon traditional continuity, and is rooted in the soil of institutions.

There has been recently a great burst of colonial feeling. Community of blood, of language, and of institutions have riveted the daughters to the mother country. It is an auspicious moment, and Mr Chamberlain prepared for and utilised it. But of that statesmanship he was not the founder. Curious-

ly enough, the great statesman, whose isolated words have been so often twisted and perverted, to whom completely opposite proclivities have been mis-attributed, on whose lips have been placed, by those who ought to have known (and perhaps did know) better, the deliverances of others—this statesman, with that consistence and persistence peculiar to him, was the first in this century to press on his countrymen that for a united nation inhabiting an island the concert and union of her Colonies also are of the first importance.

It will be of interest to recall some of his utterances in this regard. As early as 1848, when Lord Palmerston was dictating a constitution to Narvaez, Disraeli, true to the principle of Bolingbroke that interference with foreign Powers was to be deprecated unless British interests were endangered, yet held that our welfare as a great colonial Power was so intimately connected with European politics that emergencies might arise where non-interference would menace alike safety and prestige. In July 1856, in reviewing the labours of the session, he pronounced the following remarkable criticism on the objectors to the expansion and progress of America:—

“I cannot forget that the United States, though independent, are still in some sense colonies, and are influenced by colonial tendencies; and when they come in contact with large

portions of territory scarcely populated, or at the most sparsely occupied, by an indolent and unintelligent race of men, it is impossible—and you yourselves find it impossible—to resist the tendency to expansion: and expansion in that sense is not injurious to England, for it contributes to the wealth of this country (let us say this in a whisper, lest it cross the Atlantic) more than it diminishes the power of the United States.”

It was under a Government of which Disraeli was a leading member that in 1852 a constitution was framed for New Zealand, and in the summer of 1858 the colony of British Columbia established. It was not more than a few months afterwards that disturbances arose, and it is characteristic of the ‘Times’ newspaper that its review of the year 1859 finds in these developments only the incubus of ubiquitous colonies and commerce. In this regard the name of the then Sir E. Bulwer Lytton should assuredly be commemorated. He treated colonial questions during his brief period of secretaryship with firmness, insight, and adroitness. Nor should it be forgotten that between him and Disraeli was a link of kindred imagination, as well as long-standing friendship. Years before they had together contributed to ‘The New Monthly Magazine.’ Both were men of striking originality, unmitigated by a public school education; and it is amusing to note that the fantastic strain, which was censured (and often when he was quoting from our classics) as “un-English” in the one, was only criticised as extravagant in the other. Both

were students of Bolingbroke. They had each the faculty of regarding history as a whole, and of not perverting their vision of progress by the petty rancours—political or ecclesiastical—of the moment. Such an instinct is invaluable in attaching new settlements to the nest of their nurture. But it was in 1872, in his great speech on Conservative principles at the Crystal Palace, that Disraeli first definitely propounded a colonial policy which the present Government would do well to ponder:—

“Gentlemen,” said Mr Disraeli, “there is another and second great object of the Tory party. If the first is to maintain the institutions of the country, the second is, in my opinion, to uphold the empire of England. If you look to the history of this country since the advent of Liberalism—forty years ago—you will find that there has been no effort so continuous, so subtle, supported by so much energy, and carried on with so much ability and acumen, as the attempts of Liberalism to effect the *disintegration* of the empire of England. And of all its efforts, this is the one which has been the nearest to success. Statesmen of the highest character, writers of the most distinguished ability, the most organised and efficient means, have been employed in this endeavour. It has been proved to all of us that we have lost money by our Colonies. It has been shown with precise, with mathematical, demonstration, that there never was a jewel in the crown of England that was so truly costly as the possession of India. How often has it been suggested that we should at once emancipate ourselves from this incubus! Well, that result was nearly accomplished when these subtle views were adopted by the country, under the plausible plea of granting self-government to the Colonies. I confess that I myself thought that the tie was broken. Not that I, for one,

object to self-government. I cannot conceive how our distant Colonies can have their affairs administered except by self-government. But self-government, in my opinion, when it was conceded, ought to have been conceded as *part of a great policy of imperial consolidation*. It ought to have been accompanied by an imperial tariff, by securities for the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to the sovereign as their trustee, and by a military code *which should have precisely defined the means and the responsibilities by which the Colonies should be defended, and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the Colonies themselves*. It ought further to have been accompanied by the institution of *some representative council in the metropolis, which would have brought the Colonies into constant and continuous relations with the Home Government*. All this, however, was omitted because those who advised that policy—and I believe their convictions were sincere—looked upon the Colonies of England, looked even upon our connection with India, as a burden upon this country, viewing everything in a financial aspect, and totally passing by those moral and political considerations which make nations great, and by the influence of which alone men are distinguished from animals.”

Here we have a definite, a far-seeing, and a foreseeing policy. There is not one point of the scheme which will not shortly have to be seriously considered by the councils of the nation. It is, moreover, a Conservative policy. Long before, Bolingbroke, whom Disraeli had so minutely studied,—that Bolingbroke who first among English statesmen had pointed to the significance of Gibraltar, and had foretold

England's mission as a “Mediterranean Power,”—had described the then scanty Colonies as “so many home farms.” With what courage and sagacity did Disraeli receive and hand on the torch! None can now doubt the sagacity, and if any doubt the courage they have only to peruse the vaticinations of that financial Cassandra, the late Mr John Bright, who, during the manufactured reaction against “imperialism” of 1879, unconsciously justified Lord Beaconsfield's predictions of seven years before. After cataloguing, like an auctioneer, the “annexations” of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration, he thus proceeded:—

“All this adds to your burdens. Just listen to this: they add to the burdens, not of the empire, but of 33,000,000 of people who inhabit Great Britain and Ireland. We take the burden and pay the charge. This policy may lend a seeming glory to the Crown, and may give scope for patronage and promotion, and pay a pension to a limited and favoured class. But to you, the people, it brings expenditure of blood and of treasure, increased debts and taxes, and adds risk of war in every part of the globe.”

Could a better instance be adduced of the contrast between the view of England as an emporium and the view of Great and Greater Britain as an empire?¹ What happened? Mr Bright had converted Mr Gladstone. That conversion was a reciprocal necessity. Without the other, neither could have swayed “the lower middles.”

¹ This point is admirably urged by Mr Ewald in his ‘Life and Times of Lord Beaconsfield.’

Mr Gladstone appealed to the nation, Mr Bright to a class. Mr Gladstone appealed to the institutions and customs which he assailed; Mr Bright attacked without sympathy. Mr Gladstone was a Girondist, Mr Bright a Jacobin. Mr Gladstone's practical fervour and "connection" popularised the doggedness and narrowness of Mr Bright's theoretic doctrine. It might be said that the whilom author of the essay on 'Church and State' led the "Nonconformist Conscience" to the altar, and that Mr Bright gave her away. But the elderly Benedick could not quite forget the love he had foregone. It will be remarked that Mr Gladstone still occasionally employed the word "empire," as Lord John Russell had done in 1855—a word born with Queen Elizabeth, and familiar throughout the reign of Queen Anne; whereas, if we mistake not, Mr Bright never so far demeaned himself as to employ or condone it. Mr Gladstone came into power. The policy of "scuttle" ensued—from what motives we will not here stop to inquire. We abandoned Candahar; we abandoned the Transvaal. It was the policy of panic and disunion, of personal "magnanimity" but of public disgrace, and not the policy of wise consolidation and expansion, and of definite and respected boundaries, that has eventually conducted to "expenditure of blood and treasure"; and if to-day we are

painfully retracing our steps, it is due to this retail creed of Mr Bright, and not to the wholesale propaganda of Lord Beaconsfield.

In perusing Disraeli's speeches throughout his career as a whole, we are struck by their harmony. They were based on matured principles. Even the phrases "Peace with honour" and "Light and leading" (itself a quotation from Burke) occur long before their application to crises rendered them household words. From first to last, as Lord Salisbury so aptly observed of him, "Zeal for the greatness of England was the passion of his life." Had he survived, we doubt not that colonial federation would have been the crown of his achievements. And it is just because this is being forgotten, because our leaders rarely advert to the mantle which they too often wear without the inspiration, that, at this juncture, we desire to impress the condensed considerations which we have submitted. Some scheme of imperial confederation must shortly be formulated; some recognition of colonial co-operation must speedily be made. The tariff will demand anxious consideration. When the time comes for the new Amphictyonic Council, let the plan be devised in the spirit of Lord Beaconsfield, and not in the sense of Mr Bright or the frenzies of Mr Gladstone.

W. SICHEL.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO HER PEOPLE OF LONDON—A PEACEFUL CONQUEROR—THE MOB OF PARIS AND THE CROWD OF LONDON—THE DESTRUCTION OF THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS: A EUROPEAN DISASTER—THE TRADITIONAL ART OF THE FRENCH DRAMA—FRANCE'S POWER OF RECOVERY—THE NEW EDITION OF 'LAVENGRO'—DR KNAPP'S INDISCRETION.

THE Queen's visit to her people of London will be an imperishable memory for those who witnessed it. The wise thought and the words which express it alike suggest those patriarchal times when constitutions were not, and kings were in truth the fathers of their country. The Queen will visit her people of London! No comment can better the simple dignity of that pronouncement; and the sacrifice of the lady, who faced the biting wind of March, found its best reward in the joyous patriotism of her people. As her carriage emerged from the Park into Pall Mall, the roar of enthusiasm could be heard at a distance of a quarter-mile, until the wonderful old lady herself approached, and then a wave of emotion checked the utterance even of an applausive shout. To explain this emotion is difficult, to deny it were absurd: one can only say that the presence of the greatest monarch in the world makes an instant silence imperative. Shouts greeted her coming, they followed her when she passed, yet for the moment that she was there the crowd was silent. And it is the more remarkable

this mixture of loud enthusiasm and silent respect, because the sentiment from which it springs is rather national than personal. To the most of us the Queen is a splendid symbol of empire: we admire the dignity of her life, the tact of her speech, the triumph of her reign. But when we see her, sitting in her carriage, bowing to her people with a pleased affability, nothing save a sort of mysticism can explain our emotion. She is a symbol of empire—that is the mystery; and of such an empire as no other human being has ever boasted. No king that ever put the world beneath his conquering heel has enjoyed so great a triumph as our Queen. Neither Alexander nor Cæsar subdued by the sword so many lieges as she has attached by the more peaceful method of conciliation. She reigns over a wider territory than was ever controlled by human hand; and yet she has never been able to sigh with the Emathian conqueror that there are no more realms to conquer, since even in this year she will add two republics to her empire. Louis XIV. made the world of courtiers tremble, yet his *majesté effrayante* had

not the sanction which invests the appearance of our Queen Victoria with a sort of mystery. Nor let it be supposed that her reign has been a reign of peace. Though she did not gain her empire by the sword, she has protected it by the sword, and she has declared more wars than ever were dreamed in the bellicose brain of Alexander or Cæsar. Moreover, she has known all the distinguished men of the last sixty years; from all whom she has known she has compelled respect; and now, after sixty years of empire, she is still minded to visit her people of London, that she may share and approve the universal patriotism. So it is that she appears to us as a symbol of empire, as a token of a well-spent, grandiose career.

But she is something far higher than a symbol: she is also a woman, whose keen sympathy with her country has not been rusted by the passing years. If England has shown an equal mind in a disastrous crisis, the Queen has set a glorious example. She has not fallen below the great occasion even in the style of her brief letters and speeches, which have all been touched by a simple intimacy as well as by an august dignity. Above all, she has displayed a matchless tact, the greatest gift of kings. By making St Patrick's Day a national *fête*, she did honour to the courage of Ireland, and laid the foundation of a unanimity upon which her approaching visit to Ireland will raise a stately edifice. From the be-

ginning of the war she made plain her anxiety, and yet kept an unwavering courage until our success made courage easy. So that if, when we saw her on her journey through London, she appealed to us as a symbol, reflection shows her a queen, with the right instinct of a woman, and the wisdom of a statesman.

The demeanour of the crowd was no less remarkable. It was at once purposed and spontaneous. All the world shouted, and all the world knew why it shouted. Now, it has often been said that England differs from France in that it has no mob, and never has this truth been more clearly demonstrated than in the last few weeks. Only, to prove the truth of this assertion, we must find a proper definition. A mob, then, may be defined as a collection of persons which runs after the wildest chimera, and which does, says, and thinks collectively what it would never do, say, or think individually. Its danger is manifest and deplorable. A thousand sane men may meet in the street, and compel a policy which each one of that thousand would regret separately. When the Russian admiral visited Paris some years since, the Parisians in their own homes preserved a serene demeanour: no sooner were they in the street than they wept, laughed, and shouted they knew not why. Sane elderly men spent hours in the gutter that they might see pass a handful of officers who

meant nothing to them, and of whose names and qualities they were wholly ignorant. There we witnessed the mob at its best: if it were not intelligent, it was not dangerous, since so vague an enthusiasm can never endanger the State. But turn that mob to fury, and a revolution is imminent, for a mob cannot reason, and does not stop to think. The communards, who were hardly restrained from the sacking of the Louvre, had no rage against the pictorial art. Had you canvassed them one by one, you would have found that ninety-nine out of a hundred revered the splendid gallery of Paris. But no sooner had the ninety-nine formed themselves into a mob than they surrendered the right of private judgment; and it is this very surrender which renders the Government of France ever shifting and unstable. In London this fury of the mob is unknown. The enthusiasm which greeted the Queen came from the crowd, and was ratified by the individual. Moreover, to be ratified by the individual, enthusiasm must be inspired by a reality. It is no chimera, but a reasoning admiration, which persuaded the people of London to shout themselves hoarse in the street; and if you would know the difference between the mob of Paris and the crowd of London, set the Russian *fêtes* of six years since side by side with the Queen's visit to her people of London.

And when reticence is imposed upon our crowd it under-

stands perfectly the virtue of silence. Had the French army met with the inevitable checks which hampered our progress in South Africa, government would have succeeded government in idle succession. The collective voice of the mob would not have been stilled, and rowdy bands would have marched up and down the street to intimidate the rulers of France and to demand a frequent change. So says the 'Figaro,' and firm in the conviction that after Colenso London was a rebel-pit, the first journal of France sent her most expert reporter to describe the scene of misery and desolation. He found not a line of "copy"—only a city resolute and unmoved. Then came the relief of Ladysmith, and London could no longer restrain herself. "At last," said an intelligent Frenchman to us,—“at last it is proved you have a mob.” But we think the intelligent Frenchman was wrong. Elderly stock-brokers broke their hats and blew penny whistles in the street, not because they had surrendered the right of private judgment, but because their feeling of relief chimed with the universal feeling of relief. Thousands knew that at last friends and relatives had escaped the clutch of fever or starvation, and the whole world went out that the expression of their joy might have a larger space. Enthusiasm we welcome: we trust that it will always be evoked by a British victory or by the flattering sympathy

of a wise queen. But a legitimate enthusiasm does not belong to the mob, a curse which visits us but seldom, and which then destroys its own energy by the easy breakage of a few windows.

But in this hour of our triumph Paris has been overtaken by a disaster in which, despite the constant suspicion of anarchy and dynamite, the mob has played no part. The Théâtre Français is in ashes. The temple wherein the august tradition of Molière has been enshrined for a century is but a ruin. The loss falls not only upon France; Europe is the poorer by its most elegant theatre, and no one who has seen Molière played upon his proper stage can stifle a heart-felt and genuine regret. Here is no room for political rancour; the true art of drama is never Chauvinist, and not even the Nationalist press, which hastily lays the blame upon Dreyfusism, can lessen our grief for this universal disaster. Although the Comédie Française is no affair of stones and windows, although it has known other homes than the stately building which was late a glory of Paris, it never has known and never will know a home better suited to its purpose and ambition. There was nothing more beautiful in the beautiful city of Paris than the public *foyer*, dominated by Houdon's superb Voltaire. There for a hundred years has the wit of Ferney smiled from his marble throne upon a changing crowd of cosmopolitans; and thence on a summer

evening, when the light of the clear sky struggled against the glittering lamps, the spectator might look down on the *place* beneath, busy with thronged *cafés* and hustling pleasure-seekers; while to look up from the pavement at the lighted windows was to snatch, as you passed, a sudden vision of luxury and joy. Still more wonderful was the *foyer* of the actors, that treasure-house of pictures and of relics, upon whose walls hung but a month ago the antic portraits of Molière and his comrades, and where on the night of a *cérémonie* you might encounter the whole company dressed up, like children for a charade, in the robes of a doctor or a Turk. Everything was orderly, everything was dignified—no squalor, no *cabotinage* disturbed the atmosphere of polished pleasantry. And the stage—was it not perfect in order and arrangement? The stage of the best London theatre still gives you an impression of squalor and a stormed barn; but the subventioned theatre of France remained splendid despite its litter of furniture and scenery. Moreover, it was something more than a theatre—it was to boot a museum and a library; and it is the one gleam of satisfaction in a dreary misfortune that the priceless archives, the incomparable sculptures, and the curious pictures have all been saved. The walls of the new theatre will soon arise; the rare and costly treasures will be guarded more jealously than before,—all, indeed, will be re-

stored save the poor actress who has miserably perished on the threshold of her life and talent.

But that which no fire can destroy is the constitution of the Théâtre Français and its incomparable tradition of acting. Though not a stone of the building were saved, still the Decree of Moscow would remain in force, a monument to Napoleon's foresight as well as to his noble detachment of mind. That a soldier, on the morrow of a military disaster, should distract his grief by devising rules for the management of a theatre is without precedent in the world's history; that these rules should survive half-a-dozen changes of dynasty is indeed a greater miracle. Yet more wonderful still is the thread of tradition which links the theatre of Sardou with the theatre of Molière, and this tradition is far more subtle and more lasting than sites or stones. The torch of art has been handed on from generation to generation; the actor of yesterday is the professor of to-day, and the training which is always imperative in France ensures the persistence of an excellent and authentic style. What Delaunay practised twenty years ago he preaches to-day; and since he learnt from a predecessor the art which his pupils will presently inculcate, it is clear that there need be no break in the acting of France.

So much, then, is imperishable, and thus our regret for the lost theatre is sensibly mitigated. Nor do we need an elabo-

rate argument to prove the advantage of an admirable system. The English actor begins his career and commonly ends it an amateur. He has so generous a faith in his own powers, that he believes he can act like a gentleman on the stage because he behaves like a gentleman off it. He forgets that to produce an illusion, tone, gesture, and bearing must be changed; and forgetting this, he forgets also the value of training. He merely walks upon the boards without doubt and without fear, and the consequence is that the men of genius who beguile our leisure can merely speak with a cultivated accent, and not infrequently walk like contortionists. The French actor, on the other hand, does not perform until he has been to school, until he has learned to manage both his voice and his limbs with decorum; and if he be at the Français he learns something more than this: he learns to act (so to say) with all the weight that tradition gives him. To see Coquelin's incomparable "Tartuffe," for instance, which is the fine flower of the French School, is to forget the actor in the part. This is not the Coquelin of the Porte St-Martin, who as Cyrano proved that he could embroider the commonplace as well (or as ill) as Sir Henry Irving; this is the old Coquelin of the Théâtre Français, demonstrating that, despite many years of starring, he can still accommodate an amazing talent to a perfect method. And we know not to which we should

ascribe the greater merit—to the talent or to the method. The talent is all the actor's own, the sonorous voice, the apt gesture, the inestimable restraint which enables him at the crisis of the play to achieve a great effect by the simplest means, the faculty of getting into the very skin of the character, the sudden change from insolence to humility, in which even his back and shoulders appear to be acting. But the method, like the scenic decoration, is as old as Molière. Without the sacred tradition, there might have been a Coquelin, but never Coquelin's "Tartuffe." So it is that, though Coquelin is at the Porte St-Martin, a visit to the Théâtre Français, which still endures, though its walls be crumbling, takes you back across the centuries. The setting is as simple and restrained as the performance. A back-cloth with a table and a few chairs are all that was necessary in the seventeenth century; they are all that is necessary to-day, and they are all that you get at the Français, when the classics are given. The stage is not clogged with the vulgar furniture of archæologists; the play has no difficulty in emerging from its ornament; and you will never hear at the Français the foolish comment "How lifelike!" which bursts from the lips of the untravelled Londoner when he sees the Rialto in the "Merchant of Venice." And as there is a propriety in the scene, so there is a propriety in the

acting. All are loyal to the *ensemble*: here is no competition to get into the limelight, no thirsty anxiety to deliver a tag upon a lonely stage. Each is resolute to contribute his (or her) share to the interpretation of the play, and that vain jealousy which is the disgrace of the drama is not permitted to disturb the deliberate result. For at the Théâtre Français discipline and the sense of a high calling have reduced the peculiar vices of mummery to their lowest terms. *Cabotins* there are at the house of Molière; *cabotins* there will always be, wherever a curtain be drawn up on a stage. But at the Français no actor-manager can strut and mouth for his own glorification: first and last must obey the rules of the house; and let it not be forgotten that when, after one of his lapses, Coquelin returned to the great theatre, he took his place as the youngest of the *sociétaires*. Moreover, the company recognises the dignified position which it holds, as a branch of what we should call the Civil Service. It is controlled by a Minister, and thus is set high above the petty squabbles which too often cover a green-room with ridicule; it is superior to that greed of gold which confuses talent with a treasury-list. Above all, wherever it goes, it carries its pride and its convention with it; and the disastrous fire, which the world deplores, is but an episode, not an interruption, of history.

What wonder, then, that the Théâtre Français reverences the

past, and still presents the masterpieces of Racine and Molière in such a guise as the poets themselves would understand? It is impossible to imagine Shakespeare assisting with composure at a performance of his plays given in London. He could not but shudder at the vision of an actor making his verse the excuse of ingenious and eccentric "business"; he could not but regret that he, the master, had become the servant of actor and stage-carpenter. But neither Molière nor Racine would feel out of place did they look down from the other world upon the Théâtre Français, where, after two centuries, they might recognise the ancient gestures and the familiar accent. So loyal, indeed, are the comedians to the past, that they preserve the old customs and the old ceremonies. Molière is still crowned upon his birthday; and at certain seasons, when "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" or "*Le Malade Imaginaire*" is given, you may see the whole strength of the company dressed up in curious robes, and may hear such august actors as MM. Mounet-Sully and Worms joining with the youngest *pensionnaires* in songs of ribaldry. Then, should a *sociétaire* retire from the theatre, you may witness such a ceremony as might fitly close the career of a great public servant. In brief, no opportunity is lost of reminding the world that the Théâtre Français has a glorious past, of which it is still and will ever be mind-

ful. Yet of late years there has been a decline—not serious indeed, since the institution is stronger than its servants. But it must be admitted that the old men were better, the old stage was better. When M. Worms retires, as he must ere long, there will be none to take his place. Not one of his colleagues, it seems, will ever play "*Le Misanthrope*" with his amplitude and reticence. Nor will M. Mounet-Sully easily find a successor. Great as is his talent, he has always seemed to us out of place at the Théâtre Français; his style and temperament are essentially romantic; he delights in throwing ingenious sidelights upon a difficult part, and interesting as is his "*Hamlet*," it is ill-assorted with the classic grace of the ancient theatre. He should have gone off to star it at the Porte St-Martin, while Coquelin should have stayed behind to uphold the honoured tradition. But M. Mounet-Sully's devotion has never wavered, and when he retires after the Exhibition, one note of personal distinction will be silenced.

And while the company is not gathering strength, the scene has suffered from an evil example. If the classical repertory is as simply mounted as ever, the Français has of late years displayed an ambition to rival London in the mounting of modern plays. Now, illusion on the stage may best be attained by a consistent avoidance of realism. When a solid scene is built up round the actors, the actors must of

necessity lose their credibility. Where all is false, a breath of reality destroys a just impression; and the drama, which should present, not represent, is peculiarly sensitive to the encroachments of such hard facts as heavy furniture and inapposite archæology. But we have a convinced faith in the logic and refinement of the Théâtre Français. Other actors and actresses will take the places of those who after years of loyal service hang their harps upon the wall. The fashion of elaborate decoration will pass away with other foolish modes, and the first theatre of Europe will keep the place which it has held for centuries. Of course young France will dub it *vieux jeu* with contempt, because it does not care to be in the movement. But the *vieux jeu* is ever green, and will survive, as it has survived, a hundred short-lived schools.

Meanwhile, France has but one desire—not to interrupt the performances of its theatre. Within a few months the injury wreaked by the fire will be repaired, and France will have shown once more her infinite power of recovery. What is ruined is ruined, and Paris looks forward with a brisk cheerfulness to the new theatre, which will welcome her visitors long before the Exhibition closes its doors. For this enterprise and persistence we have a genuine admiration; and we can but the more deeply regret the spirit of restlessness which drives a great country from the practice of its arts to the per-

petual backbiting of its neighbours. A French man of letters discovered recently that English was not a literary language, that Shakespeare had no talent, and that Shakespeare's country had never produced a writer. In the making of this discovery he was aided by a hasty love of the Boers, of whom possibly he had never heard six months ago. Perhaps by this he is learning the Taal, a few lessons in which may urge him to a new opinion. But these follies are the fruit of an over-active brain, and it is pleasant to forget them, and to remember that the Théâtre Français is an imperishable monument, our admiration of which will never be obscured by political sympathy.

Dr Knapp, whose 'Life of George Borrow' was as miscellaneous a ragbag as ever masqueraded as a book, has thrown away another golden chance. He had already warned us that he was preparing a new edition of 'Lavengro' and 'The Romany Rye,' and we own that we looked forward to the result with something like confidence. The work of editing is scientific rather than artistic: an enforced accuracy prevents excursions into Carlylese, and checks the display of personal views. All that we expected from Dr Knapp was a plain account of Borrow's manuscript, and a clear analysis of the differences which separate the manuscript from the printed copy. Then, if the editor had resolved to print some of the suppressed passages and to

withhold others, we had a right to demand an explanation of his choice. But Dr Knapp, as he was over-bold in his former enterprise, is over-timid in the edition of 'Lavengro.'¹ He has given us "some suppressed episodes," but there is no word of what remains unprinted, no ray of light upon Borrow's criticism of his own work. The pity is the greater, because it is only possible to justify the resurrection of pages which an author deliberately designed for death, by the skilful performance of a delicate rite. It may easily be argued that no man should take upon himself to rescue that which so whimsical a writer as Borrow cast away. But had Dr Knapp given us a critical account of his author's suppressions, and taken us completely into his confidence, we could have forgiven him. 'Lavengro' is half a century old, and might already have been treated as a classic.

However, Dr Knapp is now all modesty, and even makes a boast of self-effacement. "Any one who takes up this edition," he says, "will discover no visible name, or preface, or introduction, save only those of George Borrow, from the title to the close." This is not strictly accurate, and there is no conspicuous merit in withholding a preface when the work demands it. For in-

stance, Dr Knapp cites two suppressed passages in his 'Life,' and says no word of them in his edition. Have other forgotten episodes shared the fate of these two? We know not; but we can only conclude that this latest edition of 'Lavengro' represents neither the *princeps* nor the manuscript: it represents, in brief, nothing more than the whim or discretion of Dr Knapp himself.

What, then, are the suppressed episodes? Do they add to or detract from the excellence of the book? They leave the book very much where it was, since a picaresque novel, not being composed upon a rigid plan, cannot be thrown out of shape by interpolation. The episodes fall into their place without disturbing what precedes or follows, and they must be admired or condemned upon their merits. Our first feeling is a feeling of disappointment. The inedited pages do not show us the best of Borrow. Not one of them contains a hint of "the wind on the heath," that blows superbly through the great chapters of 'Lavengro.' Not one of them sounds the trumpet of battle, as it blares when the hero meets the Flaming Tinman. None the less all are appropriate, and none disturbs the narrative. The best of them are sketches of eccentric characters — of the Poet Par-

¹ Lavengro. By George Borrow. A new edition, containing the unaltered text of the original issue; some suppressed episodes, now printed for the first time; MS. variorum, vocabulary, and notes, by the Author of 'The Life of George Borrow.' London: John Murray.

kinson, of the fire-eating Torlough O'Donahue, of M. d'Eterville, the fervent of Boileau. And none knew better than Borrow how to handle such gentry. We could easily have spared his criticism of Lord Byron, "a perfumed lordling," "with a white hand loaded with gawds," "who wrote verses replete with malignity and sensualism," "not half so great a poet as Milton or Butler or Otway"—that, we say, we could easily have spared, for it reflects nothing else than the popular feeling of the time. But Torlough O'Donahue is an attractive swashbuckler, who thinks that he has already beaten Bishop Sharpe when he has indited the challenge. "Not bate him yet?" roars the Captain. "Is not there the paper that I am going to write the challenge on? and is not there the pen and ink that I am going to write it with? and is not there yourself, John Turner, my hired servant, that's bound to take him the challenge when 'tis written?" However, the fire-eater falls to talking philology, and convinced that Borrow is an Irishman, because he knows Carolan the Great, and a traitor, because he sings "Croppies lie down," denounces him for "a long-limbed descendant of a Boyne trooper," and incontinently tries to break his head. "You must deny your country, must ye?" he shouts, "ye dingy renegade!—the black north, but old Ireland still. But here's Connemara for ye—take this — and this. Och, murther! what have we got

here . . .?" The rest is silence.

Poet Parkinson, too, is not without merit. He is a fine example of a constant class, the forerunner of the Poet Close, of the Poet Gabbittas, whom our youth remembers in the West, and of the Bard of the Oval. The youthful Borrow took him with a seriousness which he did not deserve, and which he of course resented. "I tell you what, young man," said the inspired one, "you have no talent for poetry; if you had, you would not want my help. No, no; cleave to your own profession, and you will be an honour to it, but leave poetry to me." Good advice, and followed in the main. And that the readers of 'Lavengro' may judge of Parkinson's talent, Dr Knapp gives in his notes a few fragments, which we should have been sorry to miss. Here is a sample of the poetry which was admired in Norwich eighty years ago:—

"Hannah, farewell, I'm bound to go,
To taste the bitter draught of woe."

Thus begins a little work entitled: "On Mr L—— taking leave of his wife and children, who was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years." The other specimens, too, are in the best style of the chapbook, a style once universal, and now, alas! cultivated only in obscure corners. But if the new episodes are not of Borrow's best, they are still of the true Borrow, and we wish that Dr Knapp had given us more of them. Upon one

point of the argument they throw a vivid light: they are one and all demonstrably autobiographical. The sharking Irishman, O'Donahue, was so real a person that even after his scrap with Borrow he subscribed for five copies of the 'Romantic Ballads,' as Dr Knapp duly declares; and Parkinson was so real a poet that his works, as we have seen, exist unto this day. But we cannot take leave of Dr Knapp without complimenting him upon his notes, which have the double virtue of clearness and brevity. Their object is to prove the inherent truth of 'Lavengro,' an object which they easily attain.

And, apart from Dr Knapp's observations and additions, it

is pleasant at last to find a clean text of 'Lavengro,' whose pages are not cut up into double columns. For the rest, we could wish that Dr Knapp had cultivated more earnestly that habit of modesty which obtrudes itself here and there in this edition. After five hundred pages of self-suppression he can restrain himself no longer. Wherefore he refers with pride to his 'Life of George Borrow,' which, says he, "of itself furnishes a sufficient and unalterable exhibition of the facts concerning the man and his work." The exhibition is neither sufficient nor unalterable, and no certificate, signed even by Dr Knapp himself, will compel approval of an ill-considered biography.

TRIBUTE TO THE FLAG.

"From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

It is two o'clock in the afternoon, and a blaze of scorching sunlight is beating down on the cracked yellow plaster walls of the hotel. The brown leaves of the vine that clambers over the lattice-like roofing of dried reeds which shades the stone terrace below are crisp and brittle with the heat. The little blue waves are lapping softly against the red of jutting rocks and the sharp white line of the landing-place belonging to the opposite villa. It seems as though the landscape, in a fit of that frothy French patriotism of which we hear so much, has turned itself red, white, and blue, like the dingy old flag which hangs at the door of the café.

The dingy old flag is not there to-day, and the café is deserted. A few skinny fowls scratch about among the stones and hard-baked earth. A dragon-fly darts like a green flame across the sunshine, and down towards the peacock-blue bay.

Do you want to know why the eternal tricolour has been taken from the café door? I will tell you.

My story begins years ago, on a bare hillside blotched here and there by a few crimson vine-leaves clinging still to the stakes which had held up the grapes. It was as desolate a spot as one could very well see, though the sky which hung

above it was blue, and the bright Mediterranean waves glittered below. People talk of the gaiety of this southern land—people who walk in their best clothes on the Promenade des Anglais or the Boulevard de la Croisette. They are mistaken. They have never seen the South in all its sadness, in all its unutterable desolation—the South, silent and deserted, with its tracks of fertile land left unplanted, sacred to the hymn of that monotonous little sun-worshipper, the cicala.

Here, on the hillside, beyond the dead belt of the vines, some one had built a queer little shanty—built it of broken stones, of split bricks, of all kinds of odds and ends of rubbish. It had been erected very long ago, for there were holes in the walls, into which had been thrust bunches of dried reeds—the tall reeds whose feathery heads wave over the little river below, like the crests of ghostly knights and paladins in some old forgotten romance. Here was no snug garden-plot, gay with yellow marigolds and nasturtiums, and fenced round with a hedge of scented privet, such as we see before the door of a country cottage in England. The earth was all baked and beaten down before the door, and a little yellow grass showed in sickly patches upon the burnt soil, from which the cicalas sprang up in clouds at

every footstep, twirling their blue and red petticoats in the sunshine like innumerable different coloured ballet-dancers.

On the day I remember, a woman was standing by the door harnessing a small, dusty-looking donkey to a broken-down kind of cart. In the cart was a supply of milk-bottles—the neat tin can of our civilised areas is here a thing unknown. The donkey had a weary patient air, as though he had never known thoroughly rested bones, or a thoroughly satisfied appetite. The woman, with her shabby dress, of which no atom of distinctive colour remained beneath the fierce onslaughts of the sun, and her big country hat tied about her ears, seemed a creature of labour, a thing of endless and hopeless toil.

Yet I remember that when I spoke to her, she had the quick cheerfulness of her race, and all its childish disposition towards loitering gossip. Yes—she lived there. She was the milk-woman of the district, driving down at six o'clock every morning to the little toy-station by the hotel, more than a mile away, and then climbing all the sloping heights around to carry milk to the tiny huts, or sometimes villas, perched upon them. She got very little by this mode of living, she said, in her breezy cheerful way, as though it hardly mattered to her. Every one was poor. She had almost always enough for the children and her husband, and she did not look for more. Of herself she did not speak, and I felt that there were times

when she and the dusty patient donkey kept their fast together.

Then she opened the door of her little shanty and showed me the interior—a strange, dim place, which had a poverty-stricken weirdness of its own. A paralysed man, some years her senior, was sitting near the tiny slit of window, with the light falling on his pale face and vacant eyes. This was the husband of whom she spoke. On the floor a boy of three or four was eating wild figs, and playing with a battered tin trumpet. This was her youngest child. The other, some years older, was gone to pick mushrooms.

As she spoke he came in, his basket brimming with *zampignans*, as he called them in his queer childish patois. These children hardly understood civilised French. They were small and pale, like all Southern children, with an underfed air, and big sad eyes. They sat munching their figs, and handling the toy trumpet with a strange old-fashioned solemnity.

Yes, she said, they would be a help to her by-and-by, when they had done their service and come back to their old home. They could get work in the quarry over the hill; and, when she was too old, one of them could help her with the milk.

Odd, simple dream of rest and content! Only to leave off trudging up the rough hillsides where the cart could not go—only to drudge a little less bitterly in old age than she had done in youth! To sit in the sun sometimes and stare at the

blue sky, and the sea, and be at peace—what a little thing it seems! Who would think that so humble an ambition could never be realised?

I remember always, when I think of her, the senseless husband staring at us with unmeaning eyes—the two children on the earthen floor playing with the tin trumpet.

Perhaps it was an omen, that tin trumpet!

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I have seen her many times since then. I have seen her driving down to the little station in the cool fresh morning, with the milk-bottles in shining rows behind her; or trudging up the narrow winding path, beset with dancing cicalas and shining black bees, and here and there by glorious swallow-tailed butterflies like flames of brocaded gold. Sometimes I have seen her digging in the valley below, where the melons lie yellow in the sun, and thyme and southernwood grow as weeds beside the way. But, wherever and whenever I have seen her, she has always been at work, and alone.

She always wears the same dress—or one like it—faded to the colour of the brown earth. The straw of her wide flapping hat is burnt to the same tint. She is greyer now than when I first saw her, and her face is scorched and wrinkled into the appearance of extreme old age: and the vacant husband still sits in the hovel on the hill, like a grim speechless vampire sucking the poor fruit of her labour.

But the tin trumpet has hung on the wall for many a year.

They went out, those little pickers of *zampignans* and figs, into the world beyond the sunny herb-scented Esterel. The elder, released from his service, drifted away into other paths—going in the end, of course, to swell the ruffianism of lowest Paris. The younger came back, broken down by fever, poisoned by the deadly miasma of some pestilential African marsh—back to the mother whom he was to help, and the little bare hut on the hillside.

Neither of these two men had ever struck a blow at an enemy. Neither had lifted a finger in the defence of his country. Yet both were to die for it—one, years later, by the hand of the executioner—one, only to-day, in the grip of disease.

For the last act in this humble drama ended to-day. As I came through the lonely rough road leading through the forest to St Raphaël, only an hour ago, I heard the crackling of a whip in the stillness, and the rumble of wheels. Presently one of the great stone-carts of the quarry came in sight, rocking stormily among the ruts, and drawn by a couple of mules: and I looked up in sudden surprise, for upon the high seat, holding the reins in her motionless hands, sat my old milk-woman of the hill.

Her face was still, and grey, and impassive as stone under the shadow of the faded hat. Her bent brown figure hardly moved to the jolting of the cart. Her eyes, staring past me, had

the look of some dumb beast of burden which has been goaded beyond even despair.

Three or four quarrymen ran beside the cart with whips in their hands, urging the mules on with an occasional cut, and a resonant Italian curse; and in the cart lay a coffin, over which some one had flung the dingy French flag from the door of the dirty little café—fit covering for a soldier of France whose life had been offered up on the altar of his country's folly.

I stood aside, and the strange procession swept past me. There was something infinitely savage and barbaric about it—infinately savage, but infinitely sad. The big black mules, with their high peaked collars, the shape of which had perhaps never changed since the days of the Saracens—the brass laurel wreaths worked upon the leather trappings, dim survivals of Roman conquests; the running men, with their dark unmoved faces, and their brutal exclamations; and, high above

all, the jaded, motionless figure, sitting alone with its desolation and despair; and behind it, the rough coffin covered with a flag, torn by the fingers of playing children, and bespattered, not with blood, but with wine.

And yet France laughs at those who speak to her of Peace, and the trumpet calls from the empty fields those whose labour it should be to make fruitful this fertile desert—calls them to useless destruction before the altar of that national vanity which is miscalled Glory.

"La France—la Gloire—le Drapeau!" They are fine words these. But to that grey old woman left alone upon her hillside, France is only a dim terrible thing, to which her children have been sacrificed in vain. Glory is but another name for Death, and the flag is that battered tricolour before the café door, which has lain, like a sad unspoken epitaph, above the wreck of all her simple hopes, and the ruin of a broken life.

NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

LORD JIM: A SKETCH.¹

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I SLEPT little, hurried over my breakfast, and after a slight hesitation gave up my early morning visit to my ship. It was really very wrong of me, because, though my chief mate was an excellent man all round, he was the victim of such black imaginings that if he did not get a letter from his wife at the expected time he would go quite distracted with rage and jealousy, lose all grip on the work, quarrel with all hands, and either weep in his cabin or develop such a ferocity of temper as all but drove the crew to the verge of mutiny. The thing had always seemed inexplicable to me: they had been married thirteen years; I had a glimpse of her once, and, honestly, I couldn't conceive a man abandoned enough to plunge into sin for the sake of such an unattractive person. I don't know whether I have not done wrong by refraining from putting that view before poor Selvin: the man made a little hell on earth for himself, and I also suffered indirectly, but some sort of, no doubt, false delicacy prevented me. The marital relations of seamen would make an interesting subject, and I could tell you instances. . . . However, this is not the place, nor the time, and we are concerned with Jim—who was unmarried. If his imaginative conscience or his pride; if all the extravagant ghosts and austere shades that were the disastrous familiars of his youth would not let him run away from the block, I, who of course can't be suspected of such familiars, was irresistibly impelled to go and see his head roll off. I wended my way towards the court. I didn't hope to be very much impressed or edified, or interested or even frightened—though as long as there is any life before one a jolly good fright now and then is a salutary discipline. But neither did I expect to be so awfully depressed. The bitterness of his punishment was in its chill and mean atmosphere. The real significance of crime is in its being a breach of faith with the community of mankind, whose safety rests on fidelity to ideas expressed in law, and to despotic and unexpressed ideals. From that point of view he was no mean traitor, but his execution was a hole-and-corner affair. There was no high scaffolding, no scarlet cloth (did they have scarlet cloth on Tower Hill? they should have had), no awe-stricken multitude

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to be horrified at his guilt and be moved to tears at his fate—no air of sombre retribution. There was, as I walked along, the clear sunshine, a brilliance too passionate to be consoling, the streets full of jumbled bits of colour like a damaged kalidoscope: yellow, green, blue, dazzling white, the brown nudity of an undraped shoulder, a bullock-cart with a red canopy, a company of native infantry in a drab body with dark heads marching in dusty laced boots, a native policeman in a sombre uniform of scanty cut and belted in patent leather, who looked up at me with orientally pitiful eyes as though his migrating spirit were suffering exceedingly from that unforeseen—what d'ye call 'em?—avatar—incarnation. Under the shade of a lonely tree in the courtyard, the villagers connected with the assault case sat in a picturesque group, looking like a chromolithograph of a camp in a book of Eastern travel. One missed the obligatory thread of smoke in the foreground and the pack-animals grazing. A blank yellow wall rose behind overtopping the tree, reflecting the glare. The court-room was sombre, seemed more vast. High up in the dim space the punkahs were swaying short to and fro, to and fro. Here and there a draped figure, dwarfed by the bare walls, remained without stirring amongst the rows of empty benches, as if absorbed in pious meditation. The plaintiff, who had been beaten, an obese chocolate-coloured man with shaved head,

one fat breast bare and a bright yellow caste-mark above the bridge of his nose, sat in pompous immobility: only his eyes glittered, rolling in the gloom, and the nostrils dilated and collapsed violently as he breathed. Brierly dropped into his seat looking done up, as though he had spent the night in sprinting on a cinder-track. The pious sailing-ship skipper appeared excited and made uneasy movements, as if restraining with difficulty an impulse to stand up and exhort us earnestly to prayer and repentance. The head of the magistrate, delicately pale under the carefully arranged hair, resembled the head of a hopeless invalid after he had been washed and brushed and propped up in bed. He moved aside the vase of flowers—a bunch of purple with a few pink blossoms on long stalks—and seizing in both hands a long sheet of bluish paper, ran his eye over it, propped his forearms on the edge of the desk, and began to read aloud in an even, distinct, and careless voice.

“By Jove! For all my foolishness about scaffolds and heads rolling off—I assure you it was infinitely worse than a beheading. A heavy sense of finality brooded over all this, unrelieved by the hope of rest and safety following the fall of the axe. These proceedings had all the cold vengefulness of a death-sentence, and the cruelty of a sentence of exile. Everything would be over for him. Everything but the distress of his thoughts, the mental suffering, the danger, the poig-

nant incertitude of fate, the regret. This is how I looked at it that morning—and even now I seem to see an undeniable vestige of truth in that exaggerated view of a common occurrence. You may imagine how strongly I felt this at the time. Perhaps it is for that reason that I could not bring myself to admit the finality. The thing was always with me, I was always eager to take opinion on it, as though it had not been practically settled: individual opinion—international opinion—by Jove! That Frenchman's, for instance. His own country's pronouncement was uttered in the passionless and definite phraseology a machine would use, if machines could speak. The head of the magistrate was half hidden by the paper: his brow was like alabaster.

"There were several questions before the Court. The first as to whether the ship was in every respect fit and seaworthy for the voyage. The Court found she was not. The next point, I remember, was, whether up to the time of the accident the ship had been navigated with proper and seamanlike care. They said Yes to that, goodness knows why, and then declared that there was no evidence to show the exact cause of the accident. A floating derelict probably. I myself remember that a Norwegian barque bound out with a cargo of pitch-pine had been given up as missing about that time, and it was just the sort of craft that would capsize in a squall and float bottom up for

months—a kind of maritime ghoul on the prowl to kill ships in the dark. Such wandering corpses are common enough in the North Atlantic, which is haunted by all the terrors of the sea,—fogs, icebergs, dead ships bent upon mischief, and long sinister gales that fasten upon one like a vampire till all the strength and the spirit and even hope are gone, and one feels like the empty shell of a man. But there—in those seas—the incident was rare enough to resemble a special arrangement of a malevolent providence, which, unless it had for its object the killing of a donkey-man and the bringing of worse than death upon Jim, appeared an utterly aimless piece of devilry. This view occurring to me took off my attention. For a time I was aware of the magistrate's voice as a sound merely; but in a moment it shaped itself into distinct words . . . 'in utter disregard of their plain duty.' The next sentence escaped me somehow, and then . . . 'abandoning in the moment of danger the lives and property confided to their charge' . . . went on the voice evenly, and stopped. A pair of eyes under the white forehead shot darkly a glance above the edge of the paper. I looked for Jim hurriedly, as though I had expected him to disappear. He was very still—but he was there. He sat pink and fair and extremely attentive. 'Therefore, . . .' began the voice emphatically. He stared with parted lips, hanging upon the words of the man behind the desk. These came out into the stillness as if

wafted on the wind made by the punkahs, and I, watching for their effect upon him, caught only the fragments of official language. . . . 'The Court . . . native So-and-so master . . . Gustav of Germany, . . . James So-and-so . . . mate . . . certificates cancelled.' A silence fell. The magistrate had dropped the paper, and, leaning sideways on the arm of his chair, began to talk with Brierly easily. People started to move out; others were pushing in, and I also made for the door. Outside I stood still, and when Jim passed me on his way to the gate, I caught at his arm and detained him. The look he gave discomposed me as though I had been responsible for his state: he looked at me as if I had been the embodied evil of life. 'It's all over,' I stammered. 'Yes,' he said thickly. 'And now let no man . . . ' He jerked his arm out of my grasp. I watched his back as he went away. It was a long street, and he remained in sight for some time. He walked rather slow, and straddling his legs a little, as if he had found it difficult to keep a straight line. Just before I lost him I fancied he staggered a bit.

"'Man overboard,' said a deep voice behind me. Turning round, I saw a fellow I knew slightly, a West Australian; Chester was his name. He, too, had been looking after Jim. He was a man with an immense girth of chest, a rugged, clean-shaved face of mahogany colour, and two blunt tufts of iron-grey, thick, wiry hairs on his upper lip. He had been

pearler, wrecker, trader, whaler too, I believe; in his own words—anything and everything a man may be at sea, but a pirate. The Pacific, north and south, was his proper hunting-ground; but he had wandered so far afield looking for a cheap steamer to buy. Lately he had discovered—so he said—a guano island somewhere, but its approaches were dangerous, and the anchorage, such as it was, could not be considered safe, to say the least of it. 'As good as a gold-mine,' he would exclaim. 'Right bang in the middle of the Walpole Reefs, and if it's true enough that you can get no holding-ground anywhere in less than forty fathom, then what of that? There are the hurricanes, too. But it's a first-rate thing. As good as a gold-mine—better! Yet there's not a fool of them that will see it. I can't get a skipper or a shipowner to go near the place. So I made up my mind to cart the blessed stuff myself.' . . . This was what he required a steamer for, and I knew he was just then negotiating enthusiastically with a Parsee firm for an old, brig-rigged, sea-anachronism of ninety horsepower. We had met and spoken together several times. He looked knowingly after Jim. 'Takes it to heart?' he asked scornfully. 'Very much,' I said. 'Then he's no good,' he opined. 'What's all the to-do about? A bit of ass's skin. That never yet made a man. You must see things exactly as they are—if you don't, you may just as well

give in at once. You will never do anything in this world. Look at me. I made it a practice never to take anything to heart.' 'Yes,' I said, 'you see things as they are.' 'I wish I could see my partner coming along, that's what I wish to see,' he said. 'Know my partner? Old Robinson. Yes; *the* Robinson. Don't *you* know? The notorious Robinson. The man who smuggled more opium and bagged more seals in his time than any loose Johnny now alive. They say he used to board the sealing-schooners up Alaska way when the fog was so thick that the Lord God, He alone, could tell one man from another. Holy-Terror Robinson. That's the man. He is with me in that guano thing. The best chance he ever came across in his life.' He put his lips to my ear. 'Cannibal?—well, they used to give him the name years and years ago. You remember the story? A shipwreck on the west side of Stewart Island; that's right; seven of them got ashore, and it seems they did not get on very well together. Some men are too cantankerous for anything—don't know how to make the best of a bad job—don't see things as they are—as they *are*, my boy! And then what's the consequence? Obvious! Trouble, trouble; as likely as not a knock on the head; and serve 'em right too. That sort is the most useful when it's dead. The story goes that a boat of Her Majesty's ship *Wolverine* found him kneeling on the kelp, naked as the day he was born, and chanting

some psalm-tune or other; light snow was falling at the time. He waited till the boat was an oar's length from the shore, and then up and away. They chased him for an hour up and down the boulders, till a marine flung a stone that took him behind the ear providentially and knocked him senseless. Alone? Of course. But that's like that tale of sealing-schooners; the Lord God knows the right and the wrong of that story. The cutter did not investigate much. They wrapped him in a boat-cloak and took him off as quick as they could, with a dark night coming on, the weather threatening, and the ship firing recall guns every five minutes. Three weeks afterwards he was as well as ever. He didn't allow any fuss that was made on shore to upset him; he just shut his lips tight, and let people screech. It was bad enough to have lost his ship, and all he was worth besides, without paying attention to the hard names they called him. That's the man for me.' He lifted his arm for a signal to some one down the street. 'He's got a little money, so I had to let him into my thing. Had to! It would have been sinful to throw away such a find, and I was cleaned out myself. It cut me to the quick, but I could see the matter just as it was, and if I *must* share—thinks I—with any man, then give me Robinson. I left him at breakfast in the hotel to come to court, because I've an idea. . . . Ah! Good morning, Captain Robinson. . . .

Friend of mine, Captain Robinson."

"An emaciated patriarch in a suit of white drill, a solah topi with a green-lined rim on a head trembling with age, joined us after crossing the street in a trotting shuffle, and stood propped with both hands on the handle of an umbrella. A white beard with amber streaks hung lumpily down to his waist. He blinked his creased eyelids at me in a bewildered way. 'How do you do? how do you do?' he piped amiably, and tottered. 'A little deaf,' said Chester aside. 'Did you drag him over six thousand miles to get a cheap steamer?' I asked. 'I would have taken him twice round the world as soon as look at him,' said Chester with immense energy. 'The steamer will be the making of us, my lad. Is it my fault that every skipper and shipowner in the whole of blessed Australasia turns out a blamed fool? Once I talked for three hours to a man in Auckland. "Send a ship," I said, "send a ship. I'll give you half of the first cargo for yourself, free gratis for nothing—just to make a good start." Says he, "I wouldn't do it if there was no other place on earth to send a ship to." Perfect ass, of course. Rocks, currents, no anchorage, sheer cliff to lay to, no insurance company would take the risk, didn't see how he could get loaded under three years. Ass! I nearly went on my knees to him. "But look at the thing as it is," says I. "Damn rocks and hurricanes.

Look at it as it is. There's guano there, Queensland sugar-planters would fight for—fight for on the quay, I tell you." . . . What can you do with a fool? . . . "That's one of your little jokes, Chester," he says. . . . Joke! I could have wept. Ask Captain Robinson here. . . . And there was another shipowning fellow—a fat chap in a white waistcoat in Wellington, who seemed to think I was up to some swindle or other. "I don't know what sort of fool you're looking for," he says, "but I am busy just now. Good morning." I longed to take him in my two hands and smash him through the window of his own office. But I didn't. I was as mild as a curate. "Think of it," says I. "Do think it over. I'll call tomorrow." He grunted something about being "out all day." On the stairs I felt ready to beat my head against the wall from vexation. Captain Robinson here can tell you. It was awful to think of all that lovely stuff lying waste under the sun—stuff that would send the sugar-cane shooting sky-high. The making of Queensland! The making of Queensland! And in Brisbane, where I went to have a last try, they gave me the name of a lunatic. Idiots! The only sensible man I came across was the cabman who drove me about. A broken-down swell he was, I fancy. Hey! Captain Robinson? You remember I told you about my cabby in Brisbane—don't you? The chap had a wonderful eye for things. He saw it all in a jiffy. It was

a real pleasure to talk with him. One evening after a devil of a day amongst shipowners I felt so bad that, says I, "I must get drunk. Come along; I must get drunk, or I'll go mad." "I am your man," he says; "go ahead." I don't know what I would have done without him. Hey! Captain Robinson.'

"He poked the ribs of his partner. 'He! he! he!' laughed the Ancient, looked aimlessly down the street, then peered at me doubtfully with sad, dim pupils. . . . 'He! he! he!' . . . He leaned heavier on the umbrella, and dropped his gaze on the ground. I needn't tell you I had tried to get away several times, but Chester had foiled every attempt by simply catching hold of my coat. 'One minute. I've a notion.' 'What's your infernal notion?' I exploded at last. 'If you think I am going in with you . . . ' 'No, no, my boy. Too late, if you wanted ever so much. We've got a steamer.' 'You've got the ghost of a steamer,' I said. 'Good enough for a start—there's no superior nonsense about us. Is there, Captain Robinson?' 'No! no! no!' croaked the old man without lifting his eyes, and the senile tremble of his head became almost fierce with determination. 'I understand you know that young chap,' said Chester, with a nod at the street from which Jim had disappeared long ago. 'He's been having grub with you in the Malabar last night—so I was told.'

"I said that was true, and after remarking that he too liked to live well and in style,

only that, for the present, he had to be saving of every penny—'none too many for the business! Isn't that so, Captain Robinson?'—he squared his shoulders and stroked his dumpy moustache, while the notorious Robinson, coughing at his side, clung more than ever to the handle of the umbrella, and seemed ready to subside passively into a heap of old bones. 'You see the old chap has all the money,' whispered Chester confidentially. 'I've been cleaned out trying to engineer the dratted thing. But wait a bit, wait a bit. The good time is coming.' . . . He seemed suddenly astonished at the signs of impatience I gave. 'Oh, crakee!' he cried; 'I am telling you of the biggest thing that ever was, and you . . . ' 'I have an appointment,' I pleaded mildly. 'What of that?' he asked with genuine surprise; 'let it wait.' 'That's exactly what I am doing now,' I remarked; 'hadn't you better tell me what it is you want?' 'Buy twenty hotels like that,' he growled to himself; 'and every joker boarding in them too—twenty times over.' He lifted his head smartly. 'I want that young chap.' 'I don't understand,' I said. 'He's no good, is he?' said Chester crisply. 'I know nothing about it,' I protested. 'Why, you told me yourself he was taking it to heart,' argued Chester. 'Well, in my opinion a chap who . . . Anyhow, he can't be much good; but then you see I am on the look-out for somebody, and I've just got a thing that will suit him. I'll

give him a job on my island.' He nodded significantly. 'I'm going to dump forty coolies there—if I've to steal 'em. Somebody must work the stuff. Oh! I mean to act square: wooden shed, corrugated-iron roof—I know a man in Hobart who will take my bill at six months for the materials. I do. Honour bright. Then there's the water-supply. I'll have to fly round and get somebody to trust me for half-a-dozen second-hand iron tanks. Catch rain-water, hey? Let him take charge. Make him supreme boss over the coolies. Good idea, isn't it? What do you say?' 'There are whole years when not a drop of rain falls on Walpole,' I said, too amazed to laugh. He bit his lip and seemed bothered. 'Oh, well, I will fix up something for them—or land a supply. Hang it all! That's not the question.'

'I said nothing. I had a rapid vision of Jim perched on a shadowless rock, up to his knees in guano, with the screams of sea-birds in his ears, the incandescent ball of the sun above his head; the empty sky and the empty ocean all a-quiver, simmering together in the heat as far as the eye could reach. 'I wouldn't advise my worst enemy . . .' I began. 'What's the matter with you?' cried Chester; 'I mean to give him a good screw—that is, as soon as the thing is set going, of course. It's as easy as falling off a log. Simply nothing to do; two six-shooters in his belt . . . Surely he wouldn't

be afraid of anything forty coolies could do—with two six-shooters and he the only armed man too! It's much better than it looks. I want you to help me to talk him over.' 'No!' I shouted. Old Robinson lifted his bleared eyes dismally for a moment; Chester looked at me with infinite contempt. 'So you wouldn't advise him?' he uttered, slowly. 'Certainly not,' I answered, as indignant as though he had requested me to help murder somebody; 'moreover, I am sure he wouldn't. He is badly cut up, but he isn't mad as far as I know.' 'He is no earthly good for anything,' Chester mused aloud. 'He would just have done for me. If you only could see a thing as it is, you would see it's the very thing for him. And besides . . . Why! it's the most splendid, sure chance . . .' He got angry suddenly. 'I must have a man. There! . . .' He stamped his foot and smiled unpleasantly. 'Anyhow, I could guarantee the island wouldn't sink under him—and I believe he is a bit particular on that point.' 'Good morning,' I said curtly. He looked at me as though I had been an incomprehensible fool. . . . 'Must be moving, Captain Robinson,' he yelled suddenly into the old man's ear. 'These Parsee Johnnies are waiting for us to clinch the bargain.' He took his partner under the arm with a firm grip, swung him round, and, unexpectedly, leered at me over his shoulder. 'I was trying to do him a kindness,' he asserted, with an

air and tone that made my blood boil. 'Thank you for nothing—in his name,' I rejoined. 'Oh! you are devilish smart,' he sneered; 'but you are like the rest of them. Too much in the clouds. See what *you* will do with him.' 'I don't know that I want to do anything with him.' 'Don't you?' he spluttered; his grey moustache bristled with anger, and by his side the notorious Robinson, propped on the umbrella, stood with his back to me, as patient and still as a worn-out cab-horse. 'I haven't found a guano island,' I said. 'It's my belief you wouldn't know one if you were led right up to it by the hand,' he riposted quickly; 'and in this world you've got to see a thing first, before you can make use of it. Got to see it through

and through at that, neither more nor less.' 'And get others to see it too,' I insinuated, with a glance at the bowed back by his side. Chester snorted at me. 'His eyes are right enough—don't you worry. He ain't a puppy.' 'Oh dear, no!' I said. 'Come along, Captain Robinson,' he shouted, with a sort of bullying deference under the rim of the old man's hat: the Holy Terror gave a submissive little jump. The ghost of a steamer was waiting for them, Fortune on that fair isle! They made a curious pair of Argonauts. Chester strode on leisurely, well set up, portly, and of conquering mien: the other, long, wasted, drooping, and hooked to his arm, shuffled his withered shanks with desperate haste."

CHAPTER XV.

"I did not start in search of Jim at once, only because I had really an appointment which I could not neglect. Then, as ill luck would have it, in my agent's office I was fastened upon by a fellow fresh from Madagascar with a little scheme for a wonderful piece of business. It had something to do with cattle and cartridges and a Prince Ravalala something; but the pivot of the whole affair was the stupidity of some admiral — Admiral Pierre, I think. Everything turned on that, and the chap couldn't find words strong enough to express his confidence. He had globular eyes starting out of his

head with a fishy glitter, bumps on his forehead, and wore his long hair brushed back without a parting. He had a favourite phrase which he kept on repeating triumphantly, 'The minimum of risk with the maximum of profit is my motto. What?' He made my head ache, spoiled my tiffin, but got his own out of me all right; and as soon as I had shaken him off, I made straight for the water-side. I caught sight of Jim leaning over the parapet of the quay. Three native boatmen quarrelling over five annas were making an awful row at his elbow. He didn't hear me come up, but spun round as if the slight con-

tact of my finger had released a catch. 'I was looking,' he stammered. I don't remember what I said, not much anyhow, but he made no difficulty in following me to the hotel.

"He followed me as manageable as a little child, with an obedient air, with no sort of manifestation, rather as though he had been waiting for me there to come along and carry him off. I need not have been so surprised as I was at his tractability. On all the round earth, which to some seems so big and that others affect to consider as rather smaller than a mustard-seed, he had no place where he could—what shall I say?—where he could withdraw. That's it! Withdraw—be alone with his loneliness. He walked by my side very calm, glancing here and there, and once turned his head to look after a Sidiboy fireman in a cutaway coat and yellowish trousers, whose black face had silky gleams like a lump of anthracite coal. I doubt, however, whether he saw anything, or even remained all the time aware of my companionship, because if I had not edged him to the left here, or pulled him to the right there, I believe he would have gone straight before him in any direction till stopped by a wall or some other obstacle. I steered him into my bedroom, and sat down at once to write letters. This was the only place in the world (unless, perhaps, the Walpole Reef—but that was not so handy) where he could have it out with himself without being bothered by

the rest of the universe. The damned thing—as he had expressed it—had not made him invisible, but I behaved exactly as though he were. No sooner in my chair I bent over my writing-desk like a medieval scribe, and, but for the movement of the hand holding the pen, remained anxiously quiet. I can't say I was frightened; but I certainly kept as still as if there had been something dangerous in the room, that at the first hint of a movement on my part would be provoked to pounce upon me. There was not much in the room—you know how these bedrooms are—a sort of four-poster bedstead under a mosquito-net, two or three chairs, the table I was writing at, a bare floor. A glass door opened on an upstairs verandah, and he stood with his face to it, having a hard time with all possible privacy. Dusk fell; I lit a candle with the greatest economy of movement and as much prudence as though it were an illegal proceeding. There is no doubt that he had a very hard time of it, and so had I, even to the point, I must own, of wishing him to the devil, or on Walpole Reef at least. It occurred to me once or twice that, after all, Chester was, perhaps, the man to deal effectively with such a disaster. That strange idealist had found a practical use for it at once, unerringly—as it were. It was enough to make one suspect that, maybe, he really could see the true aspect of things that appeared mysterious or utterly hopeless to less imagin-

ative persons. I wrote and wrote; I liquidated all the arrears of my correspondence, and then went on writing to people who had no reason whatever to expect from me a gossip letter about nothing at all. At times I stole a side-long glance. He was rooted to the spot, but convulsive shudders ran down his back; his shoulders would heave suddenly. He was fighting, he was fighting—mostly for his breath, as it seemed. The massive shadows, cast all one way from the straight flame of the candle, seemed possessed of gloomy consciousness; the immobility of the furniture had to my furtive eye an air of attention. I was becoming fanciful in the midst of my industrious scribbling; and though, when the scratching of my pen stopped for a moment, there was complete silence and stillness in the room, I suffered from that profound disturbance and confusion of thought which is caused by a violent and menacing uproar—of a heavy gale at sea, for instance. Some of you may know what I mean, that mingled anxiety, distress, and irritation with a sort of craven feeling creeping in—not pleasant to acknowledge, but which gives a quite special merit to one's endurance. I don't claim any merit for standing the stress of Jim's emotions; I could take refuge in the letters; I could have written to strangers if necessary. Suddenly, as I was taking up a fresh sheet of note-paper, I heard a low sound, the first sound that, since we

had been shut up together, had come to my ears in the dim stillness of the room. I remained with my head down, with my hand arrested. Those who had kept vigil by a sick-bed have heard such faint sounds in the stillness of the night watches—sounds wrung from a racked body, from a weary soul. He pushed the glass door with such force that all the panes rang: he stepped out, and I held my breath, straining my ears without knowing what else I expected to hear. He was really taking too much to heart an empty formality which to Chester's rigorous criticism seemed unworthy the notice of a man who could see things as they were. An empty formality; a piece of parchment. Well, well. As to an inaccessible guano deposit, that was another story altogether. One could intelligibly break one's heart over that. A feeble burst of many voices mingled with the tinkle of silver and glass floated up from the dining-room below; through the open door the outer edge of the light from my candle fell on his back faintly; beyond all was black; he stood on the brink of a vast obscurity, like a lonely figure by the shore of a sombre and hopeless ocean. There was the Walpole Reef in it—to be sure—a speck in the dark void, a straw for the drowning man. My compassion for him took the shape of the thought that I wouldn't have liked his people to see him at that moment. I found it trying myself. His back was no longer shaken by his gasps; he stood straight as

an arrow, faintly visible and still; and the meaning of this stillness sank to the bottom of my soul like lead into the water, and made it so heavy that for a second I wished heartily that the only course left open for me were to pay for his funeral. Even the law had done with him. To bury him would have been such an easy kindness! It would have been so much in accordance with the wisdom of life, which consists in putting out of sight all the reminders of our folly, of our weakness, of our mortality; all that makes against our efficiency—the memory of our failures, the hints of our undying fears, the bodies of our dead friends. Perhaps he did take it too much to heart. And if so then—Chester's offer. . . . At this point I took up a fresh sheet and began to write resolutely. There was nothing but myself between him and the dark ocean. I had a sense of responsibility. If I spoke, would

that motionless and suffering youth leap into the obscurity—clutch at the straw? I found out how difficult it may be sometimes to make a sound. There is a weird power in a spoken word. And why the devil not? I was asking myself persistently while I drove on with my writing. All at once, on the blank page, under the very point of the pen, the two figures of Chester and his antique partner, very distinct and complete, would dodge into view with stride and gestures, as if reproduced in the field of some optical toy. I would watch them for a while. No! They were too phantasmal and extravagant to enter into any one's fate. And a word carries far—very far—deals destruction through time as the bullets go flying through space. I said nothing; and he, out there with his back to the light, as if bound and gagged by all the invisible foes of man, made no stir and made no sound."

CHAPTER XVI.

"The time was coming when I should see him loved, trusted, admired, with a legend of strength and prowess forming round his name as though he had been the stuff of a hero. It's true—I assure you; as true as I am sitting here talking about him in vain. He, on his side, had that faculty of beholding at a hint the face of his desire and the shape of his dream, without which the earth would know no lover and no adventurer. He captured

much honour and an Arcadian happiness (I won't say anything about innocence) in the bush, and it was as good to him as the honour and the Arcadian happiness of the streets to another man. Felicity, felicity—how shall I say it?—is quaffed out of a golden cup in every latitude: the flavour is with you—with you alone, and you can make it as intoxicating as you please. He was of the sort that would drink deep, as you may guess from what went be-

fore. I found him, if not exactly intoxicated, then at least flushed with the elixir at his lips. He had not obtained it at once. There had been, as you know, a period of probation amongst infernal ship-chandlers, during which he had suffered and I had worried about—about—my trust—you may call it. I don't know that I am completely reassured now, after beholding him in all his brilliance. That was my last view of him—in a strong light, dominating, and yet in complete accord with his surroundings—with the life of the forests and with the life of men. I own that I was impressed, but I must admit to myself that after all this is not the lasting impression. He was protected by his isolation, alone of his own superior kind, in close touch with nature, that keeps faith on such easy terms with her lovers. But I cannot fix before my eye the image of his safety. I shall always remember him as seen through the open door of my room, taking, perhaps, too much to heart the mere consequences of his failure. I am pleased, of course, that some good—and even some splendour—came out of my endeavours; but at times it seems to me it would have been better for my peace of mind if I had not stood between him and Chester's confoundingly generous offer. I wonder what his exuberant imagination would have made of Walpole islet—that most hopelessly forsaken crumb of dry land on the face of the waters. It is not likely I would ever have heard, for, I

must tell you, that Chester, after calling at some Australian port to patch up his brig-rigged sea-anachronism, steamed out into the Pacific with a crew of twenty-two hands all told, and the only news having a possible bearing upon the mystery of his fate was the news of a hurricane which is supposed to have swept in its course over the Walpole shoals, a month or so afterwards. Not a vestige of the Argonauts ever turned up; not a sound came out of the waste. *Finis!* The Pacific is the most discreet of live, hot-tempered oceans: the chilly Antarctic can keep a secret too, but more in the manner of a grave.

“And there is a sense of blessed finality in such discretion, which is what we all more or less sincerely are ready to admit—for what else is it that makes the idea of death supportable? *End!* *Finis!* the potent word that exorcises from the house of life the haunting shadow of fate. This is what—notwithstanding the testimony of my eyes and his own earnest assurances—I miss when I look back upon Jim's success. While there's life there is hope, truly; but there is fear too. I don't mean to say that I regret my action, nor will I pretend that I can't sleep o' nights in consequence; still the idea obtrudes itself that he made so much of his disgrace while it is the guilt alone that matters. He was not—if I may say so—clear to me. He was not clear. And there is a suspicion he was not clear to himself either. There

were his fine sensibilities, his fine feelings, his fine longings—a sort of sublimated, idealised selfishness. He was—if you allow me to say so—very fine; very fine—and very unfortunate. A little coarser nature would not have borne the strain; it would have had to come to terms with itself—with a sigh, with a grunt, or even with a guffaw; a still coarser one would have remained invulnerably ignorant and completely uninteresting.

“But he was too interesting or too unfortunate to be thrown to the dogs, or even to Chester. I felt this while I sat with my face over the paper and he fought and gasped, struggling for his breath in that terribly stealthy way, in my room; I felt it when he rushed out on the verandah as if to fling himself over—and didn’t; I felt it more and more all the time he remained outside, faintly lighted on the background of night, as if standing on the shore of a sombre and hopeless sea.

“An abrupt heavy rumble made me lift my head. The noise seemed to roll away, and suddenly a searching and violent glare fell on the blind face of the night. The sustained and dazzling flickers seemed to last for an unconscionable time. The growl of the thunder increased steadily while I looked at him, distinct and black, planted solidly upon the shores of a sea of light. At the moment of greatest brilliance the darkness leaped back with a culminating crash, and he vanished before my dazzled eyes as utterly as though he had been blown to

atoms. A blustering sigh passed; furious hands seemed to tear at the shrubs, shake the tops of the trees below, slam doors, break window-panes all along the front of the building. He stepped in, closing the door behind him, and found me bending over the table: my sudden anxiety as to what he would say was very great, and akin to a fright. ‘May I have a cigarette?’ he asked. I gave a push to the box without raising my head. ‘I want—want—tobacco,’ he muttered. I became extremely buoyant. ‘Just a moment,’ I grunted pleasantly. He took a few steps here and there. ‘That’s over,’ I heard him say. A single distant clap of thunder came from the sea like a gun of distress. ‘The monsoon breaks up early this year,’ he remarked conversationally, somewhere behind me. This encouraged me to turn round, which I did as soon as I had finished addressing the last envelope. He was smoking greedily in the middle of the room, and though he heard the stir I made, he remained with his back to me for a time.

“‘Come—I carried it off pretty well,’ he said, wheeling suddenly. ‘Something’s paid off—not much. I wonder what’s to come.’ His face did not show any emotion, only it appeared a little darkened and swollen, as though he had been holding his breath. He smiled reluctantly as it were, and went on while I gazed up at him mutely. . . . ‘Thank you, though—your room—jolly convenient—for a chap—badly

hipped.' . . . The rain pattered and swished in the garden; a water-pipe (it must have had a hole in it) performed just outside the window a parody of blubbering woe with funny sobs and gurgling lamentations, interrupted by jerky spasms of silence. . . . 'A bit of shelter,' he mumbled and ceased.

"A flash of faded lightning darted in through the black framework of the windows and ebbed out without any noise. I was thinking how I had best approach him (I did not want to be flung off again) when he gave a little laugh. 'No better than a vagabond now' . . . the end of the cigarette smouldered between his fingers . . . 'without a single—single,' he pronounced slowly; 'and yet . . .' He paused; the rain fell with redoubled violence. 'Some day one's bound to come upon some sort of chance to get it all back again. Must!' he whispered distinctly, glaring at my boots.

"I did not even know what it was he wished so much to regain, what it was he had so terribly missed. It might have been so much that it was impossible to say. A piece of ass's skin, according to Chester. . . . He looked up at me inquisitively. 'Perhaps. If life's long enough,' I muttered through my teeth with unreasonable animosity. 'Don't reckon too much on it.'

"'Jove! I feel as if nothing could ever touch me,' he said in a tone of sombre conviction. 'If this business couldn't knock me over, then there's no fear of there being not enough time to

—climb out, and . . . ' He looked upwards.

"It struck me that it is from such as he that the great army of waifs and strays is recruited, the army that marches down, down into all the gutters of the earth. As soon as he left my room, that 'bit of shelter,' he would take his place in the ranks, and begin the journey toward the bottomless pit. I at least had no illusions; but it was I, too, who a moment ago had been so sure of the power of words, and now was afraid to speak, in the same way one dares not move for fear of losing a slippery hold. It is when we try to grapple with another man's intimate need that we perceive how incomprehensible, wavering, and misty are the beings that share with us the sight of the stars and the warmth of the sun. It is as if loneliness were a hard and absolute condition of existence: the envelope of flesh and blood on which our eyes are fixed melts before the outstretched hand, and there remains only the capricious, unconsolable, and elusive spirit that no eye can follow, no hand can grasp. It was the fear of losing him that kept me silent, for it was borne upon me suddenly and with unaccountable force that should I let him slip away into the darkness I would never forgive myself.

"'Well. Thanks—once more. You've been—er—uncommonly—really there's no word to . . . Uncommonly! I don't know why, I am sure. I am afraid I don't feel as grateful as I would if the whole thing hadn't been

so brutally sprung on me. Because at bottom . . . you, yourself . . . ' He stuttered.

" 'Possibly,' I struck in. He frowned.

" 'All the same, one is responsible.' He watched me like a hawk.

" 'And that's true, too,' I said.

" 'Well. I've gone with it to the end, and I don't intend to let any man cast it in my teeth without — without — resenting it.' He clenched his fist.

" 'There's yourself,' I said with a smile—mirthless enough, God knows—but he looked at me menacingly. 'That's my business,' he said. An air of indomitable resolution came and went upon his face like a vain and passing shadow. Next moment he looked a dear good boy in trouble, as before. He flung away the cigarette. 'Good-bye,' he said, with the sudden haste of a man who had lingered too long in view of a pressing bit of work waiting for him; and then for a second or so he made not the slightest movement. The downpour fell with the heavy uninterrupted rush of a sweeping flood, with a sound of unchecked overwhelming fury that called to one's mind the images of collapsing

bridges, of uprooted trees, of undermined mountains. No man could breast the colossal and headlong stream that seemed to break and swirl against the dim stillness in which we were precariously sheltered as if on an island. The perforated pipe gurgled, choked, spat, and splashed in odious ridicule of a swimmer fighting for his life. 'It is raining,' I remonstrated, 'and I . . . ' 'Rain or shine,' he began brusquely, checked himself, and walked to the window. 'Perfect deluge,' he muttered after a while: he leaned his forehead on the glass. 'It's dark, too.'

" 'Yes, it is very dark,' I said.

" He pivoted on his heels, crossed the room, and had actually opened the door leading into the corridor before I leaped up from my chair. 'Wait,' I cried, 'I want you to . . . ' 'I can't dine with you again to-night,' he flung at me, with one leg out of the room already. 'I haven't the slightest intention to ask you,' I shouted. At this he drew back his foot, but remained mistrustfully in the very doorway. I lost no time in entreating him earnestly not to be absurd—to come in and shut the door."

(To be continued.)

NAMES OF PLACES.

ON 2nd March 1888 the following telegram was handed in for delivery at the post office of Chepstow:—

“(Going to Llanfairpwllgungwllgogerhwllelydillogogoch; shall be home by 4.30.”

The postmaster, thinking that there was more than a fair penn’orth of consonants in the name, referred it to his surveyor, who wrote back:—

“It is an attempt at the name [of a village in Anglesey], but is evidently not written by a Welshman; the spelling is incorrect, and, but for the joke of the thing, the ordinary abbreviation—Llanfairpwll¹—would have been better. The full name correctly written I give below—Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerchwyrnydrobwillandisilligogogoch.”

Now it is easy to share with the surveyor of Chepstow the humour of a name like this occurring in a modern telegram, and to join in the chuckle of the sender, who was within his rights in claiming it as a single word; but originally it must have been framed, like all other place-names, with sober indicative purpose. Distinct and permanent natural features in a country are generally distinguished by very simple titles. Thus, to take an example of a Celtic people dwelling near a river, they acquire the habit of referring to it simply as *amhuinn* (avun), the river, or *uisc*, the water; and successive races adopt the

convenient term as saving them the trouble of finding a new designation.

A couple of seasons ago a curious example came to my notice of the modern use of the generic term for a stream. I was fishing the river at Cassio-bury in Hertfordshire, and in the course of the day I asked the keeper what was its name.

“Well, sir,” he replied, “it has a name to be zure, but dang me if I can remember un. We just calls it ‘the river.’”

Presently a respectable-looking man came along—apparently a bailiff or some state official—who, the keeper said, would be sure to recollect the name of the river. But no—he, too, had forgotten it, though he remembered having heard it; and it was not until after he had made inquiry in the village that he returned with the information that the river rejoiced in the name of the Gade. Well, suppose this country were to fall under the dominion of Russia, and English speech to be proscribed or to become obsolete, the new rulers would assuredly adopt the title most commonly current in the locality, and the Gade would be known henceforth as “the River.” Even so, when Celtic ceased to be spoken in England the conquering race made use of the generic titles they found in use: hence, from *amhuinn*, the innumerable Avons, Evans, and

¹ It is often called Sillygogo by the natives,

Owens among English, Scottish, and Irish river-names, and, from *uisce*, Esk, Exe, Usc, Isis (latinised), and Ouse. *Uisce bagh*—the water of life—*eau-de-vie*—has been shorn of its specific suffix, and has taken its place in our dictionaries—perhaps too important a place in our habits—as “whisky.”

So much for the establishment of the generic term in a district where one river predominates. But in a land abounding with rivers, specific titles become necessary for indicative purposes; and, when the language of the inhabitants changes, as in England and most of Scotland Gaelic has been replaced by another speech, such specific titles often remain as the appellatives of different streams. This affords a fine opportunity for your imaginative guesser, and all kinds of fanciful theories are started to account for such names. Take, for instance, “the Tarf”—a name borne by five rivers in as many counties of Scotland—to which may be added a sixth, the Tarth in Peeblesshire, all representing the Gaelic word *tarbh* (tarriv), a bull. Here is the way clear to a picturesque etymology, which has been given repeatedly in sober print. These streams are explained to have been called “the bull” because of their loud roaring. It may be safely assumed that no such flight of imagination would ever be attempted by the natural man. How do the colonists of our own and other nations set about distinguishing between rivers in new lands? Do they call this one a bull because it

chatters, or a serpent because it hisses? Not they. They either perpetuate the native name, when they can pronounce it with tolerable ease, as they did for the Mississippi, which means in the Cree dialect “the great river”; or they express the same idea in their own language, as Rio Grande, a name applied of old by Spanish explorers and retained to this day by no less than seven rivers in the New World; or they call it after the name of its discoverer, or the first settler on its banks, a natural means of designation to which M’Kenzie river, Fraser river, and hundreds of others in all languages and all parts of the world owe their names. Or they call it after some natural feature or product of the country through which it flows, as in the instances of the Yellowstone river, a tributary of the Missouri, or the Rio de la Plata—river of the silver. Again, when they fail to pick up the native name, or when its pronunciation involves a conscious effort, or when there are no particular features to distinguish one river from another and no special person or incident to commemorate, recourse is had to the simple plan of numbering the rivers as they occur in their line of march. Thus when the Spaniards overran what is now the Argentine province of Cordova, they crossed five rivers which bear now in succession from the north, whence the invaders advanced, the names Rio Primero, Rio Secundo, Rio Tercero, Rio Cuarto, and Rio Quinto.

Returning to the example first cited, if the river-name

Tarf represents the Gaelic *tarbh*, a bull, how is its frequent occurrence to be accounted for? The simplest way is the surest. If you look at Blaeu's Atlas—a masterpiece of industry and skill—you will find in the maps of Scottish counties surveyed by Timothy Pont between the years 1595 and 1605 that nearly all the Highland river-names we now use have the word *amhuinn* (avon) prefixed to them. *Amhuinn tarbh* means the river of the bulls; and now there is legitimate scope for imagination in assigning the origin of such a title as Tarf to some incident either of primitive pastoral life or in the chase of the wild Caledonian cattle.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to indicate how simple, direct, and obvious is the meaning of the original place-name, before it has become obscured by use in a foreign tongue and by more or less successful attempts at phonetic transcription, and how remote from the elaborate and artificial significance often sought to be read into it. In the old days of guesswork the explanation of the name Exeter found ready currency to the effect that it was the hail of the look-out on a Roman ship—*Ecce terra!*—"Land-ho!" To this day there are numbers of worthy citizens of Exeter who would indignantly repudiate any other interpretation. Nevertheless it only requires a reference to the oldest written form of the name in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle—namely, *Exaceaster*—to be certain that the significance is perfectly commonplace,

the *ceaster* or camp beside the Exe, the Saxon population having already adopted the Celtic word *uisc*, the water, which they found attached to their river. Analogy is easily found in Doncaster, the camp on the Don, which is the common contraction of the Celtic *dubh amhuinn*, black water, and in Lancaster, the camp on the Alauna, the latinised form of the Celtic *amhuinn leamhean* (avon lawn), river of the elms, which we now speak of as the Lune.

The simplicity of place-names, the absence of inventive effort in framing them, are what impress every one who devotes study to them. It is beyond the power of man to sit down and arrange a number of unmeaning syllables to denote a given locality: at all events, it is totally opposed to human behaviour. We have all heard of the invalid lady who begged the clergyman to read a certain chapter of the Acts of the Apostles that she might derive consolation from that blessed word Mesopotamia. Well, Mesopotamia was applied to a physical configuration which occurs in every country, and must find expression in every language under the sun—the tract "between the rivers" Tigris and Euphrates, called by the Arabs El Gezira, which signifies much the same thing. In English we have the exact equivalent in Twining in Gloucestershire and Twynholm in Galloway, which represent the Anglo-Saxon *tweon*, between, and *eaum* or *eán*, the dative (or locative) plural of *ed*, a river. Gaelic has its Eddrachillis in Suther-

landshire—*eadar chaolas*, between the firths, and Ederavon in Dumbartonshire—*eadar amhuinn*, between the rivers; German, its Interlacken and Coblentz (from the Latin Confluentes); Italian, Terni and Teramo, contracted forms of *inter amnes*; and Spanish its Entre Rios, the district in Argentina between the rivers Parana and Uruguay.

The first thing, then, to bear in mind in any attempt to study place-names is their universal simplicity. Most people, not fluent in Welsh, would recoil from the endeavour to construe Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwilliandisilligogogoch; nevertheless we may rest assured that it is an attempt in perfectly good faith to describe a certain place so that it shall not be mistaken for others. The next thing to note is the remarkable permanence of some of these names. Most of the habitable parts of the globe have been tenanted in succession by waves of different races, each speaking a different language from its predecessors, yet each adopting for convenience some of the names they found attached to hills, streams, woods, and fields. Diodorus Siculus, writing in the last century before Christ, has preserved two place-names apparently in the language of the small dark-haired folk who occupied Britain before it was overrun by the Celts. He tells us that they called the Land's End Belerion, and that they conveyed the tin which they worked in Cornish mines "to a certain island lying off Britain called Ictis." Belerion is

lost, but Ictis seems to be the same as Vectis, so rendered by the Romans, and handed down to us as the Isle of Wight. Now the language of these primitive Silurians has disappeared, and, seeing that it never was written, it is hopeless to attempt any solution of the meaning of names framed in it. But probably we use a good many of them unconsciously, seeing how many place-names fail to receive any light even when traced back to their oldest written forms.

The occupation by the Celts was doubtless far more effective and implied a higher degree of civilisation than that of the Silurians. It is no matter for surprise, therefore, that they impressed many names in their own language upon the land, which succeeding waves of Roman, Saxon, and Norseman have not prevailed to obliterate. There is a substratum of Gaelic in the topography of the most thoroughly English counties, and one stumbles unexpectedly at times upon names almost unchanged. Fishing one summer on the Test near Wherwell, I was allotted a dark, deep stretch of water as my beat. I was startled to hear it spoken of as "the Dublin"—the black pool—the same feature that gives its title to the capital of Ireland.

After the Celts came the Romans, whose rule of a great part of Britain endured for nearly four centuries. But their conquest differed from that of the Celts; it was not a national migration—not the movement of a race seeking relief from pressure—but a mili-

tary invasion by troops recruited largely from the Continental Celts—the Gauls of France and Belgium—speaking the same mother-tongue as the people they came to conquer. Hence, although Latin was undoubtedly the official language, as French was in England under the Norman and Plantagenet kings, it never became the vernacular, and, in consequence, Latin place-names are as rare as French in this country. The Latin *castrum* appears, after the departure of the Romans, in the Anglo-Saxon form of *ceaster* or *chester*, representing the same difference in the Teutonic dialects as is preserved in the forms “kirk” and “church”; but the prefix in such names as Winchester, Manchester, Gloucester, generally are contractions of the original Celtic name. Thus the Roman name for Winchester was *Venta Belgarum*—*venta* being their rendering of the Celtic *gvent*, downs or open country; for it was at Winchester that the great forest of Andred ended and the Hampshire downs began.

In fact, the Romans found how much easier it is to conquer a country than to alter the names of the rivers, hills, and towns thereof, and the solitary instance on record of their attempting to impose an official name ended in complete failure. London is a Celtic name, meaning, probably, the *din*, fort, on the *lynn*, pool (we still hear talk about the Pool of London). This name the Roman governors were content at first to latinise into *Londinium*, but when it had grown to import-

ance as a seaport and military base they deemed it worthy of something more high-sounding. A decree went forth, accordingly, that the town was to be called *Augusta*, and that, or *Londinium Augusta*, was for a while its official name. But the ancient name, conferred nobody knows how long ago by nobody cares what barbarous tribe, reasserted itself, and Parliament, let it alter the government of London as it will, is now powerless to change its name.

Having got thus far, it may occur to some reader to ask what possible use there can be in worrying over the meanings of names. If they serve their purpose, why waste time over analysing them? That is a question nearly as disconcerting as the inquiry of the Little Dog in ‘Reineke Fuchs,’ “Of what are you thinking so hard?” quoth he to the Owl.

“I am speculating,” answered the Owl, “whether the first owl came out of an egg, or the first egg came out of an owl.”

“But that,” urged the Little Dog, “can surely never be known now.”

“You fool!” retorted the Owl, “that is precisely what makes it such an interesting subject of meditation.”

Some attempt must be made to supply a better answer than the Owl’s: perhaps no more satisfactory plea can be put forward than the fascination which attaches to glimpses into the dim past. In a densely trodden, steam-racked, smoke-laden land like ours, it is refreshing to pick up intelligence that here, where the slag-heaps

smoulder, the royal hart once couched; there, where the stream, whence all life has been expelled by pollution, winds its dreary, greasy course, the beaver once piled its cunning dome; or again, on yonder hill-side, where comes nothing fiercer now than a skulking fox, the bold wolf-brood was reared of yore. One cannot help, at times, speculating on the kind of life our forerunners led, the landscape they viewed, the prizes they strove for. It stirs some of us with more than idle curiosity to stand on the roaring Broomielaw of Glasgow—the brae where the yellow broom waved not so very long ago—and note the mighty change that has swept over that estuary since Kentigern built his lonely cell in the green woodland glade beside the teeming salmon-river. That glade is now clangorous with unceasing industry; its verdure exchanged for whisky-shops, music-halls, and other less obtrusive concomitants of progress; but still its name Strathbungo¹ recalls the mission work of the holy Kentigern,—which work, had it come to naught, into what channels might the history of Glasgow have run? In short, forasmuch as it is admitted that all place-names have meanings, and seeing that people will continue to guess and speculate about their meanings, it is natural, and in some degree useful, to proceed on sound rules, so as to arrive at their right interpretation. The intrinsic worth of your fox may not repay all the trouble you

take to catch him, but at all events you are likely to ensure better sport by hunting him on scientific principles.

To return to the Romans. Unconsciously that people, though leaving behind them few names in their own language, contributed much to the stability of British names by introducing the art of writing. Unwritten speech changes far more swiftly than we are inclined to remember: directly names or words are written down they become, as it were, crystallised and more or less permanent. Little attention is paid at first to spelling: letters were invented merely as symbols of sound—useful drudges which modern refinement has elevated into tyrants. In ancient documents you shall find the same name perhaps written in half-a-dozen different forms on the same parchment—all attempts to represent the same sound. It is only quite lately that we have come to attach importance to orthography, and to regard uncertain spelling as one of the chief bars to obtaining a commission in the Army or an appointment in the Civil Service. And it is curious to note how soon letters assumed sway beyond what it was ever intended they should have. No sooner is a name written down than it is liable to have a false meaning read into it. One of the earliest examples of this in Britain is offered by the name York, which the Roman subjects of Severus rendered Eboracum, a latinised form of the Celtic

¹ Strath-Mungo, Mungo's meadow, the endearing appellative of St Kentigern.

Eburach, which was the name of several places in Western Europe. Now, whatever Eburach—Eboracum—meant originally, it never can have borne the sense which the Anglo-Saxon chronicler suggested when he wrote it *Eofer-wíc*, the wild boar's town. He forgot, or wilfully ignored, the fact that the settlement on the Ure had received the name of Eburach many centuries before a syllable of Saxon was spoken on the banks of that river. *Eofer*, the wild boar, has lent its name to many places, such as Yearsley in Yorkshire—written Everslage in Domesday—Eversley in Hants, and Everleigh in Wilts, all meaning "the boar's field"; but it was a pure shot, and a shocking bad one to boot, to construe Eboracum as "wild boar's town." The blunder has permanently affected the aspect of the name, for although it would have been difficult to trace the evolution of York out of Eboracum, it is easily connected with Jorvik, which was the Norseman's rendering of the Saxon *Eofer-wíc*. The latinised Celtic form is still preserved in the archbishop's signature—Ebor.

Another effect of letters upon our place-names before the invention of printing must be taken into account. A copyist's blunder sometimes takes the place of the real name. None of the Western Isles bears a more musical or better known

name than Iona, but its creation was a mere fluke. The original Gaelic name of that island was a sound variously represented in early Irish manuscripts as *I* or *Hy*. After St Columba had made it famous by his sanctity and by the religious house he founded upon it, it became known as *Icolmkil*—*I Colum' cille*—*I* of Colum of the church. But Adamnan, writing Columba's life in Latin, coined an adjectival form of *I*, and referred to it as *Ioua insula*—the Iouan island, just as we speak now of the Ionian Islands.¹ Some copyist mistook *u* for *n*, and there you have the pretty and permanent name Iona.

The familiar name of Hebrides had a similar origin. Ptolemy, in the second century of our era, wrote of the Ebudæ, Solinus of the Hebudes (the aspirate was a snare long before the evolution of Cockneys). Now the small *i* (the Greek *iota*) carried no dot over it till the eleventh century; it was a venial offence, therefore, in an early transcriber to mistake Ptolemy's *u* for *ri*, and so turn his Ebudæ into Ebridæ.²

No sooner had the Romans evacuated Britain early in the fifth century than the land began to be overrun by people of another speech, which was destined ultimately to obliterate, at all events in Southern Britain, nearly all trace of the languages which went before it. It will be borne in mind, of course, that nothing approach-

¹ Of the seven MSS. of Adamnan's work examined by Dr Reeves, four give the correct form *Ioua*, and two later ones have *Iona*.

² Curiously enough, an instance of this confusion occurred in this very paragraph, Solinus having been rendered by the printer Solirius.

ing English, or any other branch of Teutonic speech, was spoken in any part of these islands up to the end of the fourth century; but the fifth was not half run before Prosper Aquitanus wrote in his chronicle for the year 441 that "Britain up to this time is brought widely under dominion of the Saxons by various conflicts and transactions." The Angles, it is true, did not settle in Northumbria under Ida until the year 547; but long before that the warlike Frisians had infested the Firth of Forth till it was known to geographers as *Mare Fresicum*, and had established several settlements, of which one is tentatively identified with Dumfries—*dun Fris*—the Frisian's fort, mentioned by Nennius as Càer Pheris, just as he mentioned Dunbarton as Càer Bretain, the fort of the Britons or Welsh Celts. Down to the coming of these colonists, the language of the natives of the British Isles, from the Land's End to Cape Wrath, was Celtic in one or other of its forms—Gaelic or Welsh—and all the names of dwellings and natural features were in that language, saving those that had been handed down from pre-Celtic days and the very few which the Romans had succeeded in fixing upon the lands they had conquered.

The coming of the Angles, Saxons, Jutes, and Frisians—branches of that great Teutonic family of nations which had overthrown the civilisation of Rome—brought to pass the extermination, or at least the expulsion and partial absorption, of the Celts or Britons,

except in the mountainous regions of Wales and Scotland—our "Celtic fringe" at this day. Not less industrious than warlike, these Germanic colonists soon settled to work in their new possessions. The tribe or sept of the restless Celt yielded place to the family and village system of the more business-like Teuton. Around the original *tún* or enclosure of the Saxon farmer a number of dwellings arose. In proportion as he prospered in agriculture he employed more hands or *ceorls*, for whom cottages were built within another *tún*; wherefore the name Carlton, Charlton, or Chorlton occurs more than one hundred times on our maps. The Carlton Club has more or less pretension to be aristocratic: a less complimentary name for it than Carlton—the home of churls—could hardly have been devised by the committee of the Reform itself. Charlcote, also, is met with in most English counties, but the Anglo-Saxon *cota* was most often used in the dative or locative plural *cotum* or *cotan*—at the cottages; hence such deceptive forms as Coat-ham and Cottam in Yorkshire and Cotton in Derbyshire.

A group of cottages clustering round the original settler's *tún*—the defensive enclosure against natives, neighbours, and wild beasts—soon developed into a village within its own *tún*. There is no better marked class of names than those of English villages, and none, thanks to the invaluable record of Domesday, of which the original form may be ascertained with so much certainty.

When the Saxons had been in possession of our land for about four centuries, a new race of invaders and settlers appeared on the scene, Danish pirates known as Vikings, because they came from the great *vík*, now called the Skager Rack, and Norsemen from the fiords of Norway. The most unmistakable signs of Scandinavian place-names are the suffixes *-by*, *-thwait*, *-thorpe*, *-bster*, and *-setter*. The first three are considered to indicate Danish rather than Norse occupation. The terminal *-by* represents *bú*, a dwelling—Whitby, the white house; Kirby, the house near the kirk; Grimsby, the abode of Grimr, a common personal name. Thwait is from *thweit*, humbler than *bú*, meaning a cottage and paddock, and familiar in such names as Applethwaite, Ormsthwaite, and Langthwaite; while *thorp* expressed the hamlet or collection of cottages within a common enclosure, and occurs frequently in certain districts. Langthorpe and Milnthorpe carry their meaning on the faces of them, while in Kettlethorpe is preserved the well-known personal name of Ketyl. The Dutch form *dorp* has been pretty well rubbed into our national remembrance of late in the name Krugersdorp in the Transvaal—the scene of the surrender of Jameson's raiders in 1896. Norwegian rather than Danish are the terms *bólstadr*, a homestead, and *setr*, a dwelling, also a hill pasture, equivalent to the Scottish "shieling." The first remains entire in the name of Belster, in the parish of Bower, Caithness, and in various stages

of attrition in Lybster, Serabster, Bimbuster, and Gorabus; while the second is easily recognised in Kirksetter near Lerwick, and Melsetter in Hoy. Very often these Danes and Norsemen drove out or killed out the Saxon or Celtic population; but where there happened to be room for both, they seem to have lived amicably side by side. Canon Isaac Taylor has pointed out curious evidence of this in some place-names in the north of England. Many parishes there contain two or more townships, the parish bearing the older name, with the characteristic Saxon suffix *-ton* or *-ham*, while the townships included in it have the Scandinavian termination *-by* or *-thorpe*. For instance, the parish of Settrington in the East Riding contains the separate townships of Settrington and Scagglethorpe; the parish of Cayton contains three townships—Cayton, Killaby, and Osgodby; Brantingham parish has the townships of Brantingham and Thorpe; and so on, in innumerable cases. In these instances the parish name seems to indicate the older Saxon colony, while the township of Scandinavian designation shows a later settlement of Danes, the two having maintained themselves as separate communities, with independent rating and local government powers.

How vain is the attempt to interpret names from the worn shapes to which ages of oral use have brought them, and how essential it is to hunt up the oldest written forms, a couple of instances must suffice to show. Owesthorpe is the

name of a Yorkshire manor: in the fourteenth century this was written Ulvesthorpe, a corruption of the original form given in Domesday—Janulfstorp, the hamlet of Janulf.

Again, the last syllable of Durham has nothing to do with the suffix *ham*, so common among Saxon place-names. The precipitous peninsula chosen by Bishop Ealdhune at the beginning of the eleventh century as the site of his church was Dunholme, the holm or island of the *dún*, so called by Saxon or Norse invaders, either from the British fort they found there, or from the hill itself, that being the primary meaning of *dún*, which came to mean a fortress because such was generally built on a hill. Then came a Norman garrison to whom the name conveyed no meaning, and who found it easier to pronounce as Duresme. Lastly, the Celtic, Norse, and Norman-French languages having passed clean away, and English literature and speech having become common to all ranks of the people, clerks wrote it Durham, in misleading analogy to other English names.

Touching this suffix *-ham*, it is not quite so simple as it

appears at first sight. It conveys another warning that the real meaning of a name must be sought in the earliest extant documents. In nine cases out of ten it represents the Anglo-Saxon *hám*, a house, the place where a man is "at home," and is employed in the same sense as the German suffix *-heim* in names like Rudesheim and Mannheim. It is, in fact, that peculiarly Teutonic term "home," for which there is no equivalent in the Latin languages, and which must be expressed in French by periphrasis. Canon Taylor, however, was the first to draw attention to the existence of another Anglo-Saxon word which assumed as a suffix the same shape as *hám*, but with a different meaning—to wit, *ham*, an enclosure. Between these two monosyllables distinction can only be drawn by consulting documents written before people had dropped the troublesome habit of declining nouns. In such ancient writings place-names usually occur in the dative or locative case, inasmuch as a place is seldom mentioned except in the sense of *at* or *to*. The declension in the singular of these two words was as follows:—

<i>Nom.</i>	Hám, a home.
<i>Gen.</i>	Hámes.
<i>Locative.</i>	Háme.

Ham, an enclosure.
Hammes.
Hamme.

Therefore when you find Farnham written as "at Fearnhamme" and Cheltenham as "Celtenhomme," it is pretty safe to assume that the names meant respectively "the enclosure among the ferns" and "the enclosure on the Celt." On the other hand, as the Anglo-Saxon

Chronicle gives Snotingahám and Bocingahám as the current forms of Nottingham and Buckingham, there can be little doubt that the homes of the families of Snoting and Buccing were indicated.

This suffix *-ing* is a very significant one in Anglo-Saxon.

It generally denotes "the family of," as Buckingham means the home of the family of Bucca; at least that is more probable than the etymology offered by Camden—*bécen hám*, the beechen home, from the number of beeches there in his day. When it is remembered that the evidence is very imperfect in support of the beech being indigenous to Britain, his explanation, though consistent with phonetic laws, appears very dubious. Often the patronymic *-ing* appears without the further suffix *-ham* or *-ton*, as in Reading, the home of the family of Readda, and Godalming, that of the family of Godhelm,—just as one would be perfectly understood now in talking of Smith's or Brown's, instead of Smith's farm or Brown's shop.

Canon Taylor suggests that the suffix *-ing*, besides its patronymic sense, sometimes bears a topographic one, and instances Leamington, meaning the *tún*—town—of the dwellers on the river Leam, just as the Vikings were the people of the great *vik*. He does not mention upon what evidence this is grounded, and, unless it is very convincing, the analogy of Cheltenham—the place on the Chelt—seems preferable. Notice, however, must be made of a class of village names in which the syllable *-ing* occurs which we should go very far astray in considering to be patronymic. Two very familiar examples may suffice. Nobody can mistake the meaning of Upham and Newton—the *up* or high dwelling and the *níwe*

or new homestead. Uppingham and Newton are not so clear. They have nothing to do with children of an imaginary Uppa or Niwe; they are simply the nominatives Upham and Newton put in the locative case—*upan* and *níwan*. So Upton, Highbury, Heeley, are in the nominative, of which Uppington, Hanbury, and Henley are the locative form. Heeley means "the high lea or field," Henley "at or in the high field."

It would be very easy to multiply examples of mistakes arising out of the survival of Anglo-Saxon declensions suggesting false etymologies. In the East Riding of Yorkshire is a place called Kilham, where the river Hull wells out of the limestone. Here, as in Durham, the suffix *-ham* is altogether deceptive. The name stands in Domesday Book Killom, and the locative plural of the Anglo-Saxon *cyl*—*cyllum*, "at the sources." Similarly Askham, also in Yorkshire, is *ascum*, at the ash-trees, just as Acomb is *ácum*, at the oaks. Hallam, from which the district round Sheffield takes the name of Hallamshire, appears in Domesday as Hallun, probably for *Healun*, on the slopes.

This locative case, which serves so often in modern use as a nominative, appears in many languages. The very numerous names in Scotland and Ireland beginning with *Kil* are compounds of *cill*, the locative case of *ceall*, a cell or chapel. So Kilmorey is *cill Muiri*, "at Mary's chapel"; Killantringan is *cill shant Rín*.

gain, "at St Ninian's chapel," the *s* being silenced by so-called aspiration. Sometimes the two cases supply alternative forms of the same name: thus in Gaelic Cantyre represents the nominative *ceann tìr*, "land's end," while Kintyre is the locative *cinn tìr*, "at the land's end."

Stress has been laid on the principle that place-names are primarily utilitarian even among the Celts, who are much more poetical than the Germanic race, and that imaginative or sentimental explanations ought to be viewed with extreme suspicion. But exception must be made in regard both to superstition and religion, by one of which always, by both often, human intelligence is largely swayed. So it comes that fairies, devils, witches, and ghosts figure pretty frequently in the topography, especially of lands occupied by the Celt. Shakespeare's Puck—"merry wanderer of the night"—was feared in primitive Ireland as Púca, and is commemorated in many names such as Pollaphuca, Boheraphuca, and Carrigaphuca—Puck's pool, road, and crag. Those who have followed the chase in that paradise of fox-hunters, county Meath, may remember a line of moderate uplands to the south of Trim called the Shee Hills, "shee" being the correct pronunciation of the Gaelic *sidh*, a fairy, a word which appears in countless place-names, among others the well-known Glenshee in Perthshire. Herein the terminal syllable is the same as in banshee—*bean sidhe*—the warning female sprite that fore-

tells death in a family by wailing under the window.

Legitimate religion may be traced by its imprint upon the whole circuit of the globe. The Spaniards used their once tremendous sea-power not only in sweeping up treasure and annexing continents but in driving the heathen, on pain of death and worse than death, into the fold of Holy Church; and they filled their charts with the names of saints and articles of belief. On 31st July 1498 Columbus sighted three mountains, which he afterwards found to be united in one island. Recognising in this a symbol of the Trinity, he named the new land *Ilha de la Trinidad*, and *Trinidad* it has remained after passing into British possession. The year previous, the Portuguese explorer Vasco da Gama had discovered South Africa on Christmas Day, so he called it *Costa do Natal*—Christmas Coast—and here again British colonists are quite content with the name *Natal*. In like manner a vast number of places bear the name of *Vera Cruz* or *Santa Cruz*—True or Holy Cross; and our own Captain Cook followed suit by calling places discovered on Trinity Sunday by the names of Trinity Bay (Queensland) and Trinity Island (Alaska). Other British captains named new lands after the ships in which they sailed, like "Adventure" Bay in Tasmania and "Fury" beach in the Arctic seas.

The last name brings to mind a name on the Scottish coast. Cape Wrath is usually associated in our minds with the

angry winds and violent seas which rage round our northern shores; but the name Cape Wrath bears no reference to them, however appropriately it might do so. "Wrath" merely represents the Norse *hvarf*—a turning-point—for it was there that Norse mariners used to put their helms a-star-board, to run down to their possessions in the Hebrides, which they, coming from the north, called the Sudreyar or southern islands. Even this name Sudreyar, though it became thoroughly inappropriate as soon as the seat of rule shifted from north to south, has not passed wholly into disuse. The diocese of Sodor and Man was once wholly under Norse dominion—the title Sodor is the ancient Sudreyar or Hebrides; but it is perhaps lucky for the prelate that he is not now expected to conduct visitations throughout the whole of his nominal diocese.

Names of Norse origin seem peculiarly liable to receive a totally erroneous interpretation by assimilation with English vocables. Encountering the name Fairfield in the environs of a modern town, one may safely assign their literal English value to the syllables, but it is far different when you come upon it as the title of the hill next to Helvellyn. The Norsemen had long sway over the Lake Country, and Fairfield here is a corruption of their name *fær fjall*, sheep-fell, just as Faroe (without the pleonastic "Islands") represents *Fær-eyjar*, sheep-islands. Again, the title Biggar con-

ferred on a town in Lanarkshire conveys no hint of comparison in size with its rivals, but is plain Norse *bygg-garth*, barley-field, as may be easily seen by noticing the better preserved forms Biggarts in Dumfriesshire and Biggart in Ayrshire.

To go further into the origin of place-names—to follow the glimpses they afford of bygone races and their habits, of wild animals, now rare or extinct, which once peopled the forests carved by civilisation into farms—would lead far beyond the limits of this paper. Let it conclude with three cardinal principles to which he who embarks on a somewhat fascinating study should ever hold fast.

First, let the simplicity of origin be assumed before taking up the wild and poetical explanations which have so much attraction for some minds. Such are generally unfounded. When primitive, or at least imperfectly civilised, people settle in a new country, they don't sit down and invent names for the different localities it becomes necessary to indicate. The names suggest themselves from some characteristic of the place, some incident or occupation, or some individual who dwells in or takes possession of a tract. They come without conscious mental effort, such as all men instinctively avoid; they alter in use in compliance with well-known phonetic laws arising out of the unconscious avoidance of physical effort in pronunciation, to which all men yield.

Second, in nine cases out

of ten place-names are compound—made up, that is, of a substantive and a qualitative. The first denotes the generic object—a hill, a house, a river, or what not; the second some specific attribute, indicated by a man's name or perhaps a beast's, or by an adjective denoting position, colour, contour, or some other characteristic. When the distinction between these two parts has been settled, the first obstacle to understanding the name has been overcome. Well—the stress invariably remains on the qualitative syllable, which, in English names, usually precedes the other. Thus you say Oxford, Milnthorpe, Hanbury—not Oxford, Milnthorpe, or Hanbury. You may rely on the fidelity with which this pronunciation has been handed down in each locality from generation to generation: it is a sure key to the construction of the name, though railways are apt to import obscurity into it. Thus Carlisle—*cær Llewellyd*—being a Celtic name, has the qualitative last. The natives call it correctly Carlisle, but railway-people and southerners may be heard talking of it as Carlisle—which is wrong.

As has been said, according to a general rule, the Celtic qualitative follows the substantive; but there are exceptions, and one of these may be cited to show how faithful an index of the qualitative is afforded by the stress. *Mòrven* and *Benmòre* both signify the great hill—*mór bheinn* and

beinn mór, and in either position the qualitative *mór*, great, carries the stress. A misplacement of stress may not seem to involve very serious consequences, but here is a case in which not only is the old meaning destroyed thereby, but a false one imported. *Kilmacòlm*, a village in Renfrewshire, with the stress emphatically on the last syllable, is clearly *cill mo Colum*, the chapel of dear Columba. The railway company, having cause to erect a station there, choose to print the name *Kilmalcolm*, and forthwith their servants shift the stress to the penultimate—*Kilmàlcolm*. Immediately the sense alters; it becomes *cill maòil Colum*, the chapel of the servant of Callum.

Lastly, in pursuit of the origin of place-names let no man be cocksure. In September last, greatly pluming myself on my discernment, I gave to the readers of 'Maga' a rendering of the much-disputed name of Torvalvin in Knoydart. I had been to the place, a conspicuous rocky knoll on the flank of a bare mountain. What could be clearer?—*torr mhaoil bheinn*, the knoll of the bare hill. See what a plain word put me down! It seems the name is by no means ancient. It is not many years since a dumb crofter lived under this knoll, named, like our old friend Balbus of the walls, in Gaelic speech *balbhan*, and commemorated in Torvalvin, *torr bhalbhain*, the dumb man's hill!

HERBERT MAXWELL.

SCOTLAND AND MR GOLDWIN SMITH.

WHILE one school of modern historians avers that History is Science and must not be Literature, another school presents us with what may be Literature, but assuredly is not Science. To this party belongs Mr Goldwin Smith, author of 'The United States,' &c., &c. His new book, 'The United Kingdom: a Political History,'¹ is undeniably Literature. Though achieved, as the distinguished author tells us, "by the hand of extreme old age," the style is rapid, lucid, vigorous, and even vehement—too vehement. Thrice in one page we are told that King John "flew" to three distant places. Were the book not vigorous, were there traces of intellectual decline in these volumes, we should not now be criticising them. Where we are to differ from Mr Goldwin Smith, the points at issue are such as have long been in debate, points essential in any discussion of the Method of History and the temper of the historian.

To state things briefly: the reader of 'The United Kingdom' must accept everything on Mr Goldwin Smith's *ipse dixit*. References to authorities there are practically none. The author will give his account of Becket, of his conduct, of the miracles attributed to him, and will adduce no evidence but that of "his biographers." Which biographers?—for they

are many, and they are in various degrees of credit, as any one can read in Dr Abbott's recent critical work on the Miracles. But Mr Goldwin Smith does not here discriminate. We do not even learn that he has read the biographers in their own original works. Thus, as to Becket, we get from our author only this: the impression made on an eager and accomplished, but not exactly critical mind, by the study of modern "works of special research." Some of these are enumerated. We find Mr Freeman's 'Norman Conquest,' Dr Stubbs's 'Constitutional History,' Miss Norgate's 'England under the Angevin Kings,' for the early period. But history can only be written from the original authorities. We want to know what impression *they* make on an author's mind, and what we want we do not seem to get.

Again, there are works yet more recent than those to which Mr Goldwin Smith alludes as having "assisted" him. Thus, in the early period, we have Professor Maitland, Mr Vinogradoff, Mr James Horace Round, Mr Charles Elton, to speak only of writers in English. If Mr Goldwin Smith has consulted these scholars, we remark few, if any, traces of the fact. Yet they have advanced, or altered, our knowledge, or have taught us that what we took for know-

¹ London: Macmillan & Co.

ledge was only opinion. Conceivably the want (as it seems to us) of the "up-to-date" in these volumes may be due to that influence which leaves no other mark on a work that offers the results of "recent research and discussion." Thus (p. 41) "the township, if fenced, was a burgh." A "burgh," we ask, in what sense of the word? Then (p. 38) "the towns generally were mere clusters of houses, without municipal government, in bondage to the Crown or the lord on whose manor they were;" this in the time of the Conqueror. As to what a manor was we learn little. Now Mr Maitland, speaking of the next century, says that the Commissioners "found a town in each county, and in general one town only, which required special treatment. They do not locate it on *Terra Regis*; they do not locate it on any man's land. It stands outside the general system of land tenure." How does Mr Goldwin Smith account for these exceptions — the shire-towns, or burghs, on no man's land? We find no attempt to account for them; but in the reign of Henry III. (p. 147) we are told that "the awakening of municipal life has likewise gone on. From being clusters of dwellings, forming, like the cottage or hamlet, part of the domain of the king, or local lord, and taxable at his will, the cities and towns are growing into little commonwealths. Of this the chief instrument continues to be the mercantile guild." A similar statement occurs on p. 115, where we hear how the guilds purchased charters "for a full commune or

municipality." Probably some more explicit treatment of the origin of burghs is desirable and possible. The question of the origin of scutage, or shield-money (p. 79), might also have been elucidated by the discoveries of Mr Round. In the same way it appears hasty to remark that "in the Anglo-Saxon or English polity" "the public land belonged to the nation, not to the king." Public land is, we presume, "folk-land," "land held without book, by unwritten title, by the folk-law," land over which the *king* exercises "an alienable superiority." Such is the view of Mr Maitland, which seems preferable to that of Mr Goldwin Smith.

Other examples of indifference to, or distrust of, "recent research" as concerns origins might be given. Moreover, as the *United Kingdom* is Mr Goldwin Smith's theme, we cannot but protest against his treatment of the affairs of no inconsiderable part of that kingdom, namely, Scotland. The observations on Scotland are scanty, not always well informed, and it is hardly too much to say that they are prejudiced and arrogant. To this part of Mr Goldwin Smith's book we shall mainly confine our remarks, cutting out a province from his vast subject. As to the early portion of the history, a few comments may suffice. Thus, from a statement on p. 5, our author seems to admit no Celts in Scotland south of the Grampians, except in "the western Lowlands," which may perhaps mean Galloway. We must also allow for Strathclyde, pushing so deep

into modern England. Aidan, again, can scarcely be called "a missionary of the old British Church, which had found a refuge in Ireland and Wales." Passing, probably, from Scottish Strathclyde to Ireland, under Patricius, the British Church became in Ireland a new thing, and it was hardly the *British* Church that came with Aidan from Iona to Northumbria. It was the Columban or Pictish Church that came; but Iona is not mentioned, nor is the Irish Church very briefly characterised, till we reach p. 100.

We wholly fail, in fact, to understand Mr Goldwin Smith's dealings with the northern half of the United Kingdom. He avers that, under Edgar, the English power extended over Scotland (which we cannot admit), but wisely cites "tradition" alone as evidence for Edgar's boat manned by six kings—or eight, or seven, or nine, according to various authors. However, Ælfrie, about 996, *may* tell the truth about the alleged Scottish submission: perhaps Mr Goldwin Smith relies on Ælfrie? When he avers that "the people of the Lowlands, more purely English than the people of England itself, had been severed from their stock only by the accident of the Norman Conquest," it is hard to understand so dark a saying, later repeated. Was the cession of Lothian a result of the Norman Conquest? Malcolm won Lothian, and severed its English inhabitants from their southern kindred, at the battle of Carham in 1018. This annexation by a Celtic prince, and not the later Nor-

man Conquest, was practically the making of the Scotland of history. The task of that nation was no less than to found and perpetuate the idea of national independence, as against Michelet's *dogue*, the aggressive violence of medieval England. But for Scotland, England might, during a season, have conquered France: but for France, England might have reduced Scotland to the secular misery of Ireland.

Mr Goldwin Smith, a friend of Liberalism, takes a totally different, and peculiarly English (though no longer prevalent), view of the case. He is a partisan of the pure Teuton, and obviously regrets the Norman Conquest as an interference with unmixed Teutonism. "Normandy had neither institutions nor laws," nor even literature: so he assures us. Normandy must have been below the level of savagery! But the medieval attempts of England to annex Scotland have the sympathy of Mr Goldwin Smith, though we may regard them as, in origin, Norman. The old English kingdom would never have involved itself in the effort of Edward I., whose failure Mr Goldwin Smith regrets. To Edward then, omitting earlier disputable matters, let us come. Mr Goldwin Smith regards him as a historical parallel to the Blameless King of Tennyson's Idylls, and believes in his staunchness to his motto, *Pactum serva*. To this we need only answer that the English, like the Scots, saw clearly through Edward's favourite pettifogging plea, "sav-

ing the rights of our crown," and drove him from that beloved subterfuge, in the matter of confirming the charters. Edward, in fact, had a share of the soul of an attorney: this was the Hyde of that gallant and illustrious Jekyl. He is justified by our author, as regards Scotland, by the plea that the Celts of the West and the Isles had as much right to independence of Scotland as Scotland had a right to independence of England. "To an anarchical and predatory independence none of them could have a right." But had the independence of Scotland been "anarchical and predatory" during the long period of "the Kings of Peace," who came before Edward I.? Assuredly it had not. Could any independence be more "anarchical and predatory" than that of England from the days of Richard II. to the end of the Wars of the Roses—a time of royal murders and of wanton efforts to conquer France? "Edward had been sixteen years on the throne without touching the affairs of Scotland," says Mr Goldwin Smith. Edward came to the throne in 1272. In 1278 he made that effort to secure the homage of Alexander III. *for Scotland*, of which a deliberately fraudulent record is preserved in 'Fœdera.'¹ This failure was the first example of Edward's quality. In 1290 the Treaty of Birgham arranged for the marriage between the heiress of Scotland

and Edward's son. "It is allowed by all that the terms were fair and honourable to the weaker kingdom." Yes; but the terms were not kept! For example, by the Treaty of Birgham no native of Scotland was to answer at law out of the kingdom. But Edward, later (January 1293), withdrew from his pact and promise, and drove John Balliol to rebellion by dragging him before his courts on such a matter as a vintner's bill.² Edward had resiled from "interim promises," and had compelled Balliol to acquiesce. Is this *pactum servare*? This arbitrary violation of promises, and this exaggeration, in practice, of feudal subjection, was the occasion of the ensuing wars.

As to the question of the overlordship, Mr Goldwin Smith judiciously says that Edward "might believe in its legality," and perhaps he did. But when Mr Goldwin Smith adds that the claim was acknowledged "freely" and "on the part of Scotland," he omits two essential facts. First, Edward's army was present (involving the element of fear and force, as the Pope decided); next, a protest by the Community of Scotland was put in, and was burked. Hill Burton first observed this fact, and he is the only Scottish authority on Scottish history who is cited in the preface to 'The United Kingdom.' Having given a perfectly just decision in favour of Balliol, "all that Edward

¹ I. ii. 554, 1816. The reader may refer to Mr Robertson's 'Scotland under her Early Kings,' ii. 425.

² Bain, Calendar, ii. 154, 155.

did was to receive appeals"—against Balliol—"which was the duty of an over-lord, recognised by himself in his relation, as the holder of French fiefs, to the King of France, though he could not, as King of England, put his person in his French enemy's hands." Indeed, on that question, Edward went to war with France, and, on greater and deliberate provocation of the same kind, Balliol went to war with Edward. All that Edward gained was the secular alliance of France and Scotland, which prevented the union desired by Edward, and preserved the independence of the allies.

Edward then conquered Scotland (1296), and "conquest in him would have been sage and mild." Scotland would have been "under parliamentary government, and in the enjoyment of secure peace." Unluckily Cressingham's was not exactly "parliamentary government," nor was Scotland's state one of "secure peace" under the army of occupation. Therefore, according to Sir Thomas Gray, son of an English contemporary, Wallace was "chosen by the community of Scotland" as war-leader. Now, pray, consider Mr Goldwin Smith on Wallace!—

"Cressingham, Edward's vicegerent in Scotland, seems to have been haughty and unwise, while the bearing of a victorious soldiery, unless controlled, is sure to be offensive. Perhaps in the west of Scotland, where there was a mixture in the population of a more primitive and wilder element, the very approach of order was enough to stir revolt. Wallace, whose proper name, Waleys, denotes his Celtic origin, a man of

middle rank, having slain an Englishman, and being outlawed, took to the woods, gathered a band, and put to death all the English who fell into his power. His following swelled to an army, and at Stirling, Cressingham, by madly defiling over a narrow bridge in the face of the enemy, threw a victory into his hands. Wallace invaded the north of England and ravaged it with the most savage cruelty, leaving, in the words of a Scotch historian, nothing behind him but blood and ashes. He was now master in Scotland; but the nobles would not join him, and to recruit his army he had to inaugurate a reign of terror, setting up gibbets and hanging those who refused to enlist. Edward again entered Scotland and annihilated the army of Wallace at Falkirk, opening the serried masses of Scotch spearmen with the English long-bow, which here for the first time shows its power. Wallace was totally deserted by his following, and wandered in obscurity for seven years, at the end of which he was given up by the Scotch of the other party, carried to London, tried, and executed as a traitor. His plea and the plea of Scotch historians in his behalf is that he could not have been guilty of treason since he had not sworn fealty to the king of England. He was indicted not only for treason, but for his murders, burnings, sacrileges, and other atrocities. If a private citizen of Alsace-Lorraine, after the cession of that territory to Germany, had raised an insurrection on his own account, murdered every German on whom he could lay his hands, tied German priests and nuns back to back and thrown them into rivers, hanged subjects of the empire for refusing to join his army, invaded a German province, butchered its inhabitants without regard to age or sex, burnt a church full of people, and made men and women dance naked before him, pricking them with lances, the fact that he had not personally sworn fealty to the German emperor would hardly have saved his life. The hideous mutilation of a traitor's body was the barbarism of the age. It was in the middle of the seventeenth century that the Scotch, after hanging Mon-

trose for waging war against them, stuck his head upon a pole, sent his four limbs to four different cities, and buried his mutilated trunk under the gibbet. Wallace himself had made a sword-belt of Cressingham's skin."

The reader of this odd passage, for once, knows Mr Goldwin Smith's authority. He appears to cite it (p. v) as 'The Life and Reign of Edward I,' by the author of 'The Greatest of the Plantagenets.' The two books are one book, and a wild piece of partisanship it is. It was not "the very approach of order" but of military brutality that aroused Wallace, one of a family that had come with the Fitz Alans (Stewarts) to Scotland from Shropshire. The cruelties of Wallace's invasion were undeniable, but remember Edward's massacre at Berwick! Is there contemporary authority for "setting up gibbets"? Who vouches for men and women dancing naked before Wallace? The monk and nun story was told to Hemingburgh by a canon of St Andrews, who said that he had escaped. The only documentary evidence is Wallace's safe-conduct to the canons of Hexham, which Mr Goldwin Smith omits. Who vouches for Wallace's sword-belt made of Cressingham's skin? There are varying legends on this matter. As to the mutilation of Montrose's body, under whose heads did Dr Johnson walk when he passed through Temple Bar? Wallace was indicted for treason, and treason he had not committed. We are not aware that he had any trial at all. As to the "atrocities," no doubt

many of them occurred, and the Scots brought almost the very same charges against Edward. "He burned monasteries, slew, devastated, and spared neither age, rank, sex, nor even the religious": so the Scottish Parliament informed the Pope (1320). In brief, those were brutal wars. But, in a history of the United Kingdom, Mr Goldwin Smith has only what we have cited to say about a very brave and disinterested man, who happens to be the national hero of one of the kingdoms now united. Is not this "very English"? Yet it is an English authority, the contemporary Hemingburgh, who thus accounts for Scottish resistance to Edward: "Because, in accordance with English law, the Scots have been punished by burning, by being torn to pieces at the heels of horses, and by hanging, therefore they rose like one man, preferring death to the laws of England." Omitting this evidence, Mr Goldwin Smith is (if not ignorant) more prejudiced than an English clerk who wrote amidst the passions of the War of Independence.

Edward again conquered Scotland. Then came "Robert Bruce, destined to delay for four calamitous centuries the reunion of the Anglo-Saxon race in Britain." Robert Bruce "was no patriot." Not at first, most certainly; but, no less certainly, he became a patriot. In many ways it would have been well if Edward I. could have united the kingdoms. But how ill it would have been had Scotland fallen, a conquered State, into the hands of Edward II.! This is

what, but for Bruce, must have occurred. Then, in Scotland, there would have been but another Ireland. Better far than this were four centuries of open war between State and State. Most Englishmen will admit that destiny chose for us the lesser evil of two alternatives. We are not defending the early career of Bruce. But Mr Goldwin Smith says, "On pretence of a conference, he trained Conyn to a church and stabbed him there." The evidence is dubious and uncertain. But Bruce was no fool, and had he deliberately designed to slay Conyn, a church was the very last place to which he would have "trained" him. Bruce cannot have so deliberately set out to damn his own cause (though this was believed by Sir Thomas Gray), and the manslaughter must have been unpremeditated. Of Bruce's resistance and victory Mr Goldwin Smith says as little as may be; of that noble revival of the Greek sense of national freedom which the Scots expressed in their famous letter to the Pope (1320), this Liberal speaks not a word. After mentioning that Edward II. was "depressed by his defeat at Bannockburn," he "skips" the Treaty of Northampton, and hurries on to tell us that "it was in the right field that the young paladin" (Edward III.) "gave the first proof of his prowess." The "right field" was Scotland, where the young paladin tried to profit by Balliol's Raid. "He began to conquer where conquest might have been lasting, and, if lasting, would, in the end, have been benef-

icent." The conquest was never complete, and of course was far from beneficent. Happily the paladin tried to conquer France, while Scotland was unsubdued, and that was practically the last English chance of successful aggression. Mr Goldwin Smith, combining prejudice with what we are obliged to call ignorance, says that, in Scotland, "unchivalrous barbarians broke the legs of the prisoners of war." Of *one* such incident we have a vague memory. But Froissart explicitly says (and we suppose Mr Goldwin Smith has read Froissart) that Scots and English are chivalrous foes, "not like the Germans," and that, after a fight, they thank each other for a good passage of arms. In time of peace, under Edward III., they were even too fond of arranging international tournaments. Every one knows all these facts, which are obscured by the belated prejudice of our author. It is hard to conceive how any man can write in a spirit so grudging and so unfair the history of two united peoples who, of old, learned to respect each other in honourable warfare. Not by the chivalry of Scotland were "burgher and peasant treated as creatures made of another clay." Not to mention Bruce and the laundress, we know that the poor were compensated for injury done by the king's horses to their crops. The French allies found that the Scottish peasant was made of the same clay as themselves, and would endure no insolence,—a capital feature in the

character of the United Kingdom.

From this point we are told little about the northern part of the realm, except that the "senseless war of devastation," under Henry VIII., "deepened the gulf of hatred between the two sections of the English race." Not till 1603 does Mr Goldwin Smith return to Scottish affairs, in a summary, informing us that Bruce was "crowned by the oligarchy." In fact, he was crowned by himself and the clergy, who had ever been foremost (for good reasons of their own) in the cause of national freedom.

Then follows a brief account of the struggle with the nobles, and the consequent sufferings, due partly to the accident of many long minorities, partly to the fact that England always aided rebels and malcontents, the Douglasses and the Celts. In his remarks on the very scanty constitutional history of Scotland, Mr Goldwin Smith is fair and judicious; but he again repeats his tale of the broken legs of prisoners, as if it were a common incident. The Ancient League with France is represented as "affording the English Government a standing cause of war." In fact, nothing but the League saved each country from annexation. "The modern Scottish character" is described as "the offspring of Protestantism, Presbyterianism," the school system, and trade. But any one may read, in the works of foreign travellers into Scotland, that the national character was of old, for good and bad, long before the Reformation, very

much what it is now. Never had Rome much to say in Scottish affairs; always, as Margaret Tudor's chaplain wrote, "the man hath more words than the master." Froissart describes the less amiable side of the national character, its "dourness," in words that might have been written to-day. Presbyterianism did not make that typical Scot, Knox; it was Knox that, in Scotland, made Presbyterianism. Mr Goldwin Smith actually says, in quoting Bacon's praise of Scottish courage, ingenuity, industry, and comeliness, "but Bacon was writing after the Reformation." As if the Scots had been ugly, dull, cowardly, and idle before the rise of Protestantism! Mr Goldwin Smith had just observed that "it is surprising the country should even have been regularly tilled" in the centuries of war. The fact demonstrates the industry of Catholic Scotland; and Ayala, under James IV., attests the beauty, elegant dress, and relative wealth of Catholic Scotland. Protestantism is a fine thing, but how absurd to attribute the good looks, courage, industry, and general ability of a people to a few years of Protestantism! Thackeray neatly agrees, by the way, with Bacon. "Yes, yes, my dear Mac, you are wise, you are good, you are clever, you are handsome, you are brave, you are rich, &c., but so is Jones over the Border." Scotland was never a rich country, but it did not sink into the sloth and squalor of 1660-1740 till it lost touch with France, without sharing in the prosperity

of England. As to education, Mr Goldwin Smith confesses that there "apparently was a popular craving for it," before Protestantism was heard of, and that the universities were earlier than the Reformation. On reflection, he may admit that what Bacon wrote under James VI., he might have written under James IV.

That the battle of Harlaw settled the sovereignty in Lowland, not in Celtic hands, is surely another error. Had Donald won "the red Harlaw" he could only have looted Aberdeen. He doubtless expected English aid, but even that would not have restored the Crown to the children of Somerled. "In Scotland as in Ireland there was as little thought of keeping faith with the Celt as with the beast of prey lured into the trap." This sweeping statement is generalised, we think, from a remark of Mr Hill Burton's on a particular act of treachery by James I.¹ Not that good faith was exactly a permanent and conspicuous feature of policy, whether Highland or Lowland.

It is true, as our author says, that "the Reformation changed all." Community of antagonism to Rome, and that alone, made union possible. Scotland verily became "an aristocratic republic with a strong theocratic tinge," not a good form of government. Relations with England made this kind of State impossible: England taught the Stuarts "right divine," and, in a manner the least amiable, the last reigning Stuarts practically

destroyed the intolerant and intolerable element of theocracy. About all this Mr Goldwin Smith says little enough. Under William III. "the Kirk was not restored entirely to its pristine beauty." Happily it was not. To that extent good had come out of evil, or rather out of the conflict of two forms of evil—high-flying men of the Covenant and graceless Stuarts. As to the Covenant itself, Mr Goldwin Smith's remarks are not likely to satisfy the Remnant. To most northern minds the Covenant now seems noble and admirable as far as it represents national resistance to a creed, or a ritual, imposed from without; distasteful and disgraceful as far as it was violently enforced on persons and on a people who desired nothing of the kind. England was a Covenanted country, just as Charles II. was a Covenanted king, and neither king nor country would long be "bound by oaths impossible." But thousands of modern enthusiasts of Covenanting sentiment will think Mr Goldwin Smith flippant when he shortly remarks that "a dress performance of it" (the liturgy) "in St Giles's Kirk at Edinburgh gave rise to a riot, with strong Scotch language and flinging of stools." They will regard our author as inadequate when much later he writes, "A woman for her religion was tied to a stake on the sea-shore, and left to be slowly drowned by the tide." Two women, if any, thus died for their religion. As to the deplorable transac-

¹ Burton, iii. 112.

tion at Newcastle, Mr Goldwin Smith says that the Scots "certainly did not" sell their king for a groat—a debatable point, on which we prefer not to dwell. Concerning Glencoe, Mr Goldwin Smith writes that William, "on the advice of his Minister, sanctioned a proposal for the extirpation of a robber clan, having no means of knowing what the passions of a Highland feud would do." They would "extirpate," of course, if they could, and extirpation was what William desired, though he did not get it. The apology is unintelligible. A man wants to extirpate the Macdonalds, sends troops to that end, and has no means of knowing what they will do! To Mr Goldwin Smith the Kirk is "the dark theocracy" which hanged a heretic of eighteen, despite his recantation—which the Inquisition would have admitted. But "the English Tories" of Queen Anne "showed their temper against the Scottish Church": perhaps "temper" is excusable even in Tories when it clips the claws of "a dark theocracy."

Arriving at the Union, Mr Goldwin Smith again avers that the Norman Conquest severed England from Scotland. Again we must reply that they never had been one; and that we fail to see how, if Duke William had stayed in Normandy, they could have been united. For the results of the Union, "Scotch character cannot have suffered if the present Scotch estimate of it be true," that estimate being, it would seem, "a canty conceit o' oursels." Our character is

"eminently commercial, and in that aspect must have been formed after the Union," just as our national courage, industry, and good looks must have been acquired after the Reformation. This is not a wise kind of criticism: "extreme old age" has not brought sagacity or sympathy to our author. If the national character be "eminently commercial," it has also a *fond* of sentiment,—which, were it worth while, might resent the tone, no less than the prejudice, of Mr Goldwin Smith. It is not worth while to think more than once of his manner throughout, from the days of Edgar to those of Anne. But in reading Mr Goldwin Smith, we easily understand why Englishmen are so universally unpopular. He is arrogant, he is unsympathetic, he is sniffing, he is not well-informed as regards a great portion of that United Kingdom about which he writes. Precisely these qualities of the English, in 1745, would have arrayed every Whig in Scotland with Prince Charles (as we can read in Lord Marchmont's Diary) had it not been for the insuperable obstacle of Religion. The English had made themselves disliked, even by the Whig nobles. Happily Mr Goldwin Smith's tone, as regards the northern part of the United Kingdom, is now, among historians, no more than an instructive survival. It need not much diminish our pleasure in studying his vigorous and often judicious, always animated volumes.

ANDREW LANG.

ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

OLD John Morgan and his wife were people of some repute in the village. The repute was not due to social position, for social position was not a factor in the life of the community; nor yet was it due to the fact that John Morgan's croft and dwelling-house were somewhat more pretentious than those of his neighbours: it was due to the striking originality of John Morgan's personality and character, and to that only. It is true that John Morgan's wife shared her husband's distinction, but that was because she was John Morgan's wife,—a quiet, motherly little woman, she reflected John Morgan's greatness as the moon reflects the rays of the sun, by doing nothing but passively allowing King Sol to shine upon her.

Mrs Morgan's passivity, however, did not have the effect of causing her to be a nonentity in the Morgan entity—not at all; she was the means of completing it, and John Morgan without his wife would have been like Punch without his hump, only half a personality.

John Morgan was energy personified. His work was performed with all the vigour of a stripling in his twenties; and in all matters affecting the public weal, concerning which men debate with the freedom of irresponsibility, his voice was continually heard. It was his unfailing power of silencing an opponent that made him so formidable an antagonist in the

village Witenagemot, and the ferocious impatient expression of his smooth ruddy countenance, fenced in as it was by a short curly white beard, brought more than one well-informed debater to a stammering conclusion in a much more effectual manner than a calmly reasoned exposition from a more authoritative source could possibly have done. It sometimes happened that a scrupulously fair-minded opponent, with laboured utterance and remonstrating manner, sought to hold him tightly to the point at issue, but the futility of the effort was only equalled by the thankless reception it received at the hands of a jeering audience rendered partial by long usage; and the invariable result was that the bewildered opponent had to retire in aggrieved disgust from the unequal conflict, to reappear on some future occasion an interested spectator of the very drama in which he had played so sorry a part.

There was somewhat of a malicious genius in the man who had caused it at one time to be whispered abroad that John Morgan was unable to read, that to him the writing of an epistle was an unknown art, and that the weekly newspaper which came to him addressed to "John Morgan, Esquire," was, so far as his ability to peruse it was concerned, simply a mass of inky meaningless marks; and furthermore, that it was due to the

scholarly attainments of his little grandchild of twelve that he was able to glean from the print the miscellany of broken facts upon which he founded his arguments. Only a genius could have conceived so preposterous a notion, and one so much at variance with the opinion universally entertained concerning John Morgan and his attainments. Read plain English! now had it been Latin—and with reference to the malicious rumour, he had been heard to suggest, merely to suggest or to hint vaguely, that, as he himself expressed it, “he might be able to take bits out of the Latin too.”

There was no denying the fact, however, that great as was the curiosity to hear him read, actually to observe him spell out and repeat the news, word for word as set down in the paper, no one had ever, so far as was known, been able to observe him accomplish the feat. There was a tale told of him—and his detractors made of it what could be made—that one day as he sat with the newspaper ostentatiously spread out in front of him, a near neighbour of an inquisitive turn of mind desired to be told the news of the day. It was known to the interrogator that the alleged

assistant of tender years was absent, and there was that in his eye which seemed to indicate a malicious expectancy. For the moment John Morgan was nonplussed, but quickly recovering himself, he lay back in his chair, and in a tone in which sympathy for the untoward events was blended with a restrained satisfaction at being able to recite the tale of them, replied, “Oh, wrecks, George, shipwrecks on all hands; it’s peetiful, it’s peetiful.” The print which his eyes were devouring with so much avidity, and from which he professedly was gleaning the distressing intelligence, was held by him upside down; and consequently the pictorial representations of steamers and sailing-ships, by means of which enterprising shipping companies are wont to attract the public attention, were naturally upside down as well, and the worthy man’s conclusion was obvious. A ship represented upside down assuredly meant a ship wrecked, whatever the printed matter might say to the contrary. Such was the tale; but John Morgan went on his way unnoticed, and left to his many believers what task of actual verbal refutation might be necessary.

II.

It was a matter for regretful reflection to John Morgan and his wife that they had been but meagrely blessed in the matter of a family. There had been born to them a son and daughter, but the daughter had passed from them even at the age

when her presence had become a necessity to the old people, and although years had sped since then it was known that the mother had never ceased bitterly to mourn her loss: in secret, it is true, for with all the energy of his energetic

nature John Morgan had fought against his grief; he would drive it away from him and from others too. To sorrow was useless he roared in wrathful grief, reasoning with the unconvincing logic of blurred common-sense: it was worse than useless, it was vain, it was — ah, God! and then he too broke down.

The boy had gone into the army. Some people said that the step was a necessity of his failure in the more conventional walks of life, but that could scarcely be, seeing that John Morgan himself was at the time daily impressing people with the fact that had he been allowed to choose his career as a boy the trade of arms would have been his choice: that was a career for a man of mettle and what other. But Mrs Morgan over her knitting-needles must needs again weep, more and more silently and more and more secretly it is true; for along with the energy and bustle and movement which characterised her lord and master, in what from her point of view almost seemed a second bereavement, there was noticeable a faint irritability, as of a tired man striving to show that he is far from being tired. It was faintly noticeable, but it was there, and it did more to make Mrs Morgan cease to mourn than all the blowings and blusterings of reasoned wrathful sermons which her husband could inflict upon her in a month. For the little woman had a great silent love and respect for this fresh blustering spouse of hers, and as for

John Morgan, it was known through the village how his reason almost left him for two dreary nights during which the doctor held it not improbable that his wife would pass from him.

It was only in the fitness of things that, when the political horizon became overcast and the war-cloud did at last burst, the village should wait with a complacent curiosity to hear what John Morgan had to say before making up its mind definitely on the issues involved in the conflict; and while the nightly little crowd assembled at the post-office dogmatised considerably concerning each fresh piece of news, there was always left open a loophole for escape, or rather retreat, should the position to be taken up by John Morgan when he appeared make a recantation necessary. The post-office, pending the arrival of the evening mail, was the village St Stephen's, and John Morgan represented equally the positions of Speaker, Leader of the House, and, when necessary, the whole Opposition. There was consequently no little consternation and not a little wonder when the time came that John Morgan ceased altogether from his attendance at the scene of debate, and those who were skilled in noting such things dated his absence from the day on which news came to him that his son's regiment was ordered on active service. "He's feared for the day's news, and that's what's the matter wi' him," said one man, and the villagers did not speak in dispraise of such un-

spartanlike conduct, although they smiled furtively as certain loud-voiced declamations concerning the virtue of hardihood kept ringing in their ears; and they listened in silence when John Morgan, loud-voiced and emphatic as usual, gave it as his explanation that the post was always late and the evenings were chilly as winter drew near.

As was the case of Mahomet and the mountain, however, so was it with John Morgan and the villagers; if he would not come to them, they assuredly would find themselves gliding up to him where he sat ensconced in his comfortable armchair in the house on the hill, and from the vantage-ground of his own fireside he would enunciate the correct attitude to be adopted concerning the war and its consequences.

"I take my facts from the ofeeshal reports in the paper there, where ye can see them for yerselves if ye want to," were the closing words where-with he invariably fortified an argument which, standing by itself as a mere statement unsupported by external authority, might seem somewhat shaky; and the emphasis of the delivery generally ensured silence, if not verbal acquiescence. Mrs Morgan at the opposite side of the fire swiftly clicked her knitting-needles, and with a faith, beautiful in its simplicity, reconciled without effort the numberless contradictions—so they seemed to her—which characterised her husband's many utterances in the course of the day.

Few of the villagers were in

the way of receiving daily papers, and so it happened that by the time when the weekly news budget should arrive a great and decisive battle had been fought, and throughout the land the first thin wail of grief was spreading and spreading as names of men who had once been fathers, brothers, lovers, were placed upon the nation's list of dead. The sorrow wail was spreading daily, but as yet it had not reached the northern village, and by John Morgan's cosy fireside the chances of the impending fight were being discussed with an earnestness which the gravity of the situation easily rendered excusable. John Morgan's arrangement of the forces, as told to the rather unusually crowded audience, was sublime; but a difficulty, unfortunate inasmuch that upon a satisfactory explanation and solution of it depended his entire position, had arisen, and John Morgan was more than ordinarily loud-voiced and more than ordinarily aggressive and emphatic as objection after objection, tendered with a quiet assurance and firm, were urged against his theory. He had uttered his usual concluding dictum, but it failed to silence the persistent objector, who went the length of asking to be shown where in the public print a certain statement was to be found, and John Morgan, with much external gravity and a soul-consuming perplexity and suffocating wrath, was ostentatiously hunting for a passage which he was well aware was not to be found in the rustling pages of the paper. The deadlock thus occasioned was on the

point of becoming irksome to the audience, when the outer door was opened and a neighbour on his way up from the post-office stepped into the heated circle and laid a letter on John Morgan's knee. "It's from the seat of war," he said

sententiously as he sat down; "a see 'On her Majesty's service' on the envelope," having said which he threw himself back in his chair and wiped his forehead with his red pocket-handkerchief after the manner of one who has done his duty.

III.

To appear to be moved at the receipt of a letter, even with such high external credentials as the one before him, would have been unworthy of a man of John Morgan's high reputation among his fellows; and while a sudden pause of expectancy fell upon the little assembly, John Morgan took up the letter leisurely and glanced at the superscription with a careless negligence. "Ay, a see it's on 'Her Majesty's service'; a saw that at once from the outside—just so, just so." The muttered exclamation concealed his startled perplexity, and was intended to insinuate a perfect familiarity with documents of this class.

But there was no such tranquillity evinced on the opposite side of the fire, where Mrs Morgan sat, her glasses in her hand, and her eyes staring in startled wonder at the blue cold-looking document which her husband held in his hand. Her heart's action had all but stopped at the first glimpse of it, and she was waiting, eagerly waiting, until the covering should be unfastened and the contents divulged for good or ill.

"It'll be from Sandy," she said faintly, and the tension evidenced by her voice com-

municated itself to those around her, and the complacent expectancy gave way to a grave foreboding. The situation had become tragic.

But beyond a swift glance almost as of fear in the direction of his wife, John Morgan made no sign. "It's on her Majesty's service," he kept muttering as he bent over the document; "a noticed that on the outside—ay, a noticed that at once."

"Will ye no read it, John?" said his wife gently as she bent forward and touched his hand.

He started up violently at the touch. "O' course a can read it. What makes ye think a canna read it?" he said angrily; "it'll no take me long to do that."

The suggestion of his illiteracy at such a time, among so many of his fellows, brought him to himself with a shock, and he struggled to resume his old important manner as he proceeded slowly and with difficulty to unfasten the unfamiliar covering.

There was a terrible struggle going on in his mind. He recognised that he was expected to read the letter, and that immediately—the silent gravity of those around him told

of an interested, sympathetic expectancy—and the hour had now come when it was for him, John Morgan, the man of reputed learning, and the recognised leader in his native place, to choose whether he was publicly to confess before all his fellows that his profession of learning was a fraud, and that he himself was and had been an impostor among them all his days. How could he be able to hold up his head among them in future? would the very children, — the idea was torture, it was not to be thought of; and yet, on the other hand, when the thought of his soldier son, and what news of him the letter might contain, rushed upon his mind, his resolve almost gave way, and he made as if to hand the letter to one of those around him. But his vanity conquered even as he did so, and in the desperation of despair and perplexity he held the letter closely up to his wellnigh bloodless face and cleared his throat.

"Ahem," he began. "Dear Father and"—but his voice dwindled away; he could not bring himself to say "mother" with that terror-stricken face opposite him. "This is to say—ahem!—that I am well—quite well"—here a heavy fit of prolonged coughing overtook him—"well, and hoping you are the same. Love—ahem!—love to all at home—hoping you are the same, from your affectionate son, SANDY."

He forced a laugh from his parched throat as he lamely con-

cluded the woe-begone epistle, and even to himself his voice sounded far away. "There's no much news in that—on her Majesty's service—from the seat o' war."

An oppressive silence prevailed throughout the little room, and the vacuous smile which John Morgan strove to assume died away drearily on his lips and his white head fell heavily on his breast. His reading was a lie, and instinctively they all knew it.

There was a slight movement in the stillness of the room as a venerable-looking old man stepped forward and took the letter in his hand.

"Maybe a can read it for ye, John," he said simply.

Slowly he pulled his glasses from their case and with much care adjusted them on his forehead. "Sir," he began, as he held the letter to the light, "I regret to have to inform you"—and then he stopped abruptly.

"Neebors," he said quietly, turning to those around him, "this is no place for you now," and as the last of them glided in silent swiftness out of the room, there fell upon his ear the first low moan from the stricken mother as she received the dread intelligence of her soldier son's death.

And all through that dreary miserable night John Morgan, as one of his reason bereft, kept muttering to himself, "On her Majesty's service—Majesty's service—a saw that at once—from the seat o' war."

A. B. FLETCHER.

A COMIC CHESTERFIELD.

To one who loves the by-paths and blind alleys of character, there are periods which have a fascination above others. A biographer's judgment of an epoch is not that of the serious historian. Certain centuries are museums of instructive tendencies and movements, where every hero is a type to be analysed and docketed; others, again, are a poor harvest-field for the earnest inquirer, but an excellent hunting-ground for the connoisseur. These last are indeed times of stagnation, when the life of a nation turns, as it were, upon itself and gives rise to a crop of eccentricities. But the division is not absolute, for in an industrious epoch, when new things are in the air and men are busy reforming the world, one may come suddenly upon a tare in the wheat in the shape of an idle and farcical gentleman who is cast only for comedy.

Few periods in the history of England give such honest pleasure to all schools of historians as the eighteenth century. There are tendencies and movements enough to please the most philosophic. There are sounding wars over the whole globe for the tactician, and there are essays in reform for the constitutionalist. And, above all, there is the social life, where elegance reached its perfection, from Sir Pertinax and Lady Prue under Queen Anne, to the Whig salons, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and

the court of Carlton House. At last the century dies out in the smoke of revolution. The old universal elegance is discredited, and there is an unrest abroad which gives birth to romanticism, fanaticism, and a new philosophy. The comic is out of season in this period of strenuous earnestness, and when a belated exponent arises he takes the colour of his times, and is as earnest in his absurdities as his contemporaries in their wisdom.

Such a comedian out of season we find in that Earl of Buchan whose vagaries for long delighted the polite Scots world. He had the misfortune to be overshadowed by two famous brothers, and his considerable talents were rated below their proper value. "A curious, irascible, pompous ass," Mr Henley has called him; and even Sir Walter, who had unfailing tenderness towards his fellows, can speak of him only as "a trumpery body." Trumpery indeed he was, but he was a fool of parts and distinction. He toiled at his trifling business more than most great men at their work, and he had that finest perquisite of folly, an unfailing self-deception. He aspired to play all parts. He must be the *grand seigneur* of the House of Buchan, the literary dictator of his time, the patron of the arts, the friend of princes, and the Complete Gentleman. It is this belated activity, this itch after great-

ness, which redeems him from insignificance, and gives the story of his life the quaintness of a moral fable.

He was born in 1742, the son of the tenth Earl of Buchan and Agnes, daughter of Sir James Steuart of Coltness. The poverty of his family must have been great, though Lord Campbell, in his 'Lives of the Chancellors,' seems to have exaggerated. As a child, judging from his later character, he must have been an intolerable prig. He picked up his education at random, partly under a private tutor, partly at the universities of Glasgow and Leyden. At Glasgow he was the pupil of Foulis the printer, where he added etching and designing to his already numerous hobbies. But we know little of those early years. The family seem to have kept to themselves in their poverty, and the most we hear of the boy is in a charming letter from his younger brother, Thomas Erskine, at St Andrews, who writes with a simplicity and vigour which the head of the house would have done well to imitate.

At Leyden he had met Lord Chatham, and struck up a friendship with him. Meantime he failed to gain a commission in the Guards, and served for a few years in the 32nd Cornwall regiment of foot. In 1766 Chatham offered to make him secretary to the Embassy at Lisbon (a post which, two years later, was given to the future Lord Malmesbury), but he is said to have declined it on the ground

of his rank. It would ill become him, he said, to serve under Sir James Gray, who was only a baronet. Dr Johnson once applauded this folly. "Sir, had he gone secretary while his inferior was ambassador, he would have been a traitor to his rank and his family." But it may very well be that he was traduced, for at that time his thoughts were far above mundane rank. The family had removed to Bath, and the old Earl had become a Methodist. The young Cardross followed his father's example, and for a time was the darling of devout ladies. The Erskine stock had before this bred a religious enthusiast. His great-great-grandfather had suffered in the Covenanting cause, and Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, those pioneers of Nonconformity, were far-away cousins. In Edinburgh his mother had given him a strict Presbyterian up-bringing, and now at Bath a bevy of pious women of the Lady Huntingdon school hailed him as a youthful Timothy. After his father's death in 1767 he had "the courage to make public profession of his opinions, which drew upon him the laugh and lash of all the witlings of the Rooms." Three ministers were nominated as his chaplains, and one wonders if the poor gentlemen were paid. But the *dévo*t was not the part which he aspired long to play, and with his return to Scotland, we find that the secular speedily triumphs over the religious.

For the rest of his long life Buchan was content to remain

a Scots magnate and confine his energies to his own corner of the land. At first he lived in Edinburgh at a house in St Andrew Square; but in 1786 he bought the estate of Dryburgh and retired to Tweed-side. His ambition was to be a Scots Mæcenas, and for this he must have his country villa. Here he filled the part of a great man in retreat, cultivating his hobbies, maintaining a huge correspondence, and issuing now and then to patronise Edinburgh society. To begin with, he was wretchedly poor; but by a parsimony which seems scarcely indigenous to his nature, he paid off his father's debts and raised his own income in half a century from £200 to £2000. The habit of economy in time became a disease, and the "*Mæcenas à bon marché*," as Scott called him, won a reputation for meanness. Yet the quality hardly deserves the name, for it was far indeed from ordinary avarice. He had in the highest degree the instinct of spending; he loved to figure as a philanthropist; but he must do everything with a stint and get the best value for his money. He is the opposite of Aristotle's Magnificent Man, for he spoils his parade of magnanimity by a comic littleness in its details. He would encourage the humanities, so he presented a silver pen for competition among the students in Aberdeen. The unhappy boys were to be examined all night, and the happy winner was not to receive the pen, but merely

have his name inscribed on a small medallion to be hung on the prize.

His home was Scotland, and he affected a patriotism; but he was too great for a province, and must needs be a citizen of the world. If we are to believe his letters, his countrymen, like the inhabitants of Tomi to Ovid, were not altogether to his liking.

"I have been ungenerously requited by my countrymen," he wrote, "for endeavouring to make them happier and more respectable. This is the common lot of men who have a spirit above that of the age and country in which they act, and I appeal to posterity for my vindication. I would have passed my time much more agreeably among Englishmen, whose character I preferred to that of my own countryman—in a charming country too, where my alliance with the noblest and best families in it, and my political sentiments, would have added much to my domestic, as well as civil, enjoyments; but I chose rather to forgo my own happiness for the improvement of my native country, and expect hereafter that the children of those who have not known me, or received me as they ought to have done, will express their concern and blush on account of the conduct of their parents."

And he concludes in proud Latin:—

"*Præclara conscientia igitur sustentor, cum cogito me de republica aut meruisse quum potuerim, aut certe nunquam nisi divine cogitasse.*"

The Buchan family was Whig, and in this poor nobleman was a strain of genuine Radical independence, which in his greater brothers made the Lord Chancellor Erskine the friend of the Revolution and the foe of prerogative, and Harry Erskine the "advocate of the people."

He did his best to reform the method of electing Scots peers, and in 1780 published a "Speech intended to be spoken at the Meeting of the Peers for Scotland for the General Election of their Representatives, in which a plan is proposed for the better Representation of the Peerage of Scotland." His thoughts on the matter seem indeed to have wavered. Sometimes he pleases to talk of himself as a "discarded courtier with a little estate." He apologises for not making more of his "insatiable thirst of knowledge and genius prone to the splendid sciences and the fine arts" by calling himself "a nobleman, a piece of ornamental china, as it were." But he claimed kinship with Washington, whom he called "the American Buchan," and sent him a snuff-box made from the oak which sheltered Wallace after the battle of Falkirk. In return Washington sent him his portrait, and "accepted the significant present of the box with sensibility and satisfaction." An intense pride in his own order and his long descent was joined with a contempt for others of the same persuasion. "I dined two days ago *tête-à-tête* with Lord Buchan," writes Scott. "Heard a history of all his ancestors, whom he has hung round his chimney-piece. From counting of pedigrees, good Lord deliver us!" But he had also not a little of the proud humility of his brother the Chancellor, who, when a young man, used to declare, "Thank fortune, out of my own family, I don't know a lord!"

The first and most earnest of the Earl's hobbies was the cultivation of his own domains. He published in the 'Bee' some curious essays on the art of idleness, in which the hero is invariably a gentleman of good family, who, after racketing in town, repents of his ways, and returns to respectability and agriculture. From the world of Brooks' and Almack's our hero flies to the planting of timber and the culture of fruit-trees, till "he becomes so much master of the principles, practice, and duties of husbandry, that he is soon able to originate and direct in all the operations, as the *paterfamilias* of Columella, and becomes quite independent of his land-steward, bailiffs, and old experienced servants." He has essays on country life, with a far-away hint of Gilbert White, essays in an absurd *rococo* style, but now and then full of real observation and genuine feeling. One piece, "To the daughters of Sophia on the Dawning of Spring," begins: "Alathea, Isabella, Sophia, my dear girls, the daughters of my dearest friends! the delightful season of verdure is come. Rise up, my fair ones, and come away; for, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." Then comes a vivid little piece of *genre* painting, though to be sure the style is execrable, and the essay concludes with a kind of farmer's diary, exactly in the Selborne manner. His "Letters in imita-

tion of the Ancients" have the same honest country note amid their sham classicalism. Dryburgh and Melrose and the Eildons are strangely unrecognisable, but the good Tweed-side birds and flowers and skies are there, though he calls a planting a "vernal thicket," and the Cheviots "undulatory forms of mountain."

After agriculture, antiquities were his special province. In 1780 he founded the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland at a meeting held in the house in St Andrew Square. The first idea was a sort of *Académie Ecossaise*, to be called the Caledonian Temple of Fame, which, through a complex system of balloting, was to canonise the names of famous Scots, living or dead. The University authorities and the Advocates' Library saw their occupation gone, and opposed the petition for a royal charter of incorporation; but the charter was granted through Buchan's influence at Court. The Earl's own antiquarian studies are numerous — a memoir of Sir James Steuart Denham, an account of the parish of Uphall, an account of the Abbey of Dryburgh in Grose's 'Antiquities,' and sketches of George Heriot, Lord Mar, the son of the Regent, and Drummond of Hawthornden. He kept up a lengthy correspondence on antiquarian matters with Nichols, and sent him "Some Remarks on the Progress of the Roman Arms in Scotland during the Sixth Campaign of Africanus," which was published in vol. xxxv. of

the 'Topographia Britannica.' Sometimes the poor man was sadly duped. John Clerk of Eldin had a great passion for curiosities, and his unprincipled son, who was afterwards the famous judge, used to amuse himself with manufacturing mutilated heads, which he buried in the ground. Then some time or other they would be *accidentally* discovered, and added to the ancestral museum. In an evil hour Lord Buchan came along, saw one of the heads, and, filled with admiration, carried it off and presented it to his new Society. It is said that it remained for long in the collection of that excellent body.

But while he valued his agricultural and antiquarian achievements at their proper worth, it was as a patron of letters that my Lord hoped to appeal to the admiration of posterity. His was the task to bring forth retiring merit and to seal the fame of the great with his approbation. He appointed himself the special trumpeter of the poet Thomson, and he would fain have done the same for Burns and Scott. He erected at Dryburgh an Ionic temple, with a statue of Apollo inside and a bust of Thomson on the dome; and in 1791 he instituted an annual festival in commemoration of the poet, at which he solemnly crowned his bust with a wreath of bays. He asked Burns to attend, but the poet was harvesting, and sent a frigid "Address to the Shade of Thomson," in imitation of Collins. Buchan distinguished

himself by a silly pompous speech, which seems to have irritated Burns, for we find him two years later sending a poem on "Some Commemorations of Thomson" to the 'Edinburgh Gazette':—

"Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae
Wi' meikle honest toil,
And claucht th' unfading garland there,
Thy sair-won rightful spoil.

And wear it there! and call aloud
This axiom undoubted:—
Would thou have nobles' patronage?
First learn to live without it.

'To whom hae much, more shall be
given'
Is every great man's faith;
But he, the helpless, needful wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath."

Which is perhaps scarcely fair, for in all Buchan's folly there was little of this vulgarity. The Erskines had learned the lessons of adversity too well in their own lives to be mere patrons of success. Later Burns seems to have forgot his bitterness, for he sends a copy of "Scots Wha Hae," and a respectful and somewhat dithyrambic letter on the beauties of liberty—which must indeed have charmed our gentleman's heart,—for such fine sentiments were meat and drink to the diletante Radical. When the poet died the Earl added his bust (in Parian marble!) to his Ionic temple.

His essays in statuary were not all equally fortunate. The worst performance was the erection of a colossal statue of Wallace on a bank above the Tweed on the anniversary day of Stirling Bridge, a mon-

strosity which Scott prayed for lightning to annihilate. On its base was an inscription in Buchan's best style:—

"In the name of my brave and worthy country, I dedicate this monument, as sacred to the memory of Wallace—

'The peerless Knight of Ellerslie,
Who woo'd on Ayr's romantic shore,
The beaming torch of liberty;
And roaming round from sea to sea,
From glade obscure or gloomy rock,
His bold compatriots called to free
The realm from Edward's iron yoke.'"

The unveiling was disastrous. The Earl appeared before the statue with his speech in his hand and destiny on his brow; and at the discharge of a cannon the curtain was dropped. But to the horror of the honest enthusiast and the delight of the audience, the peerless knight of Ellerslie was revealed smoking a huge German tobacco-pipe, which some humourist had stuck in his mouth.

His relations with Sir Walter extended over many years, and were on the whole the most pleasing we have to record. Once, when he examined a High School class, he praised the young Scott's recitation, which the poet remembered to the end as the first commendation he ever received. In 1819, when Scott lay seriously ill, Buchan hurried to the house in Castle Street, found the knocker tied up, and concluded that the great man was on the point of death. He succeeded in elbowing his way upstairs to the sick chamber, and was only dissuaded from entering by a shove downstairs from

Peter Mathieson the coachman. Scott heard the noise, and fearing for the person of the feeble old man, sent James Ballantyne to follow him home and inquire his purpose. He found the Earl strutting about his library in a towering passion. "I wished," he said, "to embrace Walter Scott before he died, and inform him that I had long considered it as a satisfactory circumstance that he and I were destined to rest together in the same place of sepulture. The principal thing, however, was to relieve his mind as to the arrangements of his funeral—to show him a plan which I had prepared for the procession—and, in a word, to assure him that I took upon myself the whole conduct of the ceremony at Dryburgh." The good man's hopes were disappointed,—he died before his victim, and that great eulogium in the style of the French academicians remained unspoken.

The Earl's own works—such at least as he wished to preserve for posterity—are contained in a little volume called 'Anonymous and Fugitive Essays,' published at Edinburgh in 1816. The preface is magnificently impersonal. "The Earl of Buchan, considering his advanced age, has thought proper to publish this volume, and to meditate the publication of others, containing his anonymous writings; that no person may hereafter ascribe to him any other than are by him, in this manner, avowed, described, or enumerated." The book begins with a series on the Art of Idleness, which contains some

exalted thoughts on female education. A saying of his, "Women must be flattered grossly or not spoken to at all," is recorded by Burns, and was the subject of an indignant epigram; but here his lordship is an enthusiast for sterling qualities, and sets common-sense and housewifely virtues far above prettiness. His manner is sensibility run mad, as witness this sketch of the young Alatheia:—

"'Mamma,' said Alatheia one day, 'what is the reason that my pretty crested hen has forgotten her chickens that she was so fond of long ago, and is going along, like a fool, with the ducklings?' 'Why, dear, I will tell you how this happens: the hen-wife cheated her, and put the ducks' eggs into her nest, and she thought the eggs were her own and hatched them; by and by the ducks will take the water, and the hen will forsake them. A hen would not do this if she were at home, and had learnt to shift for herself in the fields by gathering seeds and corn; but we have brought hens about the house, and by having everything done for them by the servants, they have become silly and helpless.' 'Oh, mamma, what a terrible thing is this! Will you teach me to do everything for myself?' 'Yes, my dear, I will, with all my heart.' . . . Thus I initiated my Alatheia in the history of nations, and in general politics, beginning with her at five years old. . . . I found one day Alatheia in tears for the loss of one of her garters; I consoled with her, but told her that one of my own garters was worn through, so that I wanted one as well as herself, but that I was busy making another in its stead. I took out of my pocket a worsted garter half wrought upon quills, and began to knit, saying it should not be long before I cured my misfortune.' 'Oh, mamma, will you teach me to make garters?' . . ."

And so on in the style of the

'Young Ladies' Companion.' So much for the Earl as an instructor of youth.

His classical imitations, which take up a great part of the book, have a very doubtful value. As became a liberal nobleman, he must profess an admiration for the republican bores of the early Empire, especially Helvidius Priscus, whose statue, he says, stands in his hall. We may conjecture that his lordship's scholarship was not exact. He imitates Petronius Arbiter very clumsily, and he has many long letters, purporting to be from Roman republicans criticising the new régime, which are chiefly remarkable for their ineptness. Quintus Cicero writes an amusing letter to his brother Marcus in Britain, and Seneca has a fragment on the conduct of life. But such exercises are not without their humours, and now and then, by a quaint phrase, the author is betrayed. Petronius talks of "poor but elegant provincials," and the phrase in the Earl's mouth is self-descriptive. "The Greeks," he says, "when they transgressed, *sinned (as I may say) in a superior style*,"—which is exactly his lordship's code of ethics. He has some curious remarks on English prose style. Gibbon, Burke, and Junius have a "quaint, flip-pant, pointed manner"; Swift, Atterbury, and Hume, on the other hand, "remain in our age possessed of the chaste propriety and dignity of those who have set up the Greek historians for their models." "How glorious," he exclaims, "would

it be for a band of such men to associate in Britain for chastising the meretricious innovators who are encouraged by the tasteless people of the age to enervate our language and our manners." But when we come to the Bacon imitations we find a really tolerable level of excellence. They are introduced by a circumstantial account of their finding which is in itself a pretty piece of romance. "Goodly senectude" is quite in the Baconian manner, and he has the trick of an apt display of learning. Sometimes we catch the note of a very modern sensibility which is out of place: "Wherefore, my father, with a smile of amiable complacency and strict intelligence of my thoughts, did thus with great condescension apply himself to the train of my reflections." Among the "Literary Olla" he has a curious discussion of the character of a gentleman, in which he limits the application of the title to landed proprietors. He seems to have hated the young man about town with all the bitterness of a poor Scots magnate.

"They then go abroad, to take what is called the tour of Europe, with a selfish, slavish, pedantic *compagnon de voyage*, commonly called a leader of bears; and after having played monkey tricks at all the fashionable courts in Europe, and been plucked and fleeced by sharpers and opera girls, they come home when of age to join in recognisances with their worthy fathers; and, as a reward, are introduced into all the fashionable clubs as promising young men, *tout à fait aimables et polis*. Then you see them almost every night drunk in the boxes of the play-house and opera house, flirting

with the beauties of the day, who declare them to be 'charming young men; but, good la! Charlotte, how naughty and roguish! I declare they flurry me exceedingly.'"

Finally, there are certain essays on Taste, the inevitable subject of his age, where he shows a sanity and an acuteness little to be expected from the sentimentalist of the earlier letters.

His other excursions in literature are to be found mainly in his indefatigable correspondence. He established what he called his "*Commercium Epistolicum Literarium*," a portion of which is now in the University Library of Edinburgh. He worried Horace Walpole past endurance with his letters, till he "tried everything but being rude to break off the intercourse." Of his poetry we know only four lines, which he wrote with his own hand on the wall of St Bernard's Well:—

"O drink of me only; O drink of this well,
And fly from vile whiskey, that lighter
of hell.
If you drink of me only—or drink of
good ale—
Long life will attend you—good spirits
prevail.

Quoth the Earl of Buchan."

It is a small output for so busy a man, but literature was his hobby for a long lifetime. While Harry Erskine was winning the reputation of the greatest advocate at the Scots Bar, and Thomas was drawing nearer to the Woolsack, my lord remained peacefully in his shadowed garden, cultivating the insipid Muse.

His life was happy, if to feel confidence in one's worth and

greatness be happiness. In the curious bundle of extravagancies which made up his character, not the least is this overweening pride. A subtle quality it was, compounded of glory of race and a consciousness of private pre-eminence. He felt himself a standard-bearer in the van of European progress, the intellectual heir of the ages, and the equal of any great man of the past. He had no family, so he consoled himself with a reflection. "According to Bacon," he used to say, "'great men have no continuance,' and in the present generation there are three examples of it—Frederick of Prussia, George Washington, and myself." He had no jealousy of his distinguished brothers. They were but broken lights of himself, faint reflections to show the full glory of the head of the house. Now and then he had a taste of plain speaking, but his armour of self-love was proof against it. Once he told the Duchess of Gordon, "We inherit all our cleverness from our mother"; to which the witty lady retorted, "Then I fear that, as is usually the case with the mother's fortune, it has all been settled on the younger children." It was a concession for him to admit that merit did not descend in unbroken line from the Erskine stock, but it only illustrates more fully his curious pride. He was greater than his race. He was no mere scion of a great house, but something beyond it, combining the virtues of a long ancestry

with an alien virtue from the mother's side. His brothers had won distinction by following a trade — a bitter thought even to this Whig lord; but he comforted himself and took a modest pleasure in their success. Was he not the *fons et origo* of their prosperity? Once he told a guest: "My brothers Harry and Tom are certainly extraordinary men, but they owe everything to me." His friend looked his surprise. "Yes, it is true; they owe everything to me. On my father's death they pressed me for a small annual allowance. I knew that this would have been their ruin by relaxing their industry. So, making a sacrifice of my inclination to gratify them, I refused to give them a farthing. And they have both thriven ever since — *owing everything to me.*"

If he was a fool, he was at least above any vulgar folly. The connection which gave him pride was with the great of past times, and it was only in the second place that he claimed kin with contemporary notables. Apparently he was remotely related to Sir Thomas Browne, and he was never tired of calling him his "Grandfather." Washington, as we have seen, was his "illustrious and excellent cousin." He believed that he contained all his ancestry in himself, and that the house of Buchan, as Lord Campbell has put it, "was a corporation never visited by death." "*Nam genus et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi vix ea nostra voco*" was a

maxim which he could never acknowledge. He spoke of his ancestors' doings as his own, and used to amaze strangers at dinner by some such remark as, "I remember I remonstrated strongly before it took place against the execution of Charles I." He patronised the King as he had never been patronised before on the ground of "consanguinity to Your Majesty," but always with a hint that the Royal house was little better than a cadet branch of his own. George, with a humour rare in that pedestrian nature, took it in good part, and apparently was sincerely flattered by the emphasis laid on his Stuart descent. Buchan showered letters of advice upon him, and when by any chance the royal action met with his approval, he was graciously pleased to signify his satisfaction.

In all this we are repeatedly reminded of Sir Thomas Urquhart. A little more genius, a little less providence, would have made Buchan a second Knight of Cromartie. The same insane pride of family which produced the 'Pantochronoxanon' finds its parallel in the Erskine pedigrees. But Buchan was less mythologically and scripturally inclined. His ambitions did not reach to King Arthur, Hercules, Hypermnestra, and Noah; sufficient for him a decent Scots descent. Both had their imaginations hag-ridden by historical figures — Urquhart by the Admirable Crichton, Buchan by half a score of heroes. He always thinks of himself in a historic

setting, cutting a fine figure after some accepted pattern. Sometimes it is Helvidius Priscus or Brutus or Pliny or Lord Bacon; in his younger days it was Sir Philip Sidney. In an absurd preface to an edition of Callimachus he talks of "having endeavoured from my earliest youth (though secluded from the honours of the State, and the brilliant situations incident to my rank) to imitate the example of that rare and famous English character, in whom every compatriot of extraordinary merit found a friend without hire and a common rendezvous of worth." This, indeed, was the honest gentleman's ideal, and who shall scorn it? He wished to be a kind of dashing Mæcenas, a scholarly man of the world, a polite enthusiast—and all on a scanty income and an inheritance of debt.

The result—had he been a man of sensitive nature—would have disappointed him, for he became a Prince of Bores, the walking terror of his generation. Even Scott, who hated unkindness, is betrayed into irritation. We find an entry in the 'Journal,' under September 13, 1826: "Dined at Major Scott, my cousin's, where was old Lord Buchan. He, too, is a Prince of Bores, but age has tamed him a little, and like the Giant Pope in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' he can only sit and grin at pilgrims as they go past, and is not able to cast a fank over them as formerly. A few quiet puns seem his most formidable inflection nowadays." And again,

under December 26: "Returned to Abbotsford this morning. I heard it reported that Lord B. is very ill. If that be true, it affords ground for hope that Sir John is not immortal. Both great bores. But the Earl has something of a wild cleverness, far exceeding the ponderous stupidity of the Cavaliero Jackasso." A bore is frequently a wit out of season, and when "wild cleverness" is joined with egotism beyond Sir Willoughby Patterne's, and the whole with utter tactlessness and the persistence of the horse-leech, the result is tragic for a man's friends.

Vanity will always provide for the perpetuation of its features. His busts and portraits are scattered broadcast throughout Scotland. Like Austin Dobson's gentleman of the old school—

"Reynolds has painted him,—a face
Filled with a fine, old-fashioned
grace ;"

and the picture, in Vandyke dress, still hangs in the hall of the Society of Antiquaries. Once he had himself done in crayons, and presented the portrait, with a eulogistic description written by himself, to the Faculty of Advocates; and in Kay's 'Edinburgh Portraits' there is an excellent caricature in Highland costume. Lockhart has described his appearance in 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk':—

"I do not remember to have seen a more exquisite old head, and think it no wonder that so many portraits have been painted of him. The features are all perfect, but the

greatest beauty is in the clear blue eyes, which are chased in his head in a way that might teach something to the best sculptors in the world. Neither is there any want of expression in these fine features, although, indeed, they are very far from conveying the same ideas of power and penetration which fall from the overhanging shaggy eyebrows of his brother."

Two years after the last entry quoted from Scott, the Earl was gathered to the fathers who had been the glory of his life. He was buried at Dryburgh, and Sir Walter had the satisfaction of attending the funeral of one who had hoped to outlive him. "His lordship's funeral," he writes in his diary under April 25, "took place in a chapel amongst the ruins. His body was in the grave with its feet pointing westward. My cousin Maxpottle was for taking notice of it, but I assured him that a man who had been wrong in the head all his life would scarce become right-headed after death." And then in a kinder vein: "I felt something at parting with the old man, though but a trumpery body." Elsewhere, Sir Walter had sketched the character of the dead. He had a Tory dislike of the Erskine politics, and in particular he could never abide the Lord Chancellor, so it is possible that his judgment of the Mæcenas who was so unlike the others is more tolerant than critical.

"Lord Buchan is dead," he wrote; "a person whose immense vanity, bordering upon insanity, obscured or rather eclipsed very considerable talents. His imagination was so fertile that he seemed really to believe the extraordinary things he delighted in telling. . . . The two

great lawyers, his brothers, were not more gifted by nature than I think he was; but the restraints of a profession kept the eccentricity of the family in order. Henry Erskine was the best-natured man I ever knew—thoroughly a gentleman—and with but one fault: he would not say 'No,' and thus sometimes misled those who trusted him. Tom Erskine was positively mad. I have heard him tell a cock-and-bull story of having seen the ghost of his father's servant, John Barnett, with as much gravity as if he believed every word he was saying. Both Henry and Thomas were saving men, yet both died very poor: the latter at one time possessed £200,000; the other had a considerable fortune. The Earl alone has died wealthy. It is saving, not getting, that is the mother of riches. They all had wit. The Earl's was crack-brained, and sometimes caustic. Henry's was of the very kindest, best-humoured, and gayest sort that ever cheered society; that of Lord Erskine moody and muddish. But I never saw him in his best days."

So wrote Sir Walter in his sick and weary latter years, and it is, in the main, the truth. We cannot sum up our comic Chesterfield save in a bundle of paradoxes. He had the mad Erskine blood and a more than Scots thriftiness. He was magnificent, but with a prudent aim; a lover of letters with little real aptitude and an uncertain taste; a Radical with the soundest Tory instincts; a Scot, but itching always to be esteemed cosmopolitan; a parochial magnate, yet with an eye on the two hemispheres. A laughing-stock to his contemporaries and a bore to his friends, his egotism shielded him from pain, and he lived happily among his books and prints and stuccoed gardens.

JOHN BUCHAN.

THE WAR OPERATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.—V.

BY A MILITARY CONTRIBUTOR.

THE strategic movement originated by Lord Roberts affords an example of the superiority of strategy over tactics. It was aimed at a vital point in the enemy's armour, his capital: that pierced, other resistance must fail. The success of his aim depended on the ability of the mounted division to interrupt the communications between the Boer army in the west and its base.

It has been said that strategy is a permanent science, the principles of which are immutable, while tactics vary with every change of weapons or power of movement. Lord Roberts followed principles which have held through all ages; the Boers followed those forced on them by modern firearms, and by their ability to take the field all together mounted. They could not adapt their action to those older principles of which they were ignorant; but their tactics, which relied on recent improvements, were sufficient to cope with those of an earlier period. General French was only just in time to gain his objective, owing to the difficulty of keeping such an extensive movement secret in an enemy's country; but his object once attained, Magersfontein was rendered impossible for the Boers, and the rest followed. Kimberley was automatically relieved, because Cronje had no alternative but

to retreat: the same impulse made itself felt in the investing army round Ladysmith, which began to melt away in hopes to save its capital and succour Cronje—an instance more striking than the first, as the Boers' communications were not threatened, while the prize they had been fighting for during four months seemed almost within their grasp.

The success of the movement depended on the ability of General French to head off Cronje's retreat: thus it was a question of mobility, which does not consist in one soldier walking or riding faster than another soldier. Both forces were mounted: as the writer of the "military situation" in the 'Times' says, "The mobility of the British force was greater than the Boers, because the latter depended on trek-oxen, while Lord Roberts had at his disposal a large number of mules." Waggon was necessary, because both sides must eat, must carry a blanket and spare ammunition: thus transport is an integral part of mobility. So when men talk of Boer mobility and mounted infantry as the only antidote, ask them to organise their transport, and not interfere with the backbone of all armies—the infantry.

That the relief of Kimberley was none too soon is told by Lord Roberts:—

"As far back as the 10th inst. the enemy continued to shell the town heavily, and did not cease till late at night: their object was unquestionably to do as much damage to the town as possible. On the 16th they continued firing heavily, and threw 100-pounder shrapnel-shells into the town. When the relieving column was within eight miles the besieged sent a message, 'The Boers are shelling the town,' and on entering soon afterwards, it found that the people had been eating horse-flesh and living in burrows under the heaps of mine-refuse, rations being served out in the market-square under the shell-fire of the enemy, whose guns opened on it when the people assembled."

Yet there are Englishmen who demand admiration for the man—Cronje—under whose orders such unmanly acts were perpetrated.

With the appearance of a field army, which the organising talents of Lord Kitchener had created, "kopje tactics" disappeared, and Lord Roberts was able to select his point of attack. The mobility of our columns was equal to that of the Boers, and railways were relegated to their proper place in rear. Remark-ing on this, a Boer commandant taken prisoner in Cronje's laager said they were quite convinced that we should be unable to follow any other line of advance except that afforded by the railway. "It was un-British for General French to start off across the Reit to trek to the Modder." The Boer believes that he has invented and appropriated "trekking," and that only a Dutchman can hope to interfere with his monopoly. An ordinary Boer passes one-half of his life on the trek. No sooner did he land at Durban than he

trekked northwards to the Umgeni, where he stayed long enough to found Maritzburg; then he trekked on to the Tugela. Laws and civilisation followed him, and his next trek brought him to the Vaal, but there was no rest here, so he pushed on to the Limpopo, where he still is: he would continue his trek to the Zambesi, but Mr Rhodes has put up a fence.

Trekking is patriarchal and cheap, and allows him to enjoy the solitude of the veldt. He carries his family under a tilt in the forepart of the waggon, his goods in the hinder part; he sits and smokes beside the driver, taking an occasional spell at the whip; at the out-span his Kaffirs light the fire, his *vrouw* boils the coffee, if he is in the humour he strolls after a buck which will provide supper; when that is eaten, he crawls under the waggon and sleeps with the Kaffirs. His only relaxations are a wayside store with "square-face," and a veldt town once a-month, where he can outspan for the *nacht-maal* and more "square-face."

More than all, trekking will introduce him to the drift, and the acquaintance once made will last him a lifetime. Africa is profuse in drifts, and they assert themselves. Go outside any town and your drift will meet you: whatever road you choose, it has been appropriated by a drift. They have not been lost sight of in the war: De Kiel's drift saved Cronje's guns, and those at the Tugela all but starved out Ladysmith.

To find a drift you must find a river, and then the paradox emerges—the more insignificant the stream the more difficult the drift. Smaller rivers and streams usually flow between high banks, so close to one another that the waggon does not get sufficient way on when it reaches the bottom to carry it up the opposite side. There is such a one at Sandspruit, which crawls across the northern end of the valley closed by Ladysmith on the south, and will give our army trouble if it goes that way to Pretoria. I drove across it one night in a “spider,” myself and the driver. We had been feeling our way between the hills,—they might have been trees, or cities, or anything in the moonlight,—when of a sudden the six ponies in front disappeared, the “spider” and ourselves remaining. “Sandspruit!” grunted Welsh, the driver, catching out for his whip, and we followed, holding on, for it was very steep, the road threading two walls of earth that crumbled. Where the stream should have been was no stream—the water would not have come over my boots—and then the six ponies were overhead and scrambling. They should have toppled over, but they did not: Welsh’s uncouth noises and the whip encouraged them, and we got up. That was Sandspruit. Forty miles on we came to the Vaal, a mighty stream, second only to the Orange river, and we drove across in comfort, the “spider” taking it without a jerk.

There is a drift in front. The

white *baas* has galloped on, and you will see him standing in his boots and slouch-hat, gesticulating. The drift is there: the oxen know it and switch their tails, the driver straightens out his lash, the time is coming! The Kaffirs break into rough language, meant to coax—Oystermaan! Deutschmaan! Eengleeshmaan! need to be encouraged: the ramp down is reached, and the team lumbers into a trot, the whip insinuating, and down they go, lobbing, the waggon swaying after to a symphony of yells and Kaffir blasphemy; the *baas* joins in; a dash, a splash, and the drove is half-way over, the water foaming past their many legs. Now it is critical—if that trot will only last to the other bank—but no! those oxen know the game, and shake their heads: the string of them sway, now up, now down the stream, while the waggon begins to fill; the wheels on one side in a rut, the load just toppling; the row redoubles, whips crack like thunder just before the final roll; the driver flings off his sack, full dress, and dances wildly; the forelooper tugs at the leading span, and because their heads don’t come off, misses his footing and goes under; Oystermaan lies down, mid-stream, and begins to chew the cud; the rest shut their poor patient eyes waiting for the whip. But tugging, screaming, cracking whips, and a babel of all languages won’t move that span: they have looked at what is before them, and they have made up their minds not to do it, and they won’t, for the ox,

placid beast, has a will of iron at a drift. So the *baas* orders up a second team, when both oxen and Kaffirs develop character: no "boy" wants his team to go—he wants to keep them fresh; the driver has a word to say, and looks majestic. Deutschmaan knows the game, and while they are talking he

has put his legs together and lain down, and it takes more time and language to induce him to get up. So he has his way, and another team comes up, and the game goes on,—if there are fifty waggons, or 500, it goes on just the same; yet when the last is over, *baas*, drivers, foreloppers, oxen, don't



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE LORD ROBERTS' MARCH ON
BLOEMFONTEIN.

seem a bit the worse,—just a rehearsal for the next drift.

As soon as Cronje had been disposed of, Lord Roberts shifted his headquarters to Oosfontein, seven miles up the Modder from Paardeberg, where it was reported that the Boers who had been called up to his aid had got themselves together, to

the number of perhaps 10,000. Most of those on the south bank had come from the Stormberg and Colesberg commandos, which had now retreated across the Orange river, while a large number had formed part of the force investing Ladysmith. They had taken up a position about fifteen miles long the

greater part on the south bank, which they had strongly intrenched, the flanks resting on the inevitable kopje, that to the south on a group called the Seven Sisters, that on the north, across the river, on a flat-topped kopje of some extent and well watered; the space between strengthened by fortifying a line of kopjes, and a second line in rear, elaborately prepared for defence, extending to a formidable position on the Modder at Poplar Grove, the whole specially adapted to meet a frontal attack.

But the tactics of Lord Roberts were unwilling to lend themselves to those of the Boers. His intention was to turn their left flank with a cavalry division, while his infantry would meet their line of defence as it was rolled up northwards, with the result that their entire force would be enclosed, as was the case with Cronje. Accordingly, the 9th Division marched off along the north bank at daybreak on the 7th March, followed by the 6th and 7th Divisions on the south bank, with the Guards brigade in the centre. General French, with five mounted brigades and seven Horse Artillery batteries, crossing the river the previous day, moved south-east, till, when daylight came, he found himself opposite the Boer left flank. The enemy opened on him with shrapnel, which was ineffective, and turning farther south, he passed over a grassy plain for some miles, when he again turned east for three miles, and again north to get behind the Boers.

But they had detected his intention, and were already in retreat, which the fire of our naval guns turned into a general rout. The entire Boer army turned and ran helter-skelter across the plain, leaving behind stores, waggons, their half-cooked dinners, and one gun,—flying eastwards, and so escaping our infantry, which was moving up the Modder to intercept them. Our cavalry tried to charge on several occasions, but the horses were knocked up, and the Boers were allowed to escape. Had the cavalry division made a slightly more extended circle, it is probable that the general's plan would have succeeded.

Now that we have a cavalry division numbering some 6000 horses, the question of where they are to come from, and how we are to feed them when we have got them, becomes paramount, as it always is, in South Africa. It is one of the paradoxes of a country where every one rides, that neither hay nor oats is possible: the nearest approach to the latter is oat-hay, the oats in the straw,—so many bundles a shilling, as if it were asparagus,—and the supply is not unlimited. Mealies, the only alternative, do not suit English horses, who will not eat them, and if they do they are apt to droop. It was a sad and too frequent sight in the Zulu war to see those big, 16-hand chargers of the 17th Lancers and the King's Dragoon Guards stand, gaunt skeletons, with their legs apart, and poor wistful eyes watching the troop

trot by, only to totter where they stood and die. The only pasture on the veldt is in spring when the grass is green. By midsummer all will be dead stalks that rustle in the wind, knee-high, on every stalk a tick. Grass like this does not make hay—the farmers burn it just where it grows, to manure the ground and kill the ticks.

Then the climate is so deadly. Horse-sickness, pink-eye, attack country-breds as well as imported. The worst time is autumn. Day after day your horse has carried you, feeds well, and has done easy work: then no sooner is the saddle off than he lies down, foams at the mouth, swells like a cask, and is dead; or he strays for food not fifty yards away, lies down just where he feeds, and does the same—he has eaten *tulip-grass*. Riding with a troop of Hussars, we off-saddled on a green bit of turf by the side of a brook that rippled—a rare thing where most are sluggish, almost stagnant; and the horses, enjoying their liberty, started playing by its side, picking daintily as they did. Then they came back wearily, telling us they were not well, and lay down and died; quite half the number—*tulip-grass* again.

There is the “fly,” a small bluebottle which settles only to kill. Happily it cannot exist in civilised parts—only a few belts which it still haunts remain south of the Limpopo. An amateur strategist suggested that we should land an army at Delagoa Bay and march it on Pretoria. There

is a belt of “fly-country” forty miles across between, where every horse and mule would have remained. Mr Kruger declared war when the grass was springing, and it has done so ever since, so his ponies could feed as they went: now it is dying down for winter, when there is no feed, and forage must be carried, of which the Boers have none. Through the winter the high-veldt, where the fighting now is, is deserted, the Boers driving their stock down to the low-veldt, where they can pick up a living. For a Boer to fight throughout an African winter is impossible unless he leaves his pony behind, which he won't do. This difficulty with us is not so acute—it only means more transport. Winter will put strategy and tactics on our side.

To Lord Roberts is due the solution of the kopje: he discovered that that feature has a flank, and he used his knowledge to the elimination of the South African bogey. There are kopjes and kopjes. Cronje's kopje is a savage thrusting up defiant from the flat; a load of bricks shot in the road before a house that is building, every brick a block of stone, black or grey, often trickling with green slime, in size varying from a wheel-barrow to a hay-rick, the space between springing with lank grass stems, once green, now brown, a neutral-tinted background for the *tritomas*, blazing up red-hot; round the base a patch of green, welcome in the surrounding brown, where the

trickle has oozed down to make a marsh. Kopjes in the Free State are often lower, flat-topped, the slopes more gentle, grass-covered; on one side steep and weather-worn, sloping easily on the other to the veldt, domesticated, as if they had been chained up in the farm-yard that nestles under them and had got tame.

At the same time, with the exit of the kopje, the Boer tactics, which without exception centre in that feature, are well worth studying: they reveal something like a revolution in the struggle for the mastery between guns and ground. Ground has been gaining in resisting power, no matter what increase in shell-power the guns may show—the flat trajectory of modern field-guns the chief cause. Thus howitzers have been again introduced, yet the kopje holds its own.

A tactical manœuvre hitherto placed well to the front, known in military jargon as “preparation by fire,” has to confess itself beaten. Before a position can be stormed it must be “prepared” by a concentrated artillery-fire, directed, first against the guns of the defence, then, these silenced, on the point to be assaulted. Lord Methuen concentrated a great many guns—as many as he had, including naval guns—against every position he attacked on the march to Kimberley, with the result that the Boer guns were not disclosed till they were wanted at the next kopje. At Vaal Kranz, General Buller concentrated seventy-two guns,

including those of position, on the enemy, but it is doubtful if more than one or two guns were disabled; while as for “preparing” away the defenders from the point to be assaulted, they jumped up almost to a man with their Mausers as soon as our infantry appeared. Now the guns must be silenced before the infantry attack is launched: the failure to storm the Redan was owing to the Russian guns remaining effective, and meeting the assault with grape.

It is difficult to understand how the Boers have kept their guns during this artillery attack. The huge blocks of iron-stone of which the kopjes are built give excellent shelter from bullets, whether rifle or shrapnel, and largely from common shell, but against naval guns and howitzers firing heavy lyddite shells disjointed blocks of stone should add to the danger: earth is mostly wanting for head-cover, disappearing carriages are only useful behind thick earthen parapets, but where is so much earth to come from? The balloon must have seen such an enormous mass if it were there. The Boer guns did not reply to the “preparation” at Colenso and elsewhere; but they were always on the spot as soon as it ceased—they could not have been retired or moved into recesses. If such tactics in the case of heavy guns can be persevered with, an infantry assault should be a thing of the past.

We get a glimpse of Boer infantry protecting themselves in trenches 6 feet deep, the side

towards the enemy hollowed out at the base to give shelter to the men standing in the trench, while its original width at the top was not increased, the whole partially roofed over as protection against the weather, a wall of sand-bags along the front to afford head-cover to the shooting line. No doubt extremely few men held them, the trenches communicating with each other to allow reinforcements to come up quickly to any threatened spot. This deep trench some distance in advance of the position is new, and will account for the small loss our fire inflicted on the defenders, who were 100 yards or more from the position which was being "prepared." The advanced trench is nearer to the attack than it expects, and so comes as a surprise, which is again an advantage. An American journalist writing from Pretoria tells us "that the Boer new mode of fighting is to put great numbers of their best shots, armed with Mausers and using smokeless powder, out on the flat in rifle-shelters. On the sky-line of the hills they post their Martini-Henry men with the old black-powder cartridges. The latter are to draw the artillery fire, while the Mauser men in front are to shoot down the English infantry and cavalry at close quarters."

The Boers no doubt have unlimited native labour, otherwise to dig miles of trenches, tier above tier, as they have round Ladysmith and Magersfontein, would be impossible to a European army; while their ability

to transfer the defence to a threatened flank in time to meet a turning movement has put the tactics of the past at a disadvantage. At the same time, it is not an incident which will forbid flank attacks. There is no flank which cannot be turned, however mobile the defenders are, provided the attack gets round far enough, when these miles of trenches are but labour lost. Magersfontein and Colenso cost incredible labour, yet a well-directed movement forced them to be abandoned.

The prodigal use of barbed wire as an entanglement was possible to the Boers in South Africa, where it could be appropriated in vast lengths without payment. We have read of six miles of such entanglement round Magersfontein—probably an exaggeration, but still with a possibility of truth as to a mile or two. Now Chatham tells us that the area to be entangled is calculated by the square foot, and barbed wire being added, makes a plain wire entanglement more effective at the cost of time; but Chatham never contemplated entanglements by the mile, and it is doubtful if such great lengths add much to security against assault. Troops are not led against six miles of front. The most tempting points are chosen where the attack is intended to get in; the rest has to be contented with demonstrations. We can safely conclude that both trenches and entanglements were excessive.

The strategic movement on Bloemfontein was a masterly design, carefully calculated and

perfectly carried through. No doubt the attitude that Cronje might assume was an element of doubt at the outset; but in dealing with it Lord Roberts followed a sound tactical principle, "to bring the greatest force to bear on a given point at a certain time"—the given point being Cronje himself. Whether he fled north, or stood his ground, or decided on the course he adopted, he would find himself in face of a superior force. His disorganised flight was forced upon him by the sudden appearance of a cavalry division to isolate him on the Karroo in a position to which the propinquity of water tied him. Thus the initial success of the move is due to the well-ordered ride of those mounted men from the Riet.

The only cover available was in excavations made in the banks of the Modder. Now a laager is to a Boer what a fort is to any one else: in all wars with the natives it had been a feature, for it is proof against assegais and such guns as are supplied to Kaffirs. It had beaten the natives, but it could not save Cronje—it cannot stand against artillery. To make a laager, the waggons as they come up form an open square, each pushed end on against the one which came last; the desselboom underneath, so that the tail of the last touches the front of the preceding waggon; a trench is dug outside, and the earth banked up against the wheels till it reaches the body of the waggon; the Boers lying down fire over this bank, and others

in the waggon over the sides: thus a double tier of fire is brought on the level veldt outside.

Cronje surrendered on the 27th February to an infantry force almost worked out by the forced march of thirty-five miles from Modder river, followed by a very warm engagement on the 18th, and eight days' investment of a desperate enemy, the men on scanty rations owing to the capture of a convoy which was following; the cavalry skirting round many miles to the front to get touch with the Boers hurrying up to the relief of Cronje, and who had to be engaged and driven off in at least two well-contested fights.

On the 1st of March, two days after the surrender, General Roberts commenced his march on the capital, to find the enemy intrenched across his front. On the 7th inst. the cavalry turned their position and drove them off in a disorganised mob, to be caught up on the 10th inst. at Dreifontein, when they were again defeated; and at last, when they recovered fifteen miles farther east, and were reported to be holding the way with 12,000 men and 18 guns, General Roberts turned south and marched twenty-five miles to Venter's Vlei, where he was in rear of them and only eighteen miles from Bloemfontein, the cavalry reaching that place at midnight. The next day Lord Roberts took possession of the town unopposed, just a fortnight after Cronje surrendered, during which the infantry had marched ninety

miles across an almost waterless desert under a burning sun, had fought two actions successfully and avoided a third, all with comparatively slight loss. Mobility had changed hands: that which the Boers were wont to boast of had the bottom knocked out of it by the endurance and marching powers of British infantry; the brigade of Guards covered thirty-eight miles in twenty-eight hours, and at the end marched with their heads up into Bloemfontein. Not only was the original conception of the move sound, but every blow was followed up; blow succeeded blow with regularity and pertinacity; once hit, the enemy was given no time to recover; no matter how exhausted the striking of the blow left them, the men pulled themselves together and were ready to deal a second. Once get the enemy on the run, and that you cannot keep him going too fast, is sound common-sense tactics.

But it was not the troops alone to whom credit is due for this historic march. There are other soldiers of whom we hear very little but who do a great deal, on whose shoulders depends the very life of the men who march and of the horses who scatter abroad. Whatever faults have been found, none have been heard about the Army Service Corps. To feed an army of perhaps 40,000 men and 5000 horses, and to carry the belongings of these combatants along 600 miles of a single line of rails, with 100 more to follow across an almost track-

less desert, is what Lord Roberts asked of the Army Service Corps; and he was not disappointed. Nor were the men disappointed: it is the soldiers who know all about these quiet, business-like men who carry them and their baggage, who feed them with such regularity that of the 200,000 men in Africa how few have gone without their breakfast. Whatever faults exist in our army organisation, the Army Service Corps stands out a marvel of hard work. So little preparation to supply the troops had been made, that every ship-load which touched the coast during October and November had to be bought up, provided that it contained anything eatable by man or horse; yet so well did the Army Service Corps manage, that troops at the front have had fresh bread every day, there being hardly an instance where they had to eat biscuit. These things are better done now than they were. I remember when we marched up-country for Zululand the train turned us out on the veldt, with only a railwayman's shelter and a gang of naked Kaffirs in sight, and a nine-mile trudge in the dust, and latterly in the dark, to camp. We were hung round with many objects which the outfitters had told us were necessary in a campaign, were tired, and very hungry; so we pitched our tents and lay down in them. Then an orderly came round with the dinners, and he put them down outside: it was only a tin plate of flour, a junk of quivering beef, and a penny-

worth of sticks. When we had looked at them a man of the company came up, and he held out his plate of flour as if I should smell it: then he went away, for I could not answer his question and tell him what to do with it. The company went hungry to bed that night: we heard of a store three miles off, and dined upon sardines. The arrival of a "Winkler's" waggon in those days was a joy; for he sold jam, which was a change from trek-ox and biscuit, though it had to be paid for at veldt prices. Now jam is part of a soldier's ration, and frozen meat has taken the place of herds of cattle and all the unwholesome process of slaughtering them.

Without the railways the Army Service Corps could not have done what was done: transport did not exist or shape itself into practical form till Lord Kitchener arrived and took it in hand, and without cordial co-operation the railways could not have been counted on. Both the Cape and Natal lines are single and very narrow, with steep gradients, watering-stations scarce, and all the coal to be carried up from the coast some hundreds of miles away. Yet, until lately, troops and supplies have depended upon them. Soldiers arriving from all parts of the world marched out of the ship into trains standing on the other side of the quay, and were run up to the front before they could realise that they had landed in South Africa. Cavalry were sent to the "rest camp" before they entrained,

to allow the horses three or four days to recover from the effects of the voyage, and it was all done so secretly—invaluable in a land swarming with spies. People at Cape Town only heard of the arrival of a regiment when they saw its name mentioned in some engagement at the front: it had vanished in the unknown country beyond De Aar, to reappear unexpectedly at the farther end of the colony. The Cape Government railway is manned almost entirely by Englishmen, and no praises can be too high for the work done by them, or for the patriotism and zeal of the whole staff. Everywhere along the line the station-masters stuck to their posts when every one else had fled before the Boers; while the guarding and patrolling of the line required a very large staff of white and native patrols.

The possession of Bloemfontein is both a military and a political advantage. In the first case, it gave Lord Roberts a secondary base from which to start afresh, in direct railway communication with his primary base on the coast at Port Elizabeth or East London, 520 or 400 miles respectively distant. From Bloemfontein to Pretoria is only 250 miles, with a direct line of railway, which crosses a level country, free from mountain-ranges, the only obstacle being the Vaal river, crossed by the railway-bridge and many drifts. An advance northwards will threaten the communications of the Boer army in Natal, which would be forced to retreat, the Natal

Field Force in rear hurrying up its retreat, only to meet Lord Roberts at the one drift across the Vaal for forty miles. The buildings and neighbourhood of Bloemfontein lend themselves to the accommodation of troops and to the storage and forwarding of supplies: Harrismith, 190 miles north-east, is in direct railway communication with Durban. From a political point its occupation must go far to reconcile the Free Staters to our rule. They are more intelligent than the Boers, and have throughout retained contact with outside civilisation; and their capital has become an educational and social centre, for which it is largely indebted to the late President Brand, the esteemed head of a patriarchal Government, almost classical in its simplicity. So the Free State farmer recognises Bloemfontein as the home of much that is good, and is proud of it in consequence. The transfer of the Government of this ideal centre to another which would hold the reins justly, in accordance with his instincts and traditions, would soon reconcile him to the change which would be in name only.

The position of Pretoria is different: the Boers of the northern and eastern districts are of the lowest class of intelligence, ignorant of the first tenets of civilised life, who rarely stray beyond the limits of their farms. To these Pretoria is only a name, Lydenburg and Zeerust to them greater: to these men the fall of Pretoria into British

hands means nothing, unless the exchange extends laws to reach the boundaries of their farms, when they will say they wish Kruger was back. The Boers, except those under its direct influence, owe nothing to Pretoria, which exists only for the Dopper and his corruption. They know nothing about Pretoria, but they do know a great deal about the field-cornet: abolish him, and they will think something of us.

Men have been talked into this war because they had so much spare time to think over what they heard at the last town or read in the latest newspaper. In Africa manual labour is thought derogatory to a white man: Kaffirs work, Whites look on; a Boer does not drive his own waggon, his "boy" does that; at home he slouches round to smoke his pipe and order his Kaffirs; in an up-country store the proprietor meets you at the door for a chat and a smoke; if you step inside to make a purchase he saunters in and pushes the "square-face" across the counter—he may shove over the water-jug; if you want anything else he calls a Kaffir; if a troop of Kaffir girls steal in, he will hand down some packets of beads—perhaps open one—trade in beads requires tact. In Australia or Canada, where the climate is more suited to white men and coloured labour is scarce, the colonists do the work themselves: they have no time for talking politics.

No sooner were General Buller's troops across the Tu-

gela than they found that the Boers had evacuated their positions round Ladysmith, leaving a strong rear-guard to delay the approach of the relieving column, so as to allow them to withdraw their guns and other impedimenta. The original line of advance by the railway had to be abandoned after four days' obstinate fighting, as it was still strongly held with line upon line of intrenchments, which could only be taken by frontal attack; but to the west of the railway was Pieter's Hill, which commanded the entire line of the Boer defences and formed the key to the position. General Buller determined to capture it.

On the 27th inst. the Engineers succeeded in discovering a suitable passage about two miles farther down-stream, where the banks were sufficiently hidden to allow the bridge to be removed from its original position and reconstructed, when the troops making the flank-attack could pass. At daylight General Barton, with three battalions, crept down the river's bank to the newly constructed bridge, and, crossing by it, climbed an almost precipitous cliff, 100 feet high, which led to the top of Pieter's Hill. This was carried by assault, the enemy not waiting for the bayonet. This turned the Boer left, and opened the way to Sir C. Warren, with the 4th and 11th brigades, to assail the Boer main position, which was magnificently carried at the point of the bayonet by the 1st South Lancashire Regiment, the Boers flying wildly in the

utmost confusion, leaving everything behind them strewn about in their trenches. The road to Ladysmith was now open, and that evening the Natal Carabineers with the Composite Regiment rode through on the west, without opposition, to convey the welcome news. The next day General Buller occupied Nelthorpe, riding into the town during the afternoon to meet Sir G. White and the relieved garrison.

It is not too far back to remember the suspense, the catching of the breath, when those messages came in so quickly, following each other, on that Sunday morning in January: "Attack renewed, very hard pressed;" and the dull void that fell when the sun went down and we were left to think of those hard-pressed men. The story has been already told of that desperate fight, when the Boers in the early dawn crept up, barefooted, shouting, "Don't fire, we are the town guard;" when the few British on the hill flung themselves on certain death; when the higher heroism of each man stood out; when Digby Jones, the young subaltern of Engineers, as the three Boer leaders stole up Surprise Hill in the darkness after that day of fighting, shot Von Wyk, only to fall himself—the V.C., for which he was to be recommended, almost won. Six hundred dead, as many more wounded, and four months' shelling and starvation—it was a brave sight that England showed the world when her people heard the news that Ladysmith had been relieved. We saw that group

challenge the troopers, "Who goes there?"—"Ladysmith relieving army"; the tattered, almost bootless men, out of the scrub, crowding round, cheering very feebly; all that was left of soldiers—death, disease, and falling shells had done it; but, worse than all—almost the last words of the dying correspondent, Steevens, "Beyond is the world—war and love. You are of it, but not in it—clean out of the world. To your world you are every bit as good as dead."

Is it any wonder that the men who had endured needed a rest, or that Sir G. White longed to get away? In these four months much had been done: the enemy to be kept off his first care; the principal to construct works by which the number of men required to hold the circumference were reduced to a minimum; the points at which attack might be expected, as Cæsar's Camp, protected by redoubts of superior profile, the gaps between under their fire, and that from other works of lower profile, so that any advance must cover ground swept by a cross-fire. This would constitute the main line of defence, no doubt assisted by similar works in rear as an interior line, should the outer line be forced. In front of all would be the pickets and sentries, sheltered by breastworks or rifle-pits: thus the enemy would have to force his way through three lines of defence, each planned to offer increased resistance, while the points which he might choose as his way in would be swept by the

fire from two or more strongly constructed works. We know that all these outlying works were connected by telephone with headquarters, giving Sir G. White the power to rapidly concentrate at any threatened point.

But there were other anxieties that told on the devoted garrison and its commander,—the entire responsibility of keeping a determined, well-armed foe at arm's length, and the strain of supporting upwards of 15,000 human beings in order and contentment. Men at a distance read of the bursting shells, the savage attack, the daily sniping, of sudden death by fire, or sword, or pestilence, of nights passed in expectation of an attack, when the rustle of a leaf may be a footstep: but these are not what try a man's nerves. There is excitement there; the din of battle is but an interlude to talk about next day, a panorama of quick-moving objects. What kills is the monotony, the dreary dullness, one day as another—is there no end? nothing to think of, to laugh about, to hope for—only the dreary sameness.

The constant pop! pop! of the bullets irritates—it is so senseless, so meaningless. Will they never stop? Oh! for a fight, an honest fight out there in the open—anything but to be cooped up here with those everlasting bullets.

An experience of three months, under much the same circumstances, recalls this intolerable monotony—pop! pop! If they would only hit some one there would be method in the

awful repetition, but they never do—there is no change, always that silly, useless pop! pop!

And there are other things that wear into the brain: there are the spies. You know they are about you, watching everywhere, but you can't see them: perhaps that man that saluted just then is one—perhaps not. In Ladysmith it was impossible to detect them; the first thought when you decide to do something—"How many of them know of it?" It is the mysterious, the unknown, where the terror is. But even spies have their comic side. In the case of the somewhat similar experience already referred to, it was known that some of the civilians shut up with us were in communication with the enemy outside. One dark night a light was seen to flash from the town. The fort which saw it was a mile away over rough country, with an awkward spruit between and across this. Authority set out to spot that treacherous light: it was a sad, cold trudge; but the light was in front, and guided the grim party over everything till they were close upon it, still flashing. It came from a candle inside a loophole in a defended house, by which the officer in charge was reading a green-backed novel!—rank disobedience and a wiggling, but it all helped to pass the time. There is that ghastly picket duty, when the officer stands beside those heaps that huddle up in the cold night, and twist and groan, and mutter about bright things, when he wishes for a second pair of ears and that

his feet would thaw—he may not stamp them. A stick cracks, a night-bird croaks, the heaps start up to crouch and clutch their rifles—night after night of this—to-morrow and to-morrow; will it never end? is England never coming back?

Then the food question is always pressing. When that starved woman's face looks up at you, in her arms a fading scrap of child's life, "Only two spoonfuls of Swiss milk, and it will not die—oh, sir!" It is the women, poor souls, who are bravest. But they give trouble; they don't mean it. If there was a volley blazed off at us—the Boers like doing this at night; it is rather brave, and wakes the men, till it gets monotonous like all the rest—every woman would look out or run across to ask, "What is it?" And men don't like to see a woman shot. So it was arranged that they and their children should sleep in the women's laager, a stone wool-store in the centre of the town. Who was to sleep with them to keep order? There were fifty or more, many Dutch. Then our parson stepped out—he was a slip of a boy, rather starved, with a weak voice, and a tie that was always white—and he slept in that laager every night till it was done. Fifty women and that small curate—he was a hero, and his name was Spratt.

A dinner was arranged by the pretty daughter of the leading storekeeper, and "You know there will be a tapioca pudding." So she said to Authority, and clapped her hand to her mouth, for all

bread - stuffs had been impounded, and she stood out a traitress — and Authority looked stern and—laughed.

The liquor question is prominent most of all. It is the first thing seized, and the capture of it entails much artifice. A man on sentry is drunk — a whole picket goes to sleep, and the empty bottles betray them—Who did it? Where did it come from? Where was it bought? and so on for a tedious time. You know that the delinquent will not be found, yet the safety of the garrison depends upon it.

All this and more happened in Ladysmith.

The closing-in of her Colonies round England in her hour of need tells us that the men across the sea do not forget their fatherland. They have sent, unasked, their sons to fight with us: more than that, they have sent their hearts—spontaneously. Men in England, we confess it without reserve, have called these men colonists, with a small *c*; but others who have gone about the world, who have visited these Colonies, have been met by these people when they landed, have been their guests while they stayed,

and have bid them Good-bye on the landing-stage, call them men, honest, capable men, with their wits about them, whom they hope to meet again. And in England now, at last, we are learning as a fact that Colonists have carried home across the sea and keep it going there very much as we do here—with us heart and soul. It is the blood that does it! In the bush, on the veldt, in the snow these men are with us—always—for they are ourselves.

The present war is completely changing — or, rather, it has already changed—the relation in which the Colonies stand to the Mother - country in the matter of imperial defence. They have willingly fought for England and will do so again: if they do they will surely demand to have a voice in the quarrel. As Englishmen they appreciate the difference between right and wrong; can we wonder if they ask what it is that they are called upon to fight for? They have built up those great continents, in which they live, half-way across the world. Is their assistance to be refused when England wants it? They have helped her with their arms, can she not make use of their heads also?

THE PROSPECTS OF PEACE.

WITH the British flag flying over the Presidency at Bloemfontein, Cronje and his troops sent, or at all events ordered, to St Helena, Kruger and Steyn telegraphing to Lord Salisbury as to terms of peace, it is permissible to hope that this sanguinary war is drawing to a close. Although the only termination to this struggle which Great Britain could accept, from regard to her own security and honour, the safety of the loyalists, and the just claims of the Colonies, must be the unconditional surrender of the Boers, the extinction of the two Republics and their Governments, and the complete establishment of British authority throughout South Africa, we still hope and believe that it will be speedily attained. It causes us no misgiving that the terms of the telegram were as studiously insulting as the terms of the ultimatum. That is merely an incident of impolicy, further evidence, if we wanted any, that we are dealing with an imperfectly civilised foe. It is clear, in their own words, that they are reduced to a condition of "appalling misery and devastation," with, as they say, "moral and economic ruin" staring them in the face. In that position the interests of the defeated oligarchy and of the rank and file of the burghers are not identical. The former must keep up the game of brag and bluff to the end, other-

wise it ceases to exist. The latter must in increasing numbers be anxious to escape from an intolerable position.

The Boer Government at Bloemfontein has ceased to exist, surviving the Presidents' telegram by little more than a week. When the Government at Pretoria has also vanished, the "conditions" proposed in the telegram will be those of two private and irresponsible persons, who have both of them ceased to exercise any influence over the course of events. The certainty of impending impotence, the conscious loss of authority, were evident in their reckless disregard of prudence and State considerations. In the presence of overwhelming military power it is inconceivable that persons who really retained any sense of responsibility for their country and its inhabitants could have indulged in such idle taunts to their victors. It was the part of political clowns rather than of statesmen to talk in the circumstances of "the incontestable independence of both republics as sovereign international States," and to call for a complete indemnity to all rebels against the Queen's authority who had sided with them. The real object of the telegram was graciously to assure all whom it might concern that the oligarchy withdrew its ultimatum of last October, and no longer sought to eject British authority from

South Africa and establish its own ascendancy instead. It regarded the prestige of the British Empire as assured by its military successes, and felt convinced on reflection that its own purposes had always been limited to those of self-defence, in which it declared that it would persevere to the end. Lord Salisbury pointed out that the war had been very suddenly declared by both republics, after costly, secret, and prolonged preparations, when no infringement of the rights of either of them had ever been alleged, and in the case of one of them there had not even been any discussion. This war "has been the penalty which Great Britain has suffered for having in recent years acquiesced in the existence of the two republics." In view of the use to which they have put the position given to them, their continued independence could no longer be allowed.

The public approval which has been accorded to this declaration of policy has been almost unanimous. The Boers provided the occasion for making it, and it was to all appearance fully justified by the course of military events. There never was any other alternative, for any course short of the extinction of the two republics would amount to national defeat, treachery to the loyalists in South Africa on a still greater scale than in 1881, and an abandonment of all future claim to the loyalty of our Colonies. The British public is so fully roused to the

gravity of the situation as it affects the future of the empire that no other decision was possible. We must note, however, with profound astonishment that, on the very evening on which this telegraphic correspondence was read to the House of Commons, two well-known politicians, not however of any very great weight, Mr Labouchere and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, entered a protest against it, and declared that, notwithstanding all that had happened, the Boers should have their independence restored to them. In other words, that we should withdraw our forces, with the full certainty that in ten or twenty years' time they would be required to fight this contest all over again after the Boers had recruited and re-established their military strength. The former declared that the whole civilised world "protested against this attack on the rights of independent countries," that the Boers having been driven out of British territories, there was no ground for continuing the war. It was an iniquity, a disgrace, a crime, and a blunder even to propose the surrender of independence. Sir W. Lawson declared that a war to destroy the independence of two free republics was a cowardly and an infamous war.

It is remarkable that men in the constant habit of considering public affairs can be so wrong-headed. Whatever independence existed was derived from grants by the territorial sovereign, which did not

cede territory. In both cases it was most grievously abused, and a war inflicted upon us which has been costly in blood and treasure, and which even menaced the empire. It is now sought to restore the independence which has been the source of this great calamity; whether with or without limitations, with or without securities for the future, is not stated, and it is idle to inquire, since experience has shown that limitations and securities are alike without value. If the object of this war was only to eject Boers from British territories, it might have been omitted altogether; for in that case it would have to be repeated over and over again, and would be beyond our resources and not worth while. There will be no lasting peace unless we render future aggression impossible, by revoking an independence which ought never to have been granted. We believe that the Boers themselves will prove to be more reasonable than the fanatics in our midst. They are being taught by the hard facts of experience. They have learnt that their ultimatum was misconceived, and that their strategy, hopeful as it might have been at the outset, has miscarried. With the British flag flying at Bloemfontein, and the war localised, as it soon will be, in the Transvaal, their dreams of ascendancy and conquest are at an end. The real result is that they, as distinguished from the Dutch oligarchy which has exploited them to their ruin, are now

in direct relations with a Power which, in the words of Lord Roberts' proclamation, "bears the people no illwill, and is anxious to preserve them from the evils which the action of their Government has caused." The determined hostility evoked from all parts of the British Empire is not directed against themselves personally, but against the "mischievous outside influences" which have perverted their Governments. If an entirely hopeless struggle is persisted in, with desperation and a total disregard of life and suffering, or if their leaders direct wanton destruction of property for no practicable end, they may come to be regarded as *hostes humani generis*, and liable to the severest treatment which the safety of others prescribes. Lord Roberts' proclamation has borne excellent fruit in the Free State, and there is every reason to hope that a similar proclamation addressed later on to the Transvaal will have a like result. It is said that defections have been numerous already. It must be clear that Great Britain will no longer be trifled with, and also that the end in view is not oppressive, but aims at bringing to South Africa—in the words of Lord Roberts' Kimberley speech—"prosperity, peace, and liberty," in which the Boers of the late republics will eventually share on the same equal terms which are accorded to the Dutch in Cape Colony.

In order to share in that "prosperity, peace, and liberty," they must transfer their allegi-

ance from the Dutch oligarchy which has ruined them to the British Crown. Whatever Members of Parliament or conciliation committees may say to the contrary, Boer domination must cease from the Zambesi to the Cape, as having been shown by experience to be equally pernicious to Boer and Briton, and to be held in horror by the natives. It has been shown that whatever their good qualities, they can neither govern nor make war. As regards the latter, with all the advantages of the initiative, and of years of preparation, they have everywhere failed. They have been beaten off from two, and we hope from three, sieges. Their finest force and best general have by a single stroke of strategy been driven out of elaborately devised fortifications at Magersfontein, and driven into a nullah on the Modder river, guns and all, and kept there till Majuba Day, when they were compelled to capitulate. No one disputes their bravery, or, under competent leadership, their military efficiency; but they have been left behind in the race for civilisation, and are not equipped, either morally or intellectually, for the task of dominion which they rashly aspired to undertake. There is not a trace of their possessing either the organisation or the political capacity required either to ensure success or to cope with the tasks which success would have imposed. Their scheme was one of sheer mischief, prompted by hostility to everything British and civilised.

As regards their faculty of independent self-government, it presents an overwhelming argument in support of Lord Salisbury's declaration that her Majesty's Government will no longer assent to their exercising it. In President Kruger's hands republicanism was a mere name, and so was self-government. The controlling motive was hatred and hostility to everything British. A foreign oligarchy was established largely composed of Hollander Dutchmen, preferred to Cape Dutchmen as being freed from the status of British subjects. Its interests were diverse from those of the Boers, who wanted not domination over others but independence and freedom from the restraints of civilisation. Through Reitz, and afterwards through Steyn and Fischer, this oligarchy laid a controlling hand over the Orange Free State, and for all practical purposes self-government by resident farmers, who lived at too great a distance from one another to admit of concerted action, vanished and was demonstrably impossible. The two republics, whose racial animosity to the British was fed by increasing armaments, became mere tools in the hands of a dangerous oligarchy, whose avowed aim and propaganda were to substitute their own for British ascendancy. Self-government has existed only in name. It was not by self-government that tyranny, corruption, and a sanguinary war have been introduced into South Africa. It was by the total failure of self-government

that those results were brought about.

That self-government, which some politicians are so anxious to restore, has turned out to be, in the case of both republics, a nuisance both to themselves and their neighbours. Everything depended upon what leaders came to the front. Under President Brand, sound principles prevailed. With men like Kruger and Steyn, the permanent interests of the Boers were lost sight of, that the few might prosper. There is very little fitness for independence discernible amongst the Free Staters in their wilful blindness to the tyranny, corruption, and oppression which it is now admitted on all hands reigned at Pretoria. The Transvaal system of self-government and misgovernment has been so completely laid bare, in books, in parliamentary papers, and in these pages, that it is unnecessary to refer to it in detail, except to say that it was admitted by themselves in a report by their own Industrial Commission of inquiry. It was not even government for the people, let alone government by the people. It was an organised system of oppression and spoliation of the Uitlanders, who were regarded by their Government as hostile intruders, and who were taxed and despoiled in order to buy guns and armaments wherewith to coerce them, and received in lieu of all this plunder the discharge of none of the duties of gov-

ernment, either municipal or political.

An excellent account of the situation, which is worthy of attention now it is sought to restore it, has recently been given by Professor Edouard Naville, a most distinguished professor of the University of Geneva.¹ It is avowedly written from a foreign point of view, the intention being to put before his countrymen "a clear and unbiassed account," and "to disabuse their minds of the false and distorted views presented by the foreign press." The condemnation of President Kruger's system, and the vindication of the course pursued by this country, are complete. We are glad to see that the pamphlet has been widely circulated in French, German, and Italian; showing that the more respectable of our Continental neighbours desire an impartial and competent statement of a case which is interesting the whole civilised world. As the result of his examination of the question, he scouts the notion of comparing the Transvaal with Switzerland. In what, he asks, does the independent political life of the Transvaal consist? "Only two things: the oppression of the blacks, and making money out of the foreigners. The great nations which rule the world will ask, What is the use of small countries if these are the principles they represent, and if this is their usefulness? And what interest have we in preserving the small

¹ The Transvaal Question. By Edouard Naville, Geneva. W. Blackwood & Sons. Edinburgh and London. 1900.

countries, if they are only stones in the path of civilisation?" That is the impartial view of a foreigner of distinction who has carefully studied the question.

The Transvaal Boers, as many of them as are capable of it, had better reconsider their position by the light of this criticism. If they add to it that these selfish and oppressive oligarchies have been accumulating arms till they have become a standing menace to their neighbours, to all British subjects, and even to the British Empire itself, they will appreciate the intensity and unanimity of determination with which the whole British Empire, including all its Colonies all over the world, have resolved that Boer domination shall cease. The sooner the Boers realise it the sooner they will retire from a now hopeless struggle. Their liberties are not at stake. The whole principles on which British empire is founded forbid the withdrawal of their liberties, except perhaps temporarily, until South Africa is reorganised and the public peace thoroughly re-established. As Professor Naville says, estimating the position by the light of British history and character, "as soon as calm is restored there will be given to them, not the Raad, but a truly representative government, with a large measure of autonomy, and having at its head a governor appointed by the Crown." The Boer will become a free British subject: that is the total injury which defeat, however ignominious or complete, will inflict upon him. On

the other hand, to quote our Swiss champion, "tribunals will be instituted which will not be in the hands of the executive power: police, schools, municipal administration will not be long in being established, and those liberal institutions which make colonies like the Cape the freest of countries in the world." The Boer may well pause in a now hopeless conflict and ask himself what he stands to lose by defeat. It will simply mean, as M. Naville points out to him, that he will cultivate his farm in peace. "Nothing will be changed in his mode of life, except that he will not be compelled to do military service," of which it may be added he has recently had enough to last him for the term of his natural life, "nor will he be allowed to maltreat the natives who work for him." When one considers what a career of prosperity was before the Transvaal from the opening of their mines, and what very little wisdom it requires to govern a number of people who are prosperous and hard-working, the ineptitude and folly of Kruger's oligarchy are proved by their mere failure to understand and pursue it. The Boers flung away their chances when they passed under the yoke prepared for them by incompetent rulers, and now their own safety and prosperity, as well as the safety and prosperity of others, demand that their domination shall cease. They cannot reasonably suppose that Great Britain would have expended so much blood and treasure merely for the pleasure of renewing grants of independ-

ence which have been so shamefully abused.

Even apart from this war, the results of Boer domination have been far from advantageous to the Boers themselves. According to Mr Fitzpatrick's testimony, Mr Kruger gave great dissatisfaction by his policy of favouring members of his own clique, of granting corrupt concessions, of cultivating the Hollander faction, and allowing it to carry out its own views regardless of the general interests. He was regarded as responsible, through himself and his nearest relatives, for much of the plundering which went on. The Progressive party, as it was called, conducted a persistent opposition to him, only to find the Volksraad filled with his creatures. The hostility was to the methods of administration, the aim to establish "honest and decent government." The Boers did not share in the plunder which was gained by Mr Kruger's clique. They were exploited nearly as much as the Uitlanders in its interests: as the one set was taxed and plundered, the other was held in readiness to be commandeered. "And this," says Mr Naville, "is what disgusts us, that under cover of principles so dear to us all, independence and national honour, these brave men are sent to the battlefield to preserve for a tyrannical and venal oligarchy the right to share amongst themselves and distribute as they please the gold which is levied on the work of foreigners." The latest evidence of tyranny is Steyn's

proclamation that every Boer who signs submission to the Power in military occupation of his country is a traitor, and will be shot. Now that the consequences have been unfolded, even the Transvaal Boers may fairly ask themselves whether the horrors of this war are worth endurance, when success would only entail a renewal of Hollander oppression; while failure means that they will be eventually incorporated as free British subjects within a free British colony, on the same terms which their compatriots accept with satisfaction in the provinces all round them, and which they themselves, within living memory, have been known to welcome.

The unmistakable delight with which Cronje's force went into captivity as an escape from enforced participation in this struggle, was a striking incident in recent events. Three-fourths of it were Transvaalers; and they were overjoyed at becoming British prisoners, when the only result of final defeat will be to make them free British subjects. Numerous incidents and reports had led to the belief that the Free Staters were not merely weary of the war, but that, forgetting their own eagerness for it, they had become exasperated at the fatuity on the part of their government which had led them into it. Nor can they have failed to notice that while the ordinary burghers have been forced, even sjambokked, to the front, and, notably in the last attack on

Ladysmith, bore the strain of a murderous frontal attack, their President, who led them into the war, has on all occasions when fighting ensued been conspicuous by his absence. Mr Rhodes has drawn the attention of the outside world to this discreditable circumstance. Mr Steyn has occasionally harangued and telegraphed to his burghers—that is, to unprofessional citizen soldiers, of whom he himself is one—to encourage them to battle, but on no single occasion has he placed himself at their head. An American journalist with the Boers sent from Pretoria to the London ‘Times’ at the end of January a copy of a telegram from Mr Kruger to Mr Steyn, who was then in camp about eight miles from Jacobsdal—a very safe distance from actual hostilities. In it occurs this significant passage: “If we retreat, it is owing to cowardice. I have noticed that want of co-operation has caused us to evacuate our positions. My age does not permit me to join my sons, otherwise I would have been at the front by this time. Your Honour’s directions and advice must be before them continuously. . . . *Your Honour* must impress upon the officers and burghers that they must resist to the death.” And no doubt the old President meant, by example as well as by precept.

Dr Reitz, Mr Steyn, Mr Fischer, and Dr Leyds are credited with having been well to the fore when the proceeds of public plunder were being divided. They are not equally conspicuous, as far as we have

observed, when bullets are the only commodity distributable, and the hardships of camping-out replace the luxuries of ill-gotten wealth. When Bloemfontein was taken, the President, who had led his country to ruin, had escaped. As danger approached he found that his sphere of usefulness lay elsewhere. No doubt the Boers are as dissatisfied as Mr Kruger, and many of them may probably open their eyes to the “true inwardness” (to borrow a phrase much affected at the present time) of Boer domination. It means that they are launched upon schemes by which others are to profit, and which will not secure to themselves freedom from restraint or from any other of the ills of life; while to the Uitlander and to the native those schemes have all along meant the maximum of oppression and ill-usage which is possible in the neighbourhood of civilisation.

If Boer domination is hateful to Uitlander and native, and of no advantage to the Boer himself, it is from the point of view of British empire so subversive of peace, prosperity, and liberty that it must be abolished. The almost universal voice of Great Britain has pronounced its extinction. The Colonies, with statesmen of experience at their head, have joined in that decision. New Zealand, for instance, has declared that it will support the mother country to the last. As soon as the position was appreciated, and public opinion brought to bear upon its details, unanimity of resolution pervaded this world-wide

empire that such bare-faced oppression and hostility to freedom shall be brought to an end. Not even the most secluded of Boers can escape the influence of such widespread opinion. Whenever they have been victorious, almost the only sympathisers in the world have been what the Emperor of Austria calls "the rag-tag and bobtail of Europe." "Wherever there is," said a Vienna newspaper, "a cashiered officer, an expelled official, he is physically or morally to be found in the anti-English camp." Although honest men may from divers motives be arrayed against the English, nevertheless "in the same camp are to be found all the vagabonds of the universe, . . . all the reactionaries and absolutists on the one hand, and all the revolutionaries on the other." When news of British victories go round the world, like those of the capture of Cronje and the relief of Kimberley and Ladysmith, a universal shout of joy is heard from all quarters of the globe. The enthusiasm of our free colonial fellow-subjects is shared by the smaller nations of Europe, while the pro-Boer sympathies of the larger nations is not shared even by their own Governments, and are largely due to envy of a prosperity and freedom which they unhappily do not share.

If this war ends soon, there is no fear but that Lord Salisbury's policy will be carried into effect. If it is prolonged, it will be necessary to insist that any return to the *status quo*, demanded by a portion of

the Liberal party, will be tantamount to a disastrous defeat. There can be no "prosperity, peace, and liberty" if a hostile State is established and allowed to grow within the limits of British South Africa. This conviction is at present rooted in the public mind. War, however, produces weariness in time, and the specious pretences in favour of independence, generosity, and magnanimity impose on many minds. Influential organisations will be started to work them to the utmost. Lord Roberts had scarcely won his victory at Poplar's Drift before we heard of a conciliation committee being established at Cape Town, with a cry for peace issued by ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church, with a deputation to appeal to the English public. Lord Loch drew attention to the organised agitation amongst the Cape Dutch, made with a view to alarm the Government as to the ulterior consequences of a complete conquest. What is really desired is to undo the work of the war, restore the independence of the republics, and secure time and opportunity for promoting the union of hearts by fresh growth in arms and military power. The "nincompoops of politics," as Disraeli used to call them, will have a fine time of it when the Cape deputation arrives. Who could be so poor-spirited as to renounce generosity which will be at the expense of loyalists abroad and a later generation at home? Who could disdain a union of hearts except from the pestilent heresy

of attributing to the Boers a "double dose of original sin"?

At present there need be very little apprehension as to the stability of the public determination that there shall be no more independent republics for our enemies to utilise against us. As the Chancellor of the Exchequer observed in his Budget speech, the most important consideration of all in his financial policy was that the country should prove to its adversaries and its foreign critics, by the promptitude with which it met its liabilities, its earnestness in the work in which we are engaged;—"proof," he emphatically declared, "even more valuable than successes in the field." The work in hand is to effect a resettlement of the country on the principles laid down in Lord Roberts' proclamation. Lord Roberts is at this moment the ruler, in her Majesty's name, of what was the Orange Free State. Mr Fraser, the leader of the Progressives in opposition to Mr Steyn, surrendered the town; and his services, together with those of influential colleagues, will be used either in continuing the present local administration or in establishing a new order. There was no public proclamation that the old government was extinguished—and none was needed. The grantor of self-government quietly resumed, in the exercise of her territorial sovereignty, the authority which had dropped from the hands of the grantee.

This is the true policy, and we cannot believe that there

will be any real difficulty in carrying it out. Lord Loch may be accepted as an authority as to Dutch character, and he declared in the House of Lords that he was satisfied that "if a settlement was made on the principles embodied in Lord Roberts' proclamation, all opposition would cease, and that in a very short time after the conquest of the two republics is completed, the burghers in both republics would be found accepting the rule of Great Britain, and would soon be as loyal as any of her Majesty's subjects in the South African colonies, or as the French Canadians had proved themselves to be." Whenever alarms are expressed as to future unrest and hostility, and even as to chronic guerilla hostility, the writers always turn out to be pro-Boer, in favour of a return to the *status quo*. The increasing evidence which comes to hand of the Boer aversion to the continuance of this war and to its hardships and miseries, of Boer dissatisfaction, especially in the Free State, of having been encouraged to it by the inflated folly of their governments, makes one confident that Lord Loch is right. If it be so, the resettlement of the country cannot be a matter of difficulty. The Boers must be disarmed as far as the heavier armaments are concerned, and their future necessary possession of firearms regulated by regard for the peace and safety of the State; and they must be deprived of all control over the revenues of the mines, as the best security

possible against a renewal of the disastrous purchases of the past ten or twenty years.

When once the lesson is brought home to their minds, which is being taught by the increasing influx of British troops, by their defeats and the growing despair of their condition, and by the deportation of thousands of them to St Helena, a measure which we hope will be much extended, that the paramount Power means to be paramount and to quell all opposition to its rule, the work of pacification and re-settlement will be easy. If it is resisted and impeded, it can be prosecuted along the drastic lines suggested in our last issue; and we feel convinced that both colonists and colonial statesmen, whose love of liberty is as keen as their loyalty to the empire and its sovereign, will acquiesce in the government of South Africa being in that case assimilated for a time, and so long as is necessary, to the Government of India. The Crown, in any event, must be vested with sufficient machinery of administration to prevent all future preparations for armed rebellion, and all possibility of the future recurrence of such a catastrophe as the present. Approval of that policy is involved in the approval of the war and in the gallant and spirited co-operation which the colonies have afforded.

But the ultimate ideal must be to incorporate the burghers, notwithstanding all that has happened, into our South African system of polity, on the same terms and conditions as

the Cape Dutch are engrafted on it—viz., equal rights and privileges for the whites of all races, and freedom for the blacks. Having gone to war about the franchise, we must concede eventually the principle of representation; but we may choose our time and our securities against abuse, and even restrict and regulate the powers of representative bodies, so as to ensure peace, prosperity, and liberty. We have succeeded in Canada, and there is no reason, after the Transvaal Boers have been taught their place, why we should not succeed in South Africa. So far as we fail in the years to come to convert the Boers into free and loyal British subjects, we fail in our self-appointed task as the great colonising Power. In fact, the only difficulty which has heretofore arisen is that which was introduced by the policy of 1881, and aggravated by the Raid. Prior to 1881, race antagonism, or rather the mutual incompatibility of two conflicting forms of civilisation, resulted in the Boers trekking away from our restraints, and in our protests that they did not thereby escape subjection to the British Crown. They always needed our protection. The Orange Free State was reluctant to accept, in 1854, the independence which they have just lost. The Transvaalers were glad to escape from their independence and accept British protection from the Zulus in 1877. Recent political difficulties have all arisen from the cession to the Transvaal in 1881 of an independence which seemed to

be extorted by force of arms from ourselves on our own soil. British capitulation established a rival power in our own dominion, which served as a nucleus of disaffection, which was so administered as to revive and spread racial animosity, which ostentatiously displayed before the world British concessions to Dutch and Boer oppression of British in a form so exasperating, that the Colonies, as well as the home people, rose in opposition to it. This war will finally abolish Boer oppression, and by placing both races equally under subjection to the British Crown, will end the hostility of races and restore the growing fusion of an earlier time.

The dominant factor in the new situation must necessarily be the power of the Crown, joined with the resolute determination both of Great Britain and her Colonies to uphold it to the utmost that the prosperity, peace, and safety of the Colony require. We have no doubt that under its protecting ægis the resettlement of the country will be speedily effected. So long as the *pax Britannica* is secured and equality maintained, the securities to liberty and self-government conferred by representative institutions will not be long in following. In the interim and until Boer restlessness is finally appeased, the direct authority of the Crown may have to be enforced for a time by military occupation. When military ambition is put down, no difficulty will arise from different language, different personal law, and customs. We are familiar with

those incidents in Canada, and to an extraordinary degree in India, and have always dealt with them satisfactorily.

Undoubtedly the future of South Africa, if it is to be prosperous, peaceful, and safe, will require a steady and resolute persistence in a continuous policy by this country. It may be that the only way to secure this will be by the establishment of a separate Secretariat at home and a Governor-General in the colony. All of us have learnt that subjection to the Colonial Office is insufficient. There must be no pretence for a claim by any province that it is an international sovereign State; and there must be sufficient exercise of the authority of the Crown to reduce that pretence to an absurdity. Further, we must disabuse our colonists of the notion that loyalty does not pay, and that disloyalty is in the end the safer course. The precedent of the Indian Mutiny must be followed at least in its confiscation of the property of rebels, and in its liberal grants to those whose loyalty in the time of need deserved reward. Natal must have its political reward in extension of territories and in greater security for the development of its resources, its trade, and its railway traffic. If considerable expenditure is required for these purposes and for military occupation, there is great mineral wealth in the country which will owe its ransom to the British Government. The Boers have in a very few years raised their revenues, mostly derived from

the mines, from £177,000 to over £4,000,000 a-year, besides the amount levied by indirect plunder; and yet the mines paid well. The revenue so extracted and devoted to administrative work, including the task of maintaining an orderly Government, instead of being absorbed by Government officials, will probably be sufficient for the purpose.

It is often complained that there is no continuity in our foreign policy, and no possibility of establishing permanent alliances. There must be continuity in our colonial policy as regards South Africa, and a permanent establishment of Great Britain's permanent authority as the basis of its resettlement. The Liberal party, as a rule, in our past history has been the disturbing influence in these matters. But on the present momentous issue we are glad to see that a large portion of the party upholds the only possible policy on this subject consistent with the honour and safety of the empire.

Mr Courtney and Mr Morley appear to be the leading pro-Boer politicians of the day who are in favour of giving back their independence to the Boers. Both are political failures. Mr Courtney is practically out of political life, while Mr Morley has undertaken a vast political biography which requires his undivided attention, for it ought to be saturated by (in his case) a laboriously acquired sympathy with a strictly theological mind. Mr Morley's Forfar speech of more than two months ago is the chief contribution we have yet had to the pro-

Boer cause. It ought to have received more notice, for he met his constituents face to face in a decidedly plucky way. He described himself as a man who saw two facts while his opponents only saw half a fact. He vindicated his insight into facts by deriding the military power of the Boers, and yet deprecated a huge conflagration on a controversy as to a five or seven years' franchise, its extent being an exact measure of the power which he denied. He was good enough to admit that after the ultimatum the Queen's authority must be upheld, but that it was our policy which produced the ultimatum. And he says, "It is maddening to think that the well-intentioned people of this island should be the dupes of such a game of bulls and bears." His view is that we blundered into the war from Stock Exchange considerations, but that the Boers blundered into it too. To us it seems that the real blunderer is Mr Morley himself. No facts are given to show that the Boer ultimatum was not the result of deliberate policy and extensive preparation; or to show that either Great Britain or her Colonies were influenced by the Stock Exchange in accepting the challenge and in entering on a momentous struggle to defend the empire. There was a good deal of denunciation of the Government; but in defence of his extraordinary conclusion he had not even half a fact on which to rely. It is an almost universal conviction that this war has been planned for years and took us unawares, and

when a statesman comes forward to assert that it is a mutual blunder, he ought to be provided with some intelligible arguments which we can follow, and some facts on which we can rely. Yet this speech is, down to the present time, the most important one which has been made against the war, and there is absolutely nothing in it.

The public, as a rule, repudiate Mr Morley's view; but numbers reluctantly support the war, believing that it ought never to have occurred. The belief is founded on this, that the Boers had good reason to expect, and therefore to anticipate, hostilities. Undoubtedly they had, for their misgovernment and armed preparations to support it precluded any *modus vivendi* with them. It is this body which will be the nucleus of any opposition which may arise. We may expect that organised attempts will be made, as Lord Roberts' victories proceed, to interfere in favour of Boer independence—that is, to hand the Boers, or some of them, back to that tyrannous oligarchy from which Bloemfontein has celebrated its emancipation. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, on the first night of the session, showed his foresight on this point, and wished as a party leader to keep his hands free, but was not allowed. In an elaborately prepared sentence he pledged his party to support the war, so that "the integrity of the

Queen's dominions may be vindicated, and a *successful issue* attained." It was a pledge which could be construed hereafter to mean that he was in favour of peace as soon as invasion was repelled. Mr Balfour immediately challenged his support "until we make ourselves absolutely supreme over the whole region of South Africa." The Opposition leader impliedly assented, and Sir E. Grey emphatically repudiated, without any dissent from his leader, the narrow construction put upon the pledge. The invasion has been repelled so much more speedily than was then anticipated, that no opposition to the war has sprung up of which a party leader can avail himself. The incident, however, was worth noting, and probably has been noted, by all pro-Boers. Both parties for the present remain pledged to a policy of annexation and supremacy, or, as we should prefer to phrase it, that Boer domination shall cease, as inconsistent with the peace, prosperity, and liberty of Boer and Briton, black and white. We are not annexing territory which does not belong to us. We are revoking a grant of self-government which has been flagrantly abused and forfeited by declaration of war. If that resolution is persisted in, and Great Britain shows by her reorganisation of the country that it is immovable, it will cancel the painful memories of the past and inaugurate an era of prosperity.

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THE NEW HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

LAST August Mr Andrew Lang contributed a paper to 'Maga' entitled "History as she ought to be wrote," sounding therein the coronach over the last readable historian. He complained, with only too much truth, that the modern school sacrifices all go and grace upon the insatiable altar of accuracy, and maintained that history needed only proper handling to compete in popularity with "problem" novels.

"The style and touch," quoth he, "of Professor Maitland, as in 'Domesday Book and Beyond,' are charming and buoyantly light in comparison with those of certain authors of modern romance. The public, in short, can undertake very hard and heavy reading, where some applauded novels are concerned; yet history, as now written, is neglected."

Now, it was known at the time this paper appeared that Mr Lang had put hands to a heavy task. He had undertaken a new history of Scotland, and it may be imagined that serious students set themselves to watch how he would carry his principles into practice. "What manner of man is this," they said among themselves, "who reproveth the elders? Go to! is he not a weaver of essays and a maker of lyrics? Who is this that should teach us how to be precise without being prosy?"

Well, the first volume is before us, and a very notable addition to historical literature it proves to be. It will not supersede the priceless studies of limited periods by Hailes,

A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation. By Andrew Lang. Vol. I. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1900.

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Cosmo Innes, Skene, Robertson, and the like; but the evidence upon which these relied is weighed and their conclusions collated, confirmed, modified, or refuted in the light of documents exhumed since they passed away, and the long narrative flows forward, occasionally fretful but never sluggish, ruffled on the surface here and there but never obscure. Had not the title '*Flores Historiarum*' been appropriated six hundred years ago, it might have been given most fittingly to this work; for here we have the flowers of history, not sapless, trim, and brown, as in the sheets of a herbarium, but with much of their wild fragrance and native colour restored to them.

Insight into *τὸ ἀνθρώπειον*—human motive and circumstance—preserves the chronicle from conventionality: if a Scot's natural prepossession sometimes hardens the author's judgment against the enemies of his country, he never burkes the evidence in their favour: the main facts and arguments are stated or indicated with perfect fairness. More than that can be asked of no historian; we should not be satisfied with less than his own conclusion upon them. As long as human passions endure and every question has two sides to it, so long must controversy be inseparable from history: he who writes it, even in the comparatively bloodless form of the '*Annual Register*,' must let his opinion appear, or he will be merely insignificant.

About the dim antiquity of Scotland probably not much

more remains to be told than Mr Lang has condensed in his opening chapters. New manuscripts lie beyond the limit of reasonable hope. Ninian of Galloway performed his mission in Scotland during the last days of the legions. More than seven centuries after his death, a Gaelic biography of the saint, probably contemporary, came into the hands of Ailred of Rievaulx, who, with destructive zeal, rendered it into Latin, and doubtless expunged much local colour that would be simply priceless at this day. We shall never recover the original; we can only mourn over the good bishop's eagerness to be genteel, and the cost we have to pay for his diligence in what he complacently describes as "the task of rescuing from a rustic style, as from darkness, and of bringing forth into the clear light of Latin diction the life of this most renowned man; a life which had been told by those who came before me, truly indeed, but in too barbarous a style." Ecclesiastical translators are the better of a watchful eye upon their work: Ailred naturally set more store by miracles than by references to Roman governors and soldiers, or by descriptions of country society. Indefatigable antiquaries will continue to exhume scraps and shards, adding to our acquaintance with primitive social details; but the main facts are tolerably well settled already. Even the origin of the Picts, claimed as Celtic by Skene—as non-Aryan by Stokes and Rhys—would retain more interest as a "gangin' plea" could one point out an

individual Piet with as much certainty as a Gael or a Lothian Scot. Mr Lang is the reverse of pusillanimous; he glories in the clash of steel (witness his onset upon Professor Goldwin Smith in last month's 'Maga'); therefore it must be in sheer weariness and indifference that, after reviewing the arguments upon every side of the Pictish problem, he abruptly leaves the decision "to the judgment or taste of the reader." It is essentially a matter for specialists in ethnology, and really has little bearing upon the general course of Scottish history.

In like manner as astronomy grew out of astrology, so the science of archæology has been evolved out of the blundering but praiseworthy industry of the early antiquaries. Having passed through successive phases of credulity and scepticism, and working now upon sound comparative lines, archæologists are indispensable guides to the historian, nor does Mr Lang despise their aid. It was not very long ago that almost all relics of the distant past were set down to the score of the Romans. As lately as 1873, Hill Burton wrote extravagantly that "there are more known and recognised Roman camps in Scotland than in all the rest of the world." Then followed a period of excessive scepticism, in which the Roman origin even of such works as those at Birrens and Ardoch was called in question. Here the spade confirmed popular tradition—Birrens and Ardoch have lately been established beyond all doubt as stative camps; yet remembrance of

the conquerors has been more fleeting, their influence more slight, in Scotland than in any other land brought under their dominion. Barbour describes Robert Bruce beguiling the tedium of his hiding in the borders of Lorn by reciting to his followers, not the gests of Julius Agricola and Severus, but of Scipio and Hannibal, of "worthy Ferambrace and doughty Oliver."

"The record of the long resistance of the English of Scotland to England, of the long resistance of the Celts of Scotland to the English of Scotland, of the attempts at union, often defeated, much disputed, and finally successful, is the history of the country. On this history the Roman occupation, so potent in other lands, made scarcely a mark. A few camps and other material relics remain, but by one of the paradoxes of Scottish history, the Roman law came later to affect the law of a state on which the arms and civilisation of Rome had left hardly a trace; while Southern Britain, so long a regular Roman province, is singularly uninfluenced by Roman law."

Mr Lang deals as we should expect he would with the miracles of the early saints—tenderly, to wit, and curiously. In some respects Cuthbert disappoints him. He was a successful missionary, no doubt, but as a rule his miracles were deplorably utilitarian. He is miraculously fed; he predicts the weather and heals the sick; "but," adds the author with a sigh, "only rare cases of telepathy or second-sight are recorded." Columba was far more satisfactory in regard to the supra-normal. "Friends, very properly, kept tablets on which they wrote down the saint's premonitions, so that

there might be documentary evidence that they were actually made before the event." Nevertheless, how insidious is the sceptic spirit! It is sad to find the natural man opposing the evidence of his material senses even to the testimony of the tablets. One day Columba miraculously informed some fishermen that the next draught of their net would take a very large salmon; and of course it did so, or the tablet would have remained blank. Unluckily Mr Lang knows at least as much about fishing as about second-sight; hence his comment upon the incident is wanting in reverence.

"This occurred on the Shiel, which, even in spate, is as clear as a chalk-stream: you can see your fish and cast over him. 'The power of miracles here appears accompanied by prophetic fore-knowledge,' says Adamnan, who, perhaps, had never fished the Shiel."

Now, it may be objected that this is all very entertaining, only it is not history. Possibly, but it is stuff without which history cannot be understood. The infancy of nations—their beliefs, their myths, their simple hopes and nameless fears—bear as real a part in their history as the childhood of a great man does in his subsequent accomplishment. It is far more important to know what our early fathers believed and how they worshipped than to remember the exact succession of kings or the precise dates of battles. For our own part, we greatly prefer to learn about these things from a writer who is not ashamed of his frank sympathy with and enjoyment in them

rather than from the superior person who deals apologetically with them as mere superstitions.

But let us pass forward to firmer ground, and examine this author's handing of later stages of the national story. The making of Scotland was a long process: it was not until the reign of Alexander III. that the overthrow of King Hako of Norway at the battle of Largs in 1263 put an end to Norse dominion upon the mainland and Western Isles, and Scotland at last became something more than what Metternich once called Italy—"a geographical expression." Mr Lang, we submit, does not give King Alexander his due share of credit for this. He has no praise for his diligence in government and justice, for his sagacity in foreign relations, especially with Henry of England, for his encouragement of industry and commerce, for his incessant activity in visiting all parts of his realm, teaching the people to recognise in their ruler a real promoter of their welfare, and in his government something more than a machinery for exacting tribute and service. Patriotism is a fine plant, but it soon withers upon a soil in which self-interest is no ingredient. Wallace reaped and Bruce threshed the harvest which Alexander III. sowed; and the historian who finds space for the friar of Lanercost's tittle-tattle about Alexander's excursions *par amours* might have devoted a paragraph to his excellence as a monarch. "Let no one," says the more generous Fordun, "question the salvation

of this king because of his violent death; *he who has lived well cannot die ill*;" while Wynton quotes a lament for the plenty and prosperity which vanished with the last of the "Kings of Peace."

The death of Alexander, followed so closely by the wreck of the fair scheme for the marriage of his granddaughter and heiress with the heir of England, lands us straight in the crucial period of Scottish history. It hinges upon the suzerainty question — which opens up a very ocean of controversy, wherein it seems bootless to plunge the reader in a mere review, upon the interpretation of Latin legal phrases in documents of which the authenticity has been called in question. Except Heron, no Scottish historian has ventured to take the English view, any more than hereafter will any Dutch writer admit that Mr Chamberlain had any case in his dispute with President Kruger. Mr Lang holds with Mr Robertson that the homage done to William the Conqueror by Malcolm Canmore in 1072, at Abernethy, "for all that he had," affords the only plausible argument for English supremacy. William the Lion submitted, under the treaty of Falaise in 1174, to conditions even more onerous than those imposed by William the Conqueror; but sixteen years later Richard Cœur de Lion allowed the Scottish king to buy up that treaty, which was thereupon annulled. International relations reverted to the *status quo ante* Falaise. If the validity of the Abernethy treaty

is admitted (and Mr Lang does not dispute it, although observing that it is disputable), then it is scarcely fair to blame subsequent English kings for endeavouring to enforce their rights under it. Probably Richard Cœur de Lion, in pressing want of cash for his crusade, was remiss in making sure that he was not giving away too much,—just as Lord Derby, when consenting to a new treaty with the Transvaal in 1884, left it in doubt how much of the 1881 Convention remained in force, and the Queen's Government has had to take arms to clear it up. Yes, argues Mr Lang, but Henry III. gave the English case away because he neither held, nor tried to hold, Scotland during the minority of Alexander III., which it was his right to do had Scotland been a fief of the English crown. Now, it does not seem clear that the right of suzerainty lapses by reason of omission to enforce it upon every occasion. Was not the right safeguarded by that ever-recurring phrase, *salvo jure suo* — "saving his just rights,"—which tries Mr Lang's equanimity so sorely? When the English king uses it, it is a "loophole" and "pettifogging"; but when the identical words are employed by the Scottish king no objection is taken. Two years after his accession, King Alexander married Margaret, daughter of Henry III. It may surely be conceived that, however firmly he believed in his rights over Scotland, Henry might be acting under motives of expediency

and convenience in not raising troublesome questions under such auspicious circumstances.

But let us not be drawn into the endless dispute. We have only touched upon it thus far because it brings us to the only question upon which we can pick a quarrel with Mr Lang—namely, his doubts about the sincerity of Edward I. in the validity of his claim. Perhaps it is our own prepossession for one of the noblest of English kings that makes Mr Lang's judgment in this most complicated affair seem not quite free from bias. "Edward," says he, "must have known the fact about William the Lion's homage to Richard after the renunciation of the treaty of Falaise." Now William the Lion's homage to Richard was on the basis of the Abernethy convention, though of course it originated long before that. It is surely not too generous to credit Edward I. with a belief that the King of Scotland was thereby "his man." Mark that Edward's honesty in asserting the claim is a thing quite apart from the justice of that claim. When Edward's brother-in-law, Alexander III., died, Edward conceived the sagacious and pacific project of laying the contention to rest for ever by uniting the two realms in the persons of his own son and his grand-niece, the Maid of Norway, now Queen of Scotland—a project that received the assent of the Guardians of Scotland, and of her bishops, barons, and "all the community," the last, it is true, being difficult to define in the absence of representative institutions. Civil war

had broken out already between the rival *prétendants* Bruce and Baliol; Bishop Fraser of St Andrews wrote imploring Edward to approach the Border "for the consolation of the Scottish people." Suddenly all hopes were wrecked by the death of the Maid. Anarchy was imminent in Scotland, such as no reasonable ruler would permit at his doors,—such as the Government of the United States found intolerable in Cuba: could Edward afford to waive the right which he had been instructed from boyhood was attached to the crown he wore? a right which gave him a title to support against all rivals whatever king might succeed to the Scottish throne, and a title to control him if such king proved powerless to maintain order. All the difference with Mr Lang, which we desire most respectfully to express, is that he has not made due allowance for Edward's duty to his own realm in very difficult circumstances; that there is not a shred of evidence to show that he doubted the inherited obligation of maintaining the claim of suzerainty; that, admitting that he departed from, or strained certain clauses in, the treaty of Birgham, and exceeded his rights in what he demanded of John Baliol, to say that "he never kept faith when he could help it," that he had "a peculiar genius for pettifoggery," "was a man of loopholes and escapes from his word," and that he tried "to wriggle out of his promises," is surely not quite in the spirit of "History as she ought to be wrote."

For his suspicion of Edward's

honesty, Mr Lang makes noble amend in respect to the charge of cruelty which has been far more persistently pressed against *le Roi Covetous* in his dealings with Scotland. The English penal code, forest laws, &c., are well known to have been much more severe than the Scottish, but until his wrath was inflamed by Bruce's treachery and crime, Edward dealt very leniently with those who resisted his authority. Thus, after the taking of Stirling—

“Edward, on the whole, showed a sagacious clemency. He slew not, though he imprisoned, and he desired to send some knights abroad in token of his displeasure. The Bishop of Glasgow (who had, of course, broken his fourfold oath) had a similar sentence. Very different were to be the tender mercies of the House of Hanover.”

Even after Bruce's revolt, Mr Lang shows that the “kages” constructed to hold the Countess of Buchan and Mary Bruce were not the hideous instruments of torment suggested by the term. They were simply rooms—*chambres cortaises* is the description in the official orders for their construction—within turrets, and guarded by a lattice of iron and wood. There was a good deal of hanging, to be sure, at this time,—Edward's cousin Athol, Nigel Bruce, and others; but, reflects the Jacobite Lang, “his vindictiveness did not exceed that of the Hanoverian government in the age of Hume, Johnson, Horace Walpole, and Voltaire. . . . Edward had pushed the policy of clemency and trustfulness very far: he had invariably been met by perjury and revolt. His char-

acter is not wholly amiable; but we must admit that he had now unprecedented provocation. His opponents were not fighting, as Wallace fought, for king and country; they were fighting, at this moment, for their own hands.”

To the circumstances of the slaying of John Comyn by Robert Bruce Mr Lang gives a great deal of patient care. The information upon these circumstances Mr Hume Brown pronounced to be of “the vaguest,” and seems to have thought he had discharged his duty as a historian by describing this cardinal point in the national destiny in a single brief sentence. “On February 10, 1306, Robert Bruce, the grandson of the claimant, slew John Comyn, the late regent, in the chapel of the Minorite Convent at Dumfries.” Positively not another word about the whole of this momentous affair; yet, so far from being of “the vaguest,” the information which has come down to our day from a number of sources is not only copious but minute. Unluckily, the accounts of various authorities do not tally except in the bare facts of the murder. Mr Lang carefully collates them, and then sums up as follows:—

“While Fordun's tale is a *Märchen*, Gray's version implies deliberate murderous intention; but it is clear that Bruce had made no preparations for holding out against Edward. . . . We may suppose that a sudden quarrel broke out between two men who, long before (in Selkirk Forest, 1299), had flown at each other's throats, and that Bruce's act was an unpremeditated, but not unrepented, manslaughter. The inveterate waverer was thus baptised into heroism by

blood ; he redeemed his character by a crime ; and a life of strenuous excellence began in a sacrilegious homicide."

Some people will discern an excess of charity in this judgment, and may be inclined to ask, if "Bruce had made no preparations for holding out against Edward," what was the object and result of his secret treaty with Bishop Lamberton of St Andrews in June 1304, whereby the peer and the prelate bound themselves "in view of future dangers" to assist each other in all time coming against all persons whatsoever ; that neither should undertake any business without consulting the other, and that each should warn the other of any approaching danger. Lamberton was a busy man, no doubt, and may have occasionally overlooked an engagement, but it was rather too strong an order when, having been brought to book and asked to explain the consistency of this treaty with his fealty to Edward and his oath as a privy councillor, he calmly said he had forgotten all about the secret league with Bruce ! If Bruce had forgotten it also, such defective memory in exalted personages would go far to palliate their grievous proneness to perjury.

Upon another occasion, and in a different posture of affairs, Bruce's conduct is less leniently appraised by Mr Lang. It was nine years later than the affair at Dumfries ; *le Roi Covetous* had gone to his rest ; Edward of Carnarvon was running his pitiable course ; Bannockburn had been lost and won, and the realm of Scotland was under

the sceptre of Bruce, who confiscated the lands of all who would not come in to his peace—that is, who would not acknowledge him as their king. Quoth Mr Lang : "It was not good feudal policy to drive unfaithful subjects desperate by confiscation. . . . Bruce's forfeitures were, for many years after his death, fatal to his country." What, then, would have been the wiser course to take with *intransigenti*, many of whom owned as much or more land in England than they did in Scotland ? In the present happy age, when the whole armed force of the country is subject to the will of Parliament, and it is nearly everybody's interest to back up the police, we can, and do, afford the experiment of killing treason with kindness. Not until anarchists take to pranks with dynamite does the Government begin to treat them to hard labour instead of soft sawder. But it was far different in the fourteenth century, when the levies did their lords' bidding, and the king relied for his army on the loyalty of landowners. Mr Lang does not exaggerate the trouble which came from the disinherited lords ; but if these had been left to come in or stay out at their pleasure, might not the king have foreseen trouble from among his own followers also, of whom many had suffered forfeiture both of English and Scottish possessions in his cause ? How little reliance could be placed upon disinterested loyalty was to be shown a few years later in the de Soulis conspiracy, of which the

king's own brother-in-law, Sir David of Brechin, with a record of splendid service to his credit, was in the secret, and suffered a traitor's death. Barbour says that when de Soulis was apprehended he had a retinue of three hundred and sixty squires, "outane (besides) knichtis that war joly." Considering the power which the feudal system placed under direct control of landowners, how contagious was the force of example, and how much imperfect communication tended to foster sedition, no other course consistent with safety was possible to the king but that which he took. There is not a single act recorded in Robert Bruce's life, subsequent to the tragedy in Dumfries, inconsistent with singular clemency to his enemies—foreign or domestic—but it would have been clemency carried over the bounds of common-sense to allow some of his powerful subjects, who were subjects also of another and a hostile king, to use their power and position as levers against his own.

To what use did the Scots put their independence when they got it? Alas! not a very profitable one.

"From the hour when James I. was hacked to pieces in a drain the history of Scotland, for 150 years, revolved in one sad circle. Each king, dying young in war, or by the hands of assassins, or of sheer fatigue and broken heart, left a minor to succeed him. The minority was filled by the intrigues of unscrupulous plotters, to whom the person of the king was much like the Great Seal, a thing to be seized and used by force or fraud. Each king, as he came to full age, threw off the yoke of the party which had held his youth in thralldom. Executions and

confiscations followed, and these left their heritage of vendettas to distract the remainder of the reign, and bequeathed their generation of renegades, often Douglasses, to intrigue with England. . . . The same old tragedy is repeated, with slight changes in the names and dresses of the characters."

Each king, as he came to manhood, seized the sceptre with the best possible intentions of vigorous justice and watchful administration; each found himself unequal to circumstances, and the good intentions went as material for the proverbial pavement. The exception was James III., an æsthetic dreamer, with hazardous tendencies to theological controversy and vindictive sentiments towards "wiches." He had no particular intentions of any kind, save to encourage musicians and architecture: but his nobles disapproved of his consorting with "fiddlers and bricklayers"; his taste for *cinq-ue-cento* jewels they considered priggish; and so, as his murderers phrased it, he, too, "happinit to be slain," almost within a bow-shot of the spot where Bruce overthrew de Bohun on the banks of Bannock.

None of the Stuarts began with better intentions than the first James, "the ablest and not the most scrupulous" of them. Determined that "the key should keep the castle and the bracken-bush the cow" throughout his realm, his headsman and hangman enjoyed no sinecures. But his initial *coup d'état* was not so sweeping as Tytler, Burton, and others have made out, misreading a confused sentence in Bower's Chronicle.

Murdoch of Albany, his son Montgomery, and his secretary, Alexander of Otterburn, were the only persons arrested in the 1425 Parliament,—not, as has been widely circulated, six-and-twenty chevaliers also, who had been knighted on Coronation Day. But parliamentary life under James I. was full of hazard. Every session was a trap for the Opposition; the Government whips enjoyed enviably effective means for keeping a majority. In 1427 (Mr Lang has forgotten to mention the year) Parliament was summoned to meet in Inverness. An earlier Parliament had recorded with disapproval that “Hieland men commonly reft and slew ilk ane uther,” and the cow left to the protection of a bracken-bush might have been discounted at once in beef-steaks for somebody else. How James applied the remedy of strong government and with what effect is told by Mr Lang in a couple of delicious paragraphs:—

“Donald of Harlaw had been succeeded in the lordship of the Isles by his son Alastair, who sat in the court that condemned the Albanys. He came in response to the summons, as did his defeated foe, Angus Dubh Mackay, with Kenneth Mòr Mackenzie, James Campbell, and all the north. Campbell had previously been sent to bring John Mòr, Alastair’s uncle, before the king, and had incidentally slain him. . . . Some of the chiefs, who came trusting to James’s honour, were promptly and perfidiously seized, imprisoned, or hanged. . . . James Campbell, the slayer of John Mòr, was among those executed. Alastair was released after a short imprisonment, and showed how he liked his treatment by burning Inverness (1429). James pursued him with an army, and came up with him in Lochaber. Alastair was deserted by

Clan Gilliequhatan (Clan Chattan) and Clan Cameron: next year Clan Chattan burned a church, with Clan Cameron in it.”

With so light a touch does Mr Lang outline the events of this grimly grotesque age that one might suspect him of being superficial, but in truth he is far from that. He has the knowledge and fortitude to weigh evidence; and even ballads, dearer and better known to him than to most of us, are sometimes put in the balance and found wanting. A hundred years later than the bloody Parliament of Inverness, another James, fifth of the name, made an equally vigorous attempt to establish law and order in another part of his realm. Having laid up the chief lords of the Marches safely in ward, James proceeded to deal in person with the riding lairds. The chief incident in his progress was the hanging of Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie on the ash-trees of Carlanrig, together with his followers to the number of thirty or forty; and the allegation borne by a tablet recently erected at the place, to the effect that Gilnockie “came in” relying on the king’s word for his safety, has been supported by successive historians. Even the scrupulous Pitcairn says that Gilnockie “was most basely betrayed”; and nobody seems to have doubted it till last year, when Mr Hume Brown stirred some indignation by observing coldly that the method of Gilnockie’s capture had “not been satisfactorily explained.” Mr Lang goes further: he shows that the utmost which can be proved

from contemporary evidence is that Gilnockie was enticed into the presence of the king by a device of his servants, and he suggests that historians have been beguiled by the glamour of the famous ballad. Of the king's treachery he pronounces the evidence to be "late, erroneous in detail, and Protestant, therefore hostile." Lindsay of Pitcottie was alive at the time, and, hotly Protestant though he was, makes no direct charge against James's honour.

"So when he [Gilnockie] entred in befoir the king, he cam verrie richlie appaelled, trusting that in respect he had cum to the kingis grace willinglie and voluntarlie, not being tain nor apprehendit be the king, he would obtain the mair favour."

But Mr Lang cannot cite Pitcottie in defence of James, refusing all credit to his authority by reason of the many erroneous statements and dates he has detected in that charming writer, "although for quaint interest he is the Herodotus of Scotland." Certainly it would never do to hang a cat upon Pitcottie's unsupported allegation, and it would be rash to acquit a king thereon. Indeed it strikes one that King James must have been either incredibly simple or uncommonly crafty, if, when he saw the culprit riding with forty followers into the trap, he abstained from inquiring what means had been employed to bring him there. It seems almost certain that Gilnockie must have received assurance, direct or indirect, before running his head into such a noose. That Mr Lang, with all his love for ballad lore, rejects the imputation

upon the king's honour, only increases our reliance upon him as a faithful guide through the murky maze of Stewart history. Nobody can doubt that he is of one mind with those "monie Scottis menne" who, as Pitcottie says, "heavilie lamented Johnne Armstrang, Laird of Kilnockie, for he was ane doubtit [redoubtable] man, and als gude ane Christane as evir was vpoun the Borderis. And albeit he was ane lous leivand [loose living] man, and sustained the number of xxiiij weill-horsed able gentlemen with him, yitt nevir molested no Scottis man."

Reverting for a moment to the reign of the fourth James—the dark story of Flodden is well told: the excellent sketch-map of the battlefield greatly assists the understanding of what brought about the disaster, and tempts one to wish that other battlefields had been illustrated in like manner. Especially of Bannockburn would a plan have been instructive, were it only to show how fatally James IV.'s tactics differed from those of Bruce. There is a curious physical resemblance between these distant fields. In both, the Scottish army took up a position on rising ground to the left of their camp; in both, the front of that position was protected by a morass with a single narrow crossing. As Bruce did at Bannockburn—"James might have sat still on Flodden Ridge and awaited Surrey's attack, if attack he did. James was well provisioned; not so Surrey, who could not have long maintained his position

or kept his men together." But, unlike Bruce, James was badly served by his outposts and scouts. He knew nothing of the English whereabouts till their advanced-guard came in view. Then, still more unlike Bruce, he set fire to his camp, and descended from Flodden to give battle. Surrey's generalship was so imperfect, his supplies so deficient, his communications so badly kept, that there ought to have been no difficulty in inscribing Flodden upon the roll of Scottish victories.

"The saddest circumstance is that the English had been deprived of beer for three days, and could hardly have endured another day of drought; while it is melancholy to think that if the Scots on Flodden side had sat still, drinking their beer, which the learned bishop [of Durham] highly commends, the force of Surrey, unvictualled, would have melted like a mist."

After all, there is an element in the turn of battles which lies beyond all material causes. James was foolhardy and over-chivalrous; he threw away his chances and the lives of his good soldiers. But he was not more foolhardy than Bruce had been when he accepted in person de Bohun's challenge on St John's Eve in 1314. The risk was not nearly so great. If, at Bannockburn, de Bohun's spear had found its mark, as the odds were that the spear of so accomplished a jousting would find it, then had Bruce never lived to deal that back-hand blow which riveted his kingship and won a realm. At Flodden, on the other hand, if Home's Border spears had stood rightly by Huntly's

Gordons, instead of betaking themselves to plunder Edward Howard's broken column, James, hewing his way to Surrey and the English standard, might have condoned his unpardonable daring by success, and the sun of Bannockburn have been dimmed in the newer splendour of Flodden field.

About the scandal concerning the Scottish king's dealings with Lady Heron of Ford, and the useful information she is alleged to have sent to Surrey, Mr Lang is discreetly and charitably indefinite. Knowing James's temperament and habits, he is careful not to pronounce it impossible that the lady "gave him some encouragement"; and he also knows enough about ladies to think it not improbable that she conveyed some useful information to Surrey; but the details rest upon nothing less suspicious than the testimony of Buchanan and Pitscottie. Every one knows how impossible it is to probe such stories. Scott was positive that during the Hundred Days Fouché employed a lady to give the Duke of Wellington false information about Napoleon's movements, and much of the course of the Waterloo campaign has been explained upon the hypothesis of such a correspondence. It fits the exigencies of the puzzle very neatly, and accounts for Wellington's persistent refusal to believe that Napoleon's appearance on the Sambre was more than a feint. Yet Wellington, who was as fond of dealing with pretty ladies as was James IV., afterwards declared explicitly that neither

directly nor indirectly had he held any communication whatever with Fouché during the time in question.

In "the terrible and hitherto almost inexplicable disaster of Solway Moss," Mr Lang relies confidently upon Wharton's official despatches, lately published from the Longleat MSS., and is able to disprove Froude's allegation that James's expedition was a piece of secret Catholic strategy. It was not purely Catholic, inasmuch as the names of many Scottish nobles present were inscribed on the roll of three hundred and sixty notable heretics which James V. had in his pocket: it was no surprise to the English, for Dacre, as is known from the Hamilton Papers, had bought the secret from a Scot for twenty nobles, and had given timely warning to the Warden. The author cares not to conceal his gratification (why should he?) in confuting Knox's elaborate narrative, "with Biblical parallels," upon which Froude relied, and in showing that the issue of that day was no proof that Providence is exclusively Protestant. Wharton makes no parade of Providence, but attributes his success to early information, careful reconnoitring, and the judicious use to which he put his excellent cavalry. Mr Lang makes light of the alleged discontent of the Scottish nobles with the new commander of the forces, Oliver Sinclair, an ordinary gentleman of cloak and sword. He quotes, with neutral comment, the story of the Venetian Secretary in England, who lays the whole blame of the rout upon the

treachery of Lord Maxwell, leader of the Lutheran party. If Maxwell and the other nobles were indeed hearty in their service, then have their descendants at this day much occasion to blush for the unsoldierlike handling of their men. Scotland paid dearly for their blunders and carelessness in presence of such a good soldier as Wharton. Many a time had she mourned for the Flowers of the Forest lying in sheaves, stark and bloody, on the stricken field; but it had ever been their eagerness to close that drove them to their doom, their disdain of English arrows, and their faith in Scottish pikes. But at Solway Moss the national scutcheon took a grievous smirch; droves of prisoners, only half reluctant, were driven across the Border by Wharton's force, which was not a third in number of that of James. Well might the heart-broken, shame-stricken king repeat wearily as he lay dying—"Fie, fled Oliver!"

As one follows the narrative of the kingdom through the wasteful and bloody centuries, it touches one to note the wistful longing for peace and good government never absent from the thoughts of those purer and keener intellects that could sink private ambition or interest. Most of the shameful and often stupid treason which stained the record of almost every family of repute may be accounted as the working of sheer greed of power and place. It seems very shocking to us, in these days of etiolated passions, Newcastle and other programmes, when it would be as gross an outrage to suspect

any Liberal Minister of promoting a particular measure from a desire to catch votes as it would be to impute to a Tory a desire to "dish the Whigs." Politicians of all parties, devoid of any wish to murder the Queen, to kidnap the Prince of Wales, or to hand over the country to the Emperor William, may with all propriety stand and pray thus with themselves: "God, we thank Thee that we are not as these Douglasses were, or these Homes, or these Maxwells." Yet a great many of these perpetual conspiracies must have had their birth in sheer despair; things seemed past mending, and must be ended; men, we may be sure, persuaded themselves that they were acting as patriotically in dethroning a king or putting an obnoxious peer out of the way as those who now spend so much money and diligence in turning out the Government. Modern methods may be less reprehensible and, on the whole, better for society at large, but they won't furnish material for such a readable chronicle as Mr Lang's.

The idea of a united kingdom—one crown, one island—was never abandoned by the far-sighted. But the project, so near accomplishment when the frail life of the Maid of Norway ebbed away on the grey northern sea, was almost driven out of practical politics by James V.'s choice of a queen from Catholic France instead of the heiress of Protestant England. After James's death the boot was on the other leg, as the saying is. "If you had

the las," said Otterburn, quoted by Sadleyr, the English ambassador at Holyrood, "and we the lad, we could be well content with it; but I cannot beleve that your nacyon could agree to have a Scotte to be Kyng of England; and lyke-wise I assure you that our nacyon, being a stout nacyon, will never agree to have an Englishman to be King of Scotland; and though the whole nobilite of the realme wolde consent unto it, yet our comen people and the stones in the streete wolde ryse and rebelle agens it."

Therefore the old condition of things was to go on—burnings and raidings, driving of cattle, slaying and capturing of men—till the mills of God should grind out a new destiny for the "nacyons," and men of the same race and language should at length find that it was possible to dwell on different sides of an imaginary line, without perpetually flying at each other's throats. Mr Lang's budget is a great deal too full to permit him to stuff it with many details; but to illustrate the character of the warfare to which generation after generation of English and Scots grew up, a brief extract may be permitted here from one of the reports made by the English Warden to his Government. It is headed "Exploits doon uppon the Scottis," and shows the "bag" from 1st July to 30th November 1544.

Touns [farmhouses], towers,	
stedes, barnekyns, parish	
churches, bastell - houses	
[spoyled and burnt]	192
Scots slain	403

Prisoners taken	816
Nolt [cattle]	10,386
Shepe	12,492
Nags and geldings	1,296
Bolls of corn	850
Insight gear [furnishing]	—

To the list of another year is added the note—

“Grete quantite of insight brought awaye, over and besydes a grete quantite of corne and insight and a grete nombre of all sortes of catail burned in the townes and howss, and is not numbred in the lettres, and menyne menne also hurt.”

The last phases of this warfare were the most horrible. The atrocities alleged against Wallace at Hexham, and the butchery with which Edward I. signalised the sack of Berwick, stand out distinct from the general character of the war of independence, which was generally conducted on fair lines, often modified by quixotic chivalry. But, as we approach the close of the long strife between the nations, a new and sinister glare floods the scene, shed from the balefires of religious controversy. It is difficult to treat dispassionately, even at this day, of the behaviour of Catholics and Protestants to each other; and one becomes conscious of more gall in Mr Lang's ink as he writes the last chapter of the volume—*The Tragedy of the Cardinal*. His sympathies are manifestly with the old faith; those of most of his Scottish readers will be with the new: it is here, therefore, that offence, if offence there be, is most likely to be found. The author would have carried more persons with him had Cardinal Beaton presented a worthier

figure, but the best light Mr Lang can throw upon him reveals few but ugly features.

“He resisted the ambition of Henry VIII., carrying on the policy of Bishop Kennedy, and of Lamber-ton and Frazer, and the other prelates who backed Wallace and Bruce in the War of Independence. His motives, of course, were no more purely sentimental than those of Bishop Kennedy or other politicians. Beaton was a great ecclesiastic of the Renaissance: he may have been as sceptical as many of his peers. In fighting for the Church and against England he was fighting for his own hand, for wealth and power—his own and that of the clergy. . . . Against him were the utterly unscrupulous ambition of Henry; the wealth and arms of England; the hired partisans of England among the nobles, and the rapid spread of the new ideas. In resisting all these he displayed unrivalled tenacity, great political courage (though his personal bravery has been impeached), with much craft and subtlety, it is to be feared with entire ruthlessness, and with unwearying resolution. . . . Beaton was no saint; he lived in open relations with Marioun or Mariot Ogilvy (a lady of the House of Airlie), by whom he had a family. His wealth was unapostolic. He rarely appears as a patron of learning—the times were too confused. He put into force the laws of the land against heresy, just as More did, and as Henry himself was doing, though in some respects with less cruelty. In brief, he was a great ecclesiastical statesman of the time, but to call him (as some do) ‘the infamous Beaton’ is to show a lack of the historical sense, and blindness to historical perspective.”

We remain unconvinced. Laying aside his conventional attributes as a “great ecclesiastical statesman,” what epithet more precisely fits that dignitary of the Church who, living in cynically flagrant sin himself, burnt humble heretics wholesale (he hired fifty-four cart-horses in one day to con-

vey his victims to the stake), and drowned "a woman for praying to God and Christ rather than to the Virgin when in childbed"? If to pronounce such actions and such a life infamous, no matter what may have been other actions and other lives at the time, be inconsistent with historical sense and perspective, so much the worse for history: they must for ever remain stamped with infamy. In an age when so many and so better souls were dismissed by the assassin's blade, we can find no special tears to shed for the victim—no special vials of wrath to invoke upon his butchers. The rugged, unlovely figure of John Knox, with all his venom and acrimony, even with so much of the falsehood imputed to him by Mr Lang as may be his due, compels from us a reverence which the gross Cardinal can never command. When Mr Lang sighs — "with David Beaton slain and with Knox hurrying forward to assume a power greater than Beaton's, we may say of old Catholic Scotland, as said the dying Cardinal, 'Fie, all is gone!'" —we can allow it so to go, feeling that it had passed beyond redemption.

Nevertheless, the ferocity was not all upon the Cardinal's side. Let no man ride away with that notion. Henry VIII.'s political wooing was tiger-like in its savagery. His Privy Council sent orders to Hertford, commanding the field force in Scotland in 1543, that he was to burn and destroy, "putting man, woman, and child to fire

and sword without exception where resistance shall be made against you." That traitorous Scot, Sir George Douglas, repeatedly warned Henry in his letters that he would never win Scotland, "by reason of the extreme war that is used in killing women and young children."

We have written frankly on certain views in which we cannot concur with the author, but that does not one whit detract from our welcome to this work nor our enjoyment in its perusal. We willingly leave to others the task of criticising style, boggling over colloquialisms, and complaining of a few obscurities. The last arise chiefly from the author assuming too much acquaintance with historical detail on the part of his reader, as in 1544, when Arran is referred to as having "unleashed a Protestant Dominican preacher whom the people were anxious to lynch." But before closing this remarkable and delightful volume we must be so ungracious as to utter a complaint, by reason that the notes and the references are huddled together inconveniently at the end of each chapter, instead of comfortably at the foot of each page. What reader is there who does not owe some of his most succulent morsels of knowledge to information packed modestly away in footnotes—like those delicate pieces on the back of a fowl called by epicures *les-sots-les-laissent*—the savour whereof is sadly wasted before they can be overtaken several pages ahead?

AN EPISODE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

THE OUTBREAK.

At the time of the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny my brother and I were engaged in business as indigo-planters and merchants in Fatehgarh. We occupied a bungalow together in the civil station on the banks of the river Ganges, where we led a happy life amid a wide circle of friends residing in Fatehgarh and the surrounding district. Indigo in those days was a prosperous manufacture, and the life of the merchant lay in pleasant places. The Germans had not then invented aniline to supplant it and wipe the "true blue" out of existence. The old race of planters, whose prestige stood high with the natives, and whose verbal promise was as good as a bond, is fast disappearing, and the link that held them in touch with the rulers and the people will soon be a matter of tradition. To return, however, to the past. Whilst living in profound peace, happy in our Indian home, strange rumours reached our ears, disquieting, yet discredited. Presently we were startled by news of mutinous regiments, and before we could realise what that meant reports of outbreaks poured in in quick succession, together with alarming accounts of murders and massacres. The whole country seemed perturbed, and we were harassed now with whispers of the unreliability of the 10th Native Infantry, who

garrisoned the station and fort. Evidence confirmatory of these rumours accumulated daily, spreading consternation and dismay among the residents; and meetings were held hurriedly to concert measures for the protection of the ladies and children, and to take steps for the defence of the station.

The awkwardness of the situation, however, rendered unanimity impossible, and paralysed the counsels of the authorities. The military officers, in spite of evidence and the trend of passing events, refused to believe that their sepoys were disloyal, and declined to do anything that might savour of distrust. Under the circumstances, the civil authorities were unable to take the initiative, and they refused to abandon the station as long as the sepoys were held together. It was their plain duty to stick to their posts, though convinced of the insecurity of their position. It was a most painful dilemma, and the lives of something like 300 Europeans hung upon prompt action. The roads to Cawnpore and Agra were still open, and escape was still possible for the majority if measures were instantly adopted for their removal. The unofficial residents, fully alive to the emergency, resolved upon taking the matter into their own hands. They decided to secure boats for themselves and their families,

and to hold them in readiness to quit the station at a moment's notice and to pull down to Cawnpore, which, equipped as it was with a strong European garrison and easy of access under any circumstances, we never doubted for an instant would be safe. The civil authorities and others unconnected with the regiment joined in the scheme, and the great body of planters, merchants, and missionaries lost no time in providing the boats, which, it was arranged, should be moored under the magistrate's bungalow, ready to cast off at a given signal. We all slept either on the boats or in the houses of friends in their vicinity. Our lives during the period of suspense and waiting were anything but enviable. The heat was awful, and every hour was rendered terrible by alarms by day, while by night the bazaar-men shouted and discharged firearms to keep off marauders, and the dogs howled in sympathy, making night hideous and chasing away rest. We were painfully distracted, and in every mind the wish was uppermost that the crisis might come and relieve us of the intolerable tension of inaction and suspense.

I think it was on the 3rd of June that the news arrived of the mutiny of the 9th Native Infantry at Aligarh, a neigh-

bouring station. It was reported that the mutineers were marching on Fatehgarh, from which they were then a day's march distant. The effect of this rumour was electrical. The residents hurried to the boats, there to await eventualities and the signal that was to sever them from their cherished homes. The conduct of the 10th on that occasion was as exemplary as it was unexpected. They obeyed the orders of their commandant cheerfully, and showed no indication of a disposition to fraternise with the 9th. The spy with letters from the mutineers was given up to the colonel, whose orders to barricade and defend the roads were carried out with alacrity. Every preparation was made to give the invaders a warm reception; but whether the station would have stood the test of actual attack is problematical. The immediate effect, however, was satisfactory, as the would-be invaders, getting wind of the doings at Fatehgarh, prudently turned their faces in the direction of Delhi. I may here mention that the 10th, having served in Burmah, whither they were conveyed in ships, and having thus crossed the "black waters," were looked upon as outcasts, and regarded with suspicion and distrust. This fact no doubt influenced the course of action taken by the 9th.

WE LEAVE FATEHGARH.

It is almost certain that had matters ended there that night the whole trouble would have

passed over quietly and events have taken a different turn. Unhappily the colonel found it

necessary to remove the treasure from the collector's office to a place of greater safety, and the sight of the great bags of rupees proved too much for his men, who lost all control of themselves and clamoured for their custody, refusing to obey orders or to listen to reason, and threatening violence to their officers. The confusion and disturbance were great, and the din of the bazaars redoubled. The news of this incident, together with the report of the subsequent looting of the treasure, was conveyed to us at midnight, magnified and exaggerated as only native gossip can be; and the sudden blazing of a large stack of thatching grass, suggesting the firing of bungalows, completed our consternation. There was no further need to await the long-looked-for signal for departure. The fleet of something like twenty boats cast off and dropped down the stream, the majority of the occupants never to return again.

Who can possibly describe what passed through the minds of those unhappy voyagers? The youthful members of the party, unable to realise the forlorn nature of the move and supported by the natural buoyancy of their spirits, refused to be cast down by the gloomy outlook. But the agonies of fathers and mothers, torn from their homes, with fortunes wrecked and their dear ones in dire danger, were terrible; and how earnest must have been their appeals to heaven for deliverance from the cruel hands of the enemy!

Slowly the long line of strag-

gling boats drifted with the sluggish stream, the native boatmen toiling wearily at their unwieldy oars, producing just enough way to keep the boats' heads straight while the Europeans, armed with their sporting guns and rifles, kept a sharp look-out and urged the labouring *manjis* (boatmen) with promises and threats. By daylight next morning we had put eight or ten miles between us and Fatehgarh, our progress having been delayed by the frequent grounding of the boats in the shallows. By break of day unforeseen difficulties and dangers began to manifest themselves, foreshadowing worse to come. Our hopes that the villagers would not be hostile or molest our passage were rudely dispelled at Singhirampur, a large village situated on a prominent height of the river-bank. Here the inhabitants turned out in force and demanded immediate surrender, emphasising their threats with a discharge of matchlocks. A prompt reply from the boats soon undeceived the fellows, and we rapidly pulled through the fire without sustaining any loss or damage.

The small guard of Oudh Thakurs provided by Koer Hardeo Buksh—a powerful talukhdar in Oudh—for the protection of Mr Probyn, the magistrate, whose friendship he had won, foreseeing greater dangers ahead, counselled the party not to proceed farther without consulting Hardeo Buksh. A messenger was despatched to him at once, while we continued on our journey to the mouth of the Ramganga, there to await his

reply. On our way down we were joined by a party of three or four officers of the 10th, who had been rescued by a few Sikhs of that regiment and hurried away out of danger when the revolt broke out on the night of the 3rd. They had seized a boat and waited for some time in the hope of picking up other stragglers; but when none appeared, had cast off, falling in with us, as has been said, near Singhirampur. They told us that they had been fired upon and driven off by their own men, and owed their lives to the four Sikhs who had rescued them. Of the fate of their brother officers, from whom they got separated in the confusion, they could give us no information, and concluded that they must have fallen victims to the fury of the rebels.

On reaching the Ramganga, the boats were fastened on the low-lying banks facing the frowning heights of Kusumkhor on the opposite shore, there to await Hardeo Buksh's answer, and to take counsel as to what we had better do next. As Hardeo Buksh lived fifteen miles from where we were, some precious hours were lost. During the interval we watched the movements of the Kusumkhor villagers, who were assembled in considerable numbers, actively engaged in making preparations to oppose our progress. The delay sorely tried the patience of the party, for every moment lost multiplied our dangers and made the chances of escape more difficult, if not impossible; and the majority chafed under the ordeal and raised loud protests against the

folly of sacrificing the chance of reaching Cawnpore and trusting to Hardeo Buksh and his undisciplined villagers for protection.

Probyn, to whose safety Hardeo Buksh was pledged, remained firm, as he relied implicitly on the promise of the Rajput chief, and he counselled the party to be patient and not reject the protection offered, but to join him and proceed up the river to his *garhi*, and wait there till the storm blew over, when we could return to Fatehgarh. Feeling, however, ran high, and the recollection of the terrible massacres that had been perpetrated recently in all directions had shaken our confidence. The fugitives, who numbered nearly 200, refused to believe that Hardeo Buksh could be trusted, if attacked by disciplined sepoy, to risk his all in our defence, and, with the exception of about 40, elected to proceed to Cawnpore, preferring to face the dangers rather than abandon the certainty of finding safety there. (A few words in anticipation will tell the tale of the fate of those unhappy souls, who, after encountering much difficulty and danger, succeeded in reaching Cawnpore, only, alas! to fall into the hands of the Nana. He captured the boats opposite Bithur, and conveyed the fugitives prisoners to Cawnpore, where he placed them in confinement in the Savada Koti, almost within sight of Wheeler's intrenchment. It is said that the safety of their lives was solemnly promised by the notorious ruffian

before the party surrendered, and he massacred every soul in cold blood, casting the bodies of the dead and dying into a well in the compound. On the recapture of the station by General Havelock the bodies were found and exhumed.)

To return to my narrative. After our separation we few followed the fortunes of Probyn and trekked up the Ramganga, a small stream capable of navigation by boats of light draught only: the passage, therefore, was slow and tedious. On arrival at Dharampur we were met by Hardeo Buksh, and by him escorted to the *garhi* (intrenched fort), where in times of danger the chief could muster 500 men or more of his retainers in defence of the stronghold. The sight of the defences was by no means reassuring. They consisted of an irregular low bund, which in times of flood kept the waters out of the

place, and was in consequence then unassailable, and in the dry season was capable of offering considerable resistance to undisciplined matchlockmen, but was of no value against guns and trained troops. The accommodation available within the enclosure was poor and limited, affording no comfort and but little shelter to our party. A couple of rusty old ship's carronades of ancient design and a supply of ammunition were unearthed from remote fields and mounted in front of Hardeo Buksh's dwelling. To judge from their appearance, they were more dangerous to the users than they would have proved to an enemy; nevertheless, the prestige of guns was great. The *top* (gun) possessed a moral value which was not to be despised. It was dreaded by the sepoy and the rabble alike.

BACK IN FATEHGARH.

A very short stay sufficed to discourage the party, and the conviction grew that Hardeo Buksh had undertaken more than he could perform, although the brave Thakur put on a firm front and determined to meet his fate like a true Rajput. The discomfort experienced by the ladies and children, coupled with the growing feeling of insecurity, developed dissatisfaction, and numerous were the regrets expressed at the terrible blunder that had been committed in not risking the passage to Cawnpore. We had

thus, as we thought, sacrificed certain safety, and placed ourselves in hopeless jeopardy in miserable Dharampur. Happily, at this juncture, the gratifying and surprising intelligence was brought to us that the 10th were holding out loyally, and that all was quiet at Fatehgarh. This was indeed a totally unlooked-for turn of events. Probyn at once determined to return to the station, to ascertain in person the true state of affairs. He was joined by the three refugee officers of the 10th. From them we after-

wards learnt how it came about that the regiment was held together after the outbreak on the night of the 3rd, which drove the residents forth upon their disastrous voyage to Cawnpore and compelled our fellow-fugitives to fly for their lives.

It will be remembered that up to the time the treasure was ordered to be removed the sepoys had behaved admirably, but that the sight of the rupees had proved too much for the men and led to the midnight disturbance. That critical occasion had demonstrated the stuff the colonel was made of. In spite of the threatened violence of the men, he refused to believe that the day was lost, and, by an extraordinary display of tact and reckless courage, seconded by Captain Vibart of the 2nd Bengal Cavalry and the senior officers of the regiment, he succeeded in rallying the native officers and veterans, and by the promise of placing the treasure under the guard of the men pacified the younger soldiers and restored order. Next day, at the request of the colonel, the entire regiment renewed their oath of allegiance—stipulating, however, that their past deeds were to be overlooked, and that they were not to be required to fire upon their brother sepoys. This was a strange condition. The colonel, however, had no alternative, and wisely yielded, trusting to good fortune to save the station from being invaded by the mutineers, and thus to weather the storm.

Order had followed, and Fatehgarh had remained quiet.

On Probyn's arrival all seemed tranquil; but the conditions under which the sepoys were held together were unsatisfactory in the extreme, and his long experience of, and insight into, the native character convinced him that the security of the station was delusive. The hope upon which the officers relied, that Fatehgarh might escape invasion, was that of a drowning man clutching at a straw. Was it indeed so sure that they were safe from attack? And could they, in the event of such a catastrophe, count on the repeated success of the tactics which had previously turned the 9th from their purpose? The sequel will show.

Probyn returned to us confirmed in his opinion that Dharampur was safer than the station. It was obvious that the sepoys, if unmolested, would remain staunch. If they followed their *bhai-bands* (brothers) and joined the majority, Fatehgarh was no place to be in. British rule no longer extending beyond the range of the sepoy guns, the district did not require Probyn's presence. He therefore joined his family and friends, resolving by all means in his power to advise his party to remain at Dharampur, in spite of its discomforts and drawbacks, as being the safer haven of the two. His surprise may be imagined when, on approaching the *garhi*, he found the party mounted on horses and elephants on their way to Fatehgarh. Nothing would induce them to alter their purpose. He expostulated and pleaded in vain. Their resolu-

tion was fixed; and all, with the exception of Probyn and his family, and Edwards, the fugitive collector of Badaon, took their departure, under the delusive impression that Fatehgarh could not possibly be more unsafe than Dharampur. They were amazed at Probyn's folly and infatuation in not being able to see what was so obvious to them. To Probyn the parting from his friends under such circumstances was most distressing. He sat down dejected and sorrowful, his head buried between his two hands, and his elbows on his knees, absorbed in his own sad thoughts.

The officers who had returned were promptly placed under arrest by the colonel on their arrival for desertion. This gave the old native officers an opportunity to display their goodwill and loyalty. They repaired to the colonel, and interceded for the luckless culprits, pleading the necessity for their presence with the men, and the impolicy of depriving the regiment of their leaders when officers were few and their want urgent. The colonel reluctantly yielded,

and they were permitted to return to duty. Jack Sepoy scored in the estimation of his commandant.

On our arrival from Dharampur we were gratified by the aspect of affairs. Perfect peace prevailed. The bungalows that we thought had been committed to the flames stood intact. Everything looked reassuring. The sepoys were doing duty admirably. The jail was guarded as before, and the lakhs of treasure reposed in safety on the parade. There was nothing to impress us with the gloom and distrust which Probyn professed to feel. Our spirits revived under the soothing influence, and we began to indulge in the hope that the worst was over and that Fatehgarh would survive the convulsion.

The residents returned to their deserted houses, retiring at night, as a precautionary measure, to the shelter of the fort wall. We all slept in the open on the high river-bank, near the residence of Major Robertson, the superintendent of the gun-carriage factory.

THE 10TH MUTINY AT LAST.

As the days passed our hopes grew stronger, until the news reached us that the 41st Native Infantry, who had mutinied at Sitapur in Oudh, and had murdered their officers and the residents, were marching on Fatehgarh on their way to Delhi. They were said to be two marches from the station. This unlooked-for intelligence

froze our blood. We could not but remember with alarm the conditions under which the 10th were kept together. The intrepid colonel, still hopeful and undaunted, rose once more to the occasion, inspiring confidence by the example of his untiring energy. He at once set about destroying the bridge of boats, and sunk every boat

for miles on either side of the river. The sepoys executed his orders with cheerful promptitude; and the 41st, hearing this, changed their course, and chose a road many miles higher up the river.

The news of this gave us fresh hope, and we thought that they would march straight on to Delhi, as the 9th had done, and leave Fatehgarh in peace. We soon discovered, however, that after crossing the river the 41st had negotiated with the Nawab of Farukhabad to place him on the *gaddi* (throne) as ruler of the district, and to drive the British out of the station. They had also opened a correspondence with the 10th in order to induce them to rise and destroy us and divide the treasure with them.

On entering the city of Farukhabad, and proclaiming the Nawab ruler, the 41st called upon the 10th to join them. The latter, apprehending the loss of the treasure, which they had regarded as their own, resolved not to be outdone. They therefore rose during the night in anticipation, released the prisoners in the jail, and, warning off their officers, who slept amongst them on the parade, prepared to quit the station with the treasure loaded on bullocks and ponies. The valiant efforts of the devoted colonel proved unavailing to prevent the outbreak. His men at last forsook him and went the way others had gone before them, refraining, however, from molesting the officers.

MY ADVENTUROUS ESCAPE.

I got separated from the others on the night of the mutiny, and was a fugitive hiding in a neighbouring village. I had foolishly disregarded the warnings of my brother, and instead of assembling with the others in the fort at night had slept in our house, unconscious of the momentous events that had transpired on the parade-ground. As was usual with me, I had risen early in the morning, and was amusing myself stalking a porpoise in the river when my brother's old bearer, who was left as guardian of the house, shouted out to me in great alarm, in the familiar tone of an old servant, impatient at my recklessness and

indifference, "Ache shikar sujhi hai: Paltan bigar gai: deko tumarhi shikar ne ho jai!" (Fine sport you have found: the regiment has risen: see that you do not become an object of sport!)

I rushed up the bank in hot haste and asked the old man what I had better do. He hurried me indoors and made me throw off my clothes, disguising me in native attire. I then hastened to the iron safe, took out all the cash and valuables, and buried them in a heap of indigo-seed refuse, together with two rifles, and pointed out the spot to the old man. I also wrapped 200 rupees round my waist, and secreted as many as

I could in my shoes. Finally, arming myself with a single-barrel pistol, I slipped into a hide go-down and told the servant to lock me in, the prevailing notion in my mind being, that after the sepoys had looted and burnt down the house they would quit, leaving the unclean hides and tallow, with which the go-down was stored, untouched. I could then creep out under cover of the night, and escape to the fort, two miles off.

Through the chinks of the door I kept watch, and could see the sepoys looting the house, while swarms of villagers hung about to complete the plunder of what they left. Our poor dogs were shot as soon as seen. Their piteous howls and the noise and scrambling outside for the moment unnerved me, and I earnestly prayed that I might be delivered from the hand of these merciless fiends. The gratitude which I felt in having been mercifully concealed was indescribable. The sepoys, as I had anticipated, took their departure, and the mob now attempted to force the door. For safety, I quickly retired to the farthest end of the building and hid myself under the hides, where I lay for hours, patiently awaiting the advent of darkness in order to attempt my escape. The heat in the close air of the go-down in the hottest month of the year, and the foul stench of the hides and tallow, were terrible beyond conception. Later in the afternoon the lock of the door was smashed by a gang of butchers and chamars who came to loot the hides, rushing in and

carrying them off on their heads by scores.

When night set in my opportunity presented itself, and I made up my mind to try and make my escape. Following the example of the looters, I took up a hide, and, covering myself with it, I passed out with the others, and gained the open undetected. The faithful old bearer had never left the vicinity of my hiding-place. The moment I emerged through the crowd he recognised me, and edging up to me, he led me by signs out of harm's way. I threw down the hide, which was picked up by a chamar servant, who was also in waiting with the bearer. He did this in order not to attract notice, and, taking the lead, he bade me follow him to his village, about a mile off, where he proposed to secrete me. On passing the gateway of Mr Maclean's large house we encountered a gang of villagers hastening to join in the loot. My white face betrayed me, and I was at once recognised as a "saheb." The men surrounded me, intending violence: seeing danger, I drew my pistol and threatened to shoot the first man who laid hands on me. The leader stepped forward and told me that that would be of no avail, as they were too many for me, but that if I quietly gave up what I had they would let me pass unmolested. They had taken it for granted that, being a saheb, I must have money and valuables on my person. I was able to converse with them in their own *gawari* (patois), and therefore in a

position to make terms. Having sworn them to let me go unharmed on giving up the pistol, I fired it off in the air, and handed it to the leader. The villain grabbed it, and the mob instantly seized me, hustling me roughly in search of money. Quick as thought I unloosed the band that held my rupees, and let them fall ringing to the ground, scattering in all directions. In the general scramble which ensued I was set free, and, slipping through the crowd, I hurried off with my guide, leaving the mob fighting for the plunder.

Arrived at the village which was our goal, my cicerone led me into a small mud hovel, where he bade me be seated on a charpoy. Throwing myself down upon it, I gasped for water, for I was consumed with a feverish thirst after thirteen hours' confinement in the go-down, and the excitement and exertion of the past half hour had left me prostrate. In after-years I have often marvelled how I was able to endure the fearful heat and suffocating stench of the hides and tallow. It was enough to break down a stronger man, and nearly drove me out of my senses. I can only attribute my surviving the ordeal to my youth and to the supernatural strength with which danger had nerved me.

Whilst resting in the hovel, I was alarmed to see a dense crowd approaching the village, and presently I noticed something being carried on a charpoy, which was deposited in front of my servant's house.

This proved to be a wounded chamar, the father of one of the gang who had been concerned in looting native Christians. Seeing me, the crowd turned on me with the cry, "Mar! mar!" (kill! kill!) Ganna, my servant, terrified by the unexpected peril, drew me into the interior of the house, and closing the door, boldly stepped out to talk to the men who were clamouring for my blood. Contrary to my expectations, the crowd quieted down and dispersed.

Left in peace, I lay down to rest whilst Ganna's wife prepared me some dal and chapattis. How I enjoyed that simple meal! And how grateful I felt to my humble protector! My full heart was silently uplifted to God for His goodness and mercy. I can never forget the experiences of that memorable day. The excitement of the moment had made me quite forget the rupees I had secreted in my socks: these I now took out and made over to Ganna, thankful to be able in some measure to repay him for his kindly services.

The night passed in sleepless anxiety, my conscience smiting me for having disregarded the wishes of my brother. Morning dawned with a fresh crop of troubles. Ganna deemed it more prudent to remove me from the shelter of his house to an unfrequented ruin which had been used by the chamars in peaceful times for salting and curing hides. Here Ganna hid me, cautioning me to remain hidden during daylight. I passed five most miserable days

in the burning heat and in terrible suspense and anxiety, until a letter reached me from my brother, advising me to make my way to the fort as best I could under cover of the night, before the rebels closed the road.

That very day I arranged with Ganna to make the attempt. At night, disguised as a Pathan, and armed with a club, we started at nightfall. Our road lay through a perilous bazaar, which we threaded, however, in safety, till we reached the farther end of it. Here Ganna was recognised by some of his acquaintances, and invited to a friendly *chillam* (pipe). I must explain that although Ganna was a low-caste chamar, his musical talents had secured him the friendship of men of higher caste, with whom he had come in contact at wedding and convivial feasts, where his excellent drum-playing was frequently called into requisition. The present invitation was most reluctantly accepted, as it was impossible to refuse it without exciting suspicion and giving offence to his

patrons. I, like the rest, squatted on my haunches, selecting a dark side of the apartment, and smoked the *chillam* through the palm of my hands, imitating the others as best I could, and passing it on to my neighbour.

Time seemed to creep, and I could see that those nearest to me were becoming curious about the silent stranger. I was being closely scrutinised when one of the company asked the popular *dholchi* (drummer) who his companion was. "A young Pathan," was the ready reply, "who had lost his way, and whom he was conducting to some of his relatives, who lived in a lane not far off." With this explanation, which apparently satisfied them, he rose to take leave of his friends, thankful that we had escaped detection; and hurrying on we reached the fort before day-break. There I was met by my brother and friends, who pressed round me to offer me their congratulations on my escape. How grateful and overjoyed I was, I leave the reader to imagine.

IN THE FORT.

The news of the outbreak had reached the fort whilst it was still dark. It was the memorable 18th of June, when the thoughts of many were directed towards Delhi, in the hope that the recollection of Waterloo would inspire our troops before its walls. Alas for our expectations! It is impossible to convey the faint-

est idea of the hopeless despair that seized upon the residents in the face of the awful blow that suddenly fell upon us. The sepoys on duty in the fort still remained at their post when they were roused from their sleep and told the tragic news. They stood facing the sepoys in a blank despair, without arms or any means of escape

from the inevitable and imminent massacre. The men stood mute and resigned, surrounded by their wives and little ones, expecting every moment to be their last. By daylight Colonel Smith and his officers appeared on the scene, followed by a few faithful old native officers. The old colonel made desperate and heroic efforts to save the regiment, refusing to the last to believe that they would leave him. The men, however, were beyond human control, and raved for plunder. The old veterans, seeing that the life of their loved commander was in danger, partly by entreaty, partly by force, compelled him to retire and seek shelter in the fort. Worn out and broken down by the blow, the old man threw himself on a bench near the gateway and buried his face in his hands, heart-broken, his men standing about him sobbing.

The advent of the colonel was sufficient intimation to the detachment on guard of what had occurred outside. Fearful of losing their share of the loot and of the treasure, they quickly hurried off, leaving the Europeans in full possession of the fort. This was an unexpected turn of fortune. We at once formed up and closed the gate, barricaded it, and dragged a 24-pounder howitzer, loaded with scrap, to guard the entrance. From a state of appalling despondency, all was now activity and action. The residents were mustered and told off under three separate commands,—all under Colonel Smith. The posts were defined, and we set

to work to strengthen the defences. The gun-carriage works, which occupied the greater part of the space in the interior of the fort, were ransacked for arms and ammunition, and every conceivable thing that could be used as a weapon was brought out and ranged in readiness. Each man armed himself with as many muskets and lances as he desired, and three light brass field-guns, which were kept in store as patterns, were hauled up on the walls and placed in position. In the magazine were found several cases of ball-cartridge and a few cases of blank. The latter were broken up and used for the guns, while pieces of iron and scrap served for grape and round-shot.

Grain and food-supplies, meanwhile, were being laid in from the bazaar outside the fort, and a party with some scores of coolies were levelling the mechanics' bungalows and the outhouses under the walls outside. Inside, the guns, as has been said, were being placed in position, and half-wrought timber wheel-naves piled up to raise the breastworks where they were too low to afford protection. The ladies were busy breaking up blank cartridges, and filling stockings for the gun ammunition, while the engineers and foremen of the works were cutting up thick bar iron in the smithy to serve as shot; bolts and nuts and scrap, filled in gummy-bags, supplied the place of grape. As there were only three field-guns that we could mount on the bastions, the un-

important places were mounted with empty gun-carriages: a black shield hid their nakedness, and wooden muzzle-stops fixed to the centre of the shields sufficed to complete the deception, and, when the siege began, drew, as we hoped, the fire of the enemy's guns until demolished.

All this while the 41st, afraid to attack us, were nevertheless themselves making great preparations to carry the fort by storm. Our spies reported that fifty ladders for this purpose were being got ready, and we were warned that the fort would be assailed from fifty directions simultaneously.

THE SIEGE.

Two days after my entry, the working party engaged in demolishing the bungalows and outhouses were dispersed by the sepoys before the work was completed; and early next morning, whilst it was still dark, the two field-guns abandoned by the 10th boomed out with round-shot. Every man was on the alert. Not a shot was returned, whilst the enemy's missiles passed snorting viciously over our heads. The word was passed round that we were not to fire until the enemy approached near enough to make our fire effective. In silence and anxiety we waited till daylight could reveal what we had to expect, feeling sure that that day would be our last; for it was impossible, with our garrison of thirty, to oppose the simultaneous attack of fifty ladders, with the enemy outnumbering us by 100 to 1. We sat grim and determined, like tigers at bay, in defence of our lives and those dear to us, watching at the embrasures. Presently guns ceased firing, and as the day dawned they opened fire again from another quarter.

We now began to distinguish the array of force against which we had to contend. The cavalry were drawn up to cover the roads on our right, and the skirmishers advanced, covering the whole ground in front, followed by innumerable groups with ladders, and, emboldened by our silence, the skirmishers advanced to within fifty yards of our muskets. The sharp crack of a rifle gave the signal to open fire, and each man went deliberately to work with scores of spare muskets at his elbow. The rapidity of our fire surprised the enemy. They could not understand who our allies could be. Was it possible that their spies had deceived them as to our numbers? Our bullets showered amongst them and quickly thinned their ranks. The ladder-bearers, who had made a bold push on approaching the walls, fell in numbers. The survivors wavered, dropped their burdens, and bolted out of range, disorganised and discomfited, their supporters in the rear with them, leaving the entire field clear.

Our joy and elation at this unexpected result were great,

and our despondent spirits rose high. But at the south-west corner of the bastion, which could not be covered by our fire, the enemy had met with better success, and had managed to plant two or three ladders. Fortunately for us, these were too short by several feet, and the assailants were seen before they could scramble over the walls, their bright swords flashing in the morning light. It was a critical moment; but the half-dozen men who guarded this weak spot hurled them down with the long lances with which they were armed, and completed their route by pushing over the heavy timber naves off the breastworks, sweeping the ladders clear, and driving the enemy back with great loss. At nightfall the ladders were safely hooked and pulled up inside out of harm's way.

As the skirmishers fell back the cavalry retired, and the guns ceased wasting ammunition, for the shots, with few exceptions which hit the walls and buried themselves harmlessly in the mud, passed screeching over the fort into the river behind. No casualties had occurred on our side. Towards evening the attack was repeated, but the dash and vigour of the morning were absent, and we repelled the onslaught with ease and confidence. Anxiety no longer oppressed our spirits, and we began to feel that unless the rebels displayed better generalship, our position was practically impregnable. We had every hope of the enemy soon giving up the game and retiring towards Delhi.

The failure of the open attacks induced them to change their tactics, and for several days they resorted to feints by day and false alarms by night, hoping by these means to exhaust and reduce us. The Nawab of Farukhabad, who was deeply compromised, was alarmed at the failure of the siege, and summoned the Pathans of Shamshabad to help the sepoys. It was imperative for the stability of his authority to expel the British from the district; and in order to stimulate their zeal, he offered them a lakh of rupees and all the loot that they might secure on the capture of the fort. The daring of the fanatical Pathans was conspicuous in the attacks, and the sepoys, roused to emulation, made desperate efforts to dislodge us, but with no better success. Once more they altered their tactics, and took to sapping. The rifle company of the 41st occupied all the high buildings in the bazaar, and to a great extent covered our exterior defences, while large loose bales of cotton were rolled near the walls, and a lofty castle-like erection was raised, whence the riflemen hoped to dominate the bastion at the angle of the fort. The sappers, meanwhile, cut a trench, protected by sheet iron, and got in at the base of the wall.

Our position henceforth became critical, as we were unable to countermine, for want of men and means, and the form of the bastion was such that our fire could not be effectively directed to the base, where the miners worked in safety. Im-

mediately the cotton castle reared its head the 12-pounder howitzer, which up to the present had reposed in silence, was levelled on it, and the discharge of scrap blew it to atoms. The fire of the enemy's rifles, however, began to tell on our ranks. Colonel Tucker, J. Moore-Jones (brother of Gavin Jones, of whom more anon), and Conductor Ahern, our only gunner, were killed, and two or three others were disabled by wounds. This cast a gloom and despondency over the ranks of the harassed defenders. We did not dare to show our heads above cover, the enemy's fire being so unerring, and few escaped having two or three bullets sent through the crown of their sola hats. This prompted the party to resort to the ruse of drawing the enemy's fire by lifting their hats just above the breastworks on ramrods; the effect was invariably a volley, and the hat ducked out of sight as the bullets flew past. We thus succeeded in wasting much of their rifle ammunition, which we knew was not over-abundant. Unhappily for us, some one more zealous than wise displayed not only the hat, but the rod where the head should have been! The volleys thenceforth ceased.

Notwithstanding our losses and the close investment, the rebels were no nearer the capture than at the commencement of the siege. The enemy, however, worked away steadily underground, and gained lodgment in the adjacent woodyard, whence they attacked the main walls, where they carried on

their mining operations unmolested. We could hear their picks at work, but were powerless to oppose them. Captain Vibart volunteered to lead a sortie and destroy the works, but the operation would have been attended with so much risk that it was not considered worth the sacrifice of the lives of our already weakened garrison. The suggestion to fire the wood instead was successfully carried out. The thatched roof of a sentry-box was hauled up on the wall, smeared with tar, ignited, and thrown over into the fuel below. In five minutes the dry materials blazed up furiously, and in less than half an hour the enemy were driven out like rats smoked out of their holes. The flames mounted high, igniting the naves on the breastworks, which had to be rolled over to prevent the defenders being driven from their posts, and the unfinished mines exploded harmlessly. We noticed that a tumbril which we had buried filled with charcoal dust on the top of the woodyard wall had been carefully avoided, so that our sham mine had done its duty, and up to the last its precincts were scrupulously respected by the enemy. For two days the timber burned fiercely, rendering attack from the yard perfectly impossible.

The miners, driven from the quarry, attacked the corner bastion through a covered way, and we could hear the sound of their picks immediately beneath us. It was evident that a big mine was in preparation. They sprang it upon us with terrific

effect at an early hour next morning, whilst it was still dark. The explosion shook the mud walls of the old fort almost into dust. An indescribable feeling of horror took possession of us, for we made sure that the last hours of the doomed garrison had indeed arrived. The thought of the ladies and children was naturally the first that flashed across our minds, and seemed to nerve us to face the inevitable and die in their defence, or else hurl back the assailants.

Gavin Jones and I were defending the bastion next to the one at the angle where the mine had exploded. I had a few minutes before been relieved on guard by him, and had lain down to rest under the shelter of a gun-waggon. Jones, watching through an embrasure, noticed a fuse burning within twenty yards below, and before he could guess what it meant, up went a mass of the wall with a terrific report, obscuring the place in dust and smoke. Without a moment's hesitation he seized his double rifle and groped his way to the breach to meet the expected attack. On reaching the gap, he was somewhat relieved when he discovered that the corner bastion had escaped. He concluded, therefore, that the defenders were still safe. Being unable to see them through the clouds of dust, he hailed them, and was answered in subdued tones by the Rev. Mr Fisher, who was creeping up to the breastwork with a double gun. Having learnt that the 3-pounder gun was being pushed up to cover

the gap, Jones hastened back to his own post, and was at once vigorously engaged in firing on the dense mass of the enemy; just becoming visible creeping up to the assault, led by Multan Khan, a noted leader of the Shamshabad Pathans. This same Multan Khan, a few weeks before, had helped Mr Edwards, the magistrate of Badaon, to escape and join Probyn at Dharampur. I was just allowed a momentary glance at the force below, then hurried off to get help, whilst Jones kept pouring down a hail of bullets on the densely-packed crowd in the ditch, assisted by his late brother's bearer, Bhairo, who had rushed up to him on hearing the explosion, and kept loading his rifle and the stack of muskets as fast as they were emptied into the enemy.

I hurried off to the farther corner bastion and returned with Captain Fitzgerald, the only man who could be spared, and we relieved Jones, who by this time was quite exhausted and hardly able to shoulder the muskets. Both his arms were bruised and sore from the recoil. The advancing light now revealed to us the deadly effect of the fire at short range, and in a few minutes we had the gratification of seeing the rebels driven off, thoroughly beaten and discomfited. Mr Fisher had gallantly met the charge of the leader single-handed, for his party were still engaged in bringing up the gun, and he shot him dead almost within touch of the muzzle of his gun. A curious incident happened on

this occasion. Amongst the dead lay many wounded, and the latter, in expectation of being shot, put up their joined hands in supplication for mercy, and imploringly salaamed to spare their lives. It was a strangely affecting sight, and I confess that I had not the heart to fire into the seething mass of humanity again.

It is only fair to state, in passing, that the presence of mind and resourcefulness displayed by Jones at this crisis undoubtedly saved us. But for the vigorous defence which he was able to make from his commanding position, and the fall of the leader at the hands of Mr Fisher, there would have been nothing to prevent the breastworks being rushed

and the defenders put to the sword. When the excitement of the fight was over, the reaction set in. The defences were strengthened as well as circumstances would allow; but it was quite evident that the events of the morning were the beginning of the end. Our scanty supply of ammunition was running short, our numbers were reduced, and the incessant fighting and want of rest were telling upon our strength. The enemy, though repulsed, were not beaten. At night the picks were again at work. It needed but a few hours to seal our fate. The question came uppermost, What must we do to save the ladies and children? It was a desperately appalling prospect.

WE TAKE TO THE BOATS.

Towards morning the senior officers met in conclave just below our bastion. While the discussion was proceeding, Jones crept up to hear what was going on. Some proposed to barricade and hold the workshops, which were built of strong masonry, if we were driven from our defences; but the helplessness of the scheme needed no refutation. The suggestion to hold Major Robertson's bungalow also found no favour. The old heads were completely nonplussed and bewildered. Jones, who had been listening intently, perceiving their dilemma, could no longer restrain himself.

"Why not take to the boats,"

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he said, "and make for Cawnpore?"

There were still three or four boats available, and about four boatmen, who, in the hope of saving them, had clung to their boats, which were their own property. Jones volunteered to navigate one of these, with me as his second in command, as we both understood the management of country boats. The *manjis* could undertake two others. The idea came as a revelation and a relief. It was at once adopted, and off went Jones to get them ready for the voyage. He was a good carpenter, fond of boating and boat-building, and worked away the whole of that day till near midnight to make the

crafts seaworthy. Tools, and materials for repairs, were not overlooked, and anvils lashed to hemp ropes taken from the workshop stores provided anchors for each boat. The garrison was told off, and orders were passed round to spike the guns, destroy all the remaining ammunition, and retire silently to the boats at a given signal. The ladies and children, with supplies of such provisions as were available, were put on board, and all was held in readiness to slip moorings and drift down the stream.

The occasion was deeply impressive. I remember how beautifully calm and serene was the night. The moon shed its pale rays, and the air was cool: rain had evidently fallen up country. The enemy, too, were quieter than usual, an occasional random crack of their rifles alone breaking the silence. Nothing seemed to be moving outside; inside, all was noiseless stir and activity, with uncertainty, hope, and anxiety alternately flitting across our secret thoughts as we went about our work. It was impossible to contemplate with composure what the next few hours might bring forth. The one predominant feeling that swayed us was to fly from present certain danger and trust to Providence to help us out of our terrible plight. Had we been opposed by a civilised enemy, the simple act of surrender would have put an end to all our woes; but to fall into the hands of implacable savages meant cruel death, and worse.

When the hour arrived for the ladies and children to embark, the latter, disturbed from their rest, fretted and screamed. The dogs howled in sympathy. Nothing would pacify the little ones, who kept up a distressing chorus long after the boats had started; and there were not wanting superstitious minds to protest that the cries of the children and the howlings of the dogs boded ill for the party, and predicted that none would survive. One or two even implored us to abandon the enterprise and to continue the defence. The truth is that there is a wonderful sympathy between dogs and men; and who can doubt that what was superstitiously regarded as an ill omen was nothing more than a reflex of the gloom and anxiety they read in the countenances of their masters and mistresses?

Towards the small hours of the morning the garrison quietly retired from the defences and filed off to their respective boats. Old General Goldie, in order to be sure that all had embarked, stood forward on the bow of his boat and gave the word in a stentorian voice that must have been heard all over the fort, "All ready; let go!" We were not a little anxious lest the enemy, who were within earshot and understood English words of command, might be aroused and alarmed. We had been working silently, and orders had been passed on in whispers so as not to betray our movements, and thus enable us to clear the fort walls noiselessly and slip past the

houses in the bazaar occupied by the rebels which covered the river passage. With bated breath we dropped down with the current, our hearts throbbing almost audibly as we approached the perilous point. The children still sobbed and screamed: every effort of their mothers to quiet them was ineffectual.

The sepoy, however, did not take alarm till we were well abreast of the bazaar. A low murmur, which presently grew into an uproar, arose amongst them at the unexpected sight. They were evidently surprised, not knowing who we were, never for a moment imagining that the garrison they were besieging had taken flight. This was proved, as we afterwards learnt, from the fact that the rebels did not take possession of the fort till next day at noon, when satisfied that it was indeed evacuated. The darkness prevented their recognising us, but after a momentary hesitation they opened fire and kept it up as long as we remained within range. The shots rattled against the bambus, but happily did us no damage. The ladies behaved with admirable fortitude, calmly resigned to bear whatever it pleased the Almighty to decree. Colonel Smith's boat led the way, followed by General Goldie's, and we brought up the rear, Jones steering from the top of the boat, while I, aided by three others, pulled away at the oars. The sepoy was taken so completely by surprise that, beyond making the spasmodic

attack on the boats as they passed the bazaar, they were unable to concert plans to follow us up or intercept us. We were therefore able to put some miles between us before morning.

It was on the morning of the 4th of July, exactly a month after our first flight, that we thus abandoned the shelter of the fort and committed ourselves to the river, in the hope of reaching the delusive shelter of Cawnpore. The river was low, for the rains had not yet burst. Our progress, therefore, was extremely slow, as the boats kept grounding on the shallows. At length General Goldie's boat stuck fast, immovably, and we lost considerable time in shifting the occupants into Colonel Smith's boat. To add to our difficulties his boatmen deserted, leaving him under pretext of procuring help from the village close by. They betrayed us to the inhabitants, who turned out, armed with matchlocks and bows and arrows, to loot us. The chief of the village tried to deceive the colonel with offers of help and protection, but he, knowing it to be a cloak for treachery, rejected these overtures, and ordered the men to return to their village. They seemed to obey; but it was only to get behind the shelter of a boat lying high and dry on the bank, whence they opened fire upon us. The colonel at once ordered a party to land and dislodge them. About six or eight of us sprang ashore and charged the rabble with fixed bayonets. After firing a

volley into them and bringing down their leader, we completely dispersed them. A cheer from our boats went up as the villagers, who were at least twenty to one, were put to flight.

With the greatest difficulty Colonel Smith succeeded in transferring the party to his boat. The unavoidable delay gave the sepoy a chance of bringing up their guns, and from the high banks of the opposite shore they opened fire upon us with round shot.

Fortunately for us, having taken a *sota* or branch channel, we were well out of range, and the shots fell short harmlessly on the sands between us. A detachment of sepoy also started in pursuit in a ferry boat which they had seized. We were able, however, to get off and take the lead, and as the sepoy were no better off than we were for boatmen, we continued to keep ahead of them and out of range, till at last they abandoned the chase.

DISASTER TO THE BOATS.

Towards evening Colonel Smith's boat was disabled, and we were forced to stop for repairs. Whilst engaged in work the villagers swarmed around us and annoyed us by taking long pots with their matchlocks from behind bushes and cover, killing the only boatman left. As their fire and boldness increased, Colonel Smith hurriedly put off, and we, being in the rear, followed. The delay proved most disastrous to us. Colonel Smith's boat cleared the low-lying bank before us, when suddenly a strong west wind sprang up, driving us on the shallow, where we lay hopelessly fixed. Our efforts to float off the boat proved unavailing. We had to contend not only against the strong current, but against the wind, which rose to the force of a gale. The valuable time lost in repairing Colonel Smith's boat had given the pursuing sepoy time to follow us up in

two boats. We saw them slowly drifting down the river at a considerable distance from us, but as there appeared to be only a solitary *manji* on each, we took no notice of them, thinking that they were merely villagers conveying their boats for safety out of reach of the rebels. The boats, however, were full of sepoy concealed under the thatched tops. Unsuspicious of danger, we were all engaged in trying to get the boat afloat off the bank. I was seated in the top holding the tiller, and Jones with the others was in the water trying hard to push off. The storm increased momentarily, and as I was of no use at the helm I descended by the rudder post into the little compartment at the stern, and there I found Bhairo. I was wet through, and asked him if he could give me something by way of a change. He handed me a towel, which I put round my loins,

and then I went forward to help the others, who were all toiling in the water. Just then the two boats came up. The foremost wedged itself in between us and the shore, the one in the rear colliding with us at the stern. In an instant they unmasked, pouring in a heavy fire on us, which killed and wounded several of our party, and boarded our boat before we had time to realise our danger. As we were all unarmed, and the fire of the enemy was deadly, resistance was impossible. At this juncture, rather than allow their

families to fall into the hands of the rebels, the men called to the ladies to jump into the river and join them with their children. The call was instantly obeyed, and every one of them perished, either shot down or drowned. Two or three, too timid to follow, were captured and carried off captives to the Nawab. It was an indescribably heartbreaking sight to see delicate ladies and children swept away by the current and drowned, or shot by the pitiless savages, who made no distinction between men and helpless women and children.

A DESPERATE SITUATION.

Seeing that all was up with us, I jerked off an oar on the spur of the moment, and plunging into the river pushed off into deep water, swimming desperately to get out of range, resting on the bambu for support. When at a safe distance I turned to float on my back in the middle of the river, which was here about 300 or 400 yards wide. I had not been swimming long when suddenly I encountered Major Robertson and Kale Khan, a sepoy of the 10th, who had taken refuge in the fort after the siege began, and had followed us, floating on an oar. Darkness had set in now, and the sepoys had ceased firing. Kale Khan proposed to Major Robertson that as he was a poor swimmer he should give up the oar to him, to enable him to swim ashore, and take my oar. Kale Khan made for the right bank, though I warned

him to go for the left and escape into Oudh, where he would be comparatively safe. He disregarded the warning, however, and went his own way, and I afterwards learnt that he was captured as soon as he landed and was carried into Fatehgarh, where he was executed with other captured fugitives and native Christians.

Soon after Kale Khan left us the storm increased, and it became quite dark. Clouds overshadowed us, and the wind lashed the river into a heavy swell. We passed within earshot of the village, and could hear the men shouting to the ferry boat crossing to pursue us, showing that we must have been observed before darkness had shut us out of sight. We at once faced for the Oudh shore, and on reaching it hid ourselves under the shadow of a sand-bank, keeping our noses

only out of water. The pursuing boat passed close by, and I could hear the men loudly abusing us and threatening us with death. We lay quietly for an hour or more until we heard the boat returning on the other side of the river, when we made a fresh start, swimming with the current in the hope of overtaking Colonel Smith's boat, which we felt sure would be detained by getting aground. After hours of swimming, we at last sighted it a long way down, sticking fast on a shallow bank on the opposite side of the broad stream. My heart sank within me, for I saw that it was impossible for us to get to the boat, the severe nature of Robertson's wound incapacitating him for exertion. Had I been alone I might have reached the boat with the aid of an oar, but I could not think of abandoning him. It was a terrible disappointment to me, as I felt that I was throwing away my only chance of life. I rested Robertson on the sand in the water, as he was unable to get up the bank, and propped him up with the oar. Crawling up I lay down near him, and from sheer exhaustion slept soundly through the remainder of the night.

In the morning I found Robertson still prone in the water where I had left him, but the oar had been swept away while he slept. The rest and sleep had greatly refreshed me, so I began to cast about in my mind what to do next, as our lives were unsafe where we lay. Whilst pondering over the matter, I saw at a distance

a villager coming in our direction with a bundle of grass on his head. As he approached us I stood up to meet him. The poor fellow, seeing a nude white figure—for I had nothing on but the towel round my loins—start up suddenly out of the earth, took me for an apparition, and was so terrified that he threw down his load and bolted in mortal fear. I called out to him in good *gawari*, "Arreh bhai bhajo mat-ham tum eki hain:" (Oh, brother, don't run away—we are one alike). Hearing me speak his own mother-tongue he turned and stopped, still doubtful whether he addressed a man or a spirit, and answered, "Acha dur se bathen Karro, hamare pass mat ao:" (Very well, speak to me from a distance—don't come near me). Evidently he took me for a *bhut* (ghost), and I had to employ all my wits not to frighten him. It was some time before I succeeded in convincing him that I was no more than mortal man, and after much talking I proposed to him to guide us to Dharampur to Hardeo Buksh, with whom the Collector Saheb was staying, offering him a reward of a hundred rupees for his services. He at once agreed, and promptly asked for the rupees, which of course I had not to give him then, but which I declared he should have on reaching Dharampur. He left me, promising to return, cautioning me in the meantime to keep concealed till the evening, when he would come with his buffalo and swim us across the intervening channel. Soon after

another man appeared on the scene. To prevent detection we hid ourselves, but we were seen, and, the man coming up to our hiding-place, I stepped out and asked him who he was. He replied, "A servant of the Thakur sahib of Karhar"—a village not far from where we were. I made the same proposition to him as I had done to the grass-cutter. The man flatly refused, saying that were he to do what I asked his master would certainly murder him, as he and Hardeo Buksh were not on friendly terms; and he added that the only way in which he could serve us would be to inform the Thakur sahib of our plight. He therefore left us, and shortly after returned with three other men, who proved to be the Zemindars of Karhar and Baramow villages. These men, on seeing the pitiable condition of Major Robertson, were moved to compassion, and promised to help and protect us. Seemingly they were glad of the opportunity of having us under their care, as they would now stand level with Hardeo Buksh, who had Probyn and Edwards under his protection, and they hoped by this means to be reconciled with their powerful neighbour, whom they greatly feared. We were at once removed separately, Robertson to Baramow, and I to Karhar. It transpired afterwards that the motive for separating us was our better protection and to soothe the jealousy and distrust between our rival protectors, who, although closely related, were at feud and distrustful of each

other. Both desired to have the credit of having protected a saheb, as, if ever the British Raj was restored, they could then hope for a reward, as well as pardon for complicity in looting, both villages being compromised in this matter. They knew, moreover, that their enemy, Hardeo Buksh, would be the first to show up their misdeeds and have their villages confiscated.

The reader will understand that, with all these motives in our favour, we were secure from molestation by the inhabitants of the villages to which our protectors belonged. Poor Robertson, we found, was very seriously wounded. The musket-ball had smashed his thigh-bone close to the groin. Suffering terrible agonies, he was with difficulty removed to the village, where he died after enduring a month's most appalling torture. The unskilled natives could afford him no relief. Such remedies as they applied only served to increase his sufferings. Mortification set in, and an attack of dysentery following, his life quickly ebbed away. In skilful hands, in all human probability his life might have been saved with the loss of the limb, for he was a powerfully-built man, in robust health, and the fact of his having lived so long, desperately wounded as he was, proved that he had a splendid constitution. No ordinary man could have held on so long, lying immovable in one position on his back from the time he was taken out of the river till death came to his relief. I buried

him by night, and placed a mark over the grave for its future identification.

The death of Major Robertson, though not unexpected, seemed to sever the last link that made life bearable for me, and cast a deep gloom over my spirits. I felt as if I were the last of that great company of Englishmen who but a little over two months before had been the proud representatives of the ruling race, now a homeless fugitive, with life not secure for a single hour. While Robertson lived I used to visit him at every opportunity, doing what little I could to soothe and cheer his spirits. Death took even that consolation from me, making my life a doubly oppressive solitude. 'I now felt the loss of the chance I had had to accompany Probyn, who had left Dharampur in a boat for Cawnpore only a few days before, but I could not abandon Robertson while he lived.

The news of the occupation of Cawnpore by General Havelock had been confirmed, and Hardeo Buksh, taking advantage of it and of the high flood of the river, arranged to send Probyn and his party down by

boat, entrusting their safe conveyance to a brother Thakur, Dhanna Singh. This man had deeply compromised himself in looting and desolating the villages in the Doab, and he seized this opportunity of condoning his guilt and reaping a reward. He gladly accepted the charge; the voyage was safely accomplished, and the Thakur not only received a free pardon but the anticipated reward as well.

Before leaving Dharampur Probyn had written to Robertson informing him of the proposed arrangements, and that a dooly for his conveyance would be sent up to fetch him. Poor Robertson, however, was too far gone to attempt the journey. The dooly therefore returned without him, and I refused to leave him. General Havelock's success had put fresh hope into the hearts of my protectors, and the one consolation that buoyed up my own spirits was the necessity imposed on the Thakurs of keeping me alive and delivering me safely up to the British camp when our troops returned to Fatehgarh. On this depended their own safety and the retention of their villages.

IN HIDING IN THE CANE-FIELDS.

Soon after Robertson's death the sepoys crossed over from Fatehgarh in strong bodies to extort revenue from the Zemindars. I could not help feeling what a mercy it was that Robertson had been delivered in time to escape being murdered. These incursions

rendered my life more unsafe than ever, and added to all my troubles, which did not end till the November following, nearly four months after, when Fatehgarh was reoccupied and I was safely conveyed into the camp. I was now forced to seek safety in sugar-cane fields, and to

shift my position every night to avoid being betrayed and captured by the sepoys who infested the villages and rendered it extremely uncomfortable and unsafe for me. During the day-time I lived hidden in the crops, where I could be completely concealed, and at night I resorted to lonely islands, covered with jhow jangal. At this juncture Chunilal Bramin, an old jemadar of my brother's, appeared on the scene. He had heard of the survival of a couple of Europeans, and came over disguised as a fakir to find out who they were. Great was his joy to discover his master's younger brother safe and alive. He immediately set about alleviating my condition. Better food was procured for me, and he brought me a few articles of clothing, such as he could buy in the village—for up to the present I had had nothing more than the solitary towel and a piece of old *tat* (canvas), which I used as a carpet to lie upon. Chunilal also engaged men to watch the crossings (ghats) on the river, so as to give us timely warning whenever the sepoys crossed. I firmly believe that, but for these precautions, no effort on the part of the Thakurs would have availed to save my life.

The discomfort and the terrible heat which I endured in the cane-fields were simply indescribable. To keep my head cool in the burning sun I had to plaster it with a thick coat of mud. My shoulders and back, however, became sore from blisters, till Chunilal procured a black country blanket,

which I used as a sunshade by fastening it to the tall canes overhead, thereby obtaining some relief.

To add to my troubles I discovered, to my horror and disgust, that the tattered rag of *tat* which did duty for a rug was swarming with vermin, and that my head also was alive with them. Every effort to get rid of these filthy tormentors failed, until a lucky accident discovered a complete remedy. Whilst smoking I captured one, and by way of experiment dropped a little tobacco juice on him. To my great delight this did for him. I then and there soaked some tobacco leaves and prepared a strong decoction, with which I liberally smeared my head. Next morning I bathed my head in the river, and found to my infinite relief that the pests were completely destroyed. I was never troubled with them again. I have often wondered since those days that sunstroke did not end my career, and that I escaped the loss of my reason.

One morning to my surprise Chunilal appeared at my hiding-place armed with a musket and sword, together with a few cartridges, which he had bought from a villager who had looted a stray sepoy. Equipped with these, I felt a sense of security to which I had long been a stranger. I no longer feared to encounter hostile villagers, and my determination not to be taken alive by the merciless sepoys was stronger than ever.

I will not weary the reader further with details of my monotonous mode of life during

that perilous time passed in hiding, never sure of my safety for a day, either at the hands of man or from the fangs of snakes and the attacks of wild animals. Most marvellous to relate, with all the exposure, peril, privation, and suffering, my health never broke down for a moment.

My place of concealment was a few miles distant only from Fatehgarh, and I well remember hearing one morning the unusual booming of guns from that direction, which I instinctively felt meant the preparation of some ghastly deed. I learnt subsequently from an eye-witness that on that day the sepoys massacred the unhappy women and children whom they had captured from our boat, together with those unfortunate native Christians whom they had found concealed in the villages; and my informant added that what the guns had spared the swords of the savages finished. The remains were dragged to a well near the scene of the massacre and thrown into it. (I may here mention that although this well was known to thousands who were spectators of the foul deed, not a soul brought it to the notice of the authorities when Fatehgarh was reoccupied. The discovery was made quite accidentally by Gavin Jones and myself one evening whilst strolling together and talking about past events. We happened to meet an old man whom I questioned about the massacre, asking him if he knew what became of the bodies of the victims. Hearing me talk

in his own *gawari*, he forgot all caution, and told us that he could show us where they were buried. Recollecting himself suddenly, however, he became reticent, and professed to know nothing of the affair, fearful lest he should be the means of establishing his own misdeeds—for few had escaped being implicated in plunder, or worse, during those days of anarchy. I succeeded in pacifying his alarm, however, and after our promising that he would not be mentioned in the matter, he guided us to the spot and showed us the well into which the bodies had been flung. The matter was immediately reported by us to Mr Power, the magistrate, who had the well examined, and the fragments of several bodies were exhumed in a very advanced stage of decomposition, the ropes with which they had been bound still clinging to their bones.)

To resume the thread of my narrative, I must go back and relate an incident which was a crisis in my adventures, and might well have ended them disastrously. I have recounted my wanderings and concealment for safety in the fields of jhow and jangal. On this particular night I happened to be perched on a *machan* in the middle of a jawar field. (A *machan* is a raised covered shelter used by villagers for watching their crops.) Whilst resting here in fancied security, great was my astonishment and alarm to see an army of over three thousand sepoys hurrying past within fifty yards of me, all fully armed. I was in an

awful state of terror and perplexity. I did not dare to get down and run for dear life; and to be discovered meant death. I sat closely wrapped in my black blanket, and in order not to attract attention, made a pretence of driving birds, and imitated as well as I could the cries of the natives. It was a most anxious half-hour. Happily for me, the sepoys moved on in such haste that they seemed to be possessed with

the one idea of placing as great a distance as possible between themselves and my position. How thankful I felt when the last of them passed out of sight I cannot put into words! It afterwards transpired that the fugitives were the remnant of a force which Sir Colin Campbell had dispersed with great loss after an engagement on the Kali Naddi, and they were flying as if pursued by the avenging *goras* (British soldiers).

SAFE AGAIN IN FATEHGARH.

This was the last serious adventure I encountered. A few days later came the welcome news of the occupation of Fatehgarh. Anarchy was at an end, and the entire country at once settled down and became as safe and quiet as if the mutiny had never occurred. Chunilal lost not a moment in making preparations to convey me to the station, and the Thakurs were most assiduous in rendering every assistance. A fine suit of Hindustani clothing was soon forthcoming, and my head was crowned with a flowing pagri that would have done justice to an emperor. A finely - caparisoned horse was led forth, on which I was mounted, and, followed by the Thakurs of Karhar and Bara-mow, with a crowd of their retainers, was conveyed in triumph to the British camp, to be presented to the General. It was a novel experience to me to be triumphantly escorted thus by men whose sole merit lay in having spared my life.

The Thakurs had gained their cherished desires. They were praised for their loyalty and humanity, and reaped a substantial reward, their past misdeeds being overlooked and condoned.

Shortly before I left Karhar I had received news from my brother Emery, who had despatched a faithful old bearer disguised as a fakir with a short note enclosed in a quill about an inch long, sealed at both ends, which the man carried in his mouth, so as to be able to swallow it if closely pressed by the rebels—and to avoid detection, which meant death. He was also verbally instructed to make all inquiries about us, and when he heard that a saheb had escaped and was in hiding at Karhar, he sought me out and found me in a lonely field. How gratified I was to hear of the safety of my father and mother! My poor brother in the Delhi Bank had fallen a victim to the massacre there, but Emery had escaped from

the district and reached Agra in safety. I sent Ganesh back with a reply, briefly relating all that had transpired, which the old man faithfully delivered.

In camp at Fatehgarh I had the great and unexpected gratification of meeting not only my brother Emery, but also my friend and comrade, Gavin Jones, who, with myself, were the only survivors of the garri-

son. How can I describe the joy that filled my heart that day at regaining my liberty after the existence I had led in the swamps and jangal of Karhar, where my life was never worth a day's purchase; and now, in amazing contrast to the past, here was I once more restored to comfort and security, in the society of my brother and friend!

THE FATE OF MY COMPANIONS.

Gavin Jones had much to tell me of all that he had experienced after we were separated on the capture of our boat off Singhirampur. I learnt from him that he was wounded whilst labouring with the others to push off the boat, and seeing no hope of saving his life, he had sprung into that which the sepoys were boarding, with the determination to sell his life dearly. Seizing a musket and going astern, he was just in time to see the thatched cover of the enemy's boat lift, displaying within a crowd of sepoys. Without waiting to shoulder his musket, and being within a couple of yards of the man who had lifted the thatch, he levelled it at his breast and fired, bringing him down, with the cover on him. Having emptied his musket, he found it necessary to retreat for fear of falling into the hands of the enemy. Thereupon he threw away the musket, and rushing for the front jumped off, with the idea that, if shot in the water, he would be spared further agony, if not killed out-

right, by drowning. In rushing out of the boat his eyes caught sight of a gourd, which he instinctively seized, and dived off, making for deep water, and thus got clear of the enemy's fire. It was singular to find, on comparing notes, that we were both actuated by similar feelings. Neither of us thought of escaping with life. Our first and only impulse was to avoid being captured and enduring torture and death at the hands of those inhuman ruffians. We also felt that, if hit in the water, our end would be quick and comparatively painless. But as we cleared immediate danger, our thoughts naturally shaped themselves to circumstances, and we felt that if we could but overtake Colonel Smith's boat we might yet be safe. It will be remembered how I was forced to give up the attempt; whereas Jones, pushing on for dear life, came up with the boat as she lay fast aground, within sight of where we were in our extremity. He reached it thoroughly exhausted and benumbed

after his long immersion. He was helped in and on to the thatched roof, where he crept into a wet mattress—there had been rain after the storm—and fell sound asleep rolled up in its folds. The next morning he woke whilst it was still dark, and discovered that the boat had floated off with the rise of the river, and was drifting down without guidance. He at once took charge of the *nairjahim*, and rigged up a sail with a blanket. Having repaired the rudder, he steered down with a fresh wind behind. He was thus able to put a good distance between him and the pursuing sepoys. When nearing the dreaded village of Kusumkhor, he was urged to keep off the main channel and follow the *sota* on the Oudh side—much against his will and judgment, after the experience of the previous day. But the disastrous attack off Singhirampur was a warning not to be neglected. This time certainly the guns of the sepoys from the high banks of Kusumkhor would not have failed to sink the boat. He had therefore to choose the lesser evil.

The rising river had quickened the current, and with the help of the improvised sail the boat sped along the *sota*, and hope rose uppermost that the danger would be safely overpassed in another hour. Unhappily, seeing a large body of Oudh villagers apparently awaiting their approach, Jones was ordered to keep off the bank as far as possible; and just as they came abreast of the village the boat drifted

into a by-channel and took the ground, from which they were unable to extricate themselves. The crowd of armed villagers, who could have produced death and consternation within the overcrowded boat if they had desired, remained passive spectators, presently warning them that the Kusumkhor men were landing to attack them, and that if they wished for help they would pull them off the bank and set the boat free. Seeing the men so unexpectedly friendly, they accepted the offer, and some of the Thakurs swam out to their help, and, pulling them into the channel, moored the boat on their side of the river, confirming their friendly protestations by supplying them with much-needed food. The colonel, taking advantage of this unexpected good fortune, offered the chief a handsome reward if he would provide a guard and boatmen to take them down to Cawnpore.

Whilst negotiations were proceeding, Jones bethought himself of obtaining some food and rest in the village for the night, it having been arranged that they should sail next morning. He invited Swettenham of the 10th and James of the opium agency to join him, but both refused, Swettenham being badly wounded; so he went off alone with a Thakur, who gave him some dal and chapattis, and an old charpoy to sleep on. Like myself, he too was badly blistered by the sun, and the wound on his shoulder had festered and become very sore. From sheer exhaustion he slept

soundly till awakened at midnight by the noise of jingling ramrods of matchlocks which the men were loading. It proved that some of the people from the surrounding villages had collected to loot the boat, and the Terah men were arming to defend it. Just about the same time a messenger arrived from Colonel Smith ordering Jones to rejoin, as they were about to leave. Jones made an effort to rise, but found himself too stiff and exhausted to move, and gave up the attempt in despair. A second and third messenger followed, but with no better success; and the boat went off, leaving Jones behind. Next day, when he was partially refreshed, the reality of his position dawned upon him, and he was seized with deep remorse, believing that he had thrown away his only chance of life; whereas, under Providence, he was to be the sole survivor of that party, who numbered over seventy souls. He lived to march up with the avenging army under Sir Colin Campbell and to see Fatehgarh reoccupied.

The chief of Terah, a benevolently-disposed Brahmin, treated Jones well, and when the news of the reoccupation of Cawnpore was confirmed, Hardeo Buksh had Jones removed to Khasowrah, where Probyn was staying. The two eventually escaped together to Cawnpore, where Major Robertson and I were unable to join them, owing to circumstances already narrated. The safety of the party was very cleverly managed by

Hardeo Buksh, as the voyage down the river was hazardous in the extreme, and it is doubtful if it would have been accomplished without aid. To carry out his plan, Hardeo Buksh enlisted the co-operation of a brother Thakur who had acquired an evil reputation for looting and bloodshed during the reign of terror, and had grown powerful from his daring successes, his renown extending for many miles around his stronghold up and down the river. The unexpected return of the British and the dispersal of the Nana's forces had disconcerted the freebooting propensities of Dhama Singh, and his position became extremely unsafe, for he was hated by all the villagers on whom he had committed his depredations. Under the circumstances his life and property were forfeit, and he had nothing to look forward to but an ignominious death the moment he was captured. When, therefore, Hardeo Buksh proposed to him that he should escort the sahebs into Cawnpore, he saw at once that by that act he would not only save his neck and property but gain a handsome reward. He accepted the charge at once, and did his duty right well, taking the boat safely through every danger under the very guns of the rebel camp at Bithur. The rebels, to whom he was well known by reputation, were completely deceived by him. As he pulled past the banks where they crowded in thousands, he was given the friendly warning to keep well off Cawnpore and to beware

of the *goras*! It was an intensely exciting moment for the occupants of the boat. The steeple of the station was in sight and safety within reach; the army of the Nana within a couple of hundred yards; and Dhama Singh carrying on a friendly greeting with his acquaintances in the enemy's camp. To hear the warning to beware of the *goras* was indeed a welcome parting, and a few hours later they were safely moored under the guns of Havelock's intrenchments.

The joy of regaining his liberty, and of being once more in the society of his fellow-countrymen, was sadly marred for Jones when he learnt the terrible fate of Colonel Smith and his party, whom, up to now, he had supposed to have escaped in safety. The boat, alas! like that of the first party, had fallen into the hands of the Nana under Bithur. Colonel Smith was overpowered and forced to surrender, under the solemn assurance that the lives of all his companions would be spared. It is said that immediately their arms were given up, the treacherous ruffian ordered all the men, excepting Colonel Smith, Mr Thornhill the judge, and General Goldie, to be shot in the presence of the ladies and children. The rest were conveyed as prisoners to the well-known "slaughter-house" at Cawnpore, where they were all brutally massacred the night before Havelock entered the station.

Jones saw the awful charnel-house at Cawnpore, and recognised many of the articles of

clothing—boots, shoes, hats—left in the place as having belonged to Colonel Smith's party; and a list found, written in the vernacular, confirmed his evidence that those who had perished were entirely of that company — numbering over seventy souls, including ladies and children. Out of 300 Europeans, therefore, over three-fourths had met with a cruel end at Cawnpore.

Whilst there Jones had the misfortune to undergo a second siege, when General Windham was outnumbered and driven into the intrenchments by the Gwalior rebels, the enemy numbering over 12,000 of all arms, equipped with numerous field- and a battery of powerful siege-guns. Jones was a compulsory spectator of some most exciting artillery fire and the splendid practice of the 18-pounders and mortars from the intrenchments.

This investment was a most serious matter. The station had been denuded of troops for the relief of Lucknow, and reinforcements were arriving in small numbers by bullock-waggons from Allahabad. It was feared that Sir Colin Campbell's retreat from Lucknow with the garrison he had relieved would be cut off. Fortunately, there was no means for the enemy to cross the river, and a few days later Sir Colin marched in and raised the siege. The Lucknow garrison were safely conveyed to Allahabad, and Sir Colin then attacked the rebels and completely shattered their forces, capturing all their guns, and in fact broke

the back of the rebellion throughout the country. Jones followed the General on the march to Fatehgarh, acting, as a volunteer, in the capacity of guide to a detachment. For this service he was mentioned by Lord Canning in his despatch to the home Government, and received the Mutiny medal. The force had an engagement with the rebels on the Kali Naddi, where they were posted in a strong position and commanded the iron bridge across the Naddi with their guns. It was the fugitives of this force who surprised me on the *machan* after they were routed and pursued by Sir Colin. On the following day the victors entered Fatehgarh without firing a shot. The enemy had bolted precipitately overnight after

the Kali Naddi affair, leaving the fort in such hot haste that they did not even wait to fire and destroy the extensive gun-carriage works, which fell into our hands intact,—a most fortunate acquisition at such a juncture. A handful of lighted straw would have reduced the great stores of valuable seasoned timber and the workshop buildings to ashes in a few hours.

This brings my narrative to a close. I have only to add that the friends of Major Robertson, in recognition of the trifling service I had rendered him, interested themselves on my behalf and obtained for me a grant of land. I was also awarded the Mutiny medal for my services during the siege of Fatehgarh.

DAVID G. CHURCHER.

SOME PROBLEMS OF RAILWAY MANAGEMENT.

BUT yesterday the great British public proudly pointed to our railways as the finest in the world. To-day, since we cannot boast, we grumble, this appearing to us to be the next best way of emphasising our national characteristics. Each of us groans out a separate complaint, and each is prepared with a special and complete panacea, which, but for the stupidity—or worse—of directors, would have been long since adopted. The shareholder, for instance, complains that dividends are steadily dropping, despite the boom; and, in the classical parlance of the day, he ventures to inquire where he may expect to come in. The trader, by this time grown careless as to his vocabulary, freely curses the scarcity of waggons, and protests that rates are proportioned to delay in delivery—the longer you are kept waiting the more you pay. The social reformer cries out against the monopolies which, even after receiving commands direct from the Fabian Society, refuse occasionally to carry well-to-do workmen more than twenty miles each way for the obviously ample return fare of two pennies. The railway enthusiast, who is often a commercial traveller and sometimes a journalist, laments in strident tones the departed glories of the racing days, so exhilarating while they lasted, but now gone the way of much other British enterprise. Finally, the labour

party cries out for automatic couplings and other things, abominable to directors, even compelling a war-fevered House of Commons to stir from the legislative lethargy of the first session, 1900. Seldom has a great and erstwhile prosperous industry been assailed from so many quarters at once, nor is it unlikely that the tightening pressure on every side will precipitate a crisis in the not very remote future.

The causes of the present distress—for such it really amounts to—originated before most living railway directors had left school. The reason why Great Britain lags to-day is that she led yesterday. It is a pure and simple case of the first turning out to be last. We have been proud pioneers in all railway enterprise, and now we are paying the penalty. Our lines were laid long before any line had had time to prove what its value would turn out to be. Our original schemes were cramped by opposition which subsequent experience has shown to be beneath contempt. The opposition has passed away, but its effects remain, apparently irremediable, whatever be our efforts to shake off the incubus which oppresses us. Foreign nations watched our experiments, learnt the lessons, and leisurely bestirred themselves to build lines as we should like to rebuild ours, had we the chance. The fact is, that to-day we are

finding to our cost that our system, which, for its mileage, has to support by far the heaviest traffic of any in the world, is designed on a scale which can only be described as diminutive. We are, in a word, trying to do serious work with toys.

To begin with, the sectional area of our tunnels and overhead bridges is quite too circumscribed, and, of course, our stations are constructed on the same scale. Practically the whole of the masonry along our lines would have to be renewed if the said area is to be brought up to American or Continental standards, and additions would have to be made to the ballast which supports the permanent way. Obviously the cost of these alterations is prohibitive, but consider what the disability implies. It means that our rolling-stock must for all time be narrower and less lofty than that possible for our competitors in Europe and America. It is not as if our fathers laid the foundations in wood, hay, stubble. They built for futurity, and they intended that their work should last for a century or two; nor, alas! is it likely that anything short of an earthquake will disappoint their shades. Brunel, alone among them, realised the value of a broader gauge, and his works went the way of much other farsightedness. But it is not quite a broader *gauge* that we want. The traffic requires more elbow-room, for the enlargement of vehicles on the present gauge. It is useless to cry out for mammoth

engines such as are built across the Atlantic. They would not fit. If we wish to enlarge our locomotives still further, we shall have to squash the boiler yet closer to the wheels (if such could be), and allow it to swallow up yet more of the funnel and steam-dome, otherwise our only plan will be to take refuge in additional length, to which clearly there must be a limit.

If the sectional area of our rolling-stock is below the standard required by modern conditions, the case is even worse when we come to consider the third dimension—that is, length. Of late years the continuous tendency has been to increase the length and weight of both passenger and goods trains. One long train has many advantages over two short ones. It requires half the staff of drivers, firemen, and guards. As a rule, there would be a saving in coal. Also it necessitates exactly half the signalling, and it occupies only one block section of line instead of two, a most important matter in busy districts. In the case of passenger trains, increased length is due not only to the increased number of persons travelling, but to the accommodation on long-distance journeys of lavatories, as well as of dining and sleeping saloons. The bicycle, too, often demands an extra coach. It is, therefore, little to be wondered at that the platforms and sidings, built years ago, now prove quite too short for modern working. Let us take a really bad case. The amal-

gamated Chatham and South-Eastern Railways are so encumbered with short platforms that many of their trains have regularly to draw up twice at each station, so as to enable passengers in the extreme front and extreme rear to alight. The unpunctuality which results is heart-breaking, and it has a definite and appreciable effect on the revenue. The surest test of the prosperity of a suburban railway is its season-ticket account. Residents refuse to settle in districts where the train-service is expensive or dilatory. During the last ten years the total receipts from season-tickets, in the case of fifteen leading railways, have averaged an increase of 47 per cent. Yet the South-Eastern and Chatham increase for the same period amounts only to 26 per cent, a fact for which short platforms must bear not a little of the blame. When we turn our attention to the goods traffic, we find that the case is infinitely more serious. The congestion is becoming chronic. It is always worst in big towns, where extension of yards is attended by fearful capital expenditure. It is not too much to say that the companies are at their wits' end, nor do they appear to have any idea how to face a situation which grows more pressing every day. Lack of space in a goods yard involves delay at every point in the progress of a consignment. It is difficult to sort the goods before loading. There is not accommodation for the proper number of waggons, one for

each destination. Waggons arriving have to wait their turn to be unloaded, so clogging up other traffic. Overtime has to be worked in order to clear off arrears, and this leads to discontent and lack of regularity among the men, whose hours are quite long enough already. Instead of method there is one continual battle with confusion.

We do not see that we can fairly blame the management for the inadequacy of siding accommodation. But in goods working there do appear to be faults, which might be, and therefore should be, remedied. There is really no excuse for the long-continued famine in waggons. To say that this scarcity is driving traders desperate is to put the case mildly. We know of an instance where some granite works closed down for several days simply because a line, tributary to the North-Western, refused to supply the rolling-stock necessary to the removal of the finished stone. Scarcity of waggons leads not only to loss of traffic, but also, curiously enough, to congestion. Two waggons are available for a consignment which requires three. The two have to wait, blocking up a siding, until a third makes its appearance. In other ways, too, there is waste. Where waggons are continually being wired for, they have often to be run light — always an operation which results in loss. It is, therefore, no wonder that at last waggons are being built at something like a reasonable

speed, but we may still ask why this was not done years ago, before many local industries had been depressed by the sheer impossibility of getting their goods delivered to the outside world with any degree of promptitude.

One very questionable justification for the companies' parsimony may here be stated. It is urged that they wished to encourage traders, and especially mine-owners, to purchase their own waggons. Such a policy, if it was consciously pursued, was an egregious blunder in railway management, while from the point of view of the public it was a crime. Private ownership of waggons is an unmitigated nuisance to the companies. Such waggons have to be kept in repair at owner's cost, there is the constant and wasteful necessity of running them back "light" to their starting-point, and they necessitate a good deal of special book-keeping. Moreover, to compel private firms to build waggons by starving them if they refuse, is not simply to throw away a great amount of good paying traffic, but also to place a cruel obstacle in the path of the small capitalist. The big man can always command attention, and it will not ruin him if he *has* to build a few waggons for his traffic. But the man whose output is slender finds himself in a very different position, nor would there appear to be any reason why he should be periodically victimised.

It is a great question whether the present supply of waggons

is used to the best advantage. Even in the case of those owned by the companies, we find an enormous amount of light running. There is a simple reason for this. A Caledonian waggon is sent with a consignment to Cornwall. Within a reasonable time it has to be returned northwards, usually by the same route. Clearly, in a number of cases there will be no return consignment. A few packages may be thrown in for part of the distance, but in all probability the vehicle will run for hundreds of miles absolutely empty. Many people think that joint-ownership of waggons would put a stop to a good deal of this waste. Waggons would be reported at Clearing-House, and might always be used for the work nearest to hand.

The common ownership of goods waggons may, perhaps, be regarded as a counsel of perfection. But immediate measures might be taken to pave the way. It is difficult to see why railways, already complaining of their utter inability to deal with the traffic, continue to snatch business from each other at competitive points. A system may be divided, roughly, into congested and non-congested sections. As a rule, it will be found that the congested sections coincide with the competitive routes, while along the non-congested sections the company enjoys a monopoly. The object of good management should be to relieve the congestion where it exists, and to develop traffic along lines which are not yet fully utilised. The

policy at present pursued in England is the exact reverse. Year in year out there is a bitter struggle for traffic in all those large industrial centres where, under any circumstances, business would be brisk. In order to carry on the war for a non-paying turnover, an expensive staff of canvassers has to be maintained. The trader finds himself the centre of ceaseless attentions, and without hesitation he takes full advantage of a favourable situation. He demands his own terms, chooses his own rates, and, often enough, indulges his taste for petty fraud. When the account comes to be settled, he threatens to remove his patronage elsewhere, and, altogether, he takes good care that the company's profit shall be reduced to vanishing-point. But this does not exhaust the evils of pampering the customer in the big towns. Mr George H. Turner, the General Manager of the Midland, admits that he requires another 20,000 waggons.¹ A similar need exists on all our railways. Therefore, in order to manipulate the traffic attracted by the smooth-tongued canvasser, whose living depends upon his plausibility, the companies make a regular practice of ignoring the claims of their customers in non-competitive areas. In other words, they refuse good, fully priced traffic on unoccupied metals, in order to accept shifting, vexatious, and "rate-cut" traffic over

already congested metals. Is it any wonder that for the last year or two increased receipts have meant diminished dividends? A railway, touching such a town as Manchester, would lose nothing by abolishing the canvasser and letting the trader take his custom where he pleased. If traffic became slack, it would be the more rapidly and cheaply dealt with. Promptitude would soon recommend the company to the favour of the public, and an independent attitude would be justified by experience.

The fact, admitted now by practically all railway authorities, that congested traffic does not pay, makes the treatment of canals by railways quite inexplicable. The policy of Great Britain towards inland waterways is unique. In North America, railway presidents are beginning to realise their value as a means of conveying cumbersome traffic which does not admit of any but a cheap rate. In Germany, canals are carefully fostered, despite the cheap railway rates, witness the recent attempt to connect the Rhine and the Elbe. In the United Kingdom alone, we find that canals are being starved. It is true that ours is a small country, that our roads are excellent, our railways ubiquitous, and our seaboard suitable for coasting traffic. But this only explains how we are able to get on without canals. It does not justify their disuse. It is, of

¹ Reply to Mr Justice Wright, and Railway and Canal Commissioners, Nov. 16, 1899.

course, a well-known fact that railway companies buy up canals in order to prevent them being used as a lever to keep down rates, and that in order to effect a purchase they deliberately starve their rivals by a temporary and arbitrary lowering of prices. But having overloaded their own metals, the plain man asks why the companies do not develop overflow lines of communication by means of the very canals which they have acquired. All the receipts would belong to the companies as at present, and the gain through economy would be immense. Even in the case of those canals which have not resigned their independence, arrangements might be made for mutual working, with great advantage to both parties.

It is often urged that railway rates in Great Britain are exorbitant, and unfavourable comparisons are made with those in force in Germany and America. It is not easy to arrive at reliable figures, but it is, generally speaking, true that our transport per ton-mile is very expensive. This is not altogether the fault of the railway company, even in the case of heavy mineral traffic. The Americans are able to run trains weighing a thousand or more tons. Owing to our siding and dock accommodation, we have to be content with trains a quarter that weight. The American mineral waggon will carry from forty to fifty tons. Much as we should like to build on this colossal scale, we are deterred by the fact

that all our weigh-bridges and most of our turn-tables would have to be replaced by others of a larger size. Actually, this consideration has led to the recent cancelling by the Caledonian of an order for a hundred 50-ton mineral waggons. Moreover, the average length of run in America greatly exceeds what it would be in our country. The most expensive part of transport is not the actual haulage, but the shunting, loading, and unloading at the terminals. These fixed charges are the same for any length of journey, and the smaller the mileage the heavier the cost per mile.

A distinction must always be drawn between mineral traffic and goods. In the case of the former, larger waggons would be an advantage. In the latter case, however, a doubt may be fairly entertained. Great Britain is a small and thickly populated country, where rapid daily communication between town and town has somehow or other to be arranged for. If, at starting-time, a truck is only half full, then it cannot be held over till next day, whatever might be the economy. It is found in practice that our present 3- to 5-ton trucks are quite as big as we can conveniently fill from day to day; and that, even so, many run half empty. The average weight of consignments is steadily decreasing, owing, no doubt, to the general custom of ordering goods in small quantities and often. It is, therefore, no wonder that enlarged waggons are not

altogether in favour. But it is lamentable to note the number which are built still uncovered; and the neglect of steel, which is both stronger and lighter than wood, is one of those puzzling phenomena which occasionally confront us when we study the doings of the railway director.

Our passenger service has long been our pride, and, perhaps, even in these degenerate days, the community has no great cause to complain. As might be expected in so densely populated an island, our trains are exceedingly frequent. But, with the exception of the long-distance expresses, they are often disgracefully dirty, chilly, and ill-lighted. A very short sojourn in the United States will open our eyes to our shortcomings in these respects. Possibly the public are as much to blame as the companies. The utter recklessness with which the British workman wipes his boots on the newest cushions, and the disgusting manner in which he renders compartments, smoking and non-smoking alike, uninhabitable to the ordinary individual, are interesting commentaries on the refining influence of our national system of compulsory education. But all this provides no reason why we should catch our deaths of cold when we venture to travel in winter.

Hitherto we have believed that our trains run faster than those of any other nation. The developments of recent years have reduced this comfortable notion to a polite fiction. America and France beat us

with quite consummate ease. Fast trains may be good or they may be bad; but, in the modern sense of the phrase, we have dispensed with them. Our settled policy is deceleration, and judging by the 1900 Bradshaw, we intend to follow it merrily for some years to come. Most unfortunately, the records of American expresses are regarded, not as scientific facts, but rather as a means of advertisement, and their reliability is sometimes similar to that of the cures effected by certain well-advertised patent medicines. But it is still unquestionable that Uncle Sam completely outstrips us in the railway race, despite the fact that he uses one engine to a train while, as a rule, we content ourselves with two.

It is sometimes asserted that the civilisation of a country may be accurately gauged by the rapidity of its methods of locomotion. If there is any truth in this saw, we are certainly allowing the land of General Mercier to stride far ahead of us. According to French speeds, the journeys to Manchester and Edinburgh from London should each be shortened by a clear hour. Possibly our neighbours may be stimulated by a desire to make things lively for visitors to their Exhibition. But the fact remains that their single engines are doing work which is far beyond anything attempted by our locomotives, running two to a train.

A popular fallacy has always existed whereby it has been thought that, by multiplying

competitive routes between given centres of population, you are sure to compel the companies to race for traffic. The wisdom of the man in the street has here turned out to be folly. The actual effect of encouraging competitive routes has been to split traffic to such an extent that high speeds are given up in disgust. The Great Central, for instance, refuses to race to Manchester with practically empty trains. Moreover, between real rivals, it is always possible to strike a secret agreement. A treaty is said to exist between the North-Western and the Great Northern, whereby the former promises to crawl to Manchester, on condition that the latter shall only amble to Edinburgh. In fact, it may safely be said that so long as four or five companies take a bite at each cherry, such bargains must be struck. On the other hand, where a route has a monopoly, it is well worth while to run fast trains, for they can always be filled from start to finish. In France, the fine speeds are in no way due to competition. They pay by virtue of their essential attractiveness.

In making comparisons between our speeds and those attained by our rivals, one fact in our favour should not be forgotten. It is far easier and cheaper to run lightning expresses through a sparsely populated country like France, than through the dense network of cities which stretches over much of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midlands. We mention this point because it

leads on to a principle which we have never yet seen stated in print, but which undoubtedly contains the secret of the magnificent simplicity of the combined North-Western and Caledonian system. The ordinary man who sits down to design a railway says to himself, "I must begin by selecting a chain of large towns—A, B, C, and D. I will build a line from London to A, from A to B, from B to C, and from C to D. After that, I will think about branch lines." The North-Western alone of British railways recognised the golden rule that a main line should never run through a big city. Deliberately, the directors left Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh all on branch or loop-lines. Originally, the first-named city had its place on the main line. But for years it has been relegated to a loop, and has gained thereby. The results of this somewhat startling piece of strategy gradually dawn upon the mind which is prepared to think the matter out. First, it is possible to run right through to Aberdeen without adding a fraction to the burden of traffic in any of the above-enumerated cities. Secondly, it is possible to run a train to any of the said cities without disturbing the arrangements of the remainder. Thirdly, the whole of the Welsh traffic escapes the congested areas. Fourthly, all the marshalling of trains takes place at points like Stafford, Crewe, Rugby, Carlisle, Carstairs, where land is cheap, and where the town itself, apart from its railway

population, is not important. These considerations apply with an even greater force to the goods traffic, which is always more burdensome than passenger. To put the matter in a nutshell, if you start from Euston for any of the leading cities on the system, you have never to plough your way through the suburbs and heart of any other leading city.

Curiously enough, the Great Western has at last learnt the advisability of diverting its main line from the only first-rank city on its system, that is, Bristol. Hitherto traffic has streamed through Swindon to the port of the west, and has there been split, to be sent, some through the Severn Tunnel to South Wales, other southwards through Exeter to Devon and Cornwall. By the new arrangements, all through traffic to South Wales will escape Bristol, and be despatched direct to the tunnel; while the Exeter traffic will also be sent by a route which will entirely leave the main city out in the cold. But Bristol will not suffer any more than Birmingham has suffered.

The *reductio ad absurdum* of the old axiom that main lines should run through big cities, is to be found at Waverley Station, Edinburgh. It is generally agreed that in its reconstructed form this station is the biggest in the United Kingdom. Placed in a narrow groove, blocked at each end, further expansion is out of the question. Yet it is scarcely possible even now to deal with the requirements of the traffic. The marshalling of trains, which

ought to take place right outside the city, is conducted at its heart. The whole of the East Coast passengers to and from Glasgow and the Highlands have to be carried through the bottle-neck at Waverley, whereas, by the utilisation of lines, most of which already exist, a simple diversion could almost immediately be effected, to the great relief of all concerned.

In the discussion of speeds, the question seriously arises as to whether our locomotives are up to their work. This is a point upon which specialists are extremely chary of giving a definite opinion. But it is agreed that our engines are not allowed to show what they can do. Moreover, the system of coal premiums, whereby a driver receives a commission on the fuel he saves, militates against fair firing. Still, there is an ugly symptom to be explained, and one which requires to be carefully noted. Piloting—that is to say, the placing of two engines instead of one at the head of a train—is common upon almost all our lines. It is confessedly a pernicious practice, leading, as it does, to extravagance and waste of power: it is, we believe, scarcely ever resorted to in France or America; and it would seem as if there could only be one explanation of it, so far as this country is concerned. It is said that our gradients are severe and that our loads are heavy. But it is a question whether these excuses really account for our indications of failure.

The fact is, that the whole system of locomotive building

in Great Britain is open to a good deal of criticism. It is entirely different from that in vogue across the Atlantic, where a great proportion of the engines are built by private firms, like those associated with the names Baldwin or Schenectady. With us each railway builds its own locomotives on its own engineer's designs. Let us see what this distinction amounts to. Of the dozen engineers in Great Britain it is not likely that all possess ability of the very highest order. Some must be very much more brilliant than others. Moreover, it is exceedingly difficult for a company to change its engineer when he has been once appointed, provided that he continues to fulfil his obligations in a reasonably creditable manner. Also, it is hard to condemn any of his pet devices without calling upon him to resign. It is therefore a question whether our railways are served as well as they would be by an independent firm with a reputation at stake, and in whose offices is concentrated a fair proportion of the designing genius of the world. This is what actually takes place in America. The works which build locomotives are so enormous, that at every point of time they are able to produce absolutely the latest type of machine. They allow themselves to be hampered by no previous errors. Ordering from them, you may be certain that the experience of the last five minutes will be embodied in the goods supplied.

The net difference between ourselves and the Americans may, perhaps, be best sum-

marised as follows: they build for time, while we build for eternity. Our engines are exquisitely finished, and their parts are made throughout of the finest material. The worst of them will last for thirty years. But the objection to this idealism is that within such a period the best of them will have become obsolete. The American realises this. He does not wish his locomotive to last more than ten to fifteen years. By that time he considers he will require a new type, and, in the name of common-sense, is he not right? The two engines really cost him no more than our one. For they are made for use, not ornament, and, moreover, they are built according to types which, at the time, are practically universal throughout the land, a fact which greatly conduces to cheapness. It would seem to be obviously the most economical plan for the railway companies to combine to support colossal firms of locomotive builders, rather than to salary engineers, working in isolation because working in competition, to design the paltry dribblets which each company may require from time to time.

I am leaving the reader to judge how far the depression of railway profits is due to circumstances, and how far to positive bad management. Upon one source of expense, however, there is no justification for an indictment of directors. Heavy expenses are undoubtedly forced upon the companies by Parliament in the

interests of public safety. The tremendous rush of traffic necessitates some such supervision, but its effect upon the balance-sheet is none the less apparent. In America, if a man is killed at a level-crossing, it is considered that he should have known better. With us, such an occurrence implies that the level-crossing must be a source of public danger. This, at any rate, is the spirit in which we approach the problem of safety working. Every accident of the nature of a collision or derailment is carefully investigated, and blame is given where blame is due. When we remember that a bill is now before Parliament which enacts that the Board of Trade may declare any sphere of railway activity to be a dangerous area, and subject to inspection by the State, we see that the troubles of Government intervention are as yet only begun. It may be quite right and proper that such attentions should be paid to the traffic working, but the development is certain to prove costly.

The taxation of railways has always been a sore point with the management. The Treasury exactions are not, perhaps, so weighty as to arouse a protest. But the local rates amount to an aggregate which will awaken astonishment with the uninitiated. The North-Western pays £440,000 every year to local authorities, the Great Western £380,000, the Midland £340,000, and others are mulcted in proportion. This tax on means of communication is economically unsound, for it directly raises

the price of transport. It is constitutionally a grievance, for the companies have no vote in electing the men who spend the money. In some districts the railway provides a good half of the local revenue, despite the fact that its property has no value in the open market for purposes other than those of a railway, and that the whole of the other rateable property obtains a higher value owing to the proximity of the line. Actually, the Great Central, with a round fourteen millions of absolutely unproductive capital, pays £100,000 every year to the localities it has sacrificed itself to develop.

The justification for the above observations, as well as for many criticisms made earlier in this rapid survey, must be the undoubted fact that our railways require strong, far-sighted management, together with help, rather than hindrance, from the State. Some attempt should be made to provide a proper and specialised education for young men desirous of entering the service. The pay of the clerical staff should be increased above starvation-point, and a stringent examination should be provided for candidates who desire to enter. Promotion should be strictly by merit, instead of as at present. Above all, it is necessary, once and for all, to drop the insular pride which allows us to imagine that our present difficulties can be best removed by invariably reversing the policy which has commended itself to railway authorities outside these islands.

VALUE OF THE WATER OF THE GREAT RIVERS OF INDIA.

As the object of the following paper is to call attention to the extreme value of the water of the great rivers of India, it was written for publication in that country; but in the light of the terrible accounts now reaching England of the misery brought to millions by one of the droughts that affect that part of the empire periodically, I am induced to think that the subject must interest readers in every part of the world, the absence of water being the sole cause of the famine, and an artificial supply from its rivers the only remedy.

The subject I want to bring to notice in this paper is the real value of the water of the great rivers of India. It might be supposed that the striking difference between the condition of the irrigated and unirrigated districts would be so clearly seen that no more writing on the subject could be necessary. And, all honour to the Government and to their bold and skilful engineers, there are already many admirable proofs of what water can do for India. But the fact remains that, while the country in general is thirsting for it, vast volumes are still falling every year into the sea as if it were valueless. It is difficult to understand why all this possession of the country is still allowed to be lost. But it may in some measure be accounted for by the way in which the returns from the existing

works of irrigation are quoted, which is indeed ruinously misleading, and I hope to make this clear to every one who will calmly consider what I write.

All that those works are credited with is the sum paid into the revenue treasury as water-rate, which represents only a small fraction of the increase of production from the effect of the water on the crops in an ordinary season. As there are no other entries in the revenue accounts as returns from the works, *that* is accepted as the whole return. And so it would be to a private individual or company undertaking the works, on condition of having the water-rate in return for the money spent. But the return to the country is of course an entirely different matter. If there is no other return entered in the accounts, no one is to blame for not finding it there. But to ignore all the benefits to the country because they cannot be tabulated is indeed misleading, when the value of the water is discussed with reference to new works projected.

The actual benefits to the country from the water utilised are as follows: First and foremost, wherever the water for the irrigation of the land is carried, that country is free from all risk of famine. What the money value of this is cannot of course be calculated; but that it should be ignored be-

cause it is incalculable is beyond belief. Yet that it is so is proved by the fact that certain works are termed failures, though they have effected this wonderful change in the country; and to this I shall refer again. 2nd, In ordinary seasons, the whole increase of production from the effect of the water, not the fraction only claimed as water-rate. 3rd, In seasons of drought, the whole produce of the land, for not a blade could be grown without it. 4th, In a year of drought, too, there is the saving of the sum spent to keep the people alive, together with the saving of the loss by the non-payment of revenue, and the value of every head of cattle, which cannot be fed by imported food, but only by forage grown on the spot.

The difference between the value of all this and the water-rate is enormous, yet in quoting the returns the water-rate is alone given as the whole return. When Lord Curzon was speaking at Lyallpur of the results of the works on the Chenab which he had just inspected, he is reported to have said that an expenditure of 16 lacs of rupees is "yielding a return of nearly $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the capital expended. It is now estimated that the total crop in a single year equals the capital cost of the entire works." The whole of Lord Curzon's speech is of extreme importance; but in these words his Excellency points out, what it is my object in this paper to explain, that there are two distinct ways of viewing

the returns: the one, of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent as reckoned by the revenue officer; the other, the entire value of the crops as reckoned by the statesman.

There cannot be a question which is the real return to the nation. Hitherto, however, the revenue officer's return has been the one quoted as the whole benefit resulting from the money spent. I must here explain that when it is said that a single crop returns the whole sum spent, this is the case when merely the value of the grain of that crop is estimated, though, as I shall show further on, even this extraordinary result is only a small part of the return from the water utilised.

The next great value of water not alluded to in the returns quoted is its value for navigation, offering the cheapest and most convenient carriage in the world. I do not see any better way of giving an idea of the profit that is realised by this additional use of the water than by giving the value of the navigation of the Godavery canals. There are in that district some 2000 miles of distributing channels, all of use for transport, of which 500 miles are so locked and perfected for navigation that they are, mile for mile, *better*—because offering *cheaper* carriage and a greater tonnage capacity—than a first-class railway, the cost of which could not be less than £10,000 to £12,000 a mile; $10,000 \times 500 = 5$ millions of pounds in railway value—just double the cost of the whole system of the Go-

davery works, including those for irrigation, navigation, embankment to guard against flood, and for drainage also, as reported by Mr Walsh, late chief engineer to the Madras Government in the irrigation department.

This calculation, moreover, does not by any means show the whole value of the water used for transport. Besides those 500 miles, there are the other 1500 miles of distributing canals, all available for navigation, and taking the place of our county and farm roads in England. To any one who has been in China this will be evident enough, for in that country, where locks are unknown, every water-surface is navigated. And on all the minor canals of irrigation, down to the very smallest, boats are seen taking manure to the fields or bringing home the harvest, when one man with his punting-pole is doing the work of several carts and of all the men and cattle required for them. The money value of all this, though a vast amount, is another of the ignored returns.

I have hitherto only alluded to the use of water for irrigation for agricultural purposes and for navigation, and I am almost afraid to name the many other all-important though minor benefits conferred on India where water is led, lest it should be thought that I am bolstering up my arguments. I must, however, mention the following, as they are what in other countries would be valued in millions, and their value is

greater in the precarious climate of India than it would be in countries with less treacherous seasons: 1st, Water for domestic purposes. I need hardly do more under that head than point to the millions spent in all the great cities of the world for this essential. 2nd, Water for the cattle of the country, as they can no more live without it than man. 3rd, The use of water in giving the great blessing of a well-watered garden to every single cottage in the country irrigated. 4th, The water-power, now a saleable article in India, the Madras Government having advertised it for sale.

To give some idea of the amount of power that may be made available by a more general use of water in the country, I need only mention the fact that in the Godavery system alone there are some fifty falls of ten feet each, distributed most conveniently all over the delta.

In a former paragraph I alluded to certain works of engineering that are spoken of as "failures." One of these sets of works is in Kurnool, the other in Orissa. Both were undertaken by joint-stock companies, with the result that both companies failed, and the Government took up the works to complete them at its own cost. Of the causes of the so-called failure I need say nothing, as my object is solely to show what has been the result to the country by the works as they now stand. And I think it will be admitted that it would be

difficult to point to any national outlay that was ever better spent.

Kurnool was a country which, in years when the rain failed, suffered from the worst horrors of famine. This can never occur again as long as the works exist. If there was nothing else to say of the return from the expenditure, this change in the condition of the country would be all sufficient to justify the outlay. But what Lord Curzon says of the *Chenab* works may be said again of these. A single crop of the grain raised has repaid the whole outlay. After all I have written, I need only say that *Kurnool* has, inclusive of a perfect navigation, all the benefits before enumerated.

The *Orissa* case is more striking still. First, because that district was liable to the double affliction of drought and flood, both of which have been removed for ever. And, secondly, because the works have been carried out more completely. In that country not only the years of drought were calamitous, but in other years the river *Mahanuddy* overflowed its banks, which was almost as disastrous to the country as the failure of the rains. As long as the works are kept in order, neither of these afflictions can occur again. In fact, the works are a complete counterpart of the *Godavery* system in irrigation, navigation, embankment, and drainage. These works have cost $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions, and again the value of a single crop has repaid the whole capital, leav-

ing all the other benefits of the water as clear gain to the country.

As an illustration of one of those benefits, the traffic carried along 408 miles of the *Orissa* system of canals amounted in the year 1897-98 to 1,317,800 tons—representing in ton-mileage 70,539,090 tons, and a saving to the community in cost of carriage of from 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ million sterling—conveyed by over 99,300 boats; while the trade at the ports, which previous to the commencement of the works amounted to under £100,000, has now reached over £1,000,000 sterling per annum.

Now let me say something as to the water available to produce these happy results. There is an idea that there is little more to be done with the great volume of water I have before alluded to, and that only those rivers that are supplied by the snow of the northern mountains can afford a safe supply. This is altogether a mistake. It would be a mistake if I were only calling attention to the constant supply, for every large river that crosses the country has water in it even in the driest seasons. In the late year of drought the most southern of the great rivers (the *Cauvery*) supplied the district of *Tanjore*, where there was no famine or fear of it.

But in looking to the future the great supply to be considered is not the perennial volume available, but that which is carried during the

monsoon freshes. This is an enormous volume in every river, and even in the last year of drought the Cauvery had an early fresh that amounted almost to a disastrous flood. To utilise these freshes the water must be stored, which will entail an expenditure much greater than the sum spent heretofore on hydraulic works. And why not? If the value of the water as I have detailed it is once fully recognised, there will be no occasion for any extreme caution as to the outlay. And it will be no longer necessary for the engineer to fight for money for his works, as was the case all through the thirty-three years of my experience. Every year fresh calls will be made on him for extended works, and every possible encouragement will be given to the most successful—I might almost say, the most sanguine—projector, the very reverse of what hitherto has been the case.

I must now say a few words on the effect of a more general supply of water in the country on the railways. I need hardly do more than point to the way in which every great country in Europe and also the United States have of late awakened to the fact that, in spite of all they gain by their railways, they made a grievous mistake in neglecting their waterways. All are now spending money in improving and extending them. The additional prosperity that will result from them will, they feel sure, be a gain to the railways far exceeding any loss

from the competition in the carriage of the cheaper goods. The effect of this will be to convert a poor country into a rich one, and in so doing to fit it for a more rapid or more expensive means of carriage. The poor country cannot afford railway speed, a rich one may. In the state of New York this far-seeing and statesmanlike view is so thoroughly followed that the tolls have now been entirely removed from the great Erie Canal. And it is proposed to spend at least nine million sterling more upon it, with no other return to justify the outlay than the better prosperity of the country certain to result from it.

It will, I fear, appear like dictation on my part if I make any suggestion as to the first step to be taken towards utilising the water now lost; but I may plead that the dullest lad in a gipsy camp might teach Lord Curzon how to make a basket. And my long experience as an engineer amongst the natives of India has made me thoroughly acquainted with my subject.

I will venture to say that the first step required is that the Government should show its determination that no more of this great treasure of water should be lost. The effect of this would be to correct the idea, now generally prevailing, that the question is of minor importance. The value of the water being admitted, the only thing required is the engineering skill that can utilise it. Great engineers, like great poets, are

only born occasionally ; but who can doubt that, with such talent as has already been shown and such examples as are in existence for study, men capable of doing on a national scale what has hitherto only been done as district works will be found ? There is every reason why this technical education in hydraulic engineering should be in India, for in no other country in the world has such engineering been so varied or so economically worked. I can speak only from my own experience in the Madras Presidency ; but there are all sorts of irrigation works, from the precariously supplied tanks (artificial lakes) of the Carnatic to the highly finished works on the Godavery. And I particularly do not want to limit my examples of Indian engineering to the fine works of late years, as the engineering of the oldest times in India is worth the most careful study. In the Godavery dam are two perfectly native ideas which the great engineer who designed that work and carried it out did not hesitate to adopt. Indeed without them he could never have so reduced the expenditure of materials in the work that his estimate would have been accepted, for in those days money was not spoken of in millions as it is now. We have an example set us by some engineer of former ages which is so to the point of what is wanted at the present day that I must quote it. Quite in the south of the peninsula there is a river—the Viga, if I

remember right—the water of which was so admirably utilised that only in exceptional years did a drop of it reach the sea. The river was dammed here and there, and the channels leading the water off for irrigation had tanks to store water for the perfecting of the crop after the freshes ended—which is exactly the principle on which the great rivers should be treated as far as possible. There has been an idea of late that if water is to be stored it will be necessary to find sites for enormous lakes in which to collect it. It is true that the larger the reservoirs are, the cheaper the cost of storing water will be. But if the value of the water is what I hope I have proved it to be, that is not the first consideration. To explain how sites may be found everywhere, I would ask my readers to look at the Trigonometrical Survey map of the peninsula of India, where they will find that almost any shallow valley is made by an embankment across it into a retaining reservoir. These tanks, so-called, being dependent upon the local rains, are valueless in seasons of drought, and in consequence do nothing to secure the peninsula from famine. This would not be the case if a stream, led from a never-failing river, ran through the country to supply them. Indeed our great hydraulic engineer, Sir Arthur Cotton, had a scheme for making such an artificial river to secure the supply of these tanks.¹ But

¹ See 'Blackwood's Magazine,' June 1897—"An Indian Romance: A Lesson of the Famine."

I only call attention to the possibility to show that, as every part of India has its valleys, there is no good reason why water should not be stored on the old native river Viga system in all parts of the country.

As there is a strong party in India who argue that all or nearly all has been done that can be done to utilise the water now running to waste, and consider it their duty to search for reasons why no more money should be spent on hydraulic works, I must answer such objections as have reached me.

One way of disposing of any scheme suggested by an engineer is to make light of it, as coming from an enthusiast or lunatic on the subject of water. To those who have had the patience to read my paper thus far, I need not say more on this point than that those who argue most vehemently for the further use of water are those who have done so much already to rescue millions from starvation, and raise them from poverty to affluence by means of it,—men who have left evidence of bright and prolonged lucid intervals that give their opinions a weight that cannot be set aside by critics who have done nothing to prove their knowledge of the subject, or who have been misled by the entries in the revenue accounts as to the real value of the treasure which is now entirely lost.

Another apologist for the terrible waste that every one can see who watches the monsoon torrent in the great rivers still flowing into the sea, has, I

am told, said that in the province under his management there were only three more things possible: one of which, if I remember right, was in progress; another would do more harm than good if it were carried out; and, to settle the question finally, it would cost from 3 to 6 millions of money.

These are the views of a high authority, and one I would not lightly combat, and he will forgive me if I remind him that our greatest scientist, Dr Lardner, of some seventy years ago, to the distress of the mercantile world, decided that it was simply impossible that ships propelled by steam could ever be worked to profit between Liverpool and New York, because one pound of coal only contained a known quantity of heat, and that heat could only produce a known quantity of steam, and a few figures would show that the fuel required to take the ship across the Atlantic would occupy all the carrying-space of the vessel.

I need not say more of the impossibility of that day. But I will venture to say that when the same encouragement is given to the hydraulic engineer in India that has been given to the steam engineers of Europe and America in perfecting marine engines, the impossibilities of this day will be the possibilities of the future. That the water should in any case do more harm than good is, of course, solely a question of engineering skill, there being no possible reason whatever why water should when under

control go into *jheels* or undrainable swamps, or in any direction in which anything but benefit should be the result. And with regard to the cost, I would ask why a work costing 6 millions should not be worth the money, even if it was not repaid in a single year by a single crop.

Another objector has said, what I am obliged to admit, that water cannot run uphill, but he must allow that it will run down-hill, and does so in the Ganges for 1500 miles; and if the falls in the bed of the river were regulated, as they would be in an artificial channel, it might flow double the distance, sending off canals to fill reservoirs in the whole length of its course, altering the condition of the whole

country it passed through, as I have before described.

I do not overlook the difficulties in the design and execution of such great national works as would be required, —difficulties which, from one cause or another, are becoming greater every year; but, as I have said before, when the Government determines that all that *can* be done *shall* be done, and not to leave a stone unturned that will aid in diverting the water from the sea that now absorbs it to the land thirsting for it, and to the saving of those starving for want of it, there will be no lack of talent, enterprise, and courage to do for India what steam has done for ocean carriage.

C. S. I.

LORD JIM: A SKETCH.¹

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

CHAPTER XVII.

"HE came in at last; but I believe it was mostly the rain that did it; it was falling just then with a devastating violence which quieted down gradually while we talked. His manner was very sober and set; his bearing was that of a naturally taciturn man possessed by an idea. My talk was of the material aspect of his position; it had the sole aim of saving him from the degradation, ruin, and despair that out there close so swiftly upon a friendless, homeless man; I pleaded with him to accept my help; I argued reasonably: and every time I looked up at that absorbed smooth face, so grave and youthful, I had a disturbing sense of being no help but rather an obstacle to some mysterious, inexplicable, impalpable striving of his wounded spirit.

"I suppose you intend to eat and drink and to sleep under shelter in the usual way,' I remember saying with irritation. 'You say you won't touch the money that is due to you.' . . . He came as near as his sort can to making a gesture of horror. (There were three weeks and five days' pay owing him as mate of the *Patna*.) 'Well, that's too little to matter anyhow; but what will you do

to-morrow? Where will you turn? You must live . . . ' 'That isn't the thing,' was the comment that escaped him under his breath. I ignored it, and went on combating what I assumed to be the scruples of an exaggerated delicacy. 'On every conceivable ground,' I concluded, 'you must let me help you.' 'You can't,' he said very simply and gently, and holding fast to some deep idea which I could detect shimmering like a pool of water in the dark, but which I despaired of ever approaching near enough to fathom. I surveyed his well-proportioned bulk. 'At any rate,' I said, 'I am able to help what I can see of you. I don't pretend to do more.' He shook his head sceptically without looking at me. I got very warm. 'But I can,' I insisted. 'I can do even more. I *am* doing more. I am trusting you . . . ' 'The money . . . ' he began. 'Upon my word you deserve being told to go to the devil,' I cried, forcing the note of indignation. He was startled, smiled, and I pressed my attack home. 'It isn't a question of money at all. You are too superficial,' I said (and at the same time I was thinking to myself: Well, here goes! And perhaps he

¹ Copyright, 1899, by S. S. M'Clure Co., in the United States of America.

is, after all). 'Look at the letter I want you to take. I am writing to a man of whom I've never asked a favour, and I am writing about you in terms that one only ventures to use when speaking of an intimate friend. I make myself unreservedly responsible for you. That's what I am doing. And really if you will only reflect a little what that means . . .'

"He lifted his head. The rain had passed away; only the water-pipe went on shedding tears with an absurd drip, drip outside the window. It was very quiet in the room, whose shadows huddled together in corners, away from the still flame of the candle flaring upright in the shape of a dagger; his face after a while seemed suffused by a reflection of a soft light as if the dawn had broken already.

"'Jove!' he gasped out. 'It is noble of you!'

"Had he suddenly put out his tongue at me in derision, I could not have felt more humiliated. I thought to myself—Serve me right for a sneaking humbug. . . . His eyes shone straight into my face, but I perceived it was not a mocking brightness. All at once he sprang into jerky agitation, like one of these flat wooden figures that are worked by a string. His arms went up, then came down with a slap. He became another man altogether. 'And I had never seen,' he shouted; then suddenly bit his lip and frowned. 'What a bally ass I've been,' he said

very slow in an awed tone. . . . 'You are a brick,' he cried next in a muffled voice. He snatched my hand as though he had just then seen it for the first time, and dropped it at once. 'Why! this is what I—you—I . . .,' he stammered, and then with a return of his old stolid, I may say mulish, manner he began heavily, 'I would be a brute now if I . . .' and then his voice seemed to break. 'That's all right,' I said. I was almost alarmed by this display of feeling, through which pierced a strange elation. I had pulled the string accidentally, as it were; I did not fully understand the working of the toy. 'I must go now,' he said. 'Jove! You *have* helped me. Can't sit still. The very thing . . .'. He looked at me with puzzled admiration. 'The very thing . . .'

"Of course it was the thing. It was ten to one that I had saved him from starvation—of that peculiar sort that is almost invariably associated with drink. This was all. I had not a single illusion on that score, but looking at him, I allowed myself to wonder at the nature of the one he had, within the last three minutes, so evidently taken unto his bosom. I had forced into his hand the means to carry on decently the serious business of life, to get food, drink, and shelter of the customary kind, while his wounded spirit, like a bird with a broken wing, might hop and flutter into some hole, to die quietly of inanition there. This is what I had thrust upon him: a definitely

small thing; and—behold!—by the manner of its reception it loomed in the dim light of the candle like a big, indistinct, perhaps a dangerous shadow. ‘You don’t mind me not saying anything appropriate,’ he burst out. ‘There isn’t anything one could say. Last night already you have done me no end of good. Listening to me—you know. I give you my word I’ve thought more than once the top of my head would fly off . . .’ He darted—positively darted—here and there, rammed his hands into his pockets, jerked them out again, flung his cap on his head. I had no idea it was in him to be so airily brisk. I thought of a dry leaf imprisoned in an eddy of wind, while a mysterious apprehension, a load of indefinite doubt, weighed me down in my chair. He stood stock-still, as if struck motionless by a discovery. ‘You have given me confidence,’ he declared soberly. ‘Oh! for God’s sake, my dear fellow—don’t!’ I entreated, as though he had hurt me. ‘All right. I’ll shut up now and henceforth. Can’t

prevent me thinking though. . . . Never mind! . . . I’ll show yet . . .’ He went to the door in a hurry, paused with his head down, and came back, stepping deliberately. ‘I always thought that if a fellow could begin with a clean slate. . . . And now you . . . in a measure . . . yes . . . clean slate.’ I waved my hand, and he marched out without looking back; the sound of his footfalls died out gradually behind the closed door—the unhesitating tread of a man walking in broad daylight.

“But as to me, left alone with the solitary candle, I remained strangely unenlightened. I was no longer young enough to behold at every turn the magnificence that besets our insignificant footsteps in good and in evil. I smiled to think that, after all, it was yet he, of us two, who had the light. And I felt sad. A clean slate—did he say? As if the initial word of each our destiny were not graven in imperishable characters upon the face of a rock.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

“Six months afterwards my friend (he was a cynical, more than middle-aged bachelor, with a reputation for eccentricity, and owned a rice-mill) wrote to me, and judging, from the warmth of my recommendation, that I would like to hear, enlarged a little upon Jim’s perfections. These were apparently of a quiet and effective sort.

‘Not having been able so far to find more in my heart than a resigned toleration for any individual of my kind, I have lived till now alone in a house that even in this steaming climate could be considered as too big for one man. I have had him to live with me for some time past. It seems I haven’t made a mistake.’ It

seemed to me on reading this letter that my friend had found in his heart more than tolerance for Jim,—that there were the beginnings of active liking. Of course he stated his grounds in a characteristic way. For one thing, Jim kept his freshness in the climate. Had he been a girl—my friend wrote—one could have said he was blooming—blooming modestly—like a violet, not like some of these blatant tropical flowers. He had been in the house for six weeks, and had not as yet attempted to slap him on the back, or address him as ‘old boy,’ or try to make him feel a superannuated fossil. He had nothing of the exasperating young man’s chatter. He was good-tempered, had not much to say for himself, was not clever by any means, thank goodness—wrote my friend. It appeared, however, that Jim was clever enough to be quietly appreciative of his wit, while, on the other hand, he amused him by his naïveness. ‘The dew is yet on him, and since I had the bright idea of giving him a room in the house and having him at meals I feel less withered myself. The other day he took it into his head to cross the room with no other purpose but to open a door for me; and I felt more in touch with mankind than I had been for years. Ridiculous, isn’t it? Of course I guess there is something—some awful little scrape—which you know all about—but if I am sure that it is terribly heinous, I fancy one could manage to forgive it. For my part, I declare I am

unable to imagine him guilty of anything much worse than robbing an orchard. *Is it much worse?* Perhaps you ought to have told me; but it is such a long time since we both turned saints that you may have forgotten we too had sinned in our time? It may be that some day I shall have to ask you, and then I shall expect to be told. I don’t care to question him myself till I have some idea what it is. Moreover, it’s too soon as yet. Let him open the door a few times more for me. . . .’ Thus my friend. I was trebly pleased—at Jim’s shaping so well, at the tone of the letter, at my own cleverness. Evidently I had known what I was doing. I had read characters aright, and so on. And what if something unexpected and wonderful were to come of it? That evening, reposing in a deck-chair under the shade of my own poop-awning (it was in Hong-Kong harbour), I laid on Jim’s behalf the first stone of a castle in Spain.

“I made a trip to the northward, and when I returned I found another letter from my friend waiting for me. It was the first envelope I tore open. ‘There are no spoons missing, as far as I know,’ ran the first line; ‘I haven’t been interested enough to inquire. He is gone, leaving on the breakfast-table a formal little note of apology, which is either silly or heartless. Probably both—and it’s all one to me. Allow me to say, lest you should have some more mysterious young men in reserve, that I have shut up

shop, definitely and for ever. This is the last eccentricity I shall be guilty of. Do not imagine for a moment that I care a hang; but he is very much regretted at tennis-parties, and for my own sake I've told a plausible lie at the club. . . . I flung the letter aside and started looking through the batch on my table, till I came upon Jim's handwriting. Would you believe it? One chance in a hundred! But it is always that hundredth chance! That little second engineer of the *Patna* had turned up in a more or less destitute state and got a temporary job of looking after the machinery of the mill. 'I couldn't stand the familiarity of the little beast,' Jim wrote from a seaport seven hundred miles south of the place where he should have been in clover. 'I am now for the time with Egström & Blake, ship-chandlers, as their—well—runner, to call the thing by its right name. For reference I gave them your name, which they know of course, and if you could write a word in my favour it would be a permanent employment.' I was utterly crushed under the ruins of my castle, but of course I wrote as desired. Before the end of the year my new charter took me that way, and I had an opportunity of seeing him.

"He was still with Egström & Blake, and we met in what they called 'our parlour' opening out of the store. He had that moment come in from boarding a ship, and confronted me head down, ready for a tussle. 'What have you got to say for

yourself?' I began as soon as we had shaken hands. 'What I wrote you—nothing more,' he said stubbornly. 'Did the fellow blab—or what?' I asked. He looked up at me with a troubled smile. 'Oh no! He didn't. He made it a kind of confidential business between us. He was most damnably mysterious whenever I came over to the mill; he would wink at me in a respectful manner—as much as to say we know what we know. Infernally fawning and familiar—and that sort of thing . . . ' He threw himself into a chair and stared down his legs. 'One day we happened to be alone, and the fellow had the cheek to say, "Well, Mr James"—I was called Mr James there as if I had been the son—"here we are together once more. This is better than the old ship—ain't it?" . . . Wasn't it appalling, eh? I looked at him, and he put on a knowing air. "Don't you be uneasy, sir," he says. "I know a gentleman when I see one, and I know how a gentleman feels. I hope, though, you will be keeping me on this job. I had a hard time of it too, along of that rotten old *Patna* racket." Jove! It was awful. I don't know what I should have said or done if I had not just then heard Mr Denver calling me in the passage. It was tiffin-time, and we walked together across the yard and through the garden to the bungalow. He began to chaff me in his kindly way . . . I believe he liked me . . . '

"Jim was silent for a while.

" 'I know he liked me. That's what made it so hard. Such

a splendid man! . . . That morning he slipped his hand under my arm. . . . He, too, was familiar with me.' He burst into a short laugh, and dropped his chin on his breast. 'Pah! When I remembered how that mean little beast had been talking to me,' he began suddenly in a vibrating voice, 'I couldn't bear to think of myself . . . I suppose you know . . .' I nodded. . . . 'More like a father,' he cried; his voice sank. 'I would have had to tell him. I couldn't let it go on—could I?' 'Well?' I murmured, after waiting a while. 'I preferred to go,' he said slowly; 'this thing must be buried.'

"We could hear in the shop Blake upbraiding Egström in an abusive, strained voice. They had been associated for many years, and every day from the moment the doors were opened to the last minute before closing, Blake, a little man with sleek, jetty hair and unhappy, beady eyes, could be heard rowing his partner incessantly with a sort of seathing and plaintive fury. The sound of that everlasting scolding was part of the place like the other fixtures; even strangers would very soon come to disregard it completely unless it be perhaps to mutter 'Nuisance,' or to get up suddenly and shut the door of the 'parlour.' Egström himself, a raw-boned, heavy Scandinavian, with a busy manner and immense blonde whiskers, went on directing his people, checking parcels, making out bills or writing letters at a

stand-up desk in the shop, and comported himself in that clatter exactly as though he had been stone-deaf. Now and again he would emit a bothered perfunctory 'Sssh,' which neither produced nor was expected to produce the slightest effect. 'They are very decent to me here,' said Jim. 'Blake's a little cad, but Egström's all right.' He stood up quickly, and walking with measured steps to a tripod telescope standing in the window and pointed at the roadstead, he applied his eye to it. 'There's that ship which had been becalmed outside all the morning has got a breeze now and is coming in,' he remarked patiently; 'I must go and board.' We shook hands in silence, and he turned to go. 'Jim!' I cried. He looked round with his hand on the lock. 'You—you have thrown away something like a fortune.' He came back to me all the way from the door. 'Such a splendid old chap,' he said. 'How could I? How could I?' His lips twitched. '*Here* it does not matter.' 'Oh! you—you——' I began, and had to cast about for a suitable word, but before I became aware that there was no name that would just do, he was gone. I heard outside Egström's deep gentle voice saying cheerily, 'That's the *Sarah W. Granger*, Jimmy. You must manage to be first aboard;' and directly Blake struck in, screaming after the manner of an outraged cockatoo, 'Tell the captain we've got some of his mail here. That'll fetch him. D'ye hear, Mister What's-your-

name?' And there was Jim answering Egström with something boyish in his tone. 'All right. I'll make a race of it.' He seemed to take refuge in the boat-sailing part of that sorry business.

"I did not see him again that trip, but on my next (I had a six months' charter) I went up to the store. Ten yards away from the door Blake's scolding met my ears, and when I came in he gave me a glance of utter wretchedness; Egström, all smiles, advanced, extending a large bony hand. 'Glad to see you, Captain. . . . Sssh. . . . Been thinking you were about due back here. What did you say, sir? . . . Sssh. . . . Oh! him! He has left us. Come into the parlour.' . . . After the slam of the door Blake's strained voice became faint, as the voice of one scolding desperately in a wilderness. . . . 'Put us to a great inconvenience, too. Used us badly—I must say . . . ' 'Where's he gone to? Do you know?' I asked. 'No. It's no use asking either,' said Egström, standing bewhiskered and obliging before me with his arms hanging down his sides clumsily, and a thin silver watch-chain looped very low on a rucked-up blue serge waistcoat. 'A man like that don't go anywhere in particular.' I was too concerned at the news to ask for the explanation of that pronouncement, and he went on. 'He left—let's see—the very day a steamer with returning pilgrims from the Red Sea put in here with two blades of her propeller gone. Three weeks

ago now.' 'Wasn't there something said about the *Patna* case?' I asked, fearing the worst. He gave a start, and looked at me as if I had been a sorcerer. 'Why, yes! How do you know? Some of them were talking about it here. There was a captain or two, the manager of Vanlo's engineering shop at the harbour, two or three others, and myself. Jim was in here too, having a sandwich and a glass of beer; when we are busy—you see, captain—there's no time for a proper tiffin. He was standing by this table eating sandwiches, and the rest of us were round the telescope watching that steamer come in; and by-and-by Vanlo's manager began to talk about the chief engineer of the *Patna*; he had done some repairs for him once, and from that he went on to tell us what an old ruin she was, and the money that had been made out of her. He came to mention her last voyage, and then we all struck in. Some said one thing, and some another—not much—what you or any other man might say; and there was some laughing. Captain O'Brien of the *Sarah W. Granger*, a large, noisy old man with a stick—he was sitting listening to us in this armchair here—he let drive suddenly with his stick at the floor, and roars out, "Skunks!" . . . Made us all jump. Vanlo's manager winks at us and asks, "What's the matter, Captain O'Brien?" "Matter! matter!" the old man began to shout; "what are you Injuns laughing at? It's no laughing matter. It's a disgrace to human natur'

—that's what it is. I would despise being seen in the same room with one of those men. Yes, sir!" He seemed to catch my eye like, and I had to speak out of civility. "Skunks!" says I, "of course, Captain O'Brien, and I wouldn't care to have them here myself, so you're quite safe in this room, Captain O'Brien. Have a little something cool to drink." "Dam' your drink, Egström," says he, with a twinkle in his eye; "when I want a drink I will shout for it. I am going to quit. It stinks here now." At this all the others burst out laughing, and out they go after the old man. And then, sir, that blasted Jim he puts down the sandwich he had in his hand and walks round the table to me; there was his glass of beer poured out quite full. "I am off," he says—just like this. "It isn't half-past one yet," says I; "you might snatch a smoke first." I thought he meant it was time for him to go down to his work. When I understood what he was up to, my arms fell—so! Can't get a man like that every day, you know, sir; a regular devil for sailing a boat; ready to go out miles to sea to meet ships in any sort of weather. More than once a captain would come in here full of it, and the first thing he would say would be, "That's a reckless sort of a lunatic you've got for water-clerk, Egström. I was feeling my way in at daylight under short canvas when there comes flying out of the mist right under my forefoot a boat half under water, sprays going over

the mast-head, two frightened niggers on the bottom boards, a yelling fiend at the tiller. Hey! hey! Ship ahoy! ahoy! Captain! Hey! hey! Egström & Blake's man first to speak to you! Hey! hey! Egström & Blake! Hallo! hey! whoop! Kick the niggers—out reefs—a squall on at the time—shoots ahead whooping and yelling to me to make sail and he would give me a lead in—more like a demon than a man. Never saw a boat handled like that in all my life. Couldn't have been drunk—was he? Such a quiet, soft-spoken chap too—blush like a girl when he came on board. . . ." I tell you, Captain Marlow, nobody had a chance against us with a strange ship when Jim was out. The other ship-chandlers just kept their old customers, and . . .

"Egström appeared overcome with emotion.

"Why, sir—it seemed as though he wouldn't mind going a hundred miles out to sea in an old shoe to nab a ship for the firm. If the business had been his own and all to make yet, he couldn't have done more in that way. And now . . . all at once . . . like this! Thinks I to myself: "Oho! a rise in the screw—that's the trouble—is it? All right," says I, "no need of all that fuss with me, Jimmy. Just mention your figure. Anything in reason." He looks at me as if he wanted to swallow something that stuck in his throat. "I can't stop with you." "What's that blooming joke?" I asks. He shakes his head, and I could see in his

eye he was as good as gone already, sir. So I turned-to and slanged him till all was blue. "What is it you're running away from?" I asks. "Who has been getting at you? What scared you? You haven't as much sense as a rat; they don't clear out from a good ship. Where do you expect to get a better berth?—you this and you that." I made him look sick, I can tell you. "This business ain't going to sink," says I. He gave a big jump. "Good-bye," he says, nodding at me like a lord; "you ain't half a bad chap, Egström. I give you my word that if you knew my reasons you wouldn't care to keep me." "That's the biggest lie you ever told in your life," says I; "I know my own mind." He made me so mad that I had to laugh. "Can't you really stop long enough to drink this glass of beer here, you funny beggar, you?" I don't know what came over him; he didn't seem able to find the door; something comical, I can tell you, captain. I drank the beer myself. "Well, if you're in such a hurry, here's luck to you in your own drink," says

I; "only, you mark my words, if you keep up this game you'll very soon find that the earth ain't big enough to hold you—that's all." He gave me one black look, and out he rushed with a face fit to scare little children.'

"Egström snorted bitterly, and combed one auburn whisker with knotty fingers. 'Haven't been able to get a man that was any good since. It's nothing but worry, worry, worry in business. And where might you have come across him, captain, if it's fair to ask?'

"'He was the mate of the *Patna* that voyage,' I said, feeling that I owed some explanation. For a time Egström remained very still, with his fingers plunged in the hair at the side of his face, and then exploded. 'And who the devil cares about that?' 'I daresay no one,' I began . . . 'And what the devil is he—anyhow—for to go on like this?' He stuffed suddenly his left whisker into his mouth and stood amazed. 'Jee!' he exclaimed, 'I told him the earth wouldn't be big enough to hold his caper.'"

CHAPTER XIX.

"I have told you these two episodes at length to show his manner of dealing with himself under the new conditions of his life. There were many others of the sort, more than I could count on the fingers of my two hands. They were all equally tinged by a high-minded ab-

surdity of intention which made their futility profound and touching. To fling away your daily bread so as to get your hands free for a grapple with a ghost may be an act of prosaic heroism. Men had done it before (though we who have lived know full well that it is not

the haunted soul but the hungry body that makes an outcast), and men who had eaten and meant to eat every day had applauded the creditable folly. He was indeed unfortunate, for all his recklessness could not carry him out from under the shadow. There was always a doubt of his courage. The truth seems to be that it is impossible to lay the ghost of a fact. You can face it or shirk it—and I have come across a man or two who could wink at their familiar shades. Obviously Jim was not of the winking sort; but what I could never make up my mind about was whether his line of conduct amounted to shirking his ghost or to facing him out.

"I strained my mental eyesight only to discover that, as with the complexion of all our actions, the shade of difference was so delicate that it was impossible to say. It might have been flight and it might have been a mode of combat. To the common mind he became known as a rolling stone, because this was the funniest part: he did after a time become perfectly known, and even notorious, within the circle of his wanderings (which had a diameter of, say, three thousand miles), in the same way as an eccentric character is known to a whole countryside. For instance, in Bankok, where he found employment with Yucker Brothers, charterers and teak merchants, it was almost pathetic to see him go about in sunshine hugging his secret, which was known to the very up-country logs on the river.

Schomberg, the keeper of the hotel where he boarded, a hirsute Alsatian of manly bearing and an irrepressible retailer of all the scandalous gossip of the place, would, with both elbows on the table, impart an adorned version of the story to any guest who cared to imbibe knowledge along with the more costly liquors. 'And, mind you, the nicest fellow you could meet,' would be his generous conclusion; 'quite superior.' It says a lot for the casual crowd that frequented Schomberg's establishment that Jim managed to hang out in Bankok for a whole six months. I remarked that people, perfect strangers, took to him as one takes to a nice child. His manner was reserved, but it was as though his personal appearance, his hair, his eyes, his smile, made friends for him wherever he went. And, of course, he was no fool. I heard Siegmund Yucker (native of Switzerland), a gentle creature ravaged by a cruel dyspepsia, and so frightfully lame that his head swung through a quarter of a circle at every step he took, declare appreciatively that for one so young he was 'of great gabasidy,' as though it had been a mere question of cubic contents. 'Why not send him up country?' I suggested anxiously. (Yucker Brothers had concessions and teak forests in the interior.) 'If he has capacity, as you say, he will soon get hold of the work. And physically he is very fit. His health is always excellent.' 'Ach! It's a great ting in dis goundry to

be vree vrom tispép-shia,' sighed poor Yucker enviously, casting a stealthy glance at the pit of his ruined stomach. I left him drumming pensively on his desk and muttering, 'Es ist ein idee. Es ist ein idee.' Unfortunately, that very evening an unpleasant affair took place in the hotel.

"I don't know that I blame Jim very much, but it was a truly regrettable incident. It belonged to the lamentable species of bar-room scuffles, and the other party to it was a cross-eyed Dane of sorts whose visiting-card recited under his misbegotten name: first lieutenant in the Royal Siamese Navy. The fellow of course was utterly hopeless at billiards, but did not like to be beaten, I suppose. He had had enough to drink to turn nasty after the sixth game, and make some scornful remark at Jim's expense. Most of the people there didn't hear what was said, and those who had heard seemed to have had all precise recollection scared out of them by the appalling nature of the consequences that immediately ensued. It was very lucky for the Dane that he could swim, because the room opened on a verandah and the Menam flowed below very wide and black. A boat-load of Chinamen, bound, as likely as not, on some thieving expedition, fished out the officer of the King of Siam, and Jim turned up at about midnight on board my ship without a hat. 'Everybody in the room seemed to know,' he said, gasping yet from the contest, as it were. He was rather

sorry, on general principles, for what had happened, though in this case there had been, he said, 'no option.' But what dismayed him was to find the nature of his burden as well known to everybody as though he had gone about all that time carrying it on his shoulders. Naturally after this he couldn't remain in the place. He was universally condemned for the brutal violence, so unbecoming a man in his delicate position; some maintained he had been disgracefully drunk at the time; others criticised his want of tact. Even Schomberg was very much annoyed. 'He is a very nice young man,' he said argumentatively to me, 'but the lieutenant is a first-rate fellow too. He dines every night at my *table d'hôte*, you know. And there's a billiard-cue broken. I can't allow that. First thing this morning I went over with my apologies to the lieutenant, and I think I've made it all right for myself; but only think, captain, if everybody started such games! Why, the man might have been drowned! And here I can't run out into the next street and buy a new cue. I've got to write to Europe for them. No, no! A temper like that won't do!' . . . He was extremely sore on the subject.

"This was the worst incident of all in his—his retreat. Nobody could deplore it more than myself; for if, as somebody said hearing him mentioned, 'Oh yes! I know. He has knocked about a good deal out here,' yet he had somehow avoided

being battered and chipped in the process. This last affair, however, made me seriously uneasy, because if his exquisite sensibilities were to go the length of involving him in pot-house shindies, he would lose his name of an inoffensive, if aggravating, fool, and acquire that of a common loafer. For all my confidence in him I could not help reflecting that in such cases from the name to the thing itself is but a step. I suppose you will understand that by that time I could not think of washing my hands of him. I took him away from Bangkok in my ship, and we had a longish passage. It was pitiful to see how he shrank within himself. A seaman, even if a mere passenger, takes an interest in a ship, and looks at the sea-life around him with the critical enjoyment of a painter, for instance, looking at another man's work. In every sense of the expression he is 'on deck'; but my Jim, for the most part, skulked down below as though he had been a stowaway. He infected me so that I avoided speaking on professional matters, such as would suggest themselves naturally to two sailors during a passage. For whole days we did not exchange a word; I felt extremely unwilling to give orders to my officers in his presence. Often, when alone with him on deck or in the cabin, we didn't know what to do with our eyes.

"I placed him with De Jongh, as you know, glad enough to dispose of him in any way, yet persuaded that

his position was now growing intolerable. He had lost some of that elasticity which had enabled him to rebound back into his uncompromising position after every overthrow. One day, coming ashore, I saw him standing on the quay; the water of the roadstead and the sea in the offing made one smooth ascending plane, and the outermost ships at anchor seemed to ride motionless in the sky. He was waiting for his boat, which was being loaded at our feet with packages of small stores for some vessel ready to leave. After exchanging greetings, we remained silent—side by side. 'Jove!' he said suddenly, 'this is killing work.'

"He smiled at me; I must say he generally could manage a smile. I made no reply. I knew very well he was not alluding to his duties; he had an easy time of it with De Jongh. Nevertheless, as soon as he had spoken I became completely convinced that the work was killing. I did not even look at him. 'Would you like,' said I, 'to leave this part of the world altogether; try California or the West Coast? I'll see what I can do . . . ' He interrupted me a little scornfully. 'What difference would it make? . . . ' I felt at once convinced that he was right. It would make no difference; it was not relief he wanted; I seemed to perceive dimly that what he wanted, what he was, as it were, waiting for, was something not easy to define—something in the nature of an

opportunity. I had given him many opportunities, but they had been merely opportunities to earn his bread. Yet what more could any man do? The position struck me as hopeless, and poor Brierly's saying recurred to me, 'Let him creep twenty feet underground and stay there.' Better that, I thought, than this waiting above ground for the impossible. Yet one could not be sure even of that. There and then, before his boat was three oars' lengths away from the quay, I had made up my mind to go and consult Stein in the evening.

"This Stein was a wealthy and respected merchant. His 'house' (because it was a house, Stein & Co., and there was some sort of partner who, as Stein said, 'looked after the Moluccas') had a large inter-island business, with a lot of trading posts established in the most out-of-the-way places for collecting the produce. His wealth and his respectability were not exactly the reasons why I was anxious to seek his advice. I desired to confide my difficulty to him because he was one of the most trustworthy men I had ever known. The gentle light of a simple, unwearied, as it were, and intelligent good-nature illumined his long hairless face. It had deep downward folds, and was pale as of a man who had always led a sedentary life—which was indeed very far from being the case. His hair was thin, and brushed back from a massive and lofty forehead. One fancied that at

twenty he must have looked very much like he was now at threescore. It was a student's face; only the eyebrows nearly all white, thick and bushy, together with the resolute searching glance that came from under them, were not in accord with his, I may say, learned appearance. He was tall and loose-jointed; his slight stoop, together with an innocent smile, made him appear benevolently ready to lend you his ear; his long arms with pale big hands had rare deliberate gestures of a pointing out, demonstrating kind. I speak of him at length, because under this exterior, and in conjunction with an upright and indulgent nature, this man possessed an intrepidity of spirit and a physical courage that could have been called reckless had it not been like a natural function of the body—say good digestion, for instance—completely unconscious of itself. It is sometimes said of a man that he carries his life in his hand. Such a saying would have been inadequate if applied to him; during the early part of his existence in the East he had been playing ball with it. All this was in the past, but I knew the story of his life and the origin of his fortune. He was also a naturalist of some distinction, or perhaps I should say a learned collector. Entomology was his special study. His collection of *Buprestidæ* and *Longicorns*—beetles all—horrible miniature monsters, looking malevolent in death and immobility, and his cabinet of butterflies,

beautiful and hovering under the glass of cases on lifeless wings, had spread his fame far over the earth. The name of this merchant, adventurer, sometime adviser of a Malay sultan (to whom he never alluded otherwise than as 'my poor Mohammed Bonso'), had, on account of a few bushels of

dead insects, become known to learned persons in Europe, who could have had no conception, and certainly would not have cared to know anything, of his life or character. I, who knew, considered him an eminently suitable person to receive my confidences about Jim's difficulties as well as my own."

CHAPTER XX.

"Late in the evening I entered his study, after traversing an imposing but empty dining-room very dimly lit. The house was silent. I was preceded by an elderly grim Javanese servant in a sort of livery of white jacket and yellow sarong, who, after throwing the door open, exclaimed low, 'O master!' and stepping aside, vanished in a mysterious way as though he had been a ghost only momentarily embodied for that particular service. Stein turned round with the chair, and in the same movement his spectacles seemed to get pushed up on his forehead. He welcomed me in his quiet and humorous voice. Only one corner of the vast room, the corner in which stood his writing-desk, was strongly lighted by a shaded reading-lamp, and the rest of the spacious apartment melted into shapeless gloom like a cavern. Narrow shelves filled with dark boxes of uniform shape and colour ran round the walls, not from floor to ceiling, but in a sombre belt about four feet broad. Catacombs of beetles. Wooden tablets were hung

above at irregular intervals. The light reached one of them, and the word *Coleoptera* written in gold letters glittered mysteriously upon a vast dimness. The glass cases containing the collection of butterflies were ranged in three long rows upon slender-legged little tables. One of these cases had been removed from its place and stood on the desk, which was bestrewn with oblong slips of paper blackened with minute handwriting.

"'So you see me—so,' he said. His hand hovered over the case where a butterfly in solitary grandeur spread out dark bronze wings, seven inches or more across, with exquisite white veinings and a gorgeous border of yellow spots. 'Only one specimen like this they have in *your* London, and then—no more. To my small native town this my collection I shall bequeath. Something of me. The best.'

"He bent forward in the chair and gazed intently, his chin over the front of the case. I stood at his back. 'Marvelous,' he whispered, and seemed to forget my presence. His

history was curious. He had been born in Bavaria, and when a youth of twenty-two had taken an active part in the revolutionary movement of 1848. Heavily compromised, he managed to make his escape, and at first found a refuge with a poor republican watchmaker in Trieste. From there he made his way to Tripoli with a stock of cheap watches to hawk about,—not a very great opening truly, but it turned out lucky enough, because it was there he came upon a Dutch traveller—a rather famous man, I believe, but I don't remember his name. It was that naturalist who, engaging him as a sort of assistant, took him to the East. They travelled in the Archipelago together and separately, collecting insects and birds, for four years or more. Then the naturalist went home, and Stein, having no home to go to, remained with an old trader he had come across in his journeys in the interior of Celebes—if Celebes may be said to have an interior. This old Scotsman, the only white man allowed to reside in the country at the time, was a privileged friend of the chief ruler of Wajo States, who was a woman. I often heard Stein relate how that chap, who was slightly paralysed on one side, had introduced him to the native court a short time before another stroke carried him off. He was a heavy man with a patriarchal white beard, and of imposing stature. He came into the council-hall where all the rajahs, pangerans, and

headmen were assembled, with the queen, a fat wrinkled woman (very free in her speech, Stein said), reclining on a high couch under a canopy. He dragged his leg, thumping with his stick, and grasped Stein's arm, leading him right up to the couch. 'Look, queen, and you rajahs, this is my son,' he proclaimed in a stentorian voice. 'I have traded with your fathers, and when I die he shall trade with you and your sons.'

"By means of this simple formality Stein inherited the Scotsman's privileged position and all his stock-in-trade, together with a fortified house on the banks of the only navigable river in the country. Shortly afterwards the old queen, who was so free in her speech, died, and the country became disturbed by various pretenders to the throne. Stein joined the party of a younger son, the one of whom thirty years later he never spoke otherwise but as 'my poor Mohammed Bonso.' They both became the heroes of innumerable exploits; they had wonderful adventures, and once stood a siege in the Scotsman's house for a month, with only a score of followers against a whole army. I believe the natives talk of that war to this day. Meantime, it seems, Stein never failed to annex on his own account every butterfly or beetle he could lay hands on. After some eight years of war, negotiations, false truces, sudden outbreaks, reconciliation, treachery, and so on, and just as peace seemed at last perma-

nently established, his 'poor Mohammed Bonso' was assassinated at the gate of his own royal residence while dismounting in the highest spirits on his return from a successful deer-hunt. This event rendered Stein's position extremely insecure, but he would have stayed perhaps had it not been that a short time afterwards he lost Mohammed's sister ('my dear wife the princess,' he used to say solemnly), by whom he had had a daughter—mother and child both dying within three days of each other from some infectious fever. He left the country, which this cruel loss had made unbearable to him. Thus ended the first and adventurous part of his existence. What followed was so different that, but for the reality of sorrow which remained with him, this strange past must have resembled a dream. He had a little money; he started life afresh, and in the course of years acquired a considerable fortune. At first he had travelled a good deal amongst the islands, but age had stolen upon him, and of late he seldom left his spacious house three miles out of town, with an extensive garden, and surrounded by stables, offices, and bamboo cottages for his servants and dependents, of whom he had many. He drove in his buggy every morning to town, where he had an office with white and Chinese clerks. He owned a small fleet of schooners and native craft, and dealt in island produce on a large scale. For the rest he lived solitary, but not misan-

thropic, with his books and his collection, classing and arranging specimens, corresponding with entomologists in Europe, writing up a descriptive catalogue of his treasures. Such was the history of the man whom I had come to consult upon Jim's case without any definite hope. Simply to hear what he would have to say would have been a relief. I was very anxious, but I respected the intense, almost passionate, absorption with which he looked at a butterfly, as though on the bronze sheen of these frail wings, in the white tracings, in the gorgeous markings, he could see other things, an image of something as perishable and defying destruction as these delicate and lifeless tissues displaying a splendour unmarred by death.

"'Marvellous!' he repeated, looking up at me. 'Look! The beauty—but that is nothing—look at the accuracy, the harmony. And so fragile! And so strong! And so exact! This is Nature—the balance of colossal forces. Every star is so—and every blade of grass stands so—and the mighty Kosmos in perfect equilibrium produces—this. This wonder; this masterpiece of Nature—the great artist.'

"'Never heard an entomologist go on like this,' I observed cheerfully. 'Masterpiece! And what of man?'

"'Man is amazing, but he is not a masterpiece,' he said, keeping his eyes fixed on the glass case. 'Perhaps the artist was a little mad. Eh? What do you think? Sometimes it

seems to me that man is come where he is not wanted, where there is no place for him; for if not, why should he want all the place? Why should he run about here and there making a great noise about himself, talking about the stars, disturbing the blades of grass? . . .’

“‘Catching butterflies,’ I chimed in.

“He smiled, threw himself back in his chair, and stretched his legs. ‘Sit down,’ he said. ‘I captured this rare specimen myself one very fine morning. And I had a very big emotion. You don’t know what it is for a collector to capture such a rare specimen. You can’t know.’

“I smiled at my ease in a rocking-chair. His eyes seemed to look far beyond the wall at which they stared; and he narrated how, one night, a messenger arrived from his ‘poor Mohammed,’ requiring his presence at the ‘residenz’—as he called it—which was distant some nine or ten miles by a bridle-path over a cultivated plain, with patches of forest here and there. Early in the morning he started from his fortified house, after embracing his little Emma, and leaving the ‘princess,’ his wife, in command. He described how she came with him as far as the gate, walking with one hand on the neck of his horse; she had on a white jacket, gold pins in her hair, and a brown leather belt over her left shoulder with a revolver in it. ‘She talked as women will talk,’ he said, ‘telling me to be careful, and to try to get back before dark, and what a great wickedness it was for me to go alone. We

were at war, and the country was not safe; my men were putting up bullet-proof shutters to the house and loading their rifles, and she begged me to have no fear for her. She could defend the house against anybody till I returned. And I laughed with pleasure a little. I liked to see her so brave and young and strong. I too was young then. At the gate she caught hold of my hand and gave it one squeeze and fell back. I made my horse stand still outside till I heard the bars of the gate put up behind me. There was a great enemy of mine, a great noble—and a great rascal too—roaming with a band in the neighbourhood. I cantered for four or five miles; there had been rain in the night, but the mists had gone up, up—and the face of the earth was clean; it lay smiling to me, so fresh and innocent—like a little child. Suddenly somebody fires a volley—twenty shots at least it seemed to me. I hear bullets sing in my ear, and my hat jumps to the back of my head. It was a little intrigue, you understand. They got my poor Mohammed to send for me and then laid that ambush. I see it all in a minute, and I think—— This wants a little management. My pony snort, jump, and stand, and I fall slowly forward with my head on his mane. He begins to walk, and with one eye I could see over his neck a faint cloud of smoke hanging in front of a clump of bamboos to my left. I think—— Aha! my friends, why you not wait long enough before you shoot? This is not

yet *gelingen*. Oh no! I get hold of my revolver with my right hand—quiet—quiet. After all, there were only seven of these rascals. They get up from the grass and start running with their sarongs tucked up, waving spears above their heads, and yelling to each other to look out and catch the horse, because I was dead. I let them come as close as the door here, and then bang, bang, bang—take aim each time too. One more shot I fire at a man's back, but I miss. Too far already. And then I sit alone on my horse with the clean earth smiling at me, and there are the bodies of three men lying on the ground. One was curled up like a dog, another on his back had an arm over his eyes as if to keep off the sun, and the third man he draws up his leg very slowly and makes it with one kick straight again. I watch him very carefully from my horse, but there is no more—*bleibt ganz ruhig*—keep still, so. And as I looked at his face for some sign of life I observed something like a faint shadow pass over his forehead. It was the shadow of this butterfly. Look at the form of the wing. This species fly high with a strong flight. I raised my eyes and I saw him fluttering away. I think— Can it be possible? And then I lost him. I dismounted and went on very slow, leading my horse and holding my revolver with one hand and my eyes darting up and down and right and left, everywhere! At last I saw him sitting on a small heap of dirt ten feet away. At once

my heart began to beat quick. I let go my horse, keep my revolver in one hand, and with the other snatch my soft felt hat off my head. One step. Steady. Another step. Flop! I got him! When I got up I shook like a leaf with excitement, and when I opened these beautiful wings and made sure what a rare and so extraordinary perfect specimen I had, my head went round and my legs became so weak with emotion that I had to sit on the ground. I had greatly desired to possess myself of a specimen of that species when collecting for the professor. I took long journeys and underwent great privations; I had dreamed of him in my sleep, and here suddenly I had him in my fingers—for myself! In the words of the poet' (he pronounced it 'boet')—

“So halt' ich's endlich denn in meinen
Händen,
Und nenn' es in gewissem Sinne
mein.”

He gave to the last word the emphasis of a suddenly lowered voice, and withdrew his eyes slowly from my face. He began to charge a long-stemmed pipe busily and in silence, then, pausing with his thumb on the orifice of the bowl, looked again at me significantly.

“Yes, my good friend. On that day I had nothing to desire; I had greatly annoyed my principal enemy; I was young, strong; I had friendship; I had the love' (he said 'lof') 'of woman, a child I had, to make my heart very full—and even what I had once dreamed in my sleep had come into my hand too!

"He struck a match, which flared violently. His thoughtful placid face twitched once.

"'Friend, wife, child,' he said slowly, gazing at the small flame — 'phoo!' The match was blown out. He sighed, and with an air of resignation turned again to the glass case. The frail and beautiful wings quivered faintly, as if his breath had for an instant called back to life that gorgeous object of his dreams.

"'The work,' he began suddenly, pointing to the scattered slips, and in his usual gentle and cheery tone, 'is making great progress. I have been this rare specimen describing. . . . Na! And what is your good news?'

"'To tell you the truth, Stein,' I said with an effort that surprised me, 'I came here to describe a specimen. . . .'

"'Butterfly?' he asked, with an unbelieving and humorous eagerness.

"'Nothing so perfect,' I answered, feeling suddenly dispirited with all sorts of doubts. 'A man!'

"'Ach so!' he murmured, and his smiling countenance, turned to me, became grave. Then after looking at me for a while he said slowly, 'Well—I am a man too.'

"Here you have him as he was; he knew how to be generously encouraging; so generously as to make a scrupulous man hesitate on the brink of confidence; but if I did hesitate it was not for long.

"He heard me out, sitting with crossed legs and industriously puffing at his pipe. Some-

times his head would disappear completely in a great eruption of smoke, and a sympathetic growl would come out from the cloud. When I finished he uncrossed his legs, laid down his pipe, leaned forward towards me earnestly with his elbows on the arms of his chair, the tips of his fingers together.

"'I understand very well. He is romantic.'

"He had diagnosed the case for me, and at first I was quite startled to find how simple it was; and indeed our conference resembled so much a medical consultation—Stein, of learned aspect sitting in an armchair before his desk; I, anxious, in another, facing him, but a little to one side—that it seemed natural to ask—

"'What's good for it?'

"He lifted up a long forefinger.

"'There is only one remedy! One thing alone can us from being ourselves cure!' The finger came down on the desk with a smart rap. The case which he had made to look so simple before became if possible still simpler—and altogether hopeless. There was a pause. 'Yes,' said I, 'strictly speaking, the question is not how to get cured, but how to live.'

"He approved with his head, a little sadly as it seemed. 'Ja! ja! In general, adapting the words of your great poet: That is the question. . . . ' He went on nodding sympathetically. . . . 'How to be! Ach! How to be.'

"He stood up with the tips of his fingers resting on the desk.

“‘We want in so many different ways to be,’ he began again. ‘This magnificent butterfly finds a little heap of dirt and sits still on it ; but man he will never on his heap of mud keep still. He want to be so, and again he want to be so.’ . . . He moved his hand up, then down. . . . ‘He wants to be a saint, and he wants to be a devil—and every time he shuts his eyes he sees himself as a very fine fellow—so fine as he can never be. . . . In a dream. . . .’

“He lowered the glass-lid, the automatic lock clicked sharply, and taking up the case in both hands he bore it religiously away to its place, passing out of the bright circle of the lamp into the ring of fainter light—into shapeless dusk at last. It had an odd effect—as if these few steps had carried him out of this concrete and perplexed world. His tall form, as though robbed of its substance, hovered noiselessly over invisible things with stooping and indefinite movements ; his voice, heard in that remoteness where he could be glimpsed mysteriously busy with immaterial cares, was no longer incisive, seemed to roll voluminous and grave—mellowed by distance.

“‘And because you not always can keep your eyes shut there comes the real trouble—the heart pain—the world pain. I tell you, my friend, it is not good for you to find you cannot make your dream come true, for the reason that you not strong enough are, or not clever enough. *Ja!* . . . And all the time you are such a fine

fellow too! *Wie? Was? Gott in Himmel!* How can that be? *Ha! ha! ha!*’

“The shadow prowling amongst the graves of butterflies laughed boisterously.

“‘Yes! Very funny this terrible thing is. A man that is born falls into a dream like a man who falls into the sea. If he tries to climb out into the air as inexperienced people endeavour to do, he drowns—*nicht war?* . . . No! I tell you! The way is to the destructive element submit yourself, and with the exertions of your hands and feet in the water make the deep, deep sea keep you up. So if you ask me—how to be?’

“His voice leaped up extraordinarily strong, as though away there in the dusk he had been inspired by some whisper of knowledge. ‘I will tell you! For that too there is only one way.’

“With a hasty swish swish of his slippers he loomed up in the ring of faint light, and suddenly appeared in the bright circle of the lamp. His extended hand aimed at my breast like a pistol ; his deep-set eyes seemed to pierce through me, but his twitching lips uttered no word, and the austere exaltation of a certitude seen in the dusk vanished from his face. The hand that had been pointing at my breast fell, and by-and-by, coming a step nearer, he laid it gently on my shoulder. There were things, he said mournfully, that perhaps could never be told; only he had lived so much alone that sometimes he forgot—he forgot. The light had

destroyed the assurance which had inspired him in the distant shadows. He sat down and, with both elbows on the desk, rubbed his forehead. 'And yet it is true—it is true. In the destructive element immerse.' . . . He spoke in a subdued tone, without looking at me, one hand on each side of his face. 'That was the way. To follow the dream, and again to follow the dream—and so—*ewig—usque ad finem.* . . .' The whisper of his conviction seemed to open before me a vast and uncertain expanse, as of a crepuscular horizon on a plain at dawn—or was it, perchance, at the coming of the night? One had not the courage to decide; but it was a charming and deceptive light, throwing the impalpable poesy of its dimness over pitfalls—over graves. His life had begun in sacrifice, in enthusiasm for generous ideas; he had travelled very far, on various ways, on strange paths, and whatever he followed it had been without faltering, and therefore without shame and without regret. In so far he was right. That was the way, no doubt. Yet for all that the great plain on which men wander amongst graves and pitfalls remained very desolate under the impalpable poesy of its crepuscular light, overshadowed in the centre, circled with a bright edge as if surrounded by an abyss full of flames. When at last I broke the silence it was to express the opinion that no one could be more romantic than himself.

"He shook his head slowly, and afterwards looked at me

with a patient and inquiring glance.' It was a shame, he said. There we were sitting and talking like two boys, instead of putting our heads together to find something practical—a practical remedy—for the evil—for the great evil—he repeated, with a humorous and indulgent smile. For all that, our talk did not grow more practical. We avoided pronouncing Jim's name as though we had tried to keep flesh and blood out of our discussion, or he were nothing but an erring spirit, a suffering and nameless shade. 'Na!' said Stein, rising. 'To-night you sleep here, and in the morning we shall do something practical—practical. . . .' He lit a two-branched candlestick and led the way. We passed through empty dark rooms, escorted by gleams from the lights Stein carried. They glided along the waxed floors, sweeping here and there over the polished surface of a table, leaped upon a fragmentary curve of a piece of furniture, or flashed perpendicularly in and out of distant mirrors, while the forms of two men and the flicker of two flames could be seen for a moment stealing silently across the depths of a crystalline void. He walked slowly a pace in advance with stooping courtesy; there was a profound, as it were a listening, quietude on his face; the long flaxen locks mixed with white threads were scattered thinly upon his slightly bowed neck.

" 'He is romantic—romantic,' he repeated. 'And that is very bad—very bad. . . . Very good,

too,' he added. 'But is he?' I queried.

"*Gewiss*,' he said, and stood still, holding up the candle-brum, but without looking at me. 'Evident! What is it that by inward pain makes him know himself? What is it that for you and me makes him—exist?'

"At that moment it was difficult to believe in Jim's existence—starting from a country parsonage, blurred by crowds of men as by clouds of dust, silenced by the clashing claims of life and death in a material world—but his imperishable reality came to me with a convincing, with an irresistible force! I saw it vividly, as though in our progress through the lofty silent rooms amongst fleeing gleams of light and the sudden revelations of human figures stealing with flickering flames within unfathomable and pellucid depths, we had approached nearer to absolute Truth, which, like Beauty itself, floats elusive, obscure, half submerged, in the silent still waters of mystery. 'Perhaps he is,' I admitted with a slight laugh, whose unexpectedly loud reverberation made me lower my voice directly; 'but I am sure you are.' With his head dropping on his breast and the light held high he began to walk again. 'Well—I exist, too,' he said.

"He preceded me. My eyes followed his movements, but what I did see was not the head of the firm, the welcome guest at afternoon receptions, the correspondent of learned

societies, the entertainer of stray naturalists; I saw only the reality of his destiny, which he had known how to follow with unflinching footsteps, that life begun in humble surroundings, rich in generous enthusiasms, in friendship, love, war—in all the exalted elements of romance. At the door of my room he faced me. 'Yes,' I said, as though carrying on a discussion, 'and amongst other things you dreamed foolishly of a certain butterfly; but when one fine morning your dream came in your way you did not let the splendid opportunity escape. Did you? Whereas he . . .' Stein lifted his hand. 'And do you know how many opportunities I let escape; how many dreams I had lost that had come in my way?' He shook his head regretfully. 'It seems to me that some would have been very fine—if I had made them come true. Do you know how many? Perhaps I myself don't know.' 'Whether his were fine or not,' I said, 'he knows of one which he certainly did not catch.' 'Everybody knows of one or two like that,' said Stein; 'and that is the trouble—the great trouble. . . .'

"He shook hands on the threshold, peered into my room under his raised arm. 'Sleep well. And to-morrow we must do something practical—practical. . . .'

"Though his own room was beyond mine I saw him return the way he came. He was going back to his butterflies."

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE ATTEMPT OF SIPIDO — THE CHARACTER OF THE ANARCHIST — A SANGUINE, FOOLISH VICTIM OF HALF-KNOWLEDGE — IRRESPONSIBLE BIOGRAPHERS — THE ANARCHISTS OF LITERATURE — A MODEST COTERIE — THE CULT OF EDWARD FITZGERALD — TOBIAS SMOLLETT AND HIS LATEST CRITIC.

THE attack made in Brussels upon the Prince of Wales might have been a tragedy: it was a solemn farce, and the foolish Sipido's preposterous adventure is only memorable because it reminds us that Anarchy is still a genuine danger to the State. Happily the Anarchist is a fumbler, more inclined to suicide than to murder, and so long as he played with explosives it would have been sound to advocate a policy of "one Anarchist one Bomb." But the monstrous society, which preaches death, has of late discountenanced the indiscriminate use of infernal machines, and the murder of President Carnot six years since proved that the knife is more deadly than dynamite. Yet, while the implements change, the assassin remains at once wicked and futile. As he works underground, it is difficult to foresee his villainy, while it is impolitic to flatter his love of advertisement by a premature prosecution. All that Governments can do is to see that the Anarchist, when he is caught, has the briefest trial and the severest sentence that can be devised. For after blood, he best loves publicity, and since his attacks can only be met by knowledge, it is worth

while to attempt an analysis of his character.

The Anarchist, then, is a ruffian of feeble brain and weak inclination, who is pursued by a spirit of restless discontent. Sorry for himself, he believes, by an easy transition, that he is sorry for his fellows; and it is this sham sympathy, rooted in selfishness, which generally wins for him the credit of amiability. When Caserio was charged with a useless murder a dozen witnesses readily swore to the kindness of his heart, and we are not surprised that Sipido, too, is reputed a miracle of good nature. So the discontent, which he fondly construes into a general love of the human race, drives the Anarchist to attempt reform, and for him reform means death. Indeed, so narrow is his brain that he can conceive no other remedy for a trifling ill than murder: he would wipe out a spot of dust with blood, and his one war-cry is Kill, kill, kill! In other words, his diseased intelligence forbids him to understand the link which binds cause and effect. He recognises his poverty, and believes that a change of system will ameliorate it; but he can imagine no method of changing a

system, which appears irksome, save the death of an innocent man. That is to say, he does not understand the rules of Society's game: he is like a man who would be taken for a gentleman, and yet cheats at cards. So he rushes into the street, armed with dynamite or dagger, and finds heroism in a lupine brutality.

Hence it follows that he is of a sanguine disposition. He is of those who hope always that the wickedness of to-day will be overlooked by the mercy of the morrow, and in truth nothing need appear hopeless to the brain which detects in an unreasoned crime a cure for poverty. As he is, so is his aspect. His sanguine temper is reflected in the flat-gazing eye of spurious prophecy, from which his low forehead recedes. A lack of control is patent not only in his open mouth, but in the weak chin which falls away sudden from his lower lip. More often than not a feeble body and unkempt fluffy hair make further advertisement of the idle restlessness which his admirers mistake for activity. But it is part of the Anarchist's ironical character that he is never active, or at any rate he is never effectual. He is eloquent enough concerning physical force, and though from a too placid obedience or from a pitiful lack of control he now and again throws a bomb or drives home a poniard, his temperament belies his ambition. The really active man translates his wish into deed; while Anarchy is a kind of moral ataxia. The Anarchist's

mind appears to desire something, but his muscles jerk in an opposite direction to his resolution; his hand is recalcitrant to his volition; and when he would pretend to serve mankind, he is impelled to make a dastardly assault upon a woman.

But, says his apologist, at any rate the Anarchist is a man of courage; at any rate he risks his skin for an idea. Nothing could be further from the truth: he is not brave, this irresolute apostle of slaughter; he is the victim, not of ideas, but of words. Impelled to his ineffectual act by a phrase, he deems no risk excessive, if only he be given a chance to work off a few tags before his judges. His quick restless mind omits one step in the argument. He sees the crowded court; he is blind to the gallows. He imagines himself for a moment the centre of attraction, he seems to hear the echo of his hollow voice, as he proclaims the foolish sentences which he has learned by rote. And his stupendous vanity blinds him to the last consequence, the early morning and the ghostly counsel, the chill walk from the prison to the guillotine, the oblique blade and the fateful basket. These horrors do not appal him, because his self-satisfaction carries him no farther than the speech which he fondly believes will impress the jury. For, indeed, if there were no vanity in the world there would be no Anarchists, since vanity is the essence of that stupidest of crimes, which is called political. None but a vain fool would

attempt single-handed what he grandiloquently describes as the "regeneration of man"; none but a vain fool would choose for this attempt the ridiculous method of inconsequent assassination; none but a vain fool would overlook all the consequences of his deed save the chance of an ill-delivered speech in a hostile courthouse. And in all the history of Anarchy you will not find one practitioner who did not unite in himself the three qualities of vanity, hope, and cowardice.

The Anarchist, moreover, is commonly half-educated. Rotten before he is ripe, he has extracted from cheap philosophy all that is mischievous. Reeking with murder, he will quote Herbert Spencer, as the devil quoted Scripture, to his purpose. Well do we remember the dying speech of Henry, the very type and exemplar of the modern Anarch. This miscreant, having thrown a bomb into a crowded café, and having already caused the death of several innocent men, opened his mouth to prove in the pride of eloquence how intimate an acquaintance he possessed with the works of our modern philosophers. Yet it was plain that he knew them only in selections, and that he understood not their drift. Assuredly he who finds in Darwin and Spencer the sanction of murder would have been more usefully employed in the breaking of stones than in the filching of proverbs whose meaning he could not even dimly understand. But the Anarchist is superficial even to the guillo-

tine, and he believes that if an axiom sounds in his ear he has plumbed the depths of science.

Such is the type to which the most of "political" murderers conform. Such was the foolish, amiable Vaillant, who thought that an infernal machine thrown into the Chamber of Deputies might call attention to himself and his fortunes. In this he succeeded, and if there were room for cynicism in the adventure, we might smile at the irony which chose the place and the method. At any rate, the Deputies experienced a new terror, even though the machine was wreathed in flowers. Such, too, was the miserable Henry, who comes nearest to our ideal of shiftless, irresponsible half-knowledge. Such, too, was the poor Caserio, who was elevated by his compatriots into a hero of the Sunday-school. But all those who have called themselves Anarchists have not made good their claim to this title of disgrace. The famous Thirty, who stood in the dock at Paris to answer for the sin of Caserio, were a mixed mob of marauders, with scarce an Anarchist among them, and Orthez, the single one that won a heavy sentence, was merely a cracksman with a taste for politics. Ravachol, again, the miscreant who so bitterly intimidated the juries of Paris that his conviction seemed impossible, used Anarchy as a cloak for murder and rapine. He at least suffered from no moral ataxia: being a man of action, he knew precisely what blackguardism he wished to commit, and if we cannot applaud the jury's cowardice which

condemned him for a common crime, he would have been thrice a murderer had the doctrine of the Social Revolt never been formulated.

Nor are these the only exceptions to a clearly defined type. There is another sort of Anarchist, who works stealthily not for a revolution but for the gratification of his own Sadic temper. Not many years ago there was a mysterious stranger, one Sternberg, who supported the Anarchs of France for the mere lust of slaughter and suffering. Wherever workmen were in revolt, there were tidings of this man of mystery. It was not his hand that threw the bomb, but it was his brain that devised the crime, his money that bought the materials. For a while he was the best known man in France, yet few eyes had ever beheld him, and few men knew his nationality. He is a Pole, said this one; he is a Russian, said that; and we may cheerfully leave it to the wisecrackers of Eastern Europe to settle their claim. But he was indefatigable in his desire of blood. "Kill more, you brutes!" he is reputed to have said, when he thought his creatures were not giving him value for his money. He was working at Antwerp, he was an inspiration at Lille, and then he vanished. Tried for murder, he was twice condemned, and at last a rumour came that he was in a Russian prison. Thereafter an enemy espied him at Geneva, and none can say whether he is dead or buried alive. And none need care, for at the last he grew careless, and destroyed the

mystery which was his only safeguard. Of course it is difficult for the pitcher not to return to the well, but of this we may be sure, that if the ineffable Sternberg still lives, he indulges his lust of blood in other than Anarchist circles.

But these casual ruffians merely put an accent upon the real Anarchist. They have no phrases wherewith to gloss over their infamous crimes; their hand does not move in obedience to another's will; and they never would have been confused with the miscreants we are considering had not fashion and folly once set towards Anarchy. Paris of course is the home of *blague*, but surely there was never a more comical folly than that which some six or seven years ago invaded the Parisians. The city was intimidated by the apostles of "physical force"; in every quarter cafés had been attacked, and the people were so nervous that the rumble of an omnibus suggested an explosion. And in the midst of it all, Anarchy became a fashion, or at least an affair of curiosity. The most advanced school of literature dabbled in explosives, and the throwing of a bomb was said to be a *beau geste*. One man of letters there was who suffered arrest for his love of novelty, and took his trial with the others on a capital charge. Indeed it is not too much to say that the adroitness with which he faced the examining magistrate saved not only his own but many heads. Another man of letters, who also had dabbled in "politics," met his

deserts by being blown into the air himself; yet so strong was the ruling passion that when, many days after, he regained consciousness, the first words which sprang to his lips were *Vive l'Anarchie!* If life were a comedy, and the spilt blood of kings and presidents of no account, we might afford to smile at these elaborate and dangerous jests. But life is not a comedy, and we cannot overlook the truth that the *intellectuels* of Paris, whose desire to be in the movement is notorious, were in part responsible for much useless loss of life and a brief reign of terror.

Nor can France escape with a half-humorous responsibility. It is France also that made Anarchy possible. For Anarchy is the legitimate child of the Revolution, which now appears to us in a true light as the Mother of Evil. If the lesson of murder had not been taught to the imbecile citizens of the Terror, we might never have heard of that assassination which appears to its votaries as the highest virtue. The Revolution it was that first discovered the grandeur of cowardice, that first saw in the severed head of a girl the symbol of freedom and patriotism. The country which still insists that the Revolution must be taken *en bloc* as a re-birth of the world, can hardly be surprised if her citizens and her pupils have learned the use of dynamite and the knife. Assassins there were, of course, before the black year, 1789, but they were no better than sporadic imbeciles, and neither

Fenton nor Bellingham struck with the weight of a misguided movement behind them. No; the Anarchist is a brief century old, and already it is time that he should crawl away to death, and be no more known.

But if we blame the poor half-witted creature who strikes the blow, what shall we say of the cowardly miscreant who arms the trembling hand? One thing is certain in the last outrage — the real culprit will escape punishment. The journalists and politicians, who have for the last six months made Belgium a disgrace to civilisation, avoid the charge of murder only by their own furtive cunning. Sipido struck at the Prince of Wales because his weak brain could not understand the lies poured every day into the 'Petit Bleu' and other prints, because his unaccustomed ears could not estimate at its proper value the murderous jargon of Socialist orators. But the smug editor goes home and deplores in a paragraph the crime of which he himself is guilty, and the orator makes another attempt to split the roof of a tin tabernacle with his raucous voice. They at any rate do not suffer for the wickedness they provoke; yet it is very sure that, were it not for their devilish ingenuity, the world would not be disturbed again by "political" crime.

And what is the future of Anarchy? Blank for the Anarchs, hopeful for us. The international association, which now devises murder in secret, and puts to death its disobedient members, has passed

its zenith of brutality. The activity of the police, and the dying zeal of the agitators, have doubled its risk and halved its ingenuity. It will still hold its middle-class meetings, and discuss the works of Herbert Spencer, but it is not likely to renew its forward policy. The enterprise of Sipido, however, has nought to do with this devilish society. The boy who fired at the Prince of Wales knows nothing of the Red International. Had he known of it, he would doubtless have been enrolled a member. But in attempting to shoot a prince he did but obey the lying voice of journalists and orators, and thus he proved once more that it is words, not thoughts, that move the unstable mind of the born Anarchist.

Political Anarchy, then, expresses itself in lawlessness of thought and deed: in the world of letters the Anarchist tramples under foot both reverence and good taste. His favourite thesis is that the past is naught—that a new language and a new style are necessary for distinction. This confession, though he knows it not, is a confession of incompetence, since eccentricity easily attracts notice, and since only the great ones of the earth dare to touch the commonplace. But the literary Anarchist is not among the great ones of the earth, and so he enrols himself in a new school, and believes that he will come into repute if only he disregard the simple rules of grammar and good sense. When he studies the classics,

says he, it is but to avoid their example; and he learns to write, so he boasts, that he may the more effectively outrage the acknowledged laws. For him the battle is won when he has pinned a foolish label on his waistcoat. "The Symbol! The Symbol!" cried a fine specimen the other day, unconscious in his ecstasy that it is no better to rob Maeterlinck than to steal from Shakespeare. Of course he does not know what the Symbol means; indeed it means nothing, since it is essential to all literature, and not the peculiar heritage of a cenacule. However, to-day the literary Anarchist finds in "Symbolism" his highest explosive, as yesterday he attempted to break the windows of opinion with "Deliquescence" or the theory of coloured emotions. So Mr George Moore, a sure thermometer of middle-class taste, is now ignorantly aping Ibsen, where once he found Zola or Huysmans apt for his purpose. But one plagiarism is sincere as another, and those who adopt a canting title, abandoned ten years ago in Paris, are merely the law-breakers of literature.

These gentry, however, possess an unconscious humour, which adds a spice of entertainment to their works. There is another class of law-breakers, whose evil-doing is unredeemed even by an accident. Now, these other Anarchists defy the rules not only of letters but of life. They take upon themselves the burden of irresponsible biography. Heedless of an imperious, unwritten law,

they make an attack upon the dead, and with the dynamite of a poisonous curiosity they explode graves and open coffins. Their offence is worse, because it cannot be punished at the Old Bailey. No law restrains the impious from playing havoc with the dead, and the impious, as if to aggravate their offence, are wont to choose victims to whom a public revelation was especially distasteful. The wish of Thackeray that no biography should confound his memory might have been respected without difficulty. Yet six months since Mr Melville made the novelist an excuse for two volumes of ineptitude. Of course such work as a man deliberately gives to the world is the world's possession for all time, and there is no reason why it should escape posthumous criticism. As the centuries roll on, even unauthorised biography may be justified; for with the extinction of friends and families indiscretion disappears, and eavesdropping may be elevated into scholarship. Where ingenuity strives with oblivion, a worthy task of resurrection may be accomplished. To call Shakespeare or Villon to life again is not a pastime for the foolish hack; the archives must be compelled to surrender their secrets, and none but the seeing eye can discover that which is writ in parchment. Besides, there is a fine element of sport in wrestling a fall with Time, in compelling the old adversary to yield his treasures. But to write the life of a poet, still intimately remembered on the

earth, lies within the power of any man who can hold a pen and quiet his conscience. Yet Edward FitzGerald surely should have imposed silence upon the world. More than Thackeray, more than any writer of his generation, he hated the glitter of public appreciation. He was never a man of letters in the odious sense. He wrote for himself what he chose to write, and he published it furtively, as though he scorned to take the public into his confidence. Many even of his friends did not suspect the authorship of the '*Rubáiyát*,' and while he withheld his name from his own title-pages, he never trafficked with the advertisers and interviewers of London. In his grave, then, he should before all men have been free from intrusion. No man has the right to force upon a dead man the foolish publicity which in his life he eloquently condemned. Yet not even Edward FitzGerald is safe, for here is Mr John Glyde come to tell us all those irrelevant facts which his victim was resolute to suppress. That he has told us little enough is assuredly not his fault. He has raked wherever he could; and if his rake has merely gathered together a small heap of dead leaves, this scanty result is not due to lack of zeal, but to FitzGerald's determination that he would leave as little as possible for publicity's rake.

To criticise the book is idle and superfluous. That it should be done ill is nothing; it is monstrous that it should have been done at all. Of course

Mr Glyde approaches the victim of his sacrifice with cap in hand; of course he regards the poet, whose dearest wish he contemns, with a reverential surprise; of course, also, he understands the man as little as he understands his work. He has thrown into his rag-bag a few anecdotes, and he has poured over the verse of FitzGerald a sauce of stupid, irrelevant commentary. Why should we have thrust upon us the opinions of Messrs Clodd, Asquith, and Talcot Williams, when we can read the 'Rubáiyát' for ourselves? And why, oh why, should we be told that the friendship between Tennyson and FitzGerald reminds Mr Glyde of the tie which bound Cicero to his friend Scipio? There is a positive indelicacy in this ignorant, muddle-headed patronage of great men, and Mr Glyde would have been better employed in discovering for his own edification that Scipio was not the friend of Cicero, than in discovering for ours a man whom he neither knew nor understands. He might also have noted that Tennyson never wrote so vile a phrase as

"I know no version done
In English more distinctly well."

However, his flat pages (to the number of some 350) follow one another without accent, and without meaning; yet we would almost forgive him, if, having wasted a morning over Mr Glyde on Edward FitzGerald, we could listen for three minutes to Edward FitzGerald on Mr Glyde.

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Mr Glyde's indiscretion will be forgotten in a month, and it is only interesting because it is a symptom of the ruling effrontery. There is no law to check the irresponsible biographer, and we fear that there is no chance of salutary legislation. The question of copyright is now said to engross the attention of Parliament, and it would be easy to add such a clause as would make the profession of the biographical pirate dangerous, if not impossible. But Parliament is not likely ever to do justice to the poor author, since the poor author cannot turn an election nor hamper a Government. And as politics is (and must be) a species of blackmail, nobody will ever be protected by our Ministers who cannot threaten those Ministers with ruin. Wherefore the Glydes of this earth will flourish exceedingly, unless the good feeling of critics and readers discourage their impertinence.

But by a kind of irony Edward FitzGerald has lately been flung into the deepest pit of notoriety. Not only has he found an absurd biographer—he has become the victim of an absurd cult. The man who spent his whole life far from coteries, whose best companion was the captain of his lugger, whom not even warm-hearted friendship could drag to town, has been forced to lend his name to a dining-club. This satirical insult cannot be matched in the history of letters, and if anybody ever turned in the grave, then must Edward FitzGerald move restlessly in Boulge

Churchyard, when the Chianti of Rupert Street sparkles red in the wine-glass. There is, in fact, a club, called after Omar Khayyám, which meets more often than it need either for its own glory or for the glory of Edward FitzGerald. Its members, we believe, are respectable men of letters, and there seems no reason why they should not pursue collectively a worship which each affects of his individual will. But although the club was recently described as "a modest coterie, which never advertises," its dinners are always the signal for a public outburst of enthusiasm. We are told how these respectable men of letters sit with vine-leaves or some other vegetable encircling their scanty locks; we have a vision of them pouring the cheap wine of Italy over the roses of Shiraz; their weak little parodies of the Master's quatrains are passed round an appreciative press, until we are forced to believe that "the modest coterie which never advertises" believes the eye of posterity is upon it. It would all be very droll but for the careless use of FitzGerald's name. A dinner is as good an excuse for advertisement as anything, and logs are easily rolled across a dining-table. But why should Edward FitzGerald be thrust into this orgie of culture? He never belonged to a modest club, he never sat with vine-leaves round his head in the very presence of an industrious press, and the Omar Khayyám Club may not even plead the recklessness of hot youth for its unwarrant-

ed usurpation of an honoured name.

But there is another charge which may be laid at the door of our modest coterie—the charge of hypocrisy. Inspired by the sentiment of the 'Rubáiyát,' its worship cannot but be insincere. The honoured men of letters, who conspire to do honour to the famous translator, are surely not moved even by admiration to the bland Epicureanism which was the essence of the Persian's gospel. They are not so blind to the morrow as to withhold their little verses from the press; they have no "winter garment of repentance" to fling "in the fire of spring," as they fill the cup; they cannot say, with honest hand upon beating heart, that they were "never deep in anything but wine." No; their worship is barren as well as indiscreet: they not only traduce the translator; they are false to the doctrine of the gay and wise original.

In brief, they, like the unauthorized biographer, have sought to make common what should have been rare, to make popular what should have remained exclusive and aloof; and, so doing, they have played their part in the tragedy of publicity which is daily enacted beneath our eyes. Time was when a better law prevailed—when a man was appreciated by what he did, not by what somebody else could find out about him; and it is another symptom of the prevailing Anarchy that a lettered club can so blindly overlook the claims

of proportion as to believe that paltry garlands, publicly worn, are a fitting tribute to the memory of a dignified recluse.

Tobias Smollett is a contrast ready made to Edward Fitz-Gerald. The Suffolk squire was a man of letters in his own despite; literature flowed in his veins like blood, and he did but write because he could give the world the very best of himself. Dr Toby, on the other hand, followed his calling like a trade. He knew how to extract golden sovereigns from the ink-pot; he edited, he compiled, he fought with all the acrimony of an acid temper. Not for him the admiration of a few; an advertisement had its value even in the eighteenth century, and Smollett knew perfectly well that if he discredited his rivals he made his own position the stronger. So, as Mr Henley explains in his admirable introduction to the new edition,¹ the author of 'Roderick Random' was half hack, half man of genius. When he is at his best, he ranks with the immortals; when he is at his worst, he sinks lower than the bitter-galled journalist. It is therefore not easy to find his place in the history of literature, and the enterprise might have appalled a more timid critic than Mr Henley. The biography of Burns proved how fine a talent Mr Henley has for drawing a full-length portrait in a few strokes. What he did for Burns

he has done on a still smaller scale for Smollett. He does not perplex his readers with too many documents; he does not skip off down a by-way and drag his hero off from the highroad of truth. He presents the essentials only, and the result is an admirable picture of the vanity, the brutality, the immeasurable talent, that went to make up the man Tobias Smollett, who will be remembered as long as the English language is studied and revered.

The least attractive trait in the character of Smollett is his vanity. He had not that divine gift of self-knowledge which distinguishes the greatest men. He esteemed himself for his failures, and thought his triumphs the mere accidents of life. His poor, pitiful tragedy of the 'Regicide' gave him more pleasure than the accomplished observation, the boisterous humour, of 'Roderick Random.' He used his popularity, as Mr Henley points out, not to give another splendid romance to the world, but to print his tasteless drama. That Churchill pilloried the 'Regicide' is not surprising, and the famous lines in the "Apology" are not surcharged by a comma:—

"Whoever read 'The Regicide' but
swore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote
before?
Others for plots and underplots may
call;
Here's the right method—have no plot
at all.

¹ The Works of Tobias Smollett, with an Introduction by W. E. Henley. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co.

Who can so often in his cause engage
 The tiny pathos of the Grecian stage,
 Whilst honours rise, and tears spontaneous flow
 At tragic Hah! and no less tragic
 Oh!"

Thus Churchill lavished upon Smollett some of the abuse which that gentleman reserved for his rivals. And it is impossible to say that Churchill was unjust. But with his novels it is, as he himself would have said, other guesswork. Smollett, as Mr Henley most wisely points out, derived from Le Sage; Fielding derived from Cervantes; and Fielding is as high above his rival as his exemplar was above the exemplar of Smollett. You will vainly seek in 'Roderick Random,' or even in 'Humphrey Clinker,' the urbanity, the scholarship, the Homeric simplicity of 'Tom Jones.' But a comparison is not inevitable; and it is Dr Toby's misfortune that Fielding, whom he hated with a jealous hatred, was ever mentioned by his side. Sir Walter Scott, from whom we differ with hesitancy and regret, did his hero less than justice when he put him near Fielding's throne. But an inapposite comparison need not blind us to the very real genius of him who invented Oakum and Tremaine, Whiffle and Weasel. And here begins our quarrel with Mr Henley. He insists more strongly than is necessary upon Smollett's coarseness. Smollett was coarse—that is true; but he belonged to a coarse age, and he was writing of coarse men. It was

impossible to touch the British Navy of the eighteenth century with hands decently covered in kid; it was impossible to describe the wonderful life of the highroad, the splendid uncertainty of the village inn, in such terms as would commend themselves to a modern drawing-room. But if Smollett paints the grosser side of life, he paints it with an impartial brush. The personages of 'Roderick Random' are not the ladies and gentlemen one would wish to meet. They are, with few exceptions, blackguards and rapscale lions. But they are neither held up for our imitation nor dissected after the manner of obscene psychology. Here, on the contrary, is the strong, open, sincere *esprit Anglais*, and we should never hesitate to put either 'Roderick' or 'Peregrine' into the hands of a boy, conscious that no prurient construction could ever be placed upon a single episode in these strange novels of the road. But if Mr Henley's puritanism now and again seems to get the better of him, his general criticism of Smollett is admirably just and intelligent. In the first he explains in eloquent terms the vital quality of his author. Whatever faults may be imputed to Smollett, one virtue is his—the virtue of life. His characters are not dummies; they breathe and speak and act of their own will. When once he has put them down, they are stronger than he, and no one can read his splendid romances without making fresh

friends and without forgetting the drab gravity of our own poor society. Mr Henley frankly confesses that he has said what he believes to be the worst that can be said of Smollett. That is quite true, but there is another side. Smollett's master-quality—again we quote Mr Henley—is “a peculiar power of realising character, not by description and analysis, but out of the character's own mouth.” So it is that we know the incomparable ruffians that crowd his canvas. No sooner do they appear than their character is amply revealed. The navy has never been painted in darker colours than Smollett employed; yet it is easy to prove that Smollett's colours are not wantonly dark. He knew the

navy from the inside, and there is no doubt that his stern portraiture made reform possible—almost easy. Oakum existed; even the monster Whiffle, a far worse blackguard, degraded the service; and Smollett, in throwing a light on these villains, made clear the way for Nelson, and (in his own walk) for Marryat himself. So we readily condone the faults of our author, remembering that if he himself were an assassin in the thickets of literature, his books are honest and free, at full liberty to come and go in all hands, clean companions of that manhood and valiance that is Britain's boast and Britain's solace. Wherefore we thank Mr Henley for the final edition of a great English classic.

DIARY OF A BOER BEFORE LADYSMITH.

[AMONG the personal belongings found after the Boer flight from Ladysmith was a portion of a Boer's diary, which has been sent to us by one of our contributors, an army chaplain, who was in Ladysmith during the siege. The entries commence about a week after Buller's repulse at Colenso, and cease abruptly after the Spion Kop disaster, when the writer went for three days' leave and left it behind in the Pretoria laager on Surprise Hill to the north of Ladysmith—a hill which was notorious during the siege as the position of Long Tom. The most interesting entry describes the attack on the 6th January. The kop mentioned is probably Bester's Hill, which was taken by the Boers, and subsequently recaptured by the Devonshire regiment during a thunderstorm.]

PRETORIA LAAGER (SURPRISE HILL),
Sunday, Dec. 24, 1899.

LAST night Brandwacht. Two alarms. Firstly, Du Toit's men shot at and killed Piet Ferreira's horse. Secondly, Glas's people fired on two mounted men at Hyde's Farm. Have not yet ascertained what damage done. Day passed very quietly. Mr Bosman gave a very touching sermon this morning.

Monday, 25th.

Received tons of cakes and other niceties from Pretoria merchants. Played at quoits most of the morning. Badenhorst and Klenver baked pancakes. Very fair dinner. Desultory fire kept on the whole day, enemy only firing one shot in return in the early morning. Brisk fire heard from the direction of Bulwana. Brandwacht again.

Tuesday, 26th.

Brandwacht last night was very strong. 200 men out. Very quiet. This morning went to Klip river for a bathe. Enjoyed it very much.

Heard there are still two English dead unburied—presumably from the fight in which howitzer was broken. Brandwacht again to-night. Expect a rough time, as it looks like rain.

Wednesday, 27th.

Rough no name for it. It rained bucketfuls from 8 o'clock until 2. Have never seen the like before. Lightning beautiful yet terrible. The dry sluit was a roaring torrent in half an hour. We all got a thorough wetting. I lay until I felt I was in a pool, then sat up for the rest of the night. There seems to have been a water-course through our tent. A few shots fired during the night, and two at a quarter to 4 this morning. Otherwise quiet, except for the storm.

Thursday, 28th.

Last night, 12 o'clock, alarm. There had been several volleys fired before from different parts of the town. Glas started, our guards on the Kop followed suit, and lastly the guards in the valley. We were, of course, all routed out. Our corporal-

ship were the quickest of the crowd this time, being first at the outpost. When we arrived there the guards said they had seen nothing, but fired because they were fired upon. It was raining—wet and mucky—so we did not very much enjoy having to leave our blankets to run about in the dark. After sitting with the guards for about half an hour, the V.C. turned up, and said that those of us who were not on duty might go home, which we did. This morning we heard that the guard on the Kop did not fire in vain, as the enemy were in the sluit, and but for their firing we would have had a tough fight again for our cannon. To-day we will have rain the whole day, and as we have Brandwacht to-night, we cannot expect to have any decent sleep.

Friday, 29th.

Brandwacht last night was anything but pleasant. It rained from 6 till 12 without intermission, and started again at 2 until 7 this morning, but, luckily, it seems like clearing up, so we may dry our blankets and clothing. The water simply rushed through our sail, as is evident by the marks. Everything is wet and muddy, but I do not feel any ill effects from the wet. A nasty, careless accident occurred last night—Du Toit shooting young Dietliff in the leg, and, it is said, breaking the bone. Du Toit appears to have been on guard alone, while Dietliff, coming off guard, passed in front of him. Du Toit did not halt or do anything but fire, and, as he fired at three yards, he unfortunately hit his

mark. We were prepared for the enemy, as none of us slept. Firing heard from all directions, but personally I saw nothing.

Sunday, 31st.

Still more rain last night. Wonder when we shall see dry weather again. Saw Meike Mearkel to-day. He was at the battle of Colenso, and took part in the battle. Says the English loss was terrible. The first Sunday since we have been here on which we have had no service; but our fellows agreed some time ago that Badenhorst should hold a short service every evening. Brandwacht again to-night. It looks like clearing up. We are all on Brandwacht every night now. It does not matter much, for if we sleep in our tents there is sure to be an alarm.

Monday, 1st Jan. 1900.

Brandwacht again last night. Clear enough. About 12 the enemy wished us a Happy New Year by sending us a few shells, one of which was well enough aimed to kill one Joshua Wielenberg, one of De Lange's men. The shell literally cut him in half. Went to Modder's Spruit. Everything quiet during the day. Day passed as usual.

Tuesday, Jan. 2.

Brandwacht very quiet. Went this morning to the river on foot. Rather a longish walk, but enjoyed it very much. Returned about 12. Went up small Amajuba again. Saw that the graves have fallen in a good bit, evidently owing to the decomposition of the corpses. Day very quiet.

Wednesday, 3rd.

Brandwacht passed very quiet.

ly. Played spoof—rather exciting game.

Thursday, 4th.

Brandwacht very wet but quiet. Wanted to go over to Lydenberg laager, but it was too wet. Will go to-morrow. Want to try and get another tent, as the rainy season is approaching.

Friday, 5th.

Brandwacht last night very wet. Looked like rain early in the day, but cleared up about 7. Stanley Skinner going home. Has certificate from Dr Killopp—weak heart. Bill Skinner and Louis Jordaan have done no duty for the last week. Louis probably going home to-morrow. Two shots fired by Glas's Brandwacht this morning: they hit something. We are expecting the enemy to try and break through every night. Our guns keep up a fairly heavy fire, but the enemy do not seem to wish to answer. Predler's men fired on a porcupine two nights ago, but only succeeded in knocking out about fifty of its quills. Heard that to-morrow there will be a general attack on Ladysmith. We are to storm the Rand ahead of us.

Saturday, 6th.

Last night our corporal came to us and asked who wished to go, as he had orders to take as many volunteers as possible. Only six of our men remained. We left our Brandwacht at half-past 2 and crossed the flat, got over the railroad line, and took up positions in the sluit on the south side of the line. Skinner got orders to take up a position just below the fort on the left-hand side of the

Rand. I went with nine others. We got fairly good positions, and started at once to make schanses. The enemy had not yet found us out, and we were within 150 yards (more or less) from them. Then we saw one Englishman come out for a fair shot; but we were unable to fire, as twenty-seven of Jan Glas's men were coming on over the flat, and we did not wish to draw the enemy's attention to them. They were fired on, however, just as they were crossing the railway. There we lay, the cannon from Vaal Kop and five Armstrongs keeping up a bombardment on the English schanses. We were in danger several times from shots badly aimed by our cannoneers. After a while, Wilimse, one of the Pretoria police, jumped up and called to the men to charge the Kop. He tried the gun he had in his hand three times without success, and taking another, charged towards the centre of the Rand. Our men who occupied the left side, amongst whom I was, kept on firing, to try and keep the enemy from firing on the men as they charged. But it was in vain. The position is absolutely too strong to be taken in this manner. We lost six men killed and four wounded—viz., killed, De Jager, Frank Ross, Wilimse, Zabushauser, Mauss, and Sonnenberg: wounded, Young Bosch, wounded in the leg; Kramer, through left shoulder; Miek Henn, through right arm; and Ackermann, through the hip. Poor Ross ran, and after running five yards, got two more shots. Our V.C. fell a

small distance farther, and got one more wound. He lived until 9 o'clock A.M. The other fellows fell farther up, Willimse actually putting his hand on the wall, also Zabushauger. They were found about twelve yards from the wall. There we lay like rats in a trap, unable to get our wounded or dead out of the place: we could do nothing. The three last-named wounded managed to retire, as did every man of the ill-fated party which attacked. Bosch was wounded through his own foolishness. He saw how the English kept on firing through the railway culvert, and actually went to sit in it after it commenced raining. He was warned, but took no notice. We lay from 4 o'clock A.M. until about 5 P.M., when a rainstorm came up. Most of the men had retired already from the kop behind the railway, leaving twelve of us on duty as guards, to see that the enemy did not take us unawares from behind. It rained steadily for a short time, then a very heavy shower came, enabling us to run for it, which we did under cover of the storm. We were in the burning sun for thirteen hours. Water we had; but the feeling that one may be attacked at any moment and surrounded is not pleasant, although we were determined to do our best.

The cannon helped us greatly in this respect, as whenever the enemy appeared to the right or left, they were shelled and forced to retire. Glas's people also helped us on the left, keeping the enemy away, as did De Lange and Pretorius on our

right. Were it not for the rain, I am convinced that not many of us would have lived to return, as we should not have been able to move until 7 at the earliest, and even then would have lost men. We all thanked God from our hearts, as never before, for sending the rain which allowed us to retire. I understand that the storming was unauthorised. Our orders were on the left to keep the enemy busy, as the Free Staters were attacking the plateau, so that the forces of the enemy should be divided. Willimse and the other men who stormed did a very brave deed. There were only about a hundred Pretorians and some fifty of Glas's men who took part in the attack, of whom Corporal Skinner had fifteen men, one of whom was killed. They were: A. C. Skinner, Corporal D. W. Schabart, P. Skrige, L. P. J. Badenporst, F. Ross (killed), B. Bloemsma, H. Knapp, W. Gure, A. De Villiers, W. and F. Warmelo, J. W. N. Kuyper, J. De Villiers, T. C. Potgieter, and self. The day in the sluit (9th November) was not in it compared to this. Heat was greater. Water farther and risky to get. One of Glas's men was wounded in the leg while getting water. Our position was much more precarious. The hours seemed days. I hope never to be in such a trap again, and for one I would absolutely refuse to storm the Kop again. This is the second time that we were cooped up, and I mean it to be the last. I cannot understand how it is the enemy allowed us to come so near. They knew nothing of us until we fired

after Glas's men had reached us. Then we had already been there one hour. It was dark, it is true, but we made enough row to awaken men some 500 yards off. Why, in making our schanses, the stones make a fairly good sound, being placed on one another. We were fired on going back, but no harm was done—it only made us run the harder. The Free Staters have taken half of the plateau, including one cannon, two ammunition-waggon, and one fort. It is impossible to take the Kop by storm. It is too well protected. The wall is about six feet high, with openings for firing, and has a bomb-proof roof, so the enemy were, so to say, safe. The cannon made two breaches, but too late to be of any help.

Sunday, 7th.

To-day everything is quiet, for which we are thankful. Our hope for the early fall of Ladysmith is now great, as the plateau means everything, and the Free Staters, fighting from 3 A.M. until dark, only lost one man killed and one wounded. The English loss is supposed to be heavy. I hear that De Lange and Pretorius took the round Kop to the right of our position, and managed to keep the enemy away from one of their cannon.

Monday, 8th.

Brandwacht last night quiet, except for a volley fired by Glas's men at 12 o'clock. I think they fired on a cow, as I heard the cow coming on lowing, and heard the guards halt and fire. I went to the Hoofdlaager this morning to try and get a tent, and also to try and get

some definite news about the attack on the plateau. I was told that the Free Staters held the part they had taken, the cannon being also held (a siege-gun). This report is now contradicted, and they say the Free Staters were forced to retire, but before so doing destroyed the gun, and also that they had taken three officers. I did not get a tent, but enjoyed the ride very much. We are very much dissatisfied at the false reports heard here.

Tuesday, 9th.

Brandwacht quiet, except for rockets fired by the enemy in our direction from the Roode Rand. Very pretty, and effectually lights up the whole flat. I think they are trying to see if we intend to attack again. Not much possibility of that, as our loss was enormous in the last try—viz., 55 killed and 105 wounded. Heidelberg laager is reported to have sustained the greatest loss. Fairly heavy fire from Vaal Kop. Prinsloo, the gunner of the quick-firing gun, killed two of the enemy yesterday, picking one off his horse. The horse has been caught, a good-looking animal, but in poor condition. He also killed a man on foot. Very pretty shooting for cannon. Have received orders to construct forts, in case the enemy should attack in overwhelming numbers, to be at least 50 feet deep (walls). Are busy putting up wire from foot of land where the French gun is to our kopje, at night of course.

Wednesday, 10th.

Elected an assistant V.C. to-day. D. S. Merwe was elected. Well, he is not much, but

better than either Malherbe or Nel, the other candidates, would be, as they are hand in glove with Zeederberg, and we want a man who will pull against him, so that he cannot have too much of his own way.

Thursday, 11th.

Brandwacht was very quiet. The enemy fired more rockets, and seem busy on Roode Rand building or improving their schanses. There is a considerable amount of bustle in the town. Maxim Nordenfelt playing this morning. Went to Hoofdlager again this morning—heard nothing important. Afterwards went to station, saw Mr Simpson, from whom I got parcel. Reported that the enemy had crossed Little Tugela yesterday, but our men are ready for them. Saw Ernest Niemeyer, who is going on to Colenso to-morrow.

Friday, 12th.

More rockets last night. We were to have built forts, but spades and picks were no good, so it is put off. Signed petition to Government to allow us to go to the Colony. Hope it will come right. Sick of Ladysmith.

Saturday, 13th.

Brandwacht quiet, except for usual row made by the enemy in building fortifications. Day quiet.

Sunday, 14th.

Brandwacht quiet. Received orders to take 200 cartridges to Brandwacht, as enemy are expected to attack to-night or to-morrow night with the supposed purpose of destroying our guns. Heard a man was caught coming from Ladysmith with saddle-bags full of dyna-

mite, gun-cotton, and accessories. Says he was sent to blow up Sunday's river bridge, also says some troops have passed through our lines, and that the enemy intend cutting us off from retreating from Ladysmith. Talk is cheap. This is only rumoured. No faith can be attached. Zeederberg has gone to Pretoria to commandeer 100 men, so as to allow 100 or so of us to depart for Colesberg. Hope this is true, and that he will succeed. Sky overcast, expect rain.

Monday, 15th.

Brandwacht quiet. Enemy busy as usual. Cannot understand why they are so very busy strengthening their fortifications if they intend attacking, which they are said to do. At any rate, rumours of this kind cannot make us more watchful than we are. We cut all loose wire from the poles on the Kop last night, and placed it some twelve or fifteen yards below the brow. This will be a great help for us if the enemy come. Horses have had no forage or mealies for the last few days. Indeed our own supplies are less than usual. Coffee is a luxury not often had. Sugar is altogether beyond us. We are told the price in town is 2s. per lb., so are quite satisfied to do without. Indeed very few grumble at rations, and we know Government is doing its best. Brandwacht quiet. Looked very much like rain, but luckily clouds were too light. Rained a bit in the afternoon. Received bag of vegetables from home. First-class. Fried

mealies in butter. New dish to me, but good.

Tuesday, 16th.

Brandwacht wet. Enemy seem to be more busy than usual. Heard kettledrum beating and troops marching. Expected attack, but night passed safely. According to reports, are expecting something to-night. I put no faith in it. Looks very much like rain. Received letter from George yesterday, and answered it the same day. Pleased to see he is in good health. Mortar-gun arrived here to-day. Do not know where it is to be placed. Received horse-forage to-day. Very glad—fairly good forage. Bombardment rather heavy. Enemy replied with lyddite.

Wednesday, 17th.

Don't know what has come over me. Cannot remember dates for the life of me. Brandwacht wet, but very quiet. As usual, the report was false. This morning we can plainly hear heavy cannon-fire, presumably from Colenso and Upper Tugela. Three of our corporals went to reinforce Pretorius, in case the enemy attempt to break through the Free Staters, who are, it is said, slightly weakened owing to their having to put a force at the Upper Tugela. Our men are supposed to have splendid positions, so the possibility of the enemy breaking through is uncertain. It is fervently hoped that they will be repulsed. Now the cannon-fire has somewhat abated.

Thursday, 18th.

Passed uneventfully, except that we were told to be ready at any moment.

Friday, 19th.

Everything quiet. Only rumours reaching us of hard fighting.

Sunday, 21st.

Brandwacht again, assisted by the enemy's rockets. Ordered off for Tugela at 9. Were on our way as soon as possible. After a very hard and tiring ride we arrived at our supposed position, or rather destination, at 4 P.M. We had an exciting gallop through the bullets for some 500 yards. Two of our men came down, but luckily from horses treading in holes and not by bullets. No damage done. We took bridles out of horses' mouths and held them while they grazed, to the tune of continuous whistling of bullets and an occasional shell, which all went on their way without hurting any of us, excepting that a piece of a shell struck one young fellow on the arm, giving him a painful though in no way a dangerous wound. We remained here for an hour, and were then ordered to the Middleburgers, where, while we were with them, two men were wounded—one seriously and one very lightly. At dark we were ordered to go round to the left towards Spion Kop and get further orders from Commandant Oppermann. He at once put us on Brandwacht.

Monday, 22nd.

Brandwacht was very quiet, the enemy making no movement, notwithstanding the fact that we were within 1000 yards of them—rather close quarters for 25 men to 40,000. We returned to the Commandant at 4 A.M. He at once placed 7 men with our horses, ordering

them to go down the Kop and let the horses graze under the saddle; the remaining 18, of whom I was one, were sent to a stone schanse, and had to remain there lying in waiting in case the enemy should charge. They opened a heavy fire both of small-arms and artillery as soon as it was light, and about 6 A.M. treated us to a few lyddite shells, which, however, did no damage. The bullets have a spiteful whizz. It was fearfully hot, and our water gave out, so young De Villiers and I jumped up and ran for water. Not at all pleasant to think the bullets may strike at any moment. We made our way down the Kop, and found a magnificent though small fountain on the mountain-side. The water was delicious. After imbibing so much as we could, we filled our bottles and went to a farm a few thousand yards away. Here we got some green peaches, and after a while fell asleep under the shade of the trees, only to be awakened by bullets striking in between and around us. We were more or less used to the hum of the bullets, so calmly walked to a sheltered spot in a sluit and indulged in a wash. Then began the tedious and dangerous work of reascending the mountain. How we managed it I cannot say, but we got through the enemy's shells and bullets in safety, and were again safe in the schanse. There we remained until dark, to be then driven about by the people there like a lot of sheep without a master. Finally, after stumbling and falling about for a few hours, we were told off to take up the same position as on the night

before. It was bitterly cold, and the dew very heavy. We had little or no food, and no covering, as everything was with the horses. We spent an awful night.

Tuesday, 23rd.

We remained in the schanse until 8, and then left on our own hook to look for our horses and get some grub. We succeeded, and after eating enough for a regiment, we got some letters—I received four. The bombardment continued just the same as yesterday. We were practically safe, with the exception that a few lyddite shells burst very near us; but the confident boast of the English as to the death-dealing qualities of this missile is exaggerated. One burst within 3 yards of one man and 9 yards from six, but did no harm. We left at 3, and joined our own V.C., who had come on with some more men. We are to dig trenches to-night.

Wednesday, 24th.

Towards morning the enemy opened fire on us with small-arms and cannon. We were divided into two lots—one to remain in the trench, the other to retreat to a place of safety, with the understanding that they were to relieve us in the trench to-morrow. It was terribly unsafe to show oneself, so we had to work away with our knives to make the trench comfortable. The day was fine and very warm. Water scarce, as is food. Going for water in the evening, we heard that our relief had been ordered off to Spion Kop to reinforce the men there, and that after a hard fight we had won the day.

Four were killed and seven wounded from our small contingent—viz., J. Malherbe, L. De Villiers, C. Jeppe, and R. Reinecke, killed; and P. S. Krigé, S. Olivier, B. Olivier, B. Bloemsa, W. de Vos, Van Wermerkerken, and Van Gas, wounded. Pretoria contingent has the honour of the day, our men taking the lion's share of the work. The enemy's loss is terrible.

Thursday, 25th.

Brandwacht was very quiet. We are to remain in the trench, as the men who took part in the fight are knocked up. The enemy are keeping on firing as usual from dawn till dusk. It must cost them a good deal in ammunition.

Friday, 26th.

Night passed quietly. Remained in the trench till 3 P.M.—got leave to go to our camp—got some cocoa and fresh beef, and had a feast—ordered to remain and look after the horses—very wet night—heard heavy rifle-fire at 8, and at once awoke every one to prepare for whatever might happen. All quiet after an hour or so; but I felt the responsibility of the horses to be too much to go to sleep, so patrolled about until 2 A.M., in order to be certain that everything was quiet, and got to sleep a bit later, wet through.

Saturday, 27th.

Slept very well and soundly for a few hours, and mounted my horse to go and look for two horses lost during Wednesday's fight. Saw Commandant Steenkamp of the Rustenburgers, who asked us to off-saddle, and supplied us very liberally

with biscuit and coffee. We returned to camp at 3, and remained there till 6, and then left on patrol.

Sunday, 28th.

Patrol. Well I don't know much about patrols, but we did no patrol last night. We went on until we struck the enemy's camp, then retired for some distance, and lay at our horses' heads for the rest of the night, in imminent danger of a free pass to St Helena, as the enemy could, with the greatest ease, surround and cut us off if so minded. Went up Spion Kop. Terrible and ghastly sight. English dead yet unburied. We are returning to-morrow.

Monday, 29th.

Left Tugela at 4 and reached laager at 12. Everything quiet here. The enemy have unexpectedly left their position at Tugela, and are retreating towards Colenso.

Tuesday, 30th.

Saw Krigé. He is seriously wounded, though, it is hoped, not dangerously. The enemy's retreat was so hurried that the dead are lying rotting in the sun. Some have already been dead over a week.

Wednesday, 31st.

Brandwacht was last night somewhat exciting, as we had some spies prowling about between 9 and 11. But we quickly sent them off at a faster rate than they came.

Went to Modder Spruit, and heard that Krigé was better. George came by 12 train and spent the day with Piet.

Here the diary ends with an intimation that the writer has had leave for three days.

TWO GREAT SOLDIERS.

DEATH has recently taken two men of the old type, lofty in valour and honour, who founded our Indian empire. The individual must pass away, but let us hope the type will never be lost, for such men as Donald Stewart and William Lockhart are the true builders of our nation's greatness. They both belonged to the Bengal army, and, like Munro, Malcolm, Herbert Edwardes, and Henry Lawrence, were of the great line of statesmen-soldiers who have so materially aided in the establishment and administration of our splendid dependency. Their tact and ability as civilians were only equalled by their ardour and bravery in the field. The story of their lives deserves to be known, for it reminds us by what virtues, and by what toils, a fame so clear and great as theirs is won, and by what thoughts and actions an empire is made and held together.

Donald Stewart and William Lockhart both belonged to the race which has scored so deep a mark in our Imperial history, and were proud of their old Scottish blood. On both sides of his house Donald Stewart was a Highlander, and his strong Norse features and well-knit frame were evidence of his descent. By birth he was a Morayshire man, for in 1824 he came into the world at Mount Pleasant, near Forres. When he was a year old his father, Richard Stewart, moved to Sea Park, also near Forres. And

from there Donald was sent, in the first instance, to the village school at Findhorn, a small fishing hamlet near his home, where he picked up the elements of knowledge. Donald Stewart was a product of the old education which formed the character of the English and Scottish nations. At the parish school of Dufftown the dominie not only imparted to him whatever knowledge of Greek and Latin he was able to provide, but he also moulded his character and imbued him with a love of the fine art of salmon-fishing. At the age of fourteen, in order to improve his scholarship before he entered the University of Aberdeen, Donald was sent to the Elgin Academy, then considered the best school in the north of Scotland. The result was satisfactory. He had been there but a year when he gained a small bursary by open competition, and proceeded to the university which has sent to India some of her bravest soldiers and ablest administrators. Before the close of the year, by dint of hard work, he gained a brilliant victory over many competitors. "My object," he says, "was to get a fair place at the examination, to please my parents, and I did my best. The result far exceeded my expectation, and no one was more astonished than myself when I heard my name called as the winner of the first prize in Greek and first in the order of merit in Latin. Every

one in the class thought it must be a mistake, and my name had to be called more than once before I moved from my seat." He adds, "I was proud of my success, but I had a feeling that it was hardly deserved, as I knew there were many of my term who were infinitely better scholars than myself." Donald Stewart always did his best, and this was the chief secret of his success; and all through his life the essentially chivalrous nobleness of his disposition was in no respect more conspicuously manifested than in the modest estimate it induced him to form of his own work, and the enthusiasm with which he acknowledged the soldierly qualities and triumphs of his military comrades.

Not letters but arms were destined to be Donald Stewart's vocation. His college career came to an end by a nomination to the military service of the East India Company, and in 1840, twelve years before Lord Roberts landed in India, he was appointed an ensign in the 9th Bengal Native Infantry. It was the pattern regiment of that great army whose history abounds with many examples of courage shown in brilliant attack; of courage shown in coolness under danger; of patient stoicism under pain, and self-denying devotion to duty. That the evil that men do lives after them, while the good is often interred with their bones, was amply illustrated in the case of the old Bengal army. But history will record that it was by

the aid of the Bengal sepoy the masters of Fort William became the masters of Bengal, and the masters of Bengal became the masters of India. A triumphant mercenary army, however, grew ungovernable; there were not sufficient officers to maintain discipline; and an act of signal imprudence—the issue of greased cartridges—caused a sudden conflagration and explosion. The Indian Mutiny shone with "the sudden making of noble names." Among these names must be enrolled that of Donald Stewart. He was stationed at Alyghur, an important station about eighty miles from Meerut and sixty from Agra, when his regiment mutinied. The sepoys plundered the treasury, broke open the jail-doors, and released the prisoners; but they did not lay hands on their officers. After his men had marched away in a body to Delhi, Stewart remained at Alyghur and took command of a body of volunteers sent by the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces to aid the civil authorities in maintaining order in the district. But he was too keen a soldier to care for the work, and after a short time he went to Agra and placed his services at the disposal of the Lieutenant-Governor. Despatches had arrived from the Governor-General for the Commander-in-Chief. But all communication between Agra and Delhi was closed. Donald Stewart was told he might be the bearer of them if he chose to undertake so

perilous a journey. But no journey was too perilous for Stewart when a duty had to be performed. On the 18th June, as the sun was setting over the broad waters of the Jumna, he set forth on his ride. Darkness swiftly fell. All night he rode, and the sun had risen before he had reached the sacred city of Muttra, thirty-five miles distant, without mishap. Armed men thronged its narrow and tortuous streets; but England's prestige had not fallen, and they did not attempt to molest the solitary British officer. A Brahmin official received him with courtesy, and offered him two native troopers belonging to a neighbouring chief, to accompany him thirty miles on his road, to the town of Hodul. They were ill-looking swashbucklers, and Stewart would fain have declined their company, but he dared not show any distrust. At day-break he resumed his ride, accompanied by his escort. But he had not gone sixteen miles when his horse fell down, utterly worn out. The two troopers laughed and rode away, while Stewart, taking his saddle and bridle, tramped to the nearest village. But no horse could be got for love or money. The future field-marshal seized a donkey grazing in a field, and at sunset arrived at Hodul, having done thirty-seven miles in the day. The native magistrate courteously received him, and gave him some bread and milk; but he would not hear of his staying the night, as the arrival

of a European had created considerable commotion in the town. Stewart was worn by the adventures of the day and wanted rest, but the magistrate was firm, and he at last consented to start if he were provided with a horse. The native promptly lent him his own pony, and Stewart was again under way. Day had long flooded the wide plains when he reached the camp of the prime minister of Jaipur, where he found the political resident and several English refugees. He persuaded one of them, Mr Ford, a district magistrate, to accompany him in his ride. Late on the 27th of June they started forth, and during their journey they passed through towns and villages filled with rebel sepoys breathing death, and once or twice narrowly escaped being attacked by gangs of bandits. The next morning they halted at a village to escape the heat of the day, and they received, as many Englishmen and Englishwomen did in these evil days, much kindness from the villagers. A notorious cattle-lifter guided them all the following night. At dawn they saw "the tall red minarets of Delhi rise out of the morning mist, when an occasional shell might be seen bursting near the city." The cattle-lifter refused to proceed any farther. He would take no reward, but he hoped his services would be remembered when quieter times came. Stewart found a villager who conducted them to one of our pickets. A splendid

feat of gallantry was done, but Stewart's modesty has covered the greatness of the deed. Lord Roberts writes:—

"I was waiting outside Sir Henry Barnard's tent, anxious to hear what decision had been come to, when two men rode up, both looking greatly fatigued and half starved, one of them being Stewart. He told me they had had a most adventurous ride; but before waiting to hear his story I asked Norman to suggest Stewart for the new appointment—a case of one word for Stewart and two for myself, I am afraid, for I had set my heart on returning to the quartermaster-general's department, and so it became settled to our mutual satisfaction, Stewart becoming the D.A.A.G. of the Delhi Field Force, and I the D.A.Q.M.G. with the artillery."

As deputy assistant adjutant-general he took part in that great siege, and conducted the duties of that important department to the satisfaction of the general commanding the field forces, who mentions him in his despatch, and writes of him as "the gallant and energetic Captain Stewart." He served in the same capacity throughout the siege and capture of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell, and the Rohilkund campaign. On the 30th of December 1857 he was transferred as assistant adjutant-general to army headquarters. For his services in the Mutiny Donald Stewart was rewarded with a brevet majority, and in July 1858 he reached the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

When the old Bengal army disappeared a new Bengal army had to be created, and as assistant adjutant-general from 1857 to 1862 and deputy adjutant-general from 1862 to 1867,

Donald Stewart did much towards its formation. His homely sense and careful forethought were of the highest value in adjusting the new system to the varying circumstances to be dealt with. The ability he had shown as a military administrator, and the reputation he had won as a gallant officer in the Mutiny, led to Brigadier-General D. M. Stewart being nominated in 1867 to command the Bengal portion of the force for service in Abyssinia. Major Roberts, R.A., was appointed to be his assistant quartermaster-general. Lord Roberts writes:

"I had often read and heard of the difficulties and delays experienced by troops landing in a foreign country, in consequence of their requirements not being all shipped in the same vessel with themselves—men in one ship, camp-equipage in another, transport and field-hospital in a third, or perhaps the mules in one and their pack-saddles in another—and I determined to try and prevent these mistakes upon this occasion. With Stewart's approval, I arranged that each detachment should embark complete in every detail, which resulted in the troops being landed and marched off without the least delay as each vessel reached its destination."

This arrangement has been followed with conspicuous success in subsequent expeditions sent from India.

When the Bengal brigade reached Africa, Sir Robert Napier had already begun his march to Magdala. But before launching his army into an unknown and hostile country he had, like a wise commander, organised his base and provided for his communications. Senafe, 8000 feet above the level of the sea, and distant twenty-

seven miles from the port of Zeila, was the secondary base of operations in the campaign, and the great storehouse for supplies and provisions which, after being carried through the Kumayli Pass, were pushed on to the front. Soon after he landed Brigadier Stewart was ordered to take command of the post, and displayed all the qualities of an energetic and sound administrator. For his services in the expedition he received the Abyssinian medal and a Companionship of the Bath.

On his return to India Donald Stewart was appointed to the command of the Peshawar brigade. He was no stranger to the great frontier station which guards the Khyber defiles, for his regiment had been stationed there, and he had won his first medal and clasp for distinguished service in two expeditions against the wild tribes on our northern frontier. He held the command of the Peshawar brigade only a short time, as he had to vacate it in December 1868 on promotion to major-general. Tempting offers of permanent civil employment had been made to him at different times, but he clung to his profession. However, in 1871, an offer was made him of an appointment which required both military and civil capacity.

In the spring of that year it came to the notice of Lord Mayo that a cruel and mysterious murder had been committed in the penal settlement of the Andaman Islands. He ordered a strict inquiry to be made, which disclosed a laxity of

discipline productive of scandalous results. He therefore determined to create a new government for the settlement, which, while enforcing stricter discipline, should allow of a career to the industrious and well-behaved. A code of regulations was drafted under his immediate orders, and supervised by his own pen. Then, "true to his maxim that for any piece of hard administrative work 'a man is required,' he sought out the best officer he could find for the practical reorganisation of the settlement." He chose Donald Stewart. "The charge which Major-General Stewart is about to assume," wrote Lord Mayo, "is one of great responsibility. In fact I scarcely know of any charge under the Government of India which will afford greater scope for ability and energy, or where a greater public service can be performed."

In the summer Donald Stewart became Chief Commissioner of the Andamans and Nicobars, and at once set to work to carry out Lord Mayo's scheme, which was a great and most humane conception. The whole force and earnestness of his character were directed upon the general peace and upon the most subordinate detail. But he had a difficult and delicate work to perform, and he desired that Lord Mayo should "personally realise the magnitude and difficulty of the task." The Viceroy resolved to visit the Andamans when returning from his first visit from Burma.

On the 8th of February

1872 Lord Mayo cast anchor off Hoptown in the Andamans. The day was spent in visiting the different convict settlements, and every possible provision was taken for the Viceroy's protection. In the evening Lord Mayo insisted on visiting Mount Harriet, a lofty hill about a mile and a half inland from the jetty. He lingered some time on the top watching the sun set in the ocean. "It is the loveliest thing I think I ever saw," he said. Darkness had fallen when he reached the foot. Preceded by two torch-bearers, he walked down the pier between his private secretary and Donald Stewart, closely followed by a strong body of police. On reaching the stairs, Lord Mayo stepped aside from his companions. In a moment a convict, who had been stalking him all day, rushed out and stabbed him to death. Men of all classes and creeds mourned the death of a Viceroy much beloved, and there was also universal sympathy for the gallant soldier in whose territory the tragedy occurred. But, as the subsequent investigations showed, Donald Stewart had done all that prudence and foresight could suggest to guard Lord Mayo, who, being a strong man full of pluck, had during the day let it be seen that he regarded the precautions taken for his safety as not only irksome but somewhat superfluous. The shock to Donald Stewart was naturally a severe one, and he soon after was compelled to take leave to England to recover his health.

In 1875 General Stewart returned to India, and the following year he was again brought on to the military establishment by being appointed to the command of the Meean Meer Division. In 1878 he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general. Early that year the startling intelligence reached India that a Russian mission had visited Kabul, and had been favourably received by the Ameer. A counter-mission was sent, which was not allowed to enter Afghan territory, and war was thereupon declared against Shere Ali, the Ameer. On the commencement of hostilities Donald Stewart was appointed to command the Southern Field Force, destined for the reinforcement of our Quetta garrison and the capture of Kandahar. They had to be pushed forward from Sukkur *via* Dadur through the Bolan Pass over the Khojak, and at that time there were in those regions no roads worthy of the name. The transport difficulties, aggravated by the death of the camels, were enormous. The loss of life among the unfortunate camp-followers was great, and the sufferings of the troops were unusually severe; but all difficulties were overcome, and on the 8th January 1879 Kandahar was reached without serious resistance having been attempted. Donald Stewart made Southern Afghanistan a tranquil province, and the methods of his administration must always be instructive. He pursued the same policy that Mountstuart

Elphinstone did after the conquest of the Deccan. He did not subvert the existing authority, but he made use of every Afghan official who was willing to render him true and loyal service. A foreign occupation must gall; but he made the yoke fall as light as possible on the shoulders of the people. From Kelai-i-Ghazai to the Helmund British authority began to be respected. Donald Stewart was a successful Governor, not only because he was a shrewd sensible man, but because he was a modest honest man. "The inhabitants of the city, of the neighbouring villages, and of the country generally," writes an eye-witness, "learnt to know and trust the man who treated them with justice, and always spoke the truth."

After the Treaty of Gundamuk Kandahar was in process of being evacuated; but when the outbreak at Kabul, resulting in the murder of our envoy, occurred, General Stewart was told to reoccupy it. A month after the murder of Major Cavagnari Lord Roberts took possession of Kabul. Then followed the investment of our intrenchments at Sherpur, and the desperate attempt of the enemy to take it, which was foiled by the steady fire of the defenders. Kabul was once again in our hands, and during the winter months General Roberts strengthened his position. In order to overawe more completely the warlike tribes of the north, General Stewart was ordered to march with the Bengal troops by way of Ghazni to Kabul.

On the 31st of March 1880 General Stewart, leaving Southern Afghanistan to be protected by the Bombay troops, set out to reduce Ghazni and join General Roberts at Kabul. Two long marches from the famous fortress he found, on the 19th of April, the enemy drawn up on a low range of hills through which passes the road to Ghazni. Donald Stewart determined to force his way. He knew that if he stopped to disperse every body of Afghans that gathered on the hills that lined his route, Kabul would never be reached in any reasonable time. He therefore continued his march till the head of the column was within three miles of the enemy; then he began to make his arrangements for the impending battle. Before he completed them the whole upper range, for a distance of two miles, was seen to be swarming with the enemy, and a large body of horsemen threatened our left. Our guns had scarcely opened fire when a torrent of men poured forth from the slopes, and, breaking against our line, spread out right and left and enveloped it. The wave struck the lancers, and forced them back on the infantry. Mules and riderless horses went dashing through the ranks. The fanatics were engaged in a hand-to-hand contest with our infantry. They broke through it on the left, and some penetrated to within twenty yards of the spot where the general and his staff were watching the action. All drew their swords for self-defence. At

that critical moment the cool promptitude of Colonel Lyster, V.C., commanding the 3rd Goorkhas, saved us from a terrible disaster. He formed his men into company squares, and poured volley after volley into the fanatics as they surged onwards. The attack had now spread along the line. The general's escort and the 59th had to fall back. An order issued to this regiment to throw back their right to stem the rush was understood to imply the retirement of the whole regiment, and the movement was carried out. The Ghazis were upon them, and there was a tendency to huddle for common protection. General Hughes, observing this, galloped down, and with a fiery exhortation calmed the men; then by a steady fire they kept the Ghazis at bay, and covered the plain with dead. The fanatics charged with the same desperate valour as the followers of the man of Mecca did when they broke the ranks of the Roman Legion. Beaten back by our force, they returned again and again to the attack. After an hour's desperate fighting our reinforcements and the heavy artillery came up, and the enemy, finding all assaults hopeless, spread broadcast over the country. Thus ended the battle of Ahmed Keyl, the most hard-fought contest of the Afghan war. Ghazni surrendered without a struggle, and the road to the capital of Afghanistan lay open. General Roberts had sent from Kabul a detachment to co-operate with the Kandahar force, and on

April 28th these two forces joined. On the 2nd of May Sir Donald Stewart arrived at Kabul, and, as senior officer, assumed from Sir Frederick Roberts the chief command as well as political control. Sufficient credit has hardly ever been given to Sir Donald Stewart for his daring march from Kandahar to Kabul. But it was undoubtedly a fine feat of arms.

For some time negotiations had been going on between the Indian Government and Abdul Rahman as to his succession to the throne of Kabul, one chief point of difference being that the Government would not recognise his claim to have Kandahar handed over to him. At length all was arranged, and on July 22nd Sirdar Abdul Rahman was formally recognised by the British Government as Ameer of Kabul. A few days after the proclamation of the new Ameer news reached Kabul of the disaster at Maiwand and the investment of Kandahar by Ayub Khan's army. With the consent of Sir Donald Stewart, Roberts telegraphed at once to headquarters at Simla a proposal that he should lead a relieving force straight from Kabul to Kandahar, and the Viceroy agreed. As Lord Roberts tells us in his 'Forty-one Years in India,' Donald Stewart gave him every possible encouragement and assistance in the organisation of his column. By lending to him his tried troops, he crowned his career in the field by a noble and generous act. After Lord Roberts had left for Kandahar, General Stewart, with masterly

skill, marched his troops out of Afghanistan without firing a shot.

For his great military and political services in the war, Donald Stewart received the thanks of Parliament. His sovereign, ever ready to reward the services of her soldiers, bestowed on him the Grand Cross of the Bath, and created him a baronet. In October 1880 he was appointed military member of the Governor-General's Council, and six months after he became Commander-in-Chief in India. The long campaign in Afghanistan had laid bare the deficiencies in our military system; and during his tenure of office were laid by Sir George Chesney — a brave soldier, a great administrator, and a man of genius — the foundations of those military reforms which marked the administrations of Lord Dufferin, and were completed by his successor, Lord Lansdowne. A simple, modest man, Donald Stewart looked at military problems apart from any personal bearing, and the power of taking an unselfish view prevented him from clashing with his colleagues. To make the Bengal army worthy of its old traditions he laboured hard, and when he resigned his command he had done much to make it what it is now, one of the best fighting machines in the world. When he left the land in which he had spent the best years of his life, his connection with India did not cease, for on arriving in England he was appointed one of the official advisers of the Secretary of State. And in the

consideration of the numerous political and military problems which from time to time arose his opinion carried great weight, because it was founded on calm judgment and long experience. He worked on till his death, modestly, intelligently, and without fear. After his hard work he is now at rest. The old veteran has gone, but he has left us an example of a noble and blameless career.

It would be difficult to imagine two men more different in their intellect and their character than Donald Stewart and William Lockhart. Stewart was a brave soldier, endowed with a vigorous intellect, Scottish common-sense, and Scottish caution. Lockhart was a dashing captain, full of life and humour, with a strong love of adventure. He possessed in no small degree the brilliant literary instincts of his uncle, John Gibson Lockhart, and his brother, Lawrence Lockhart, gallant soldier and novelist. He had almost every quality fitted to make him a favourite in society. His presence was commanding, his features mobile and handsome, and in every movement there was an air of high breeding and aristocratic culture which bore witness to his old Scottish descent from the "Lockharts of the Lee."

A year after Donald Stewart went to India, William Lockhart was born at Milton Lockhart, where his father was the laird-parson. At the age of seventeen he joined the Bengal army as ensign (4th of October 1858), nominally in the 44th

Bengal Native Infantry, but he was attached to the 5th Fusiliers, and shared in the pursuit of the rebels. In 1859 Lockhart joined the cavalry, and the 14th Bengal Lancers, Murray's Jat Horse, was his regiment for several years. He had been six years in the service when the chance of being employed on active service first came to him. On the 4th December 1863 a mission left Darjeeling for Bhutan, and returned on the 12th of April 1864, having been not only received without honour but subjected to insult and outrage. War was the inevitable consequence. In the military operations against the Bhutanesè, Lockhart, as adjutant of his regiment, first proved himself to be a brave and daring soldier. He had inherited from his Scottish ancestors a keen instinct for scouting and an eye for mountain topography. The services he rendered by his reconnaissance to Cheerung were acknowledged by the Government of India, and he obtained a medal and clasp. The dash and daring he had displayed led to his being appointed aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General Merewether in the Abyssinian expedition. Four future commanders-in-chief of India were employed in that wonderful campaign—Napier, the able commander; Donald Stewart, the brigadier; Roberts, transport officer; and Lockhart, the aide-de-camp,—a group of soldiers of whom any army in the world might well be proud. John Merewether had been one of John Jacobs' most trusted

lieutenants, and he managed the various chiefs of Zeila with the same conspicuous success that he had managed the chiefs on the borders of Upper Sind. Merewether reported "very favourably of the services of his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Lockhart of the Bengal cavalry." Lockhart was present when the Abyssinians were driven down the slopes of Arogie, and at the subsequent capture of Magdala.

On his return to India, Lockhart was for the first time engaged in one of those punitive expeditions, the need for which will always exist till the other side of the line is held by a civilised government. In July 1868 the Pathans of the Black Mountains attacked a police post, the establishment of which they deeply resented. For four months they raided and destroyed British villages. Then a force of 12,000 men was sent to punish the aggressors. It penetrated without serious opposition to the crest of the Black Mountain, explored the enemy's country, occupied their strongholds, and reduced them to submission. The work of exploration suited Lockhart. The 2nd Brigade bivouacked for the night at a small village preparatory to the ascent of the Black Mountain the next day by the way of the Sumbulboot spur. Brigadier-General T. L. Vaughan, C.B., who commanded the brigade, determined to reconnoitre that evening the road between the village and the spur. "This duty," he writes in his despatch, "was most ably and resolutely per-

formed by Lieutenant Lockhart, deputy-assistant quartermaster-general attached to the brigade, who at much personal risk reconnoitred for some distance beyond the village of Belean up the spur, and brought me most important information."

The next few years were spent in carrying on his ordinary regimental duties. But garrison life did not suit his ardent spirit. Not for honour, nor for expectation of advancement, but from sheer love of adventure and a feeling of genuine chivalry, he went forth to pursue and to conquer. It was the unrest in him which led him in 1876 to visit Acheen, where the Dutch were waging a vigorous war against the tribesmen who resented their intrusion into Sumatra. He took part in the assault on Lambada, displayed his wonted gallantry, and received from the Dutch their war-medal and clasp. In the malarious Dutch settlement he was smitten with the cruel blasting fever, and would have been left to die in a shed on the wharf if he had not insisted on being carried on board the Singapore steamer. The sea-breeze restored his health. At the outbreak of the Afghan war he was attached to the Quartermaster-General's department, and, to his sore disappointment, was left in India. In the second phase of the campaign, after the murder of Cavagnari, he was posted as assistant quartermaster-general with Lord Roberts, and took part in the three days' hard fighting around Kabul, before we had to concen-

trate our forces at the cantonment of Sherpur. During the investment Lockhart was the life and soul of the party, who had many a merry evening together in the headquarters of the gateway at Sherpur. For his services during the Afghan campaign he received the insignia of a Companion of the Bath, with another medal and clasp.

After the war Lockhart went to Simla as deputy quartermaster-general in charge of the newly formed Intelligence branch. But neither the life of the Himalayan capital nor the routine of office-work suited him, and on the expiration of his term of office he assumed command of the 24th Punjab Infantry, and returned to the rugged borderland where he was to win his best laurels. Among the illustrious men, Cleveland, Outram, John Jacob, Herbert Edwardes, Reynell Taylor, and John Nicholson, who, from Burma in the far south to Kashmir in the far north, have raised and civilised the warlike tribes on our border, Lockhart has a right to a not undistinguished niche. The mode in which they accomplished their object was in all cases fundamentally the same. It was effected by the power of individual character. They explored the countries beyond the border, and there was no expedition so hazardous that they were not found ready to undertake it. They trusted themselves to the people, and by their courage and frankness they gained their confidence. Lockhart's great influence among

the tribes was due to his good-humoured, confident, fearless way of dealing with them. They felt that they had his sympathy, but they also knew that he was not in the least afraid of them, and that he would not allow them to take the slightest liberty. Like Nicholson, his name was a power on the frontier.

When Lord Dufferin determined in 1885 to send a mission to Chitral, then an almost unknown land, he chose Lockhart to be his envoy. On the 25th of June the mission started from Kashmir, and on the 13th of the following month the Kamri Pass, about 13,100 feet above the sea, was passed. For many miles the road ran through snow. On the 29th of July the mission reached Gilgit. Here it was found advisable to halt for some time, in order that the streams on the Chitral route, swollen by the melting snow, might subside. During their stay the officers of the mission acquired a good deal of useful knowledge regarding the surrounding countries. Surgeon Giles, who accompanied the party, was beset by patients. Among the operations he performed none excited so much interest as the reconstruction of noses (by a flap from the forehead),—for the deprivation of that organ was a common form of punishment in those regions. On the 8th of August the officers rode out of Gilgit, and the party made their way over roads often passing round the face of a precipice, with the foaming torrent far below.

Mules fell over, and the party had to halt to recover the lost loads. Clefs in the face of the rock often broke the continuity of the path, and had to be crossed by a few unfixed logs thrown across, which moved and turned under the foot of the traveller. Over these places animals could not go, and they had to take some higher path which zigzagged over the mountains. Rivers had to be crossed by bridges, primitive and shaky. On the 23rd of August the Shandar Pass, 12,100 feet above the sea, was crossed, and three days later Mastig was reached. Here a halt of ten days was made, to await the return of a detached party who had started to explore some of the neighbouring passes. Not till the 11th of September was Chitral reached. The Mehtar (chief), with the Nizam-ul-Mulk, his heir, and a large following, met the party some four miles from the city and brought them in.

"At two miles from the fort," writes Lockhart, "the opposite bank of the river was lined by some hundreds of horse and foot, who fired a succession of *feux-de-joie* on our approach, and made a great noise, shouting, firing, and drumming, the horsemen manœuvring parallel to our course, circling and firing. The men were clad in many colours, and the effect was good. Weather threatening, sky overcast, drops of rain occasionally, and distant thunder, all pronounced to be good omens. The Mehtar is about 5 feet 9, and enormously broad, with a fist like a prize-fighter's. Age perhaps seventy, large head, aquiline features, complexion (the little of it seen above a red-dyed beard) pretty fair, hands very much so. A fine bearing and a determined cast of countenance. We rode hand-in-hand, according to a

very disagreeable habit of the country, and, on passing his fort, were greeted by an artillery salute, most irregularly fired."

They found their camp pitched in a mulberry grove half a mile north of the fort:—

"The weather was warm, and a shady camp was most grateful to all. From it the Mehtar's mud fort just showed through a mass of *chinar* and fruit-trees. Away to the east rose the huge snowy Torach-Mir (25,000 feet), like a mass of frosted silver in sunshine; at dawn receiving the sun's rays whilst the valley was in profound darkness, thus presenting the phenomenon of 'a pillar of fire,' a mass of burnished copper, and passing as the sun rose through gold to the silver aspect it wore throughout the day. There can be few more beautiful and striking sights than this in the world; and it is not surprising that the Torach-Mir should be the subject of fairy legend throughout the land."

On the 19th of September the officers of the mission with a small escort started to pay a visit to Kafiristan. After visiting the Durah Pass (14,800 feet), they crossed by the Zedek Pass (14,850 feet) into Kafiristan, and marched through the Bashgal country as far as Lut-Dih. For the first time Bashgal women and men were seen in their own country by a European. At two miles from Shui a deputation of Kaffirs—some fifty men and boys—met the party, with a very small pony, which Colonel Lockhart had to mount. The path ran through woods of birch and deodar on springy turf, and down the centre rushed a sparkling stream over granite boulders, widening and pursuing a more tranquil course over sand and pebbles as Shui

was approached. The English officers marched in the midst of their strange hosts—

"who satisfied their curiosities as to the colour of their guests' skin under their garments, the texture of their clothes, and the make of their boots, without any false modesty. The men and boys nearly all carried the national dagger, the hilt of carved steel and brass, and a short axe. In front of the procession went three musicians, playing on reed-pipes. A single reed was used by blowing across one end—as in pan-pipes—and the sound was modulated by several holes. The airs played were soft and melodious, different from anything before heard by the officers. There was nothing at all harsh or unpleasant in the music, the character of which was plaintive and melancholy."

The camp was pitched in the village, and in the evening the men came down to it and danced by a great log-fire:—

"It was a mixture of country-dance and Highland schottische. Advancing and retiring in lines, intermingling in couples, they kept excellent time to the music of reed-pipes and two small drums, and marked points in the dance by ear-piercing whistles on their fingers, and the brandishing of axes. The red firelight, the savage figures, and their fierce but perfectly timed gestures, presented a weird spectacle, which it would be difficult for an onlooker ever to forget."

From Shui the party proceeded to Lut-Dih (6660 feet), which means "The Great Village" in the Chitral tongue. It contains 5000 inhabitants, and vines, apricot, mulberry, and walnut trees are abundant. After staying there a short time they returned to Chitral, from whence they proceeded back to Gilgit. Here they had to pass the winter, as all issues

from the valley were closed by the snows. In April the mission again went forth to explore, and on the 9th of May they crossed the Wakhugrins Pass, whose crest they found to be 16,200 feet. On arriving at the plateau at the top, two miles broad, they discovered the ponies stuck—the snow was too soft. Some of their carriers, hardy mountain men, broke down and refused to go on, although their loads were taken from them. Two were stricken to death.

"Every effort was made by the Sikh havildar and four men," writes Lockhart, "who endeavoured to crawl with the dying men on their backs; but both legs and arms disappeared in the soft upper snow, and the exertion at 16,200 feet above sea was more than could be endured. The two creatures fainted continually, and, although I am pretty strong, I found that I was quite exhausted by mid-day from lifting an insensible man from the snow, reviving him, getting him on a few yards, and then having to lift him again."

Lockhart, the brave and generous soldier, carrying through the snow the dying coolie, makes a fine picture.

On the 26th day of August the mission returned to Kashmir, the officers having accomplished a most adventurous and interesting journey. They had succeeded in penetrating into Kafiristan farther than any European had ever gone, and had laid the foundation of our political influence beyond Gilgit.

"The results of your mission," wrote the Foreign Secretary to Lockhart, "are of high value to the Government of India, and the Vice-

roy desires me first to inform you, as the responsible head of the undertaking, that he has noticed with much satisfaction the firmness, temper, and discretion which you have shown in circumstances of unusual difficulty and hardship."

On his return from Chitral Lockhart was sent to command the Eastern Division in Upper Burma, and took a very leading part in reducing the country to order. After the occupation of Mandalay and the nominal termination of the war, British authority hardly extended beyond the limits of our camps, and it was unsafe for an Englishman to move without a strong escort. Guerilla bands held the peaceable portion of the peasantry in terror. Here and there chiefs arose with sufficient influence to collect a force which amounted to a small army. These scattered bands had little communication with each other. But they moved quickly, and the character of the country, thickly covered with dense scrub jungle, and the sympathy and co-operation of the people, enabled them to elude pursuit. All who saw Sir William Lockhart's work in 1886-87 bear witness to the able manner in which he conducted the campaign, and the untiring energy with which he followed the enemy. The thorough way in which Lockhart did the military work was a great help to Sir Charles Crosthwaite, the Chief Commissioner, in establishing the civil administration. If there had been more Lockharts in command of brigades, Sir Charles's splendid work, the final pacification and settlement of the

country, would have taken less time to complete. For his services in Burma Lockhart received the degree of Knight Commander of the Bath. Then he enjoyed a brief period of rest as assistant military secretary for Indian affairs at army headquarters. But London as little suited the active soldier as Simla, and at the end of 1890 he gladly accepted the command of the Punjab Frontier Force. During his period of command he conducted four frontier expeditions. He was no believer in "the policy of the bayonet and the firebrand," but his aim was, by personal intercourse and neighbourly good offices, to "make mild a rugged people, and through soft degrees subdue them to the useful and good." He, however, held that if an aggression had to be punished it should be done thoroughly. He harried Waziristan for months till he made the chiefs thoroughly understand the power of the British arm. He had a profound knowledge of the Pathan character, appreciated its good points, and had much sympathy for the Afghans, with their love of their Highlands, and admired their courage. When Sir Robert Sandeman died, Lockhart would probably have succeeded him as chief commissioner of Baluchistan if his services had been available. If a chief commissionership for the Trans-Indus territory had been created, Lockhart would, there is little doubt, have been appointed to the office. No man in India was so well suited to be the Warden of the Marches, and if he had

been Warden no Tirah campaign would in all probability have been necessary.

Lockhart was on sick leave in England when the Afridis sacked our forts and closed the Khyber. The frontier was in a flame, and he was hastily summoned to command the "Tirah expeditionary force," which had been gathered to punish the aggressors. The Afridis are a large tribe, inhabiting the lower and easternmost spurs of the great Safed Koh or White Range, to the west and south of the Peshawar district. The area of the country inhabited by them is about 900 miles. The principal streams that drain these hills are the northern branch of the Bara river or Bara proper, the Bazar or Chuya river, and the Khyber stream, all flowing into the Peshawar valley. The valleys lying near the sources of the Bara river are included in the general name of Tirah, which comprises an area of 600 or 700 miles. By the camp-fires the Afridi soldier loved to boast of the beauties and fertility of Tirah, and he used to state with swelling pride that it was a virgin land which had never been desecrated by the footsteps of a foreigner. Lockhart lifted the veil from Tirah, and its valleys were traversed by the British soldier. Lockhart had under him an army of 40,000 men, and he showed his military capacity by the way he handled them in a mountainous and almost impracticable country. It was the hardest bit of fighting we had done since the Crimea and

the Mutiny. The storming of the heights of Dargai and the gallantry of the Goorkas and Gordon Highlanders will be remembered as long as Englishmen reverence deeds of valour. The war did not strike the imagination of the British nation like the Soudan campaign. The skill and bravery displayed were not sufficiently appreciated, owing to newspaper correspondents sending home sensational accounts of insignificant untoward incidents which must occur in a war against a brave foe, armed with modern weapons, fighting in a difficult country of which he knows every inch. Sir William Lockhart told the present writer that the Tirah campaign had revealed to him that modern weapons had revolutionised the art of war. The methods practised on the parade would not answer against an enemy accustomed from childhood to carry arms, full of resources

and wiles, fighting in their own land. "But what gave me the greatest satisfaction," he added, "is the proof it afforded that the British soldier can fight as well as the British soldier fought in the Crimea or the Peninsula."

After the war Lockhart was made a G.C.B. and appointed Commander-in-Chief in India. But the hand of death was on him. He struggled hard to perform the multifarious duties which the high and responsible office entailed, but illness again and again laid him low. Then came "one fight more, the best and the last," and he fought it, as he fought all his fights, full of hope and courage.

On Sunday, the 20th of March, William Lockhart died. He was a fine example of those virtues which a soldier should possess. He was brave, unselfish, and true. In his character there was no guile,—it was bright as day.

THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT.

THERE is no branch of our military organisation which, during the present war, has come in for so much criticism and blame as the Intelligence Department. It would, however, seem from the statements made in both Houses of Parliament by Lord Lansdowne, Mr Balfour, and Mr Wyndham, that this criticism and blame have been misplaced. It is true that Lord Salisbury complained of the insufficiency of the Secret Service fund: it appeared, however, afterwards, that more money had not been asked for, and, in fact, that the full amount voted had not been actually spent. Whether, however, our Secret Service fund was or was not sufficient for the requirements of the empire, —and I believe it to be quite insufficient,—it is now admitted that full details were furnished to the Government before the war of the numbers, armaments, and preparations of the Boers, which subsequent experience has in no way falsified.

Still the fact remains, and is acknowledged without qualification, that not only the Government and their advisers, but all the local authorities in South Africa, formed an entirely erroneous conception of the fighting capabilities and military strength of the two republics, and that, in the first instance, the preparations made for an offensive campaign, or even for the defence of the British Colonies, were wholly in-

adequate. Let us ask, How has this occurred? It is one of the axioms of naval and military strategy that the first element of success is to have an accurate knowledge of the power of your adversary, and of the conditions under which you will engage him. It seems that, in the present instance at least, we have been found wanting, and the result has certainly been lamentable and expensive, as regards valuable lives, damaged prestige, and millions of money, but, it is to be hoped, not disastrous as regards the final result of the war. Had we been engaged with a European Power of the first class, such misapprehension of the task we had undertaken might have involved irreparable misfortune, and even ruin, to the empire. It is stated, and apparently not without good ground, that there are perils before us: let us therefore set our house in order while there is still time.

If we look back on the military history of this country during the last fifty years—in fact, since the long peace—we shall find that our organisation for obtaining intelligence has been lamentably defective. In point of fact, at the time of the Crimean war, and indeed for long subsequently, we had no Intelligence Department at all, or any organisation for obtaining information. Kinglake says: “Neither the ambassadors of France and England at Con-

stantinople, nor any of their generals or admirals, had succeeded in obtaining for themselves any trustworthy information upon this vitally momentous business."¹ And not only as regards the resources and preparations of their enemy were our Government and commanders ignorant, but they were equally ill-informed regarding the actual geography, conditions, and characteristics of the country which they were going to invade. As Kinglake says—

"Of Sebastopol, the goal of the enterprise, they knew little, except that it was a great military port and arsenal, and was deemed impregnable towards the sea. Respecting the province generally, it was known, by means of books and maps, that Crim-Tartary, or the 'Crimea,' as people now called it, was a peninsula situate between the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof; and there was a theory—not perfectly coinciding with the truth—that the only dry communication with the mainland was by the Isthmus of Perekop. . . . Of the enemy's forces in this country the Allies, in a sense, were ignorant; for although the information which had come round to them by the aid of the Foreign Office was in reality well founded, they did not believe they could rely on it, and therefore they were nearly as much at fault as if they had no clue. They knew, however, that the peninsula was a province of Russia—that Russia was a great military power—that, so long as three months ago, the invasion had been counselled in print—and that afterwards the determination to undertake it had been given out aloud to the world. From these rudiments, and from what could be seen from the decks of the ships, they inferred that, either upon their landing or on some part of the road between the landing-ground and Sebastopol, they would find the enemy in strength.

"But beyond this, little was known;

and the imagination of men was left to range so free that, although they were in the midst of their 'nineteenth century,' with all its prim facts and statistics, the enterprise took something of the character of adventure belonging to earlier ages."

Can we imagine any state of things more lamentable and inexcusable than that which the historian thus vividly describes?

After such a lesson one would have thought that we should have taken warning, and at least have adopted some organisation to obtain in a systematic manner accurate and reliable information, which would be immediately available in the event of war. No such precaution was, however, adopted. It is true the Quartermaster-General's Department was supposed to be responsible for maps and general intelligence; but no special staff was detailed for this distinct duty, and the ordinary officials were more than sufficiently occupied with the common routine and executive work of their departments, so that they could not possibly have the time to devote to the study of abstract subjects, such as obtaining intelligence, which after all might never be required, or drawing out plans of operations for offence or defence, which at best were entirely hypothetical. Still, we had many warnings, and various Governments ought to have realised the dangerous and expensive possibilities of such systematic neglect.

Take as an example the Abyssinian expedition of 1868,

¹ Kinglake's *Crimean War*, vol. ii. p. 100.

which was eminently successful and involved no loss of life, but which cost the country about eight millions sterling. It does not seem unreasonable to believe that, had the authorities possessed sufficient and accurate information regarding the conditions of the country and the resources of King Theodore, the same results might have been attained by the expenditure of two—or even one—millions in place of eight. In truth, twenty or thirty thousand a-year laid out on an Intelligence Department would have been profitably invested.

Take again the first Ashantee expedition of 1873-74. This was eminently successful, thanks to the energy and genius of the general who commanded it. The enterprise, moreover, was most economically conducted. In this case, however, we were lamentably short of information,—so much so that the wisacres at home, knowing that there would be difficulties about transport, conceived that the way out of the difficulty would be to make a railway from the coast; and the plant, or part of it, was actually despatched to Cape Coast Castle. Had they known anything of the country, they would have been aware that to make a railway in the few months during which European troops could operate in the unhealthy bush was about as feasible as to run a tunnel under the Channel in the same period. We even were imperfectly acquainted with the peculiarities of the climate and the best

means of preserving European life against its effects. I remember, on the return of the expedition, being shown by Mr John Vivian, then Under-Secretary of State for War, a letter, written by the Duke of Wellington in the year 1826, if I remember right, which had been discovered among his despatches. This letter was written to explain the reasons why the Duke refused to allow a company of British artillerymen to be stationed at Cape Coast Castle, and gave more information regarding the country and the climate, with its deadly effect on European constitutions, than was available for the members of the expeditionary force which set sail from these shores in 1873.

Take again another flagrant case. It will be remembered that in the abortive Suakim expedition, undertaken to stifle popular clamour after the loss of Khartoum and the death of Gordon, one of the main features was the Suakim and Berber railway. The plant was despatched, a few miles were actually laid down, and then the plant was brought home again and stored at Woolwich, where it remained for years, I believe, a tangible evidence of our defective system and of the ignorance of our Government regarding the nature of the country in which they had decided to operate. That this route presents difficulties of a most formidable nature is best proved by the fact that such a railway is, so far as I know, not even projected, or ever has been projected since 1885,

although this is infinitely the shortest line of advance to Khartoum.

To return, however, to the history of our Intelligence Department and to its gradual formation. At first, as I have already mentioned, the Quartermaster-General's department was held to be responsible for all information, and to it were attached a few engineer officers and clerks, termed the "Topographical Staff," whose special province was to prepare and correct maps. In course of time, principally through the action of the late Lord Cardwell, this so-called "Topographical" department was enlarged and expanded: more officers were attached to it, and the special duties were assigned to it of collecting information regarding our colonies and foreign countries, which was collated, printed, and put into a handy form, so as to be available for reference at any moment. A specially selected officer of rank and experience was placed at the head of this new branch, and it was dignified by the name of the Intelligence Department.

It was my good fortune to be employed in it just twenty-five years ago, when it was in its infancy. At that time I received no extra pay, nor did any of the officers thus employed, except two or three, who were on the permanent staff of the Horse Guards, as the military side of the War Office was then termed. In fact, money for such a new-fangled and, as many considered it, such a useless institution

could not be wrung out of the Treasury. It not infrequently happened that British officers travelled and laboured to obtain valuable information for the Government, and were not even repaid their out-of-pocket expenses, or any portion of them. I could quote many instances of this: in one case the officer in question had been put to very great extra expense from having been specially requested by the Intelligence Department to undertake a very hazardous and costly expedition in a certain part of Asia. On his return with maps, plans, reports, and information, he was told that he had performed great and valuable service, but that unfortunately there was no money available to reimburse him even a portion of his outlay. The officer in question, who shall be nameless, as he now holds a high command, but who told me the story himself, was a man of means, and was really indifferent as to whether he got any money or not. He was, however, so disgusted with the meanness of such treatment that he said, "Then those plans and reports are my property; please hand them over,"—and he absolutely refused to give them up until at least that portion of his expenses was refunded to him.

I myself had a similar experience. In January 1877, when the relations between Russia and Turkey were somewhat strained, it was quietly intimated to me that the Government were very anxious to find out whether any preparations had been made for the invasion of Turkey, and in what

condition the Turks were to resist such an attack in case it took place. At the time all the information received through the ordinary sources was to the effect that there had been no such warlike preparations, a condition which entirely coincided with the pacific protestations of the Russian Government. There was, however, a lurking suspicion that these peaceful assurances were not entirely to be trusted. As I happened to be less ignorant of foreign languages than the majority of Englishmen, who have received the ordinary public school and university education, I was told that if I managed to get reliable information on this point it would be very acceptable; at the same time I was clearly to understand that if I got into a scrape, I must not invoke the assistance of Government officials to get out of it.

So off I started. In Paris I was so fortunate as to pick up a charming travelling companion, poor Eugene Brett of the Scots Guards, a son of the late Lord Esher. Alas! he fell a victim to enteric fever, after the 1882 campaign in Egypt. He united to a charming temperament and natural sweetness of disposition great ability and talent, with firmness of character and devotion to his profession. Had his life been spared, he must have risen to distinction.

We travelled all through Southern Russia, Roumania, and Northern Bulgaria, the scene of the war in the following year. It was the depth of winter, and the weather was most severe; our journey was

not an enjoyable one, and it was most expensive. I was, however, enabled to report home in detail the Russian preparations, which in my opinion indicated that war was inevitable as soon as roads, or rather tracks, in that country were fit for traffic. I declared my conviction that war would be declared about April 25th. As a fact it was declared on the 26th, and the Russian army commenced to cross the Pruth on the same day. My reports reached England about the middle of February, and but little attention was paid to them at the time. When, however, my predictions proved absolutely correct, I had the privilege of being sent for by the principal Secretaries of State, and was directed to draw up a memorandum, which was printed for the information of the Cabinet; but neither I nor my travelling companion received a sixpence towards our expenses. Nor was I in any respect benefited professionally, as the views which I had expressed were entirely at variance with those which had previously been put forward by some illustrious and exalted personages who were then in power; and to make matters worse, I happened to be right and they to be wrong. Hence for some little time I was practically in disgrace, and nearly a year elapsed before the late Sir Patrick Macdougall, at that time head of the Intelligence Department, could obtain permission to employ me in his office.

It may be said that until comparatively recently the manner in which the Intelli-

gence Department was treated savoured both of jealousy and parsimony. Even now it is ridiculously undermanned, and the amount of money spent in its support is wholly inadequate,

as will be seen on reference to the following comparative statistics of what is spent by other Powers on the central administration of their General Staff department:—

	Military Staff.	Civil Staff.	Total.	Cost.
France	245	459	704	£137,166
Germany	310	666	976	270,212
Austria	206	119	325	35,450
Russia	704	867	1571	410,000
Italy	532		532	34,376
Great Britain	18	34	52	16,500

When we come to consider the enormous extent of our empire, our many interests, our many vulnerable points, and, as recent events have proved, our many rivals and enemies, it would seem that our Central Bureau for collecting information should be at least as large and as well provided with funds as that of Italy. It may be urged, and with reason, that the Central Bureaux of other countries are not purely for intelligence, but are for the education and training of the General Staff. This opens a wider question, too complicated to be here discussed. It is to be hoped that when our promised army reorganisation takes place we may also have a similar organisation created. The fact, however, remains that these departments are relieved of all routine or executive work; they have the time to devote to the elaboration of plans of campaign, and the perfection of all the various details which enable their country not to be taken at a disadvantage should war suddenly and unexpectedly break out. Nowadays it will not do to start unprepared, trusting

that we may muddle through somehow before it is all over. We have had sufficient warnings of the danger of such an attitude by our reverses and misfortune at the commencement of the present war in South Africa, when only opposed to a confederation of farmers.

Although, as I have already said, the formation of a "General Staff" bureau, such as exists in Germany, and which has often been advocated for the British army, cannot be discussed within the limits of an article, still, judging by what we have learnt in South Africa, it is most desirable—nay, even necessary—that those officers who are employed in the Local Intelligence Department during war should as a rule have received previously in peace a careful training for this special service. It is not every class of mind that is adapted for such duty, hence it is all the more important that only those should be selected who have a special aptitude for it, and this selection can only be satisfactorily made by one who has a personal knowledge and experience of

the officers whom he selects. I will illustrate what I mean by an incident coming within my own knowledge.

Thirty years ago I was A.D.C. to Lord Strathnairn, then commanding the forces in Ireland, and under his command was an officer, now passed away, who held a high staff appointment, and who was a never-failing source of irritation to my chief whenever there was a field-day on the Curragh or elsewhere. The officer in question was a highly educated and cultivated man, a first-rate linguist, a good draughtsman, a fair musician, and a charming companion, besides being a thorough gentleman in every sense. He was, however, perfectly incapable of directing the movements of troops in the field, of mastering the rudiments of drill, or even of placing points on a proper alignment.

Lord Strathnairn frequently in private lamented to me this extraordinary peculiarity, and invariably added, What a splendid head of an Intelligence Department he would make! In fact, although such work had nothing whatever to do with his military position, he was frequently utilised in this manner, as these were Fenian and troublous times. In course of years this officer attained general's rank, the Intelligence Department chanced to fall vacant, and he applied for the post, which was refused him, and conferred on another officer, by common consent unfitted for it, and who held it but a short time, while my friend was given the command of a brigade at Aldershot, where I remember

paying him a visit. He was not happy, and appeared to be conscious that he was unfitted for the position he held, and, what was worse, as invariably happens his contemporaries and those under his command very soon made the same discovery. I fear that during his three years of command he did not add to his military reputation or confer much benefit on those whom he was supposed to instruct.

No doubt the Military Secretary of the day conscientiously believed that these officers were respectively suited to the appointments for which he recommended them, but such fitting of round pegs in square holes could scarcely have occurred had there been a chief of the General Staff who had made it his special duty to study the idiosyncrasies of each officer, and how his talents could best be utilised for the benefit of the State, or even had the recorded opinion of such an official been available.

Nothing could be further from my wish than to suggest any reflection on the officers employed in the Local Intelligence Department during the present campaign—I do not personally know any one of them, or even their names. It would, however, appear from all one can read and hear that the service would be better of reorganisation if we are to be properly served in any future war.

It is admitted in the official despatches, in private letters, in the published communications of correspondents, that whereas the Boers knew all about our movements, we knew next to

nothing of theirs. In fact, we "could scarcely move a gun" without the circumstance being reported to the enemy, while they moved large bodies of troops without a hint of such movements reaching us. One correspondent who was with the Ladysmith relief force mentions that a complete copy of all General Buller's orders, including his celebrated speech declaring that he would be in Ladysmith within a week, was found translated into Dutch in the Boer laager at Monte Cristo. The same correspondent suggests that a large retaining fee, granted to some superior Boer official, would have been money well invested. Another correspondent, who was shut up in Ladysmith during the siege, is even still more explicit, and gives the impression that in his opinion with better management our want of reliable information might have been obviated. No doubt we had exceptional difficulties to contend with, operating as we did in a country full of Boer sympathisers, although not all overtly hostile, and with an almost unlimited supply of money spent by our enemies on spies and corruption.

Until the secret history of this war is written the British public will never understand how great a part Secret Service money has played both before its commencement and during its course. Lord Salisbury recently mentioned that £800,000 was spent in one year before the war by the Transvaal Government in this manner; it would be interesting to ascertain how much has been spent since last October. Of course the

Continental press has been largely subsidised, and with palpable results, as otherwise the burst of anti-English feeling could scarcely have been so very generally excited or so long maintained. Any one who has read Von Busch's 'Life of Bismarck' will realise how even respectable foreign papers are open to such influences. I fear, moreover, it can scarcely be maintained that all people in this country have entirely clean hands. Boer officials have proved themselves past-masters in the art of corrupting and being corrupted; they have reduced the practice to a science which was not excelled, perhaps not even equalled, in the corruption practised in former years by Russian generals on Turkish pashas.

It certainly does seem hard to believe that all those who are so enthusiastic in the Boer cause, who have spent so much money in deluging Members of Parliament and others with pro-Boer literature, are entirely disinterested—that they are solely animated by a pure admiration for that "pastoral," "God-fearing," and "simple-minded" people.

Our Local Intelligence Department in Egypt, from all accounts, left little to be desired, and I cannot help thinking that had money been more liberally spent in South Africa better results might have been attained.

To return, however, to our central organisation in this country, should the terrible misfortune occur of a European war, our War Department should have nothing to do but to draw

out of pigeon-holes carefully prepared schemes for the attack of the vulnerable points of the enemy and the defence of our most assailable possessions, and to telegraph orders accordingly; and last, but not least, well-authenticated reports of the secret plans and designs of our foe. In relation to this point, it is satisfactory to note from the Civil Service Estimate that the grant for Secret Service has been increased this year from £30,000 to £65,000.

One word in conclusion regarding the information afforded by our Intelligence Department at home in connection with the present war. From a letter written by the correspondent of the 'Standard' at Ladysmith, and which appeared in March, it would appear that, from some means or another, the actual text of the information and the advice given by the Department have become public. It is stated that when General Symons was mortally wounded these important papers were in his pocket, from which they were abstracted in hospital. At all events, the correspondent says that the "précis of the information has become common property to Boer and British," and he quotes the actual text, which apparently he has seen.

The quotations fully bear out the conclusion arrived at, and mentioned in the commencement of this paper, that the Intelligence Department had been in no way misled, but had given full and accurate information on every point:

moreover, that the forecast which they made, that the Free State would inevitably throw in their lot with the Transvaal, was as clear and decided as subsequent events have justified. The only question now to be decided is, Why were preparations inadequate? The answer is simple: we have had many precedents for warnings being disregarded and information unheeded—none more remarkable than the manner in which the French Government treated the despatches of Stöffel before the '70 War. We have another parallel: it is stated that the French officers had admirable maps of Germany furnished to them, but none of their own country, in which they had to fight. Similarly, the country south of Ladysmith, which was the scene of so many terrible conflicts and so much loss of life during the last few months, was unmapped and unsurveyed, the explanation being that the home authorities considered that this should have been done by the Colonial Government, and would not incur the expense involved by such a survey.

The moral of the whole case is this—a moral which recently I endeavoured to impress on the House of Commons (I may add in a very empty and a not very attentive House, as is nearly always the case when military matters are discussed)—our Intelligence Department wants strengthening and enlarging: it requires more officers and more money.

FRANK S. RUSSELL,
Major-General.

THE WAR OPERATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.—VI.

BY A MILITARY CONTRIBUTOR.

BLOEMFONTEIN—THE TACTICS OF TRIFLES—RESPONSIBILITY FOR FAILURE
—OUR LOST OPPORTUNITIES—THE LADYSMITH RELIEF OPERATIONS:
A CRITICISM FROM THE FRONT—A BROKEN IDOL.

LORD ROBERTS found himself at Bloemfontein, with 30,000 men, a fixture: his march had taken the heart out of the Boers, the mass of their fighting strength had moved north and gave no sign, his communications had been restored and the Free State through which they ran had been visited, the farmers had given up their arms and had accepted his proclamation; but he was a fixture: he could not move for want of remounts—horses for his cavalry, mules for his transport. The loss in horse-flesh, especially in those five days' march on Kimberley, had been exceptionally heavy: it is said that when Bloemfontein was reached not a battery could go into action faster than a walk, and that 120 horses was all that many cavalry regiments could muster. Without a strong mounted force no bold turning movement would be possible. So horses were called for: fit, or partially fit, they must come; many were in the remount camps recovering from the voyage; as they landed they looked awful, yet they had to go forward as fast as they could be shod to undergo a railway journey of at least three days and three nights in rough cattle-

trucks, seven or ten in each, every horse with his hind-shoes newly on, his nose-bag and his head- and heel-ropes round his neck. To feed and water them in the trucks was not easy: no officer could be spared in charge, only a half-breed conductor and a few Cape Boys. It is safe to say that many horses never tasted food or water for the whole of those three days' exhausting journey. It is the distances which military operations in South Africa have against them.

So the army remained immovable day after day—not a sign of life to the Boers, who plucked up courage and began to look about them. President Steyn issued a counter-proclamation threatening the sternest penalties if his Boers put their faith in Lord Roberts. Kruger published lies about the Russians in London. Four Zaps scouting south across the Modder shot some colonels of the Guards. The colonels in question would be none the worse of a change home, if not for their own sakes, certainly for the sake of others. A commando, growing bolder, crept down to a line of kopjes a few miles south of Brandfort and required two Divisions to

turn them out, with 100 casualties on our side. Colonel Broadwood, who had been despatched to Thabanchu to watch Ladybrand and possibly intercept the Boers retreating north along the Basuto boundary, had remained there without anything to report, when on the 30th March the approach of two Boer commandoes from north and east determined him to retire on Bloemfontein, which he did, encamping early next morning at the Water-works, twenty miles east of that town, where two companies of mounted infantry had been left for their protection. The Boers followed him up and began to shell the camp from the rear, inducing him to send off a convoy with baggage, two batteries Royal Horse Artillery, and some mounted men to Bloemfontein—himself with the rest of the troops remaining as a rear-guard. After marching two miles the convoy struck an affluent of the Modder, called Koorn Spruit, in which during the night the Boers had concealed themselves in ambush. There appears to have been no advanced guard, not even a party in front of the guns; the waggons which were leading were allowed to enter the defile, being guided by armed Boers, right and left, so as to clear the road for the guns. When these were well involved the Boers opened fire: a scene of the wildest confusion ensued, — men, guns, horses, cattle, and waggons were mixed up; many drivers and men were shot down at once, seven

guns, all the waggons, and about 350 men remaining in the hands of the Boers. It was said that a house on the far side belonged to Pretorius, a Free State commandant who had given up his arms and taken the oath, and had then rejoined the Boers, his family after the action helping to loot the waggons. Pretorius then made off to the Boer army at Kroonstadt. Here at all events is a case which requires exemplary punishment.

But so disgraceful an exhibition of carelessness and neglect of orders reflects on the military education of our officers, and gives a handle to every ill-meaning critic at our expense. One report says the escort was in rear, meaning probably the troops detailed to precede the guns. An escort is not required except when guns are in, or are going into, action. Another report says the waggons were at the head of the column when they were directed to turn aside by the Boers: the drivers would have been Kaffirs, but it is usual that a guard should be spread along the line, a man to every one or two waggons. If this had been done they would have met with the Boers giving orders, would have seen that something was wrong, and would have given the alarm. The blame attaches to the escort for not being in its proper place; to the officer commanding the guns for allowing it to fall in rear; to the guard for not keeping close to the waggons, and for not warning the column if they were

there; and, lastly, most of all, to the officer in command of the column for not issuing the proper orders, or, if issued, for not seeing that they were obeyed. Even with the scanty materials at hand it is plain, as the 'Times' says, "the disaster is an excellent subject for stern and indispensable military justice."

Only three days after this miserable exhibition another disaster befell our military assurance. General Gatacre sent out three companies of Irish Rifles and two of mounted infantry, in all about 400 men, to Reddersburg, a village twelve miles east of the railway at Bethanie, to collect arms. They appear to have reached Dewetsdorp, thirty miles farther east, when 2500 Boers, with three guns, managed at night to get between them and their base at Reddersburg. They took refuge in a kopje about eight miles east of that place, where they intrenched themselves, and held it during some twenty hours, without food or water. Then ammunition running out, they surrendered. General Gatacre, who had been telegraphed to by Lord Roberts, arrived an hour and a half too late. It seems strange again that the General of the line of communications in an enemy's country should have taken no precautions to ascertain that the intervening country was vacated by the enemy before detaching so small a force to his flank, and then not to arrange for constant communication with it. It was known

all along that the mobility of the Boers allowed detached bodies to move across country with extreme rapidity, as they were unburdened with waggons, and the country-people were all on their side. The force was infantry, which could only move at infantry pace, accompanied by some mounted men not sufficient in number to do any extended work. A force so constituted was unadapted to carry out duties at any distance from its base. As separate bodies each party might have held its own; joined together, the infantry clogged the mounted men, while they in turn were too few to cover the retreat of the infantry. General Gatacre seems to have thought the state of the country to be one of profound peace brought about by the surrender of a dozen old sporting rifles.

When will officers learn that tactics are not all heroic? Such can safely be left in care of that Staff College officer who threw a bridge over the canal at Aldershot, and threw it very well, but did not notice that an enemy's battery had helped him in the throwing. Soldiers, not altogether of the new school, are content to mess round the "tactics of trifles." The attack on Belmont was to be a surprise, so it was timed to commence at daybreak. As that silent column approached, a wire fence stretched across the way. A pioneer was called, and with two vigorous blows of his axe upon a supporting stake the wire was cut. The noise of those vigorous blows cost Lord

Methuen 100 soldiers' lives or more. A colonel inspected his regiment in the early dawn previous to a long day's scouting, the troopers sitting erect in their saddles. It took a good many pounds out of the horses, who could not go quite up to the donga where the enemy was, but that dirty button was discovered. At Stormberg the column took the wrong turn. A heap of stones with a stick in the middle would have saved 600 men and three guns. At Koorn Spruit, if a company had preceded the guns, as is most strictly laid down, the ambush would have failed, and we should have ambushed the Boers. At Reddersburg, if continual messages had been sent off to Gatacre by day, certainly by night, and not a shot fired till the Boers came close to our men would not have run short of ammunition, and the relief column would not have been just ninety minutes late. Baden-Powell at Mafeking has expended as much common-sense as would have done for the whole campaign. Common-sense is not yet taught as a military subject.

The renewed activity of the Boers brought out the true character of the "simple farmer." Lord Roberts had treated him as a civilised being, but he is only a savage veneered. When he allowed them to go back to their farms on condition of giving up their arms, accompanied with an oath not to take them up again, he did what policy dictated, which in a civilised country would be

accepted in the spirit in which it was offered. As one who knows the Boers says, "He can scarcely be considered a civilised being. There is a suspicious look in his eyes, an indifference to the feelings of dumb animals, a disbelief in, and disregard of, truth and honour; while the Boer woman is one of the most narrow-minded and most animal-natured of the human race." After the retrocession of the Transvaal in 1882 the Afrikaner Bond had been hatched in Bloemfontein, and had become an article of faith in the Free State, its avowed object the future confederation of all States and Colonies of South Africa. "There is just one hindrance to confederation, and that is the English flag. They must just have Simon's Bay as a naval and military station on the road to India, and give over all the rest of South Africa to the Afrikaners." With such a people to deal with, was it not rather optimistic to accept those two or three sporting rifles and the farmer's word that he had no more?

But to lay the burden of dealing with rebels on existing authority means delay: to be effective, punishment must be speedy—it is the instant certainty which deters. Roman-Dutch law is very good when there is no hurry; trial by jury is safe when the men on the jury are not bitter partisans: the rebels taken with arms in their hands on the 1st January at Sunnyside are still unconvinced. Martial law is incon-

venient. A commission of three judges armed with ample powers should be appointed. Only let them be summary and instant, to be exercised on the spot. A few test cases against prominent rebels would teach the rest that to take an oath of allegiance—to deliver up a moiety of firearms and to bury the larger half for use against the conquerors, may be Dutch but it is not British custom.

The despatch of Lord Roberts enclosing those of Generals Buller and Warren is disagreeable reading, telling of muddle everywhere, and above all of the want of a head—the absence of “I will!” The first attribute of a great captain is the power of reading the character of his subordinates that he may know whom to trust, which of them it is that will carry out his orders to the death, who must be kept in the background or under his own eye. But here we have Sir C. Warren, with his orders for the turning movement, calling a council before he had gone two miles to acquiesce in his forsaking them for a scheme of his own; and General Buller across the river telegraphing over the head of one general on the top to another at the bottom of Spion Kop to tell off a junior to hold it, because he was a “hard-fighting” man, who promptly justified his chief’s opinion of him by vacating it—“errors of judgment and want of administrative capacity on the part of Sir C. Warren—want of organisation and system which acted most unfavourably

on the defence—and the unwarrantable and needless assumption of responsibility by a subordinate officer.”

But while Lord Roberts is doing justice against offenders in South Africa, the nation asks, Who is it that sent out so much incompetence when England’s honour was at stake? At the Horse Guards are books and files and pigeon-holes crammed with histories of our soldiers: were they read and acted on? Where is the Promotion Board? Is the long reign of selection fallen? Rumours have been current of drawing-room influences and society magnates who had a word—many words—to say; of generals provided with a staff they knew nothing about; of officers on the medal-hunt pitchforked into snug places. It was said that when Lord Wolseley became Commander-in-Chief all abuses would cease, and merit would come out and be rewarded: selection was to do it—selection, which to the earnest soldier meant rejection. Truly reorganisation is knocking loudly at our door.

A misfortune throughout is the meagre reward we have reaped after each victory. It is to the cavalry that we look for this, yet they can hardly be blamed. After Belmont the 9th Lancers could scarcely move out of a walk. At Poplar Grove the same cause prevented French getting round the Boer left. When Bloemfontein was reached, President Steyn would have been caught by fresher mounts. It must also be re-

membered that most of the cavalry were only mounted infantry, who are not adapted to pursuit. Still, our cavalry have been wanting: as Colonel Albrecht expressed himself, "But your cavalry! We can see. We see a bush with a pole sticking up behind it, and we say, There is the cavalry. And they always go home at night to their bivouac. That is no good, we can see. Twice did I give up two of our guns for lost. We did hide them in a donga. But your cavalry did go home. They are no good." The fault is not all with the riders. English horses are not fitted for the country; they don't know it, and when they gallop their hearts are in their mouths; they are off their feed, fresh from a sea-voyage, and the high grooming of an English stable is a bad preparation for nights on the veldt, often frosty, with a tropical sun next day. The Cavalry Drill-Book is clear, practical, and concise, if officers would only read it; but how can you ask it when you tell the young fellows they must have £500 or £600 a-year of their own just to spell existence. Then a man who can't pass for the infantry is thought good enough for the cavalry, when the reverse should obtain.

The day on which Kimberley was relieved the Boer 100-pounder was firing up to 2 P.M., just three hours before French rode in, yet in that three hours the 100-pounder and every other gun disappeared. It is not stated how many guns of

position were round Kimberley, but the case of the 100-pounder is typical. The nearest approach to it in our service is the 7-in., weighing 7 tons. If the Boer gun weighed anything like this, its removal must have been miraculous. No doubt the sudden appearance of the cavalry came as a surprise to Colonel Kekewich, who had not kept his eye on the gun, or it could hardly have escaped, for the garrison, acting on the interior of a circle against so slow-moving a load on the circumference towards the only line of escape, by the north, must have seen it.

But it is at Ladysmith, where guns, waggons, baggage, and ammunition were waiting, almost asking, to be taken, that the failure to reap the reward was most evident. The capture of Pieter's Hill was so sudden and so terribly in earnest that the wind was all out of the Boers, flying in ample disorder without looking back, but no effort was made to turn what was a bad defeat into a crushing disaster. It was common camp knowledge that Long Tom from Bulwana was stuck fast for eighteen hours in a drift four miles out, but the cavalry were not suffered to go after it; also that when he rode into Ladysmith Buller was pressed to push on with all speed to overtake the Boer convoy, guns, and ammunition, which were hopelessly stuck. The cavalry ought to have been fresh enough, and only three brigades of infantry had been fighting hard lately, out

of some 20,000 men north of the Tugela. There must have been another brigade or two that would have roused up when they were told that the Boers were on the run, and have picked up enough strength to run after them.

There was only one road down Bulwana by which Long Tom could come: it was a road easy to find, newly made during the siege. Could not some "department" or other have found it out, and, with a couple of companies, waited at the bottom for the Boers and their gun? There were at least thirteen guns of position round the town, and we let the Boers take them all away. Their terminus at Modder Spruit was only 13 miles from Nelthorpe, the sidings there crowded with Boer trains, yet we made no effort to get them, content to watch the last steam out and the culverts blown up.

There is no branch of military education which is crammed so persistently down our throats as the value of the pursuit after a defeat. Once on the run, let there be no delay, not an instant: push out the freshest troops—harry him—bustle him—give him no breathing time—bring up every man—fling out the cavalry—gallop the guns ahead where they will threaten his line of retreat, regardless of risk—chance anything and everything to keep him on the run: you can pick up the pieces at your leisure when you come back. But General Buller sat quietly at Nelthorpe: he rode in next afternoon to shake

hands with Sir G. White, and a brigade went out after the flying Boers and did not catch them. But it was a glorious victory!

That the army is at one with Lord Roberts the following letter from camp round Ladysmith shows:—

"'Blundered through at last!' This was in substance the opinion in the bivouacs when, on the eventful 27th February, late at night, the news spread that some of our cavalry were in the besieged town. There was satisfaction in the relieving force, but no enthusiasm. It was felt that we had not done as well as we might have done; and, looking back at the series of events which has led from the Colenso disaster up to the storming of the kopjes above the Tugela Falls under cover of a fire of heavy guns such as has perhaps never been experienced before by troops holding an intrenched position, it is impossible not to admit that the first impression was the right one.

The battle of Colenso has been much criticised, and it admits of much criticism. Undue stress has perhaps been laid upon the ignorance as to the Boer strength and the Boer dispositions which prevailed in a camp only five miles from their line of defence. Kaffir intelligence has never in this war been trustworthy with regard to numbers. The river prevented reconnaissances from being pushed home. The ground favoured concealment at unlooked-for points of resistance. But this

very uncertainty as to the force which a crafty mobile enemy was in a position to array against us makes the plan of attack the more inexplicable, its only justification indeed being the conviction generally entertained that any opposition offered by the Boers would certainly be of a perfunctory and harmless character.

The worst place to attempt to force the passage of a river is at a salient angle. Yet the first attack was made at a salient angle, across a bare, bullet-swept plain. If a position is to be attacked at two points, the attacks should be simultaneous. But at Colenso the second attack was only attempted after the first had failed. It would seem to be the first principle of tactics in attacking a river-line that the enemy should be driven across the river first, or at least that any hostile bodies on the near side should be too weak to seriously threaten the flanks of the assailant army. Yet Hlangwane Mountain, south of the Tugela and east of Colenso, was strongly held by the Boers, and seriously threatened our right throughout the day. On paper the plan of attack was indefensible. In actual practice it failed utterly and completely, with disastrous loss to the troops and grave damage to the prestige of the British army and its leaders.

The episode of the two field-batteries which came to such serious grief has been much commented upon. But if a grave blunder was committed

in getting guns into such a perilous position, an equally grave blunder was committed in deliberately abandoning guns which had been merely silenced, and which the remnants of their *personnel* and the infantry hard by fully expected would be withdrawn under cover of night. The incident is almost inexplicable. Still it is only fair to say that no amount of tactical skill would have secured a triumph on that unfortunate day. The enemy was too strong numerically, and was too well posted, for attack upon him to succeed with the available British force. Later experience has proved that the 15-pounder guns are practically useless for attack on the intrenched Boer positions; and early in December the howitzer battery and the heavy 5-inch battery had not arrived, nor was the navy so well represented as it was two months later. It was a hopeless enterprise from the first.

The second attempt to relieve Ladysmith was undertaken under far more favourable auspices. The British infantry force had been nearly doubled, while there is no reason to believe that the enemy had gained any appreciable accessions of strength. The howitzers and some additional naval guns, besides several field-batteries, had arrived. There had been ample time for the organisation of the line of communications and the commissariat and transport services. The Boers had, moreover, in the meantime made a bold attack upon Ladysmith,

and had been greatly shaken by the tremendous losses sustained in a venture reflecting credit upon the courage of the rank and file rather than upon the skill of their leaders. And for a time it looked as if the task set to the Natal Field Force was about to be accomplished.

Although reconnaissances of the mounted troops beyond Springfield might well have warned the Boer generals that a British move on that side was impending, it would seem to be the case that the seizure of the Waggon and Potgieter's drifts over the Tugela, twenty-five miles above Colenso, and the passage over the stream of our advanced troops, came upon them as a complete surprise. There were no trenches, and scarcely any Boers. A considerable part of the relieving army passed the river unopposed, and advanced a short distance. But then there came a pause—a most disastrous pause. The generals hung about the drifts directing transport waggons. The cavalry, which had managed to escape for once and to perform its proper rôle, was peremptorily recalled, after carrying dismay into the hostile camps far in rear of the river. And the enemy gathered in full force, intrenched himself at leisure, and defied us to come on.

Then followed the unfortunate affair of Spion Kop. A single brigade, unsupported by any other troops on its flanks or by artillery fire, captured part of a mountain, and after

holding on stubbornly to an indefensible position, was compelled to evacuate it by the concentrated fire of guns and infantry spread out around it, and in absolute security. The losses were very serious. And with this deplorable disaster ended the second attempt to relieve Ladysmith, which had at the outset carried with it so many elements of success. A mobile foe had been caught napping; but it had been subsequently dealt with as if the object was to allow the hostile forces to gather for a decisive trial of strength, instead of its being the relief of a beleaguered camp by a well-conceived operation of war. The reverse was most unfortunate, and it to a certain extent affected the *morale* of the army, inasmuch as all ranks were aware that the attempt had been made in full strength, that no appreciable reinforcements were to be expected, and that at the commencement of the venture we held the trump-cards.

The third attempt was doomed to failure at an early date. Whatever chance there was of success was thrown away by the enemy being allowed to see what was contemplated, and being given ample time to prepare for it. Guns were with great difficulty hauled to the top of the precipitous Schwartz Kop in full sight of the Boers, who met the move by insidiously mounting a 100-pounder gun on the Dorn Kop opposite, commanding the contemplated field of

operations. The old plan of a single brigade advancing while the remainder looked on, which had proved so unfortunate at Spion Kop, was revived, and a razor-backed ridge called Vaal Krantz was captured and held for two days, while an artillery duel was maintained, in which the Boer 100-pounder figured noisily, if not with much effect. Then the troops were suddenly withdrawn by night, a mass of transport and heavy guns traversing an awkward defile along the Tugela, within easy range of the enemy's guns, which happily remained mute. A general retirement followed to Chieveley, and the fear began to spread throughout the force that Ladysmith was doomed, and that the campaign in Natal would be recorded in history as a mere succession of reverses to one of the largest British armies which has ever been collected in a single command.

But the situation was not in reality so hopeless as it appeared to be, and the troops had hardly reassembled on the railway when they were ordered to move in a new direction, and the set of operations commenced which finally led to the relief of Sir G. White and his gallant garrison.

Nothing could be sounder than the first part of the plan of operations, and its execution left little to be desired. The task set to the troops was to sweep the Boers back over the Tugela from the hills they occupied east of the Colenso-Chieveley line by a great turning

movement. It took five days to complete this operation; but on the decisive day the whole of the infantry available were engaged in driving the Boers towards the Tugela across the front of a mass of guns, and our arms achieved a signal success at trifling sacrifice. The enemy suffered severely, his camps and laagers were captured, his guns were got away with difficulty, the prisoners told pitiful tales of the effect of lyddite shells from our heavy ordnance. The victory marked the beginning of the end. Colenso was occupied almost unopposed. The Tugela was bridged lower down; and a kind of bridgehead was established on convenient kopjes, under cover of which the greater part of the army crossed the river and crowded itself into a limited space, with insufficient protection from the Boer guns perched on high ground on three sides of it.

Our success south of the river seems to have induced the idea that the campaign was practically over, and that there would be little further opposition on the road to Ladysmith. For then followed two very bad days indeed. The heavy guns were moved across the river, and brought into action on cramped, inconvenient ground. Two attacks by isolated brigades failed to capture some awkward trenches on kopjes above the falls of the Tugela. Then it was seen that a mistake had been made. The big guns returned to the high ground on the

southern bank. In place of spasmodic attempts by portions of the force, a general attack on a broad front was decided upon. And then followed a battle admirably planned from the outset, and marked by a co-operation between artillery and infantry such as probably has never been excelled in war.

The fight on Majuba Day, which opened the road to Ladysmith, was in reality a triumph for the howitzers and the heavy guns of the navy and garrison artillery. Posted in commanding positions, and at ranges of only 3000 to 4000 yards from the formidable Boer trenches, they kept up their terrific bombardment till the infantry, handled with consummate judgment by the brigadiers and battalion commanders, had got to within charging distance. And in place of long lists of casualties, of schantzes seized and then rendered untenable by other works in flank, of the enemy creeping off uninjured from trenches too seriously threatened by the advancing troops, the firing lines found little to do except to accept the surrender of the survivors from the storm of lyddite shell. Only on the right, where one brigade covering a great extent of ground advanced almost unaided by guns, were the losses at all proportionate to the importance of the success gained. The Boers were utterly crushed and confounded, and that night our cavalry rode into Ladysmith.

It has been a hard and trying campaign on the troops.

For weeks without change of clothes, wet through by torrential rains by night, scorched by a tropical sun throughout the day, fighting a foe who never shows himself, pounded at by guns which till latterly had nothing to oppose them, these dirty, unkempt, bearded soldiers are soldiers indeed, soldiers such as the empire has not possessed since the Indian Mutiny. They know every trick and move in the game, as do their regimental officers. They have forgotten much of what they learnt before they crossed the seas; but they have remembered some of it, and they have learnt a good deal which is new and most unorthodox. Their comrades are planted here and there upon the kopjes, and a hush may suddenly fall upon the little bivouac-fire when a name is mentioned. But their one fear is that they will not be to the fore when we march into Pretoria, that 'Bobs' Lot will get there before them, and that they will not get at the enemy in the open just for once. Tommy Atkins' name is on every tongue at home in England now. And it ought to be.

The campaign for the relief of Ladysmith has been a triumph of organisation. The work of the departments has been superb. Supplies have never failed, doctors have always been ready with every requisite, sick and wounded have been got away with a rapidity and precision beyond all praise. But it is perhaps due partly to this very per-

fection and elaboration of departmental organisation that our movements have been so grievously slow, that the inertia of this great army has proved so difficult to overcome.

The day before our final victory on the Tugela was a Sunday. We had suffered very heavy losses in the infantry attacks of the two previous days, while the enemy also had some dead to bury and some wounded to get under shelter. So there was a kind of truce, and our doctors mixed with the Boers on the hillsides. 'Why do you take advantage of a suspension of hostilities to try and turn our left?' asked the Boers. We were solemnly moving our guns and hospitals and supply-trains back across the river and up the hillsides on the other side, in full view of their entire force. Everybody could see what was going on. The most simple-minded, unsophisticated, of Transvaal farmers could hardly fail to draw correct conclusions from the parade in column of route of this mass of vehicles. What neither the weary rank and file nor the skilled soldiers of fortune from beyond the seas who lead them could or did foresee was, that for once we were going at them in full strength along our extended front, that an attacking line two miles in length was about to envelop them, instead of a wedge being driven on the usual lines into their midst, and that the guns were not going, as usual, to cease firing just when their fire was becom-

ing of some use. No move has been attempted in the last few weeks which has not been disclosed in advance by processions of waggons streaming in the direction contemplated. We have taken five days or more to develop a design. The Boers have required one night's digging to frustrate it.

Before the war all experts were agreed that a large proportion of mounted troops would be indispensable in case of a campaign. But in Natal the cavalry and mounted infantry have done nothing, and excite the ridicule of experienced colonists. The torpidity from which the army as a whole seems to be incapable of shaking itself free has descended on our troopers, and holds them tight in thrall. Who is to blame for this it is hard to say, although there is a strong opinion in the force that the responsibility for it cannot be laid upon our cavalry leaders. The mounted troops have done nothing: but have they ever been given a chance?

The infantry carry off practically all the honours. Their work has latterly been admirable in every way, and where they have suffered heavy losses, as on Spion Kop and Hart's Hill, it has not been the fault of regimental officers or non-commissioned officers or men. They move about in long extended lines when still beyond rifle-range. They keep their volley-firing for the evenings, when the light is bad. When a man gains his anthill or his bit of rock he lies down flat and

waits while the enemy shoots ; after ten minutes he crawls up on his knee and takes a sight, then drops again and bides his time—he uses his wits, in fact, as does the foe in front of him. No sooner is a position gained than stones are collected in feverish haste and schantzes built. Even on reverse slopes each officer and man builds up his little shelter for the night in case of dropping bullets. The amount of work got through has been astonishing, but all ranks seem to thrive on it.

The artillery, upon the whole, has only done indifferently well ; but for this the *personnel* is hardly to blame. The field-gun is wholly unsuited to the work of seeking out an enemy in intrenchments,¹ and the feeble support afforded to the infantry in most attacks appears often to have been due to want of definite information as to the intended plan. Except at the capture of Vaal Krantz and during the final day's fight, there has been practically no co-operation of the guns with the attacking columns, although the howitzers and heavy guns greatly aided the infantry by their searching fire during the assault on Monte Cristo. A strange idea seems to prevail that in the assaults of to-day artillery should cease its bombardment while the infantry are still hundreds of yards from their objective. The Boers lying in their trenches simply laughed at the 15 - pounder shrapnel, manning their parapets when

the clatter ceased, in ample time to deal with the attacking troops.

That the Boers are heartily sick of the whole business there can be no question. They complain bitterly of the foreign officers, who keep them in their trenches with revolver threats, but who slip off before the game is up. The lyddite shells have completely altered the complexion of affairs, and they recognise that they can no longer offer battle, risking merely trifling loss, as was the case at Colenso. Whether they will offer further resistance in Natal remains to be seen : the country is admirably suited to defensive tactics, and our advance is hardly likely to be made with lightning speed ; but they feel now that they are on the losing side, and they should not prove difficult to finally overcome.

At their own peculiar methods of war they are unsurpassed. Their genius for taking and for making cover, their marvellous mobility, their stolid patience, have been the wonder of the Natal Field Force. But their commanders have missed many opportunities, and their artillery especially has been woefully mismanaged. Over and over again huge masses of transport have been well within range of their guns, while these have maintained a wholly ineffective fire on our scattered infantry. They have spared our pontoon-bridges, as if these flew the Red Cross over them.

¹ See 'Maga,' February 1900, "Shot, Shell, and Bullets."

For three months they have never even threatened our communications. They have never followed up even nominally our retirements after failure.

We like to flatter ourselves that we have really had 30,000 or 40,000 fighting men in front of us; but we have never seen them in any force at any point. If somebody through his binoculars spies twenty mounted men, there is as much excitement as if a hostile division of all arms was on the move. Have they ever really existed, these thousands upon thousands? Or have we simply been bluffed throughout by a very cunning foe? Probably we shall never know; for the Boer has a horror of statistics, and we do not want to learn that we have been confronted merely by a skeleton of great vitality."

The smashing up of popular idols in South Africa has begun; the drawing-room pets have been found out, for they came without their dancing-pumps; the heroes of the picture-papers have done nothing pictorial, and the headlines in the daily papers waste no more capitals on brilliancy. South Africa does not miss them, content to watch that silent man of Egyptian fame whom big letters let alone though he is everywhere.

There is one idol that we stood by very long—Buller: we knew him as a dashing captain of irregulars, a stern disciplinarian—"iron-faced," this is cor-

respondentese—we saw him creeping down that precipice at the Zhlobane with the crowd of fugitives, the Zulus close behind, a thinning line in front dropping by dozens, then by tens, by fours, by twos, by single men, till there were none left to drop: he was our idol when he rode across the desert after Stewart, and he was an idol hard to break. South Africa has many things to answer for.

When Buller was sent every one said he was the right man: men watched him at Cape Town, and saw the troop-ships land those soldiers to disappear almost mechanically somewhere, and they wondered at the head that could plan so well. Then the campaign took a twist, and things went roughly: still they said it was not Buller's fault—some one had blundered; it would be better soon. Methuen's dash for Kimberley, a division in the Stormberg ranges, French at Colesberg, troops pouring into Natal—all must be right, for Buller did it. He took command himself, and the Boers investing Ladysmith knew what was coming—Buller, only he was a long time coming: that weary wait, relieving troops had landed, a division at Mooi river, another at Estcourt, brigades down the line, "Minor Tactics" at Frere, and the Boers raiding up to the Town Hill, firing, looting, destroying, and all we did—a night attack that failed and that silly armoured train. But it went through and Buller

came, and with him came Colenso and its fiasco—hideous—men sacrificed, guns lost, and the Boers triumphant: children play such tactics, no one else,—not soldiers. Still, we said when Roberts came it was not to supersede our idol, we believed in him for ever—all would come right—was not the promise of success for Warren's turning movement great? Then we read of thirteen miles of waggons following, "like a huge serpent's trail, the cloud of dust veiling the kopjes" with many adjectives: it was

good reading, and the public liked it, as did the Boers, who changed their flank, and the turning movement stopped when it had gone two miles, and Spion Kop came in. After that the "wedge." When Buller told his men he had the key of Ladysmith in his pocket, he forgot to say the lock was on the other side of the door where the Boers were waiting. Then, last of all, came Hlangwane, which our troops took in four days after they had looked at it for three months, and Ladysmith was relieved.

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CHILDREN OF THE HOUSE OF KAJAR.

AT the hour of dusk, when lamps are lighted, Persian servants hail their masters with the greeting of "Peace be unto you": accordingly when my servant Sadik brought in the light he said, "Salám aleikun." Then, stretching out both his hands and bowing, he offered me a letter that lay in his palms as in a bowl. It is worth remarking, by the way, that a Persian considers it an act of rudeness to snatch at the gift proffered to him. Courtesy demands that he should reach out both his hands and wait for you to drop it into them. I took the letter. It was addressed "*À la maine de mon chere maitre*," and was signed "*Feridun Mirza*," in the left bottom corner of the envelope. The word *Mirza* succeeding a proper name signifies Prince, it being a contraction of *Amir-zadeh*, descendant of an *Amir*; but when it precedes

it means a person in civil employment or a secretary. The letter, then, was from one of my pupils, all of whom were sons of H.I.H. Zillu's-Sultán, senior brother of the reigning Sháh of Persia.

Opening the letter, I began to read; then, bursting into laughter at the very first line, I gazed around me. While the spirit of my surroundings was one with the patriarchal age of Abraham, the letter, signed "*Votre eleve obeysent*," was dated 18,917 A.D., by which time, presumably, the imperial scribe hoped to be reduced to obedience. The letter, moreover, which I will transcribe *verbatim*, was free from punctuation, following the Persian custom in that particular:—

"Mercredi soir Juillet 14 18917 A.D.

"MON CHERE MAITRE MONSIEUR SPRY,—Je suis bien con-

tent Vous etes le bien venu
J'espere vous voire bientot—
Votre eleve obeysent

“FERIDUN MIRZA.”

When I had answered the little note in a grateful spirit, I fell into a muse over the word “obeyment.” This word, *obedient*, was of significance in my sight, chiefly because it recalled a friendly chat I had had on the question of discipline with an influential Jew in London, whose brother had been instrumental in appointing me to the tutorship. His views on the subject were of the essence of the Jewish temperament. “Discipline!” he had cried in unfeigned amazement at my ingenuousness. “Nothing of that sort, I assure you. If the young princes wish to work, you will work; if to play, you will play. When they burst out weeping, you will mingle your tears with theirs, and join in the chorus whenever they are in a laughing mood. Permit me to congratulate you upon the appointment.”

My thoughts were busy with this droll epitome of my duties when Sadik came to tell me that he had made my bed in the compound and hung the mosquito-curtain; so, having undressed and donned my sleeping-suit, I went out into the bright, moony night, and lay down under the blue blanket of the starry heavens. The croaking of a colony of frogs in the tank was toned to a lullaby, thank goodness, and so was the bubbling of the *kalyán*, which my servants were smoking, by way of a sedative, ere they

wrapped themselves up for the night. Rising with the sun next morning, I followed my two soldiers, who bore my books and writing materials, across the compound of the Takieh to the curtained entrance of the Divan Khanah, where we were met by a general in a tall brimless hat of white astrakhan. This man, whom I shall call the *sartip*, or general, had fair hair, a ruddy complexion, and blue eyes. He was said to be of Russian extraction, but I believe myself that his sole claim to that nationality lay in his knowledge of the Russian language. He it was who now conducted me up a steep stone staircase to a long marble gallery, looking down upon the flowery courtyard, around two sides of which range the apartments of the Divan Khanah. Facing the gallery is the blank wall of the imperial *anderún* or haram, painted in blue and red arabesque, and pierced by two curtained doorways. Entering a room on the right of the gallery, I found myself at last in the presence of my pupils. Dr Mirza Huseyn Khan, who is the Zillu's-Sultán's medical adviser, and his guide, philosopher, and friend, was also present. The room I recognised as the one in which I had been entertained on the day of my arrival by Iskander Khan, the Afghan prince. The five round marble tables were still there, and so were the mural maps made in Germany some twenty-five years ago. These maps had been presented, in the first instance, by Mr Hoeltzer of the Telegraph Department, to the

Armenian schools in Julfa, but had come at last to be banished from those halls of learning as out of date. In their present position, on the walls of the imperial palace, it could not be said of them that they were antiquated: they were rather several centuries ahead of their surroundings in matters geographical. Wondering whether the sum I had noticed on my first visit had been wiped out or not, I turned in the direction of the blackboard on entering the schoolroom. Yes; there it stood in barefaced evidence of the fact that Persian princes, finding it more profitable to receive, are quick to misapply the golden rule of Compound Division. I smiled. Thereupon the young princes, five in number, leaping to their feet, lined up in their baggy white socks and tall lambskin hats, and returned the smile right cheerfully. This time my smile grew musical.

As all Persians, full-grown, retain certain traits of the Eternal Child, so all Persian boys are dressed from early childhood as full-grown men. My pupils, being imperial princes, affected the national Court dress. The overcoat is buttoned at the neck, has a straight military collar, fits tight at the waist, whence it falls in plaits innumerable to the shins. Save the button at the neck, the coat is left open in front, so as to display the gaudy undercoat of silk or of velvet. The colour of both coats is a matter of choice, except in the month of Moharrem, when black is the only wear.

The artistic sense in my pupils displayed itself in purple and yellow, in Persian cashmere of many colours and ruby, in autumnal tints, brown and red; and in black and white, the second colour in each case being that of the *arkhâlik* or inner coat.

The first to step to the front and shake me by the hand was Bahram Mirza, a miniature study in black and white. Reaching out for my hand, he said in French: "Soyez le bien—venu, monsieur. J'espère que vous vous soyez tout à fait rétabli."

As he stood in his amazing white socks, *kolah* on head, I could not but admire the unconscious dignity of his bearing. I looked him in the face: his eyes are dark and unfathomably deep; his mouth vies with his chin in firmness and resolution; his nose is small, and inclined to be flat. In stature he is short and sturdy. When I told him to sit down he did so in silence, fixing his impenetrable eyes upon my face. I could see that nothing escaped his grave scrutiny. His eyes, the most beautiful I ever beheld, are the index of his mind, deep, searching, observant, impenetrable, intellectually vain.

"A diplomat in the germ," I said to the doctor in an aside.

"You will find him intelligent," was the guarded reply.

The next boy to bid me welcome was Akbar Mirza: he was dressed in Persian cashmere and ruby silk. A dashing, free-and-easy youngster, tall and handsome, he is his father's favourite son. His wavy hair of an un-

common colour, a ruddy black, curls all round the brim of his tall *kolah*. When he shook hands with me, it was to say in English with manifest pride at his fluency of speech—

"How do you do, ser? I am content to see you, and I hope you are better."

"And how old are you?" I asked.

His reply smacked of Ollendorf.

"I do not know, ser, but I have been to Teheran."

At my wits' end to divine the connection, I said, "Indeed. When was that?"

This time his reply, in French, gave me something of a shock.

"Lorsque j'étais dans le ventre de ma mère, monsieur." His artless simplicity was evident enough.

I turned to the doctor, my mouth framing itself to the dot of a note of exclamation.

"Quite so," he replied, unmoved. "But we Persians, whether we be young or whether we be old, have no false shame to swear by in our innocency."

Telling Akbar Mirza, the Ingenuous and Magnificent, to sit down in his turn, I awaited the greeting of the gentlemanly lad in autumnal tints, brown and red. He proved to be Feridun Mirza. I was specially interested in him as the writer of the forward-looking letter. The oldest and the tallest of my pupils, his delicate high-bred face wore an expression of pensive aloofness from the vivid, alert youngster who stood chafing at his elbow.

The latter, Hodayun Mirza

by name, singled himself out from his brothers by virtue of a temperament toned to his purple velvet frock-coat and his yellow *arkhâlik* of satin. While Bahram might be described as the diplomat in the germ, Feridun as the gentleman in the mould, and Akbar as the man of the world in little, Hodayun Mirza stood revealed as the pure, unsophisticated, barbarian boy. His flashing eyes are large and wide open; his nose is an eagle's beak, all but; his mouth, an excitable feature, trembles, like a wave, between the foamy crest of passion and the still deeps of remorse. He is as straight as an arrow, as lithe as a cat, as wild as an untrained colt. Eager to bid me welcome, he positively danced with impatience whilst I was talking to Feridun Mirza. When his turn came at last, he leaped to my side and seized me impulsively by both hands, crying out in a ringing voice that carried conviction with it: "J'aime vous que tu ne sais pas—oui!" The last word was thrown defiantly in the teeth of his half-brothers, like a challenge. It was as though the stormy youngster felt instinctively that he had found a friend and protector at last. That he was at times in sore need of a second the sequel will show.

The fifth boy, Ismail Mirza, Bahram's brother, has a merry twinkling face. Having neither English nor French, he greeted me in mellifluous Persian in a pretty, chirruping voice. He does not come into this narrative at all.

The introductions over, we

set to work. I began by giving them a piece of French dictation, by way of testing their knowledge of the language. We were in the middle of the lesson when Akbar Mirza, the Magnificent, laying down his pen, complained of the heat (108° in the shade), saying, "It is too hot—yes, ser?" Receiving no reply, he resumed his work, but long before I uttered the words, "Point; c'est tout" ("Full stop; that's all"), he had lifted up his voice once more. This time his tone was loud and imperious. "Bach-ab!" ("Child!"), he cried at the top of his voice, Persian servants being always summoned and addressed as their master's "children." To my amazement in stepped the stately general and stood in an attitude of grave humility, at a respectful distance, his head bowed and his hands folded on his breast. "Ab-ikhwardan" ("Drinking-water"), was Akbar's word, and smart the *sartip's* action. Out he went, and back he came with a silver teapot in his hand. Very solemnly and slow he went the round of the class, and, raising the spout to each thirsty little mouth in turn, waited in patient silence until the imperial thirst had been quenched. Whilst one princelet was being served, his neighbour sucked his lips in anticipation of the refreshing draught. As for me, it was mine to revel in the humour of the scene, which was followed soon after by an interlude in which a major in full fig was summoned by Bahram Mirza, the Imperious, to clean his slate. The climax of the

ludicrous, however, was attained when Feridun Mirza, having to leave the room in a hurry, was escorted to his destination by the general, the major, a black eunuch, and another servant, who were called together by him in the voice of one *in articulo mortis*.

These interruptions tickled my sense of humour, it is true, but they achieved a more useful end than that. They were the means of showing me that the first thing I should have to teach these youthful Kajars was, not modern languages, nor mathematics, nor science, but rather the first principles of self-reliance, self-help, self-independence. However, the incidents of the first morning in my little school, following, as they did, in quick succession, left me scarce a moment for reflection. For the first time in my school experiences, the part I played on my *début* as tutor to the sons of the Shadow of the King was, in the main, that of an amused spectator. It was not until I began to score their exercises in French dictation that a more dignified rôle was thrust upon me. Then it was that I became the centre of attraction. Whilst I was correcting Bahram Mirza's dictation, young Homayun bounded to my side, squatted at my feet, and examined my boots. "Pa-pa-pa-pa!" he cried in a very rapture of admiration. His ingenuous chuckling drew the others around him, and they, sinking to their heels in like manner, turned the classroom into a poultry-yard with their exclamations of delight. From

my boots they ran their fingers slowly up my socks and trousers, then up my waistcoat, then round and about my coat, not a single button escaping their scrutiny, till they came at last to the shining expanse of my shirt-front. Then, having fingered my studs and collar and tie and watch-guard, the boys stood up together, and, clapping their hands, cried out in a gleeful chorus as at a common inspiration, "The sahib is a voluptuary! a voluptuary! Mashallah!" Homayun throwing himself into the most fantastic attitudes the while he glided slowly across the room, waving his hands in likeness of a Persian dancer.

Class over, Feridun Mirza came to me and said in English, "You are content-a wiz me—yes, ser?"

I patted him on the back. "Certainly I am, old boy," I replied.

The others, following the leader, received the same answer.

It was Bahram Mirza who paused for an explanation.

"Why do you say 'old boy'?" he asked. "Is not a boy young?"

"Certainly, young man," I replied; "but the expression 'old boy' is a figure of speech, a term of affection. I might call you 'old boy,' or 'old fellow,' or 'old man,' because I like you very much. Do you understand?"

They all assured me that they understood perfectly.

In the course of the afternoon Feridun Mirza wrote to me again. The letter was de-

livered into my hands by a black eunuch of the imperial haram. The opening line, as you will judge for yourself, testifies to the truth of the maxim which saith that a little learning is a dangerous thing.

"OLD MAN,—I hope you arre in a good hellz Me I am too very much fattigued to rest in the *anderin* all lonly wiz my muzzer If you permitt one of my bruzzers wiz me we will come to your house a little speeke and ply—Your old boy, "FERIDUN."

Receiving an affirmative reply, Feridun Mirza, accompanied by the major, a Nubian eunuch, and an outdoor servant, hastened hot-foot to my dwelling, bringing Akbar Mirza with him. When I had dismissed the escort, I asked Feridun what he had meant by saying that he was "all lonly" in the haram. "Surely," said I, "you have your brothers to play with?" But that was not the case. The boys, being born of different mothers, live quite apart from one another, each in his mother's private apartments, until they reach the age of puberty, when they leave the haram. They are allowed to visit each other but seldom, the *agha bashi* or chief eunuch, whose permission, as the ruler supreme over every soul within the sacred portals, it is no easy matter to gain, seeking with not a little success to stem the current of intrigue by keeping each family cribbed, cabined, and confined. There is an immense compound, it is true,

which the Zill's wives have in common, but even there the belligerent sex is held in check by the presence of ever-watchful eunuchs. An exception was made in the case of Feridun's mother, who, as a princess of the House of Kajar, had a garden all to herself. The name she goes by in the haram is that of the "Little Lady."

"You should see the big garden at night in summertime," said Feridun Mirza in French. "In the hot weather the wives of his Highness sleep out of doors. All the beds used for the purpose are brought out into the garden, and placed along the paths between the flower-beds, and the mosquito-curtains are hung above them. Everything is white, just like a camp, but the wives of his Highness are really prisoners when they are in bed, for the beds are so high from the ground that the women can only get into them by means of a ladder, and when they are in bed the eunuchs come and take the ladders away!"

Then Akbar Mirza, assuming a man-of-the-worldly air, contributed his quota of information in voluble English.

"Yes, ser," he said, rolling for me a cigarette in shape of a sugar-loaf; "it is very droll. When the time commences to make cold, then two wives of his Highness sleep in one bed for to keep them hot. Why you not marry yourself—yes, ser? It would be more gay, less said—yes, ser?"

"And less free, my boy," I replied.

"It is the women who are

not free in Persia, but the men, they are free!" was Akbar's reply, quick and spirited.

"And what do the ladies of the *anderún* do all day long?" I asked in French.

"Well, monsieur," replied Feridun, "they eat; they say their prayers; they smoke the *kalyán*; they sleep; they go to the baths in the *anderún*; they make cakes a little, and they sew a little; and, if they can, they read a little, and they receive their guests—sometimes; and then—well, monsieur, that is all. There is nothing else for them to do. They are only women."

"But how about their children!" I exclaimed. "Do they not educate them?"

"Sometimes," said Feridun Mirza; but Akbar lighted the cigarette he had rolled ere he said a word. That done, he handed me the cigarette, saying, "You see, ser, his Highness loves not them to have children, and they are not very clever. You see—yes, ser?"

The obvious conclusion was that the mothers of my pupils were the Zill's favourite wives. I drew the conclusion in all good faith. The effect of the expression upon the boys was sudden and startling.

"No, ser," said Akbar very gravely; "you deceive yourself. Our mothers are not the 'favourite' wives of his Highness. They are our mothers."

"Oui, monsieur," said Feridun, "they are our mothers. His Highness owes them respect. A favourite he can have every month, every week, every day, if he wishes. But

our mothers, they are for always. His Highness owes them respect. In Persia there are two marriages. The one is for always; the other is either for a long time or for a short time—it is for the man to say how long. Sometimes he says for one year, sometimes he says for nine-and-ninety years. When he says for one year, it is bad. When he says for nine-and-ninety years, it is very good—oui, monsieur? For then the marriage is as good as the marriage for always. But my mother was married for always. Vous voyez, oui, monsieur?"

Before the boys returned to the haram they asked me to sing an English song. When I had sung "Rule Britannia," Feridun Mirza, who had listened attentively, turned to me and said—"You looked so proud and so happy when you were singing that song! Why was that, monsieur?"

"Oh," said I, feeling not a little sheepish, "I suppose it was because I am an Englishman."

"Then," said Feridun, "when I sing I shall look very proud and very happy because I am a Persian—oui, monsieur?"

"Certainly, my boy," I replied.

Next morning, in school, he came to tell me that his mother, the Little Lady, was displeased with him because of the remark he had made.

"My soul," she had said to her son, "you should say to the sahib, 'When I sing I shall look very proud and very happy because my tutor is an Englishman.' Then the sahib will rejoice, because you are

grateful to Allah, who is knowing and wise."

The world was right when it called her the "Little Lady."

Of the five pupils I had then, and of the nine I had a few months later, only two were born of the same mother. These were Bahram Mirza, the clever ambitious boy, and Ismail Mirza, the youngster with the merry twinkling face. They were devoted to each other, these two, inseparable allies, staunch friends, and loving brothers. But even among the half-brothers the rivalry was not unfriendly save in one instance only. All of them, the whole pack, made common cause against Homayun Mirza, whose mother, a convert and a Kurd, had been of the Sonni persuasion of the Mohammedan faith; and it is said of the Shiah, to which sect the Persians belong, that he will turn away from the pleasure of killing a Christian, if a Sonni, unarmed, happen to be within reach of his knife. Hence the probability is that each mother egged on her son, whose fanaticism was only skin-deep, to harass the child of her Sonni rival. Be this supposition right or wrong, one thing is certain: it was not otherwise than fortunate that Homayun Mirza, a delectable pickle, knew neither fear nor discretion. Half Kurd, half Kajar, he was born to be a fighter, and I am bound to say that scarce a day passed but he had the opportunity of showing his mettle. One instance of the lad's unbridled passion and quick remorse belongs here.

The term was only two days

old when Feridun Mirza happened to twit his half-brother, Homayun Mirza, because he was a Kurd on his mother's side. Whereupon the fiery youngster, leaping to his feet, cried out in Persian—"It is true that I am a Kurd. To be a Kurd is to be brave. To be a Persian is to be a coward. He that despises me because I am a Kurd shall be defiled with the flesh that he declares to be unclean. You look hungry, Feridun Mirza. It is well. Behold a Kurdish *kabob*."

It was at that moment that I entered the room. Before I had time to inquire what the hubbub was about, Homayun Mirza had bitten a piece of flesh out of the palm of his hand and spat it clean in Feridun's face. Then, turning to me and gesticulating wildly, he told me what the squabble was about in voluble French, and droll beyond belief. Having chastised both culprits severely, I told Feridun that his religion should teach him to be charitable, and Homayun that he should prove his courage by mastering his temper. While Feridun took his chastisement tearfully, Homayun set his teeth and glowered upon me like one possessed of the devil. Every now and then he would set me at defiance, crying out in his quaint French, "J'ai quel fette?" Though I divined from the first that it was not in him to bear malice, I was wholly unprepared for the action he took when school was over for the day.

Escaping from the haram after tiffin, he came to my house all by himself, and, taking

me at unawares, threw his arms about my neck in an agony of contrition, sobbing out the while, "Je très peloré parceque je très mauvais, mais j'aime vous que vous ne sais pas—oui, mosie!"

"And you are sorry for losing your temper?" I asked.

He raised both his hands to his face, the palms upward. "Très, mosie!" he cried.

"And what will your mother do when she finds out that you have run away?"

"Elle mordra moi dans le bràs, mosie."

Of course! I had forgotten that his mother was a Kurd. Was it the look in my face that nettled the lad? Perhaps it was, for he flung back his head defiantly, saying—

"Elle est très brave, mon mère, très! et j'aime elle aussi que vous ne sais pas—oui!"

"And though you knew that your mother would bite you in the arm for running away, you came to tell me that you were sorry for losing your temper this morning?" I asked.

"Oui, mosie mon ami."

I reached out for his hand in silence.

"Do you see the whip, Homayun?"

"Oui, mosie mon ami."

"You will feel it, my boy, if you ever kiss me again. Do you understand?"

"Oui, mosie mon ami."

"The English custom is to shake hands. Men never kiss each other in England. Don't forget that."

"Très bien, mosie mon ami. Je suis petit soldat—oui, mosie?"

"One of the best," I replied.

"Très bien. Maintenant je vais chez mon mère."

But I took care to provide him with a safe-conduct before he left the house.

The only punishment that ever taught this amazing lad to wince was to debar him from taking part in gymnastics. The mere threat was enough to reduce him to the ranks. Clenching his fists and dancing with dismay, he would run up to me, crying out in a very ecstasy of appeal, "Si, si, mosie mon ami, faites - moi faire de gymnastique ! si non, mon force il va ! oui, mosie, mon force il va !"

His French, when written, was a puzzle, defying elucidation. The following specimen, however, is comparatively clear and simple :—

"bon jour Mosie mon ami et mon cher mester esparoy gomen vous por té vous je tré ojurdhui je tré peloré par se que vous napas fé de jinnastiq apré jai dit jai ql fette—Votre eleve
"HOMAYN MIRZA."

The last words, "après jai dit jai ql fette," being interpreted, mean, "After which I said to myself, 'What (evil) have I done?'"

A delectable pickle and an inimitable mimic was Homayun Mirza. The foppish airs and graces and mincing accents of his cousins; Dr Mirza Huseyn Khan's suave urbanity; my septuagenarian predecessor's amazing gait suggesting that of a galvanized paralytic, and his wife's old-maidenly manner of walking and prim demeanour as of a camel in hobbles,—all

these characteristics were seized upon by the audacious youngster, and made to live again in him. His powers of observation for surface peculiarities and mannerisms outrivalled those of the ape. Alike in truth and in finish his character-sketches were of a piece with the character-sketches of Mr John Hare and Mr Cyril Maude, who would have to look to their laurels were this amazing child of the House of Kajar an Englishman and an actor.

During the first week of my residence at the Court of the Zillu's-Sultan, I encouraged his children unconsciously to reveal themselves to me, to the end that I might learn to know their characters. The necessity of finding a common footing was urgent. Consider this: there sat my five Persian princelings in their black lambskin head-gear and baggy white socks; there was I, their English tutor, with my hat off and my boots on; and, separating us more surely than the outlandish fashion of our respective garments, were the unexplored wastes of our rival civilisations, mine being as barren to them as theirs was to me. Obviously, the problem was to discover as it were an oasis, cool and ever-green, where both pupils and teacher might meet in the spirit of harmony. In my eagerness to find the common chord, I turned a deaf ear to the discords which would come rushing in, the young princes airing their French with a fearlessness which showed that the whip was not yet in use as a corrective influence. By winning their confidence at the outset, I

achieved the end I had in prospect. Their racial characteristics, traits more or less superficial, grew dimmer and still more dim upon a closer view, until at last, emerging from the shallows of Islam and the like—the veriest shallows in their case—they stood revealed as pure, human, barbarian boys. A very important discovery this, and a helpful one too: by means of it I might be said to join hands once more with the dear barbarian boys I had left behind me in England; hence, feeling myself to be no longer a stranger in an alien land, I began to set my class in order.

The leading source of annoyance in school-time was the curiosity of the Zill's courtiers, who positively took my classroom by storm, slaking their avowed thirst for culture by squatting at what they were pleased to call "the source of knowledge"—in other words, my feet. My pupils' industry might wax or wane, nothing seemed to stem the scholarly zeal of these uninvited guests, whose cackling exclamations of "Mashallah!" "Ajab!" "Pa-pa-pa-pa!" would set the whole class tittering. The intrusion of a red *mullá* one fine morning saw the end of my forbearance. He was the first priest to defile himself in so public a fashion. I took care that he should be the last. Turning to Bahram Mirza, whose colloquial knowledge of French made interpretation easy, I said—

"Please to tell the *mullá* that I am flattered at his condescension in visiting a Feringhi in

his little school, and say that I hope to return the compliment to-morrow by paying him a visit at his mosque at the hour of mid-day prayer."

Bahram Mirza seized the occasion of interpreting the snub with an eagerness I had not expected. Although the words were none of his, he contrived to infuse them with a spirit all his own. The *mullá's* bearing, fierce and sanctimonious, yielded to the sting of the unexpected greeting, and when he rose and tiptoed it from the room, he was followed by the crestfallen courtiers of the Zill, Bahram Mirza clapping his hands in triumph to be quit of them, and crying in a voice of inimitable self-complacency—"You are content-a wiz me. Yes, ser?"

This grievance being settled satisfactorily, the next thing to do was to reduce my pupils to the ranks—a task in which I was aided more than a little by fortune. In a country where time and eternity are regarded as one, I was prepared to find the virtue of punctuality to be more honoured in the breach than the observance, and the experiences of the first week bore out my expectations to the full. But first you must remember that the Persians regulate their watches by the setting of the sun—that is to say, at sundown all well-regulated Persian watches should point to twelve o'clock. The manner of telling the time from that moment is a question of so many minutes or so many hours after sunset. The meeting of the hands once more at the figure XII. is called by the

Persians the *desteh*. Hence one o'clock P.M. is one hour after the *desteh*, and so forth and so on. This method of reckoning time being understood, all I can say of the amazing unpunctuality of the children of the House of Kajar is that it clamoured for the everlasting eclipse of the sun. That fiery orb, as I was told upon my arrival by Bahram Mirza, suffers an early morning eclipse in the month of Muharram, out of respect for the untimely deaths of Huseyn and Hassan. How, then, he asked, could I expect him and his brothers to be in time for early morning school? The next day the youngsters were late again. Their excuse on that occasion was that they had been to the wedding-feast of a friend of theirs on the previous day. I looked Bahram Mirza in the eyes: they were unfathomably deep. I sounded him, confident that it would be worth my while.

"So you plead indigestion as the cause of your unpunctuality?" I said.

The lad remained silent for the space of a few moments; then, tilting his head over the left shoulder, a favourite attitude of his, he gazed at me through half-closed lids, his eyes twinkling at some sudden thought.

"No, ser," he said at last; "I am well—very. It is not the indigestion, it is the sun."

"Of course!"

"Mais oui, monsieur," he made haste to reply, his eyes all laughter and wide open, "même le soleil se lève tard pendant la lune de miel"

("Really, sir, even the sun gets up late during the honeymoon"). The merry twinkle in those flashing eyes of his was irresistible: do what I would I could not restrain a smile, which grew audible, when the irrepressible wit, resuming his bird-like attitude, laid hold of my hand and said, "You arre my friend to-day, yes, ser?"

It was obviously impossible to be anything else. Nor did the question of punctuality come a whit nearer a final settlement on the morrow. But on the third day after the expulsion of the red *mullá*, my sense of humour being somewhat blunted, I came the stern disciplinarian over my all but incorrigible pupils. Feridun Mirza, who was the last to put in an appearance, had to bear the brunt of my impatience. His pensive cast of countenance, untroubled by a spark of contrition, nettled me beyond the common.

"Late again," I cried.

"Yes, ser!" said Feridun, in a voice toned to a careless inquiry, as who should say, "Leave Now for dogs and apes, man has Forever."

"Do you think I'm your servant, jeune prince?" I asked.

"Y-yes, ser—n-no—no, ser—I not know, ser," said Feridun, somewhat alarmed.

"Then I will leave you to settle the point at your leisure," and so saying I left the room, and returned home.

When I was in the middle of a cigar the fifth eunuch of the imperial haram came to discuss terms of peace. My refusal to admit the ebony gentleman brought the fourth eunuch to

my abode with a message from my pupils of unconditional surrender; and he, being sent about his business, was followed by the third, and the third by the second, until at last his Excellency Agha Bashi, chief of the eunuchs at the Court of the Zillu's-Sultan, came panting into my compound. His request to have speech with me met with Sadik's reply that the sahib would resume his duties only at the command of his Imperial Highness. That the whole haram was in an agony of alarm lest the question of discipline should reach the prince's ears was plain from the invasion of my premises by these gentlemen-in-waiting upon the ladies of the *underin*; and I saw in my dismissal of their chief the only certain means of probing the question to the core. The ruse was successful. My absence was reported to the Zill. When I returned to the classroom, which I did in obedience to his command, it was to find him standing before a mural map of Europe and Asia.

"Sahib," he cried in his harsh, metallic voice, "come here." Then he asked me to point out the towns of London and Isfahan. This being done, he stretched his arms from the one to the other, his nose flattening itself against the map, and said, "Loin—très loin!" The next thing he ordered me to do, his thirst for knowledge geographical being still unsatisfied, was to show him the whereabouts of the British possessions in the two continents. I had reached Singapore, and was on the point of putting my

finger upon another little patch of red when he brought the lesson to a close.

"Enough! enough!" he cried. "You English are a masterful race. You have possessed yourselves of all the ports; the sea you have made your own; and half the dry land you claim as your inheritance. You rule over half the world in the name of Justice. A masterful race, and a trustworthy. So are the Germans. I always feel that I can trust an Englishman and a German. But——" His eyes fixed themselves upon the territory of a rival Power, and he shook his head significantly. Then, with startling abruptness, "Speak!"

When I had made a clean breast of my grievance in the matter of his sons' unpunctuality, Bahram acting as interpreter, I went on to say that, while I was proud to be his "serviteur," I refused to be treated by his children as their "domestique." The latter word caught his ear at once.

"Domestique, non!" he roared, turning upon the interpreter at his elbow and boxing his ears, right and left, at every word. "Excellence, oui! Domestique, non! Excellence, oui!" Then, having cuffed each boy in turn (same "business"), he strode along, very solemnly and slow, to the trembling eunuchs who were lining the walls, and thrashed them round the room with his cane in a manner alike dignified and effective. After which he reached out for my hand, saying in Persian, "Did not I tell you to use 'the sticks'? You have a whip handy. Use it."

This ended the question of punctuality. I had no further difficulty in the matter.

Can you picture Bahram Mirza's face when he translated his father's last words of advice? There were in his character certain traits that flashed out red. These were danger-signals. He flung back his head, not defiantly, but with a certain fearless pride, as who should say that the advice concerned his brothers, perhaps, but not himself. I liked the lad all the more for his fearless bearing and frankness of speech; but when I came to relate the episode to a German friend of mine, I was advised by him to spare the rod in the case of Bahram, whose character, according to my friend, was that of a Hamlet in little, very proud, revengeful, ambitious. I am bound to say that the warning, based upon so inapt a comparison, caused me no uneasiness worth mentioning.

Revengeful, Bahram Mirza is not. He is proud, it is true, but his pride is purely intellectual, of a piece with his ambition. Being vain of his ability, and conscious of his powers of concentration, he is naturally eager to be first in all branches of study. Yet his is a singularly discriminating spirit. While he loathes nothing so much, as to be damned with faint praise, he will shy away contemptuously from fulsome flattery. Two incidents bear out what I say. On several occasions my pupils were examined by Persians holding official positions. The first examiner was the Consul-

General in Bombay, who was the prince's guest at Isfahan on his journey from India to Teheran. Struck with Bahram Mirza's originality and cleverness, he went the length of declaring him to be the most brilliant Kajar living.

"Your Excellency forgets," said thirteen-year-old Bahram, "that his Highness, my father, is not dead yet."

The examination over, Bahram summed up his impressions of the Consul-General in a single exclamation, curt and contemptuous, "*Quel imbécile que ce consul-là!*" and thenceforward his commiseration for his fellow-countrymen at Bombay was unfeigned. The next man to examine my class was the governor of Shiraz, who paid the prince a visit on his way to the capital, having resigned office. The Zillu's-Sultan and his minister, Dr Mirza Huseyn Khan, were present at the examination. The report of the examiner, himself a first-rate French scholar, kindled in Bahram Mirza a smouldering resentment which burst into flame on the following day. Passing over the brilliancy of Bahram's answers and the correctness of his French, he singled out Feridun Mirza for special commendation, because he had a better accent! To crown Bahram's undeserved humiliation, his father, waxing exceeding wrath, accused him of idleness and stupidity and of "eating dirt." The next morning, however, the prince, wishing to read a leading article in a French paper which he had received by post, ordered Bah-

ram Mirza to translate it for him. Then it was that the lad, still nursing his resentment to keep it warm, seized the occasion as his own.

"May I be your sacrifice, your Highness," he said, reaching out for the newspaper. "This article I will give to Feridun Mirza, whose French accent will enable him to put it into Persian with an accuracy that I cannot hope to achieve."

Then, leaving the prince to ponder over the retort courteous, he entered the class-room and told me what had taken place. I need not say that I insisted both upon his translating the article and upon his begging the prince's pardon for his show of temper. Feridun Mirza, whose pensive countenance had worn an expression of blank dismay at sight of the leading article, brightened up more than a little when Bahram, knitting a meditative brow, snatched it from him and set to work.

One more story about Bahram Mirza will complete my portrait of a remarkable lad. I think the incident deserves a memory. It occurred when the war between Spain and the United States was only a week old. Bahram's intelligent interest in the unequal struggle was kindled at my keeping him posted up in the daily telegraphic news. Then, our interest growing, we took sides. His sympathy, all for the success of Spain, was a break in the continuity of my teaching that the welfare of the English-speaking races is the welfare of the world, making

for self-government and progress; that the territorial integrity of Persia and of China was closely knit in the triumph of the Anglo-Saxon principle. Where British aims and British successes were concerned, I could carry him along with me to the crest of my desire; but the hope that his sympathy for these aims would inevitably lead him to espouse the cause of the United States saw me crest-fallen and despondent.

"Where would your Americans be now if Columbus had not discovered America?" he cried, cocking his head on the left shoulder and closing the right eye. I positively gasped for breath at the outrageous question. Then, taking my courage in both hands, I "went for" the past history of Spain. He listened very attentively. When I had finished speaking, he craved permission to say a few words.

"Please, sir," he mused, "didn't you tell me, when you came first, that the Latin races were inclined to retaliate upon their kings if their arms suffered a defeat? If the Spaniards should be defeated, might they not depose their little king? And do you expect *me* to have sympathy with Republicans? *Vivent les rois!*"

"How about France?" I asked. "Do you mean to say that you have no sympathy with the French?"

"I love France," he replied in French. "But do you think that the French are true Republicans, sir? I think that they are not. They remind me of the New Women you were

telling me about the other day. They think they can rule themselves, but in their hearts they know that they are only waiting for the man who shall rule them."

These words, spoken as they were before the Fashoda affair and the home-coming of Captain Dreyfus, showed a remarkable insight into the malcontent spirit of latter-day France. Evidently Bahram Mirza had read his French papers to good purpose. There is nothing that this boy could not learn, given the means and the opportunity. Never had tutor a more promising pupil. He is now close upon sixteen years old—an age when the Persian takes to himself a wife—yet he is still in the schoolroom, "Il hem dillah!" ("Praise be to God!") Being endowed by nature with many of the special gifts which go to the making of a diplomatist of the first rank, he might rise to play a leading part in the future of Persian politics, were he not a prince of the blood and the son of the Zillu's-Sultan. For "'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," that a muleteer or a camel-driver stands a better chance of forcing his way to the front in political life in Persia than does a child of the House of Kajar. Hence the probability is that Bahram Mirza's career will be a long agony of thwarted ambition and hopes deferred. The downfall of his eldest brother, the Jelal-ed-Dowlet, in July 1897, set him pondering over his own future.

"What should I like to be!" he cried in answer to my ques-

tion. "I should like to have an open field and fair play when I am a man. But there is no chance for me. Am I not a prince? Take the case of my brother, the Jelal-ed-Dowlet. In the days of my father's power he ruled as deputy at Shiraz from the age of thirteen to his twentieth year. In 1890 he was sent to Yezd as my father's representative in that city. And now, after seven years of successful rule at Yezd, he has been recalled to Teheran by my uncle the Shah and put in command of his Majesty's body-guard. *Oui, monsieur, mon frère aîné commande à quelques cavaliers à l'âge de vingt-huit ans: c'est le comble de distinction, parole d'honneur!*"

The first time I saw the Jelal-ed-Dowlet was at the reading of my monthly report in the month of August 1897. At my suggestion this little function, which was held in the flowery courtyard of the Divan Khanah, had been made the occasion of some show and ceremony, the Zillu's-Sultan himself presiding, and his chief ministers and officers being present. When my pupils and I arrived at the meeting-place we were received by Dr Mirza Huseyn Khan, who introduced me to his companion, the Jelal-ed-Dowlet, in whose good-humoured, handsome, albeit fleshy, face there shone an expression of ineffable complacency, despite his recent fall from the ranks of the powers that be. In the course of conversation, while we were

awaiting the prince's arrival, he asked me how it came that scarce an Englishman in the country had taken the trouble to learn Persian thoroughly; and I asked him what evil my nation had wrought that he, so long a ruler in the British sphere of influence, should have the reputation of being bitterly Anglophobe. The question, taking him at unawares, met with a reply at once humorous and inconsequent.

"Who told you that, sahib?" he cried in French. "Why, I assure you, sahib, I have the warmest feelings of friendship for Dr Carr of the C.M.S."

The end of my smile saw the Zillu's-Sultan, entering the courtyard through the curtained doorway of the haram, walk through the lines of salaaming courtiers, and sit down on one of the chairs around the tank wherein goldfish were at play. To Dr Mirza Huseyn Khan, the Jelal-ed-Dowlet, Père Pascal, and myself was granted the privilege of sitting down in the presence of the senior brother of the Shah, my pupils remaining standing in a line on the left, the same position being assumed by the rest of the assembly in other parts of the courtyard.

When I had read aloud the report and made a speech in French, which was put into Persian by Dr Mirza Huseyn Khan, the Zillu's-Sultan showed his appreciation of the progress his sons had made in their studies by bestowing upon each one of them a present of ten *tumans* in gold and an audible kiss on the mouth. Nor did

his paternal pride content himself with this purely personal show of feeling. Bear with me yet a little longer while I tell you of the sacrifice which he exacted from his humble servants. Singling out Bahram Mirza as the top of the class, he sent him round to be kissed on the mouth by the miserable mortals who happened to be seated. While the act of osculation was being performed by Dr Mirza Huseyn Khan, I breathed a terrified whisper in the ear of the Jelal-ed-Dowlet, who was next to me.

"Altesse," I said under the breath, "you don't mean to say that I shall have to kiss the lad on the mouth?"

The Jelal-ed-Dowlet, bursting out laughing, shared the humour of the situation with the Zillu's-Sultan, who made me a mock ceremonious bow, and cried, "Bismilláh!" in a voice toned to the words, "kiss him and be thankful!"

But I protested, both hands up, against this breach in the customs of my country. In vain. His Highness was inexorable. Being driven to desperation, I was about to plead a cold in the head and call Dr Mirza Huseyn Khan to witness that the malady was contagious, when, remembering that I had an appointment at sunset, I wavered between to be or not to be, Bahram Mirza holding up his face to mine.

"In the name of God the Merciful and Clement!" cried the Zillu's-Sultan.

"Il l'embrassera, il ne l'embrassera pas, il l'em——" murmured the doctor.

If I was to be in time for the appointment at sundown, there was nothing for it but to bend my head. But I yielded reluctantly, giving Bahram a peck on the brow. Then was the Zill's paternal pride glorified.

"I think, sahib," said the Jelal-ed-Dowlet, "that we should repeat this ceremony every month."

"Anything you like, mon prince," I replied, "save the kissing."

I had scarce said the words when Homayun Mirza, tired of being inactive, burst from the ranks and seized me by the hands.

"Mosie mon ami!" he cried, in an ecstasy of high spirits, "*faites-moi faire de gymnastique devant son Altesse; si non, mon force il va! Oui, mon ami, faites-moi faire petit soldat! Par la tête de son Altesse, faites-moi courir contre mes frères!*"

The request being interpreted, the Zillu's-Sultan was sore put to it to forego the pleasure of witnessing the athletic sports, but he made the sacrifice demanded by the dignity of the occasion, holding that the contest should be a contest of intellect, not of animal strength and spirits. Turning to the Jelal-ed-Dowlet, whose favourite brother and inseparable companion was present, he laid him odds that my pupil, Bahram Mirza, was a better French scholar than this same favourite brother of his, the Jelal's. The test was to be a piece of French dictation from a daily paper. The Jelal-ed-Dowlet accepted the

challenge in the name of his brother, Homus Mirza, who was a frank gentlemanly lad of fifteen, and hence two years older than his competitor. Carpets being spread, the two lads sat down on their heels and fell to writing at a table one foot above the ground. The examination ended in another triumph for Bahram Mirza, who made six errors, while his brother made twice the number. The winner's reward was fifteen *tumans* in gold, and a string of kisses on the mouth. The loser's punishment was a flow of unpublishable abuse fresh from the paternal lips. My heart went out to Homus Mirza in his undeserved discomfiture. All the lad needed to look the picture of an English public-school boy was an Eton suit. I was sorry that he was not one of my pupils. Among the Jelal-ed-Dowlet's good works, this of the upbringing of his brother won the first place in my regard. That it should be mentioned only at the end of this article is an unpardonable oversight on my part.

One word more—a word of advice to Bahram Mirza—and I will wipe my pen. Let him fear God, honour his king, serve his country, "greet the unseen with a cheer, holding that we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake." That the spirit of patriotism will inform his actions in the coming days of his country's need, is the hearty prayer of his sometime tutor, who now bids him and his brothers God-speed and good-bye.

CONCERNING OUR CAVALRY.

It is a foregone conclusion that when we have passed through the present *Sturm und Drang* of war, our country's whole military system will necessarily be revised, and, in many important details, placed on a new footing. We have had large opportunities of gathering lessons from the operations that we have been carrying out, and though we cannot at once say what are the conclusions at which we shall arrive, we may at least usefully employ ourselves in studying the premisses that are before us, so that when the final issues come before the country we may be able to give an intelligent opinion, and possibly, each in his own sphere, exert some influence in their settlement.

Undoubtedly in our country there has been for many years a tendency among the highest military authorities to depreciate cavalry. The service has been snubbed, and has lacked not only encouragement but also many of the necessities which go to produce efficiency. Only in India has the English cavalry found itself in a really effective condition as regards men and horses; only in India has it had such opportunities of practising its real duties, that when it has been called upon to take the field it has proved itself altogether equal to the situation. It is not necessary to recur to what

our cavalry regiments have accomplished in Eastern wars; but to illustrate what we mean it may well be pointed out how very admirable was the work done in South Africa by the 9th Lancers, the only regiment belonging to the Indian contingent which has been able to show its real value, for unfortunately the other corps were condemned to suffer the long trials of besieged Ladysmith. All our cavalry have probably now learned a good deal by experience; but from the first the 9th were at the level of the situation, and in scouting practised ruses quite as "slim" as those of the enemy. One may be told as an example. It is well known that the Boers have been in the habit of lying close on the side of a kopje, reserving their fire until some unwary rooineks came within easy range. The 9th patrols frequently forced them to disclose themselves by riding up to the neighbourhood of a possible hiding-place, then halting and apparently eagerly scanning it, shading their eyes with their hands. They saw nothing, they never expected to be able to detect anything; but they pretended to have seen the hidden foe, and suddenly turning, galloped away back as if to give information. The Boers thought that they had been discovered and opened fire, thus really betraying themselves and showing that the position was occupied.

But let us look at the case of our cavalry at home previous to October 1899. It might then roughly be divided into the regiments which were nominally fit for service and those which were not. In theory a certain number of corps were at a full-service strength both in men and horses, and were supposed to be able at once to take the field. But in practice these corps were very far from being in the condition which for them was officially assumed. They included in their nominal strength many recruits who were under twenty, too immature to be taken on active service in a tropical country. This, however, was no great matter, for our soldiers must be caught young, and the fault of youth is one that in the nature of things passes quickly away. For European war a great many of these men under twenty would probably have been perfectly efficient, and if the regiments had suffered from no other drawbacks, their *personnel* would have been physically fairly satisfactory. Other drawbacks there were, however, and the most serious was that these regiments, supposed to be in the highest state of preparedness and belonging to the very first line of the country's military forces, were frequently called upon to furnish strong drafts to the Indian army, drafts which took the pick of the rank and file, men who had been carefully trained and who were the backbone of each corps' organisation. And in reference to this depletion it may be as well here to note

what was the reason for such a measure being taken. For many years a cavalry depot had been maintained at Canterbury for the purpose of supplying regiments serving in India with recruits. This establishment had always done its work fairly well (that it had not done it very well was because from motives of economy it had been starved in staff, horses, and general equipment), but some little time ago it had been abolished, and its duties of supplying India had been thrown upon the regiments on home service. This was a juggling with materials. The cavalry at home was made to appear stronger in men and horses, inasmuch as it now included the strength of the old Canterbury depot, but it yearly lost a large proportion of the men whom it had trained, and by so much became inefficient. It seemed a small matter to organisers in Pall Mall that men should be taken from a regiment in England and sent to one in India. According to their estimate a man was a man whether he was a recruit or a trained soldier, and they could not, or would not, understand that the removal of, say, a hundred men who knew and could do their work not only so far weakened the corps from which they were drafted, but also made it extremely difficult, in some cases absolutely impossible, to carry out systematically the instruction of those who were left. To return to the cavalry regiments which were supposed to be fit for service. It had not been originally in-

tended that they should furnish annual drafts for India, but, as has been said, they did have to furnish such drafts, and in consequence were never really in a condition to go on service. When they were suddenly called upon to embark, they were by force of circumstances so badly off for men that they were necessarily flooded with reservists in order to bring them up to a war strength, the condition in which officially they were always supposed to have been.

So much for the men in our regiments of the first line. Pass we to the horses on which they were mounted, and what we wish to say applies to all the mounted services in our army. We are, as a nation, in the habit of thinking that nothing can surpass the quality of our military animals. Well, it is much to be feared that we are not altogether justified in our assumption. Our artillery and cavalry are well, but not very well, mounted, and indeed it is by no means certain that, in many important particulars, the war-horses of some foreign nations are not better than our own. It is tolerably well known that, in South Africa at any rate, our English troop-horses have altogether collapsed. They have no doubt been very severely tried, and very probably have not had what one may consider even fair usage; but when every excuse has been made for them, they have exhibited a lack of stamina as certain as it is deplorable. Very few of the fine-looking animals that embarked in England survived

four or five months of campaigning, and the demand for remounts has been excessive. The fact is that our horses are much too coarsely bred, and the majority of them are more or less flat-catchers. They did their work very fairly when they were comfortably lodged and regularly fed at Aldershot, and they even got through without breaking down a summer month's campaigning in Wiltshire, where, at any rate, they had their accustomed rations and were reasonably well supplied with water; but when they were called upon for prolonged effort under the uncertain conditions of real war, they had no reserve of constitutional endurance and vigour on which they could fall back. Then their manner of life in the service at home has never been such as to develop hardihood of constitution, and indeed has seemed to many people only too well calculated to make them soft and unsound. This part of the subject cannot now be entered upon; but 'Maga's' views on our cavalry stabling and stable management were pretty fully given and attracted considerable attention in October 1896.

The horses that have been bought by the Remount Department are undoubtedly the best that could be found, and very fairly represent the results of average horse-breeding in our country. A reasonable price has been given, and for it we should be able to compete with the demands of horse-flesh for business purposes. It would obviously be impossible to com-

pete with the demands of luxury and pleasure. But the average horse to be found in our islands is not nearly as well bred as it should be. Horse-breeding has been entirely left to private enterprise, and there is no restriction upon the sires that are available for the small breeders. Government has done little or nothing to secure that our equine race shall not have its blood contaminated by strains that perpetuate various forms of unsoundness and constitutional defects. In France, Germany, Austria, and, it is believed, in Russia, the greatest pains have been taken that there shall be no animals born which are not entitled by descent to health, strength, and soundness. In each of these countries there are thousands of the very best stallions maintained by Government for the advantage of the people, and, besides them, there are many more in private hands which have received a Government certificate that they have no congenital defects. The consequence is that the general standard of quality in the horses of Continental nations is steadily improving; and in the great Continental armies, therefore, there is no difficulty in procuring a supply of animals admirably suited for war purposes. Many people think—and apparently with much reason—that in our country the standard is steadily depreciating, and that before long we may find ourselves taking a second place as a horse-breeding nation—if indeed we have not done so already.

With the advent of railways, bicycles, and now automobiles of various descriptions, the demand for sound hardy horses for use under saddle and in harness has greatly decreased in the recent past, and may decrease still more in the immediate future; and if Government does not bestir itself in the matter, we may find that there are not only fewer horses bred in the country, but that breeders will cease to aim at any high standard of quality in their stock.

But if we have well-founded doubts as to the quality of the horses that are bought as troopers, we can have no doubts as to the manner in which they are passed into the ranks. As no breeder can afford to keep a young horse, which is to be sold for £40, doing nothing till it is five years old, the Remount Department is obliged to buy animals at three and a half or four years old. If there were transition depots, to which the animals could be then sent, and where they would lead an easy life for a year or two, all would be well; but the poor brutes are at once packed off to regiments and batteries, and are considered to be on the efficient strength of the army. The deepest interest is taken in them by the officers of corps, and they are spared as much as possible; but inevitably they have to do a great deal of work when they are still immature, and the consequence is that many break down altogether, and many more contract weaknesses which sap their powers for the rest of their lives. We

have imitated many things in foreign military administration, but somehow we always seem to overlook the very items which might well be taken as examples of common-sense arrangement. In Continental armies the remounts are, as in our own, bought very young; but they are never reckoned on the effective strength of a corps until they are six years old. It is very rightly considered that young and immature animals are unfit to be placed in military training, and far less that they should be called upon to take part in either regimental or brigade drills. They are, therefore, kept in depots, carefully handled and exercised, and well fed, until they are six years old, when their constitutions are confirmed, and they have left the illnesses of youth long behind them. The advisability of some proceeding of the same sort has been suggested over and over again to the authorities who sway the destinies of the British army, but all in vain. It was very evident that not only would the actual warlike efficiency of the horses be increased, but also that there would probably be a real saving in expense, as many horses that now break down prematurely would remain effective for many years. But in order to establish transition depots an immediate outlay would be incurred, while the saving would not be evident for some years; and it was too much to expect that any Minister of War would add to his estimates in order that his successor might show a saving, or

be able to point to an increased efficiency.

A word must be said as to the regimental formation of our cavalry corps. Each consists of three service squadrons and a reserve squadron—that is to say, it takes the field formed in three squadrons, while the reserve squadron remains behind, made up of young soldiers, young horses, invalids, and regimental odds and ends. Well, nothing can be said against the principle of having a reserve or depot squadron, into which all men and horses not immediately fit for service can be placed, and which is charged with the duty of drilling recruits and breaking remounts. But that a regiment in the field should only consist of three squadrons is a most awkward and anomalous arrangement. For all purposes of administration, a formation in four squadrons is infinitely preferable, for it can easily be divided and subdivided without any loss in regularity of organisation; and, when manoeuvring in front of an enemy, a unit formed in four squadrons can do many things which would create a certain amount of confusion in one formed in three squadrons. This is not a treatise on cavalry drill, so it is impossible to enlarge upon, or even thoroughly explain, the matter in question; but it may be sufficient to say that the English cavalry are the only mounted troops in Europe whose regiments are formed for battle in three squadrons. It is only within the last three or four years that our regiments

have been formed on the present system, presumably from motives of economy. In this detail as in others England would not face the expense of the extra officers, men, and horses necessary to make her regiments really efficient for war, and she has lately reaped the harvest of her parsimony.

We have been considering the regiments of our cavalry which were nominally fit for immediate service, and some few of the drawbacks from which they suffered have been pointed out. The regiments that were in the second line shared equally in these drawbacks, but, besides them, they had burdens to carry and obstacles to encounter which reduced them to the last stage of feebleness and decrepitude, making of each a mere *nominis umbra*, a cadre that occupied a column in the army list, possessing few or none of the attributes which we are accustomed to associate with an organised body of mounted soldiers.

The rôle that was marked out for these regiments in the second line was, as regards men, that of feeders to the corps serving abroad, and, as regards horses, to perform the same function for the corps in the first line at home. Their nominal strength was low (*i.e.*, it was much below that of regiments nominally fit for service), and out of that small strength they had to transfer every year all their best men to meet the demands of India. Practically the whole year was occupied in the preliminary

training of recruits, and there was never at any time present with a corps a sufficient number of men who could sit fairly on a horse and carry sword or lance, and practise the most ordinary evolutions of a regiment; and certainly all the duties demanding special intelligence, such as scouting, patrolling, &c., were entirely put to one side. A child must learn to walk before it can run, and it was necessary that the young soldiers should be able to manœuvre in squadrons and troops before they could try their hands at detached duties. The officers and non-commissioned officers, therefore, found all their energies taken up with the most elementary work; nothing like a regiment was ever seen on parade; and the complete instruction of all ranks fell into abeyance. As an instance of the condition into which these regiments fell, it may be told that on a recent occasion, when the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland (it was in Ireland that the regiments in the second line were generally quartered) announced his intention to look at one of them, he appeared followed by a large and brilliant staff, and found that after every available man had been collected, only one weak squadron could be brought on parade for his inspection.

If any one had said last June that the summer of 1900 would see eighteen regiments of English cavalry actually engaged in the field 6000 miles from England, he would have been considered a most imaginative person; but corps after corps has been mo-

bilised and embarked, and now there are only five regiments left in the country besides the Household Cavalry. All the regiments that were nominally fit for service of course were sent to Africa at the first call to arms. They, at any rate, had lately enjoyed some opportunities of practising the soldier's trade, and many of the men and horses that embarked had worked together for a considerable time; but even these corps had to be made up to a really effective condition by large drafts of reserve men and reserve horses. The horses were well enough, untrained to cavalry work but easily to be taught all that was necessary, for active service is a hard teacher. But the men, though magnificent in physique and superexcellent in spirit, were of necessity very rusty in their military knowledge, and had to be re-educated in many details in front of the enemy—a very practical school, no doubt, but one whose employment involves not inconsiderable risks. But if the regiments nominally fit for service had to be thus supplemented at the last moment, what was the condition of the regiments of the second line when they were mobilised? Officers and non-commissioned officers had for years had little opportunity of practising even the simplest regimental manoeuvres, and, it may be said, almost none of practising the all-important detached duties of cavalry. The regiments had been subjected to such a constant drain of men and horses that they had no reliable nucleus

of trained soldiers and trained troopers with which to leaven the mass of reserve horses and men that joined them. When they were ordered to prepare for service, they found themselves to be in no sense homogeneous bodies, accustomed to work as military units, and having a present and practical familiarity with their duties. They were most excellent material; but two or three months of hard instructional work would have been none too much in order to make them really efficient. It will probably never be necessary in the future to urge that every regiment of cavalry quartered in our islands should be maintained on a service footing. A fair proportion should be in such a condition, ready to go anywhere and do anything without calling on any reserves; while each one of the remainder should, even if it is relatively weak, always have such a strength that it can practise every detail of instruction, and furnish a solid nucleus round which reserves can be easily grouped. The regiments in the first line should always be actually ready for war, and those in the second line should be in the condition of the first brigade that sailed for South Africa.

A glance has been given at some of the conditions in which English cavalry found itself last year, and the results which inevitably followed them. Let us see what we have actually learned from the present campaign,—whether we are to conclude that those people were

right who prophesied that the days of cavalry were past, or whether the mounted soldier has altogether justified his existence, and the cavalry arm of the service may look forward to as useful and glorious a future as either the infantry or artillery. Well, from the very beginning of the campaign the best proof of the value of cavalry has been the universal demand for its services. Nelson's cry was, "Frigates! frigates! Give me frigates!" and in the same tone every commander in the field has said, "Cavalry! cavalry! Give me cavalry!" And some of the officers who have been most insistent in giving voice to this want are among those who not so very long ago pooh-poohed cavalry, and considered that everything could be done without its assistance. The stern realities of war have forced them to modify their opinions. And what a different complexion many events would have worn if a cavalry brigade had been in the field to support the action of our dauntless infantry! Thus Elandslaagte, the most decisive victory of the war, owed its completeness to the use of cavalry at the proper time and in the proper manner. The English troops, too, were commanded by a cavalry general, so that much of the glory which was gained fell to the credit of the mounted service. In many other less important encounters, and in patrolling and scouting, wherever a British force has taken up its ground, our cavalry regiments have shown how essential was their presence,

and how much it is in their power to accomplish when they are in good condition and well led. As a climax, the mighty sweeping movement on Kimberley reminds one of what General Foy termed "*les vastes ouragans de la cavalerie*," a power in war which so few men are born to control. Apparently in General French the English army can pride itself on possessing at least one such exceptional leader.

It was lately believed by many military theorists, and some among them were generals of high authority and position, that cavalry was gradually being elbowed out of its place in modern armies by mounted infantry. It seemed to them that mounted infantry could do everything that was formerly included in the special rôle of cavalry, besides retaining its own value as infantry. Now no one can question the extreme value of mounted infantry. The Boers have impressed it upon us by many sharp practical lessons. But if we have learned its value, we have also learned its limitations. As long as it can cling to a broken country, full of natural positions which can be held one after another, or any one of which may be rapidly and strongly occupied according to the direction of an attack, it may laugh at the efforts of cavalry, and may give to artillery and infantry many serious problems and much hard work; but if it can be outflanked, if its rear can be threatened, or if it can be caught in the open country, its special strength at once collapses, and it becomes feeble

indeed. As a mounted force it has no shock-power, and as infantry it must lack many of the qualities of solid battalions. A very sound summing up of its value in the present war appeared in the 'Times' of 14th April from the pen of its special correspondent:—

"The first principle—one that has always been asserting itself whatever the form of attack—is that mounted infantry theoretically are, and must eventually become, actually an infantry command. To attach them to cavalry is to mistake the *raison d'être* of the force. . . . The horse, which the trooper is taught to regard almost as part of himself, is a mere means of locomotion in the case of the mounted infantry, and any tendency to regard it as influencing the conception of the force is to mistake its usefulness altogether, and would probably result in turning a good foot-soldier into a bad trooper.

"When attached to cavalry there is a danger that mounted infantry will be used for scouting purposes, reconnaissances, and vedettes, all of which lie properly within the duties of cavalry."

The fact seems to be that, while we should have a large and highly organised force of mounted infantry (and for home defence no troops could be more admirable and formidable than our present yeomanry regiments, if they would altogether adopt this new form of service), nothing can do away with the necessity of cavalry, and a very numerous force of cavalry. The only connection between mounted infantry and cavalry that should exist would be that if an infantry commander was ordered to support a cavalry movement, he would be able to do so with

the utmost rapidity and far-reaching effect by throwing forward the mounted infantry of his division instead of having to wait for the slow-marching battalions before he could make himself felt. As a practical example, what would have been the result at Koorn's Spruit if a couple of battalions, or even one battalion, of mounted infantry instead of two companies only had gone to support Broadwood's cavalry brigade in advance of Sir H. Colville's division?

Have we seen anything in our present war to make us believe that the shock-power of cavalry can never in the future be employed against artillery and infantry? The fire of field-pieces, machine-guns, and rifles is no doubt blasting in its effect when everything is in favour of the men who use them; but over and over again, though the Boers are no mean marksmen, we have seen our infantry advance against strongly held positions, sometimes to succeed in taking them, sometimes, alas! to retire, though it has been whispered that on several occasions when retirements were made a little more persistence would have resulted in success. Rifles are not always held straight. 'Maga' lately explained very clearly how the fire of artillery may often be discounted,¹ and machine-guns have their limitations. If infantry, toiling slowly up precipitous hills, have been able to make good their purpose without suffering a greater

¹ "Shot, Shell, and Bullets," 'Blackwood's Magazine,' February 1900.

loss than was often incurred in old-time battles, shall not swiftly moving cavalry be able, when the fitting opportunity presents itself, to strike a blow very much as it did a hundred years ago? Against infantry and artillery in a strong position, or against unbroken infantry anywhere, it has never been supposed, in the range of tactics since the days of Frederick the Great, that cavalry could ever reasonably advance for attack; and if we say that they cannot do so in modern war, we only repeat the teaching of old, old combats. When Frederick ordered his squadrons to charge at Kunersdorf, did they not fall back broken and unsuccessful time after time from the Russian position? At Waterloo four grand attacks of the best disciplined and highest spirited cavalry in the world were successively rolled back from the British front. Why then should the power of horsemen be impeached because they can do no more to-day? It may be that our form of attack must be changed. Cavalry may have to move in looser order and spread over a wider distance when there is a possibility of encountering fire; but this has been often before suggested, and is a detail into which we cannot now enter.

There is one characteristic of modern rifle-fire which, it may be presumed, will add not a little to the moral effect of an attack of cavalry upon infantry. The small-bore bullet has very little stopping power. If a horse was hit by an old-fashioned bullet, it re-

ceived a severe shock, which turned it aside and most likely incapacitated it altogether; but a .303, a Mauser, or a Lebel bullet may hit a horse, and even inflict a fatal wound, without producing any immediate effect upon the animal. Magazines might be discharged into an attacking squadron with a very small influence in checking the energy of its immediate rush. Infantry-men know this perfectly well, and it may possibly happen that the order "prepare to receive cavalry" will not be obeyed in the future with the same nonchalance and confidence as heretofore. A very stiff and steady formation will certainly be required, if cavalry suddenly appears within charging distance.

There is a very important point in connection with our cavalry in South Africa which is almost unknown to the general public, and the weight of which has not apparently been sufficiently considered even by the military authorities. Unfortunately, for reasons which cannot now be entered upon, there was great delay in despatching the first regiments from England. When they arrived at the Cape, there was urgent need of their services, and they were hurried into the field without delay. Now, it is well known that, after a voyage of three weeks, horses are very far from fit to undertake hard work. From long standing in cramped stalls their legs have generally become filled, and, having necessarily been fed at sea principally on soft food and with a very reduced quantity of corn, they have

for a time lost power and hard condition. After landing they should certainly have comparative rest and gentle exercise until they have got rid of their stiffness and have recovered their strength, and this will require, at the least, a fortnight.

In commencing life in Africa also, horses require a few days in order to become accustomed to the change in their grain diet, to eat mealies (Indian corn) instead of oats. This very necessary period of repose on landing could not be conceded to the horses of the regiments which were the first to arrive, and it is believed that the horses of the regiments which came later, and even the remounts, have had no better fortune. All have been sent to the front, to undertake very hard work and to submit to much exposure, while they were still stiff, soft, and out of condition, and while they still looked upon their rations of Indian corn with doubt and distaste. Small wonder if the poor brutes became rapidly knocked up, and when the time came for some special extra exertion, were hardly able to put one foot before another. And when a horse once thoroughly loses condition on service, and especially in Africa, it is a very long rest that is required to restore him to health and vigour,—indeed it is very doubtful whether he will ever be himself again in anything like a reasonable time. It is not only that he has lost flesh and muscle; but he inevitably gets a frightful sore back, his eyelids become torn and ulcerated and are a playground for

countless flies, and small unhealthy swellings appear on his body. It is more than probable that the hurry with which our cavalry horses were sent to the front and put to the severest trials, before they had recovered from the effects of their long voyage, quickly produced this state of things in too many instances, and reduced our regiments to a state of practical inefficiency. It may well be a matter of consideration in the future whether, at any apparent military sacrifice, horses should not always, after long days in a transport, be thoroughly restored to condition before they are put in line of battle, instead of at once absolutely expending them beyond hope of recovery. In any case, when next we have to move troops over seas, the mounted branches of the service should be among the first to be despatched, so that their horses, on landing, may be put into really hard condition before they are called upon for great exertion.

A very serious form of inconvenience has been felt by some of our regiments in South Africa, probably indeed to a greater or less extent by all, and it seems to be one which might possibly be in some degree provided for in the future. When the tall, big-framed horses that were sent from England fell victims to the accidents of war or to exhaustion and disease, their places were taken by such remounts as could be furnished. These animals were perhaps hardy and serviceable, and, *faute de mieux*, they were

accepted gladly ; but unfortunately, compared with their predecessors, they were in many instances mere ponies in size. The great difficulty that presented itself was how to fit them with the saddles that were available. Of course the thing was done in the best makeshift manner possible, but at the expense of some want of efficiency, and not a little daily worry and anxiety to every individual trooper. Many people have long disliked the present iron saddle-trees which are used by our mounted services, and think that the old wooden saddle-tree was in many respects preferable. The wooden tree could always be mended by the regimental artificers if it was accidentally damaged, and its size could be reduced or enlarged ; but the iron tree is immutable, no alterations in it can be made, and if it is in any way injured, there is an end of it. Many forms of saddles exist which have advantages over our English equipment, and as almost all our saddlery will have to be replaced when the present war is at an end, it would seem to be a good opportunity for making some useful changes in our service pattern. In any case, something might be devised to make each saddle to some extent adjustable to horses of different sizes. Many other articles of equipment have been tried in Africa and found wanting, and when they come home regimental officers will have much to say upon the subject. Even such simple articles as haversacks have been found to be utterly useless. It is devoutly

to be wished that, when the time comes for discussion, the opinions of the men who have had practical experience will be fairly considered, and that implicit confidence will not invariably, as heretofore, be placed in the judgment of departmental officials, who too often make up their minds that a thing is good and useful when it is only flimsy, showy, and, above all, cheap.

That cavalry must sometimes be called upon to act with carbines dismounted, and that they can act dismounted with the best effect, is a truism in modern war, and we have seen constant exemplifications of it within the last few months. Over and over again our troopers have seized and held kopjes and other positions of temporary importance ; but nothing was more useful than the work of a squadron of the 12th Lancers under Lord Airlie and Major Eastwood on the fatal day at Magersfontein. It was freely said in the division that the presence of this squadron with the regimental Maxim gun under Lieutenant Macnaughton stopped the Boers from following up the Highlanders' disaster. From 6.20 A.M. till 3.30 P.M. the squadron was lying under a very heavy fire, and in that time it had worked its way to within 300 yards of the Boer trenches. By the time officers and men again could mount their horses, they might have been able to say that they had had as severe a piece of work as ever can fall to the lot of soldiers.

At Ladysmith, too, dismounted cavalry perforce played a very important part. When

their horses had to be turned into rations, Sir George White provided them with infantry rifles and sent them to occupy positions of defence. The official accounts of the great siege have not yet been published; but the gallant veteran, whose steadfast defence has been the crowning achievement of a brilliant career, has made no secret of his enthusiastic approval of the services rendered by his dismounted cavalry. That the troopers could be said to be able to rival the unconquerable infantry in its own sphere will be a proud memory for the regiments to which they belonged.

But, if cavalry soldiers may be called upon sometimes to act on foot, they must have a better firearm. The enemy's fire in South Africa has often been at ranges of 2000 yards, and even more. This distance is, of course, a long way outside the effective range of our carbines, and our men have been much at a disadvantage. In order to get an increased range, it may possibly be necessary to have longer and heavier carbines. This will be an inconvenience, but it must be faced if we are to hold our own in modern war. In the case of Lancers, at any rate, the balance may certainly be restored by doing away with the swords, which, to them, have proved as useless as they are weighty and cumbersome.

We know not what will be the theatre of the next great war in which England will be engaged; but we may take it for granted that in its conditions it will be very different from that now running its

course in South Africa. It is very possible that it may be in a more fertile country, where some supplies of food for man and beast will be found. It may be waged against regular troops, whose actions may be guided by the conventional military ideas of Europe, and by the requirements of a civilised people; and it is more than probable that in the field against us will be found regular cavalry, highly trained, and led by scientific soldiers. If we have not thoroughly good mounted troops of our own, in numbers at least in proportion to our infantry and artillery, we shall have cause for deep regret. Mounted infantry will avail us nothing, infantry and artillery will be sadly hampered, if we cannot meet cavalry with cavalry, and if at a given moment we are not able to throw the shock-power of charging horsemen into the scale of battle. Our present campaign has been one of enormous difficulties; but we must not suppose that we shall ever have lesser obstacles to meet. Their kind may be changed, but their magnitude will remain. Whatever they may be, they will certainly be such that cavalry will be necessary in order to overcome them. And if we should have to meet a regular army, it will undoubtedly include many men of trained and alert intellect, ready to detect any false movement and to profit by it to our loss, unless we have steady and well-trained cavalry ready to cover and neutralise a failure or to clinch an incipient success.

NEW LIGHT ON OLD CRICKET.

AT the beginning of the tour of the Australian Cricketers last season, when entering on my duties as Scorer for them, I determined to keep a record of the time occupied at the wickets by each batsman taking part in the matches, at the same time noting all stoppages of two minutes or over during the progress of play. I venture to believe myself successful in doing this, and able, in consequence, to cast a new and interesting light upon the cricket of that tour.

For the purpose of showing how I arrived at the figures upon which I base my conclusions, let me present my record of one of the matches. For several reasons, I select the final

Test match, played at Kennington Oval last August, at which many of my readers no doubt were present. I kept, and have beside me, a similarly detailed record of the other thirty-four matches of the tour.

TWENTY-NINTH MATCH, AUSTRALIANS
v. ENGLAND, 1899.

*Played at Kennington Oval,
August 14, 15, and 16.*

England won the toss, and began batting at 11.35 on the first day. Lunch from 2 to 2.51. Stops: 3.51 to 3.53 refreshment for bowlers; 4.21 to 4.23 refreshment for batsmen; 4.25 to 4.30 claret-cup for team; 4.49 to 4.51 MacLaren went on the field to consult Ranjitsinhji; 5.50 to 5.52 refreshment for bowlers. Stumps drawn at 6.30. Fry and Townsend were the not-outs. Resumed second day at 11.4. Innings over at 12.42.

FIRST INNINGS OF ENGLAND.

	Innings began.	Innings finished.	Net time batting.	Score.	Fours.	Threes.	Twos.	Ones.
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.					
Mr F. S. Jackson, b Jones	11 35	3 17	2 51	118	18	3	8	21
T. Hayward, c Iredale, b M'Leod	11 35	5 1	4 18	137	20	5	11	20
K. S. Ranjitsinhji, c Howell, b Jones	3 20	4 52	1 21	54	9	3	1	7
Mr C. B. Fry, c Worrall, b Jones	4 55	11 5	1 28	60	9	...	7	10
" A. C. MacLaren, c Trumper, b Trumble	5 4	6 10	1 4	49	8	1	2	10
" C. L. Townsend, b Jones	6 13	12 1	1 7	38	4	2	3	10
" W. M. Bradley, run out	11 7	11 7	...	...	...	...	...	...
W. H. Lockwood, b Trumble	11 10	11 39	0 29	24	5	...	...	4
Mr A. O. Jones, b Noble	11 41	12 22	0 38	31	3	2	5	3
A. A. Lilley, c Iredale, b Noble	12 4	12 42	0 35	37	4	2	3	9
W. Rhodes, not out	12 25	12 42	0 17	8	1	1	...	1

Totals 14 8 556 81 19 40 95
Extras added—Byes 9, leg-byes 6, wides 4, no-ball 1 20

Full total of innings 576

Runs at the fall of	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.
each wicket	185	315	318	428	436	436	479	511	551	576

Gross time of innings	H. M.
Less—51 minutes lunch, 25 minutes men going in, 13 minutes other stops	8 33
	1 29

Net time of innings 7 4

Twenty-ninth Match. Australia Bowling. First Innings of England.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Fours.	Threes.	Twos.	Ones.
Mr E. Jones . . .	53	12	164	4	22	8	13	26
" M. A. Noble ¹ . .	35·4	12	96	2	17	2	4	14
" H. Trumble ¹ . .	39	11	107	2	12	5	10	24
" C. E. M'Leod ¹ . .	48	15	131	1	20	4	9	21
" W. P. Howell . .	15	3	43	...	8	...	2	7
" J. Worrall . . .	3	...	15	...	2	...	2	3
	193·4	53	556	9	81	19	40	95

¹ Noble, 1 wide ; Trumble, 1 wide and 1 no-ball ; M'Leod, 2 wides.

The first innings of Australia began at 1.1 on the second day. Lunch from 1.30 to 2.20. Stops: 3.30 to 3.32 change in bowling ; 4.4 to 4.6 Lockwood left field temporarily ; 4.42 to 4.56 dust-storm and bad light ; 6.5 to 6.7 Gregory getting a batting-glove.

Stumps were drawn at 6.27 with the fall of Darling's wicket. Gregory was not out. Resumed third day at 11.5. Stop 11.7 to 11.9, Iredale getting a new glove. Innings over at 12.57.

FIRST INNINGS OF AUSTRALIA.

	Innings began.		Innings finished.		Net time batting.		Score.	Fours.	Threes.	Twos.	Ones.	Fives.
	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.						
Mr J. Worrall, c Hayward, b Lockwood	1	1	4	29	2	18	55	8	2	4	9	...
" H. Trumble, c and b Jones . .	1	1	2	38	0	47	24	3	...	4	4	...
" V. Trumper, c Lilley, b Jones . .	2	40	2	49	0	9	6	...	2	...	...	...
" M. A. Noble, b Lockwood . .	2	52	3	40	0	46	9	...	1	2	2	...
" J. Darling, c Fry, b Lockwood . .	3	45	6	27	2	15	71	8	...	7	20	1
" S. E. Gregory, c Jones, b Lockwood	4	32	12	41	3	7	117	15	5	9	24	...
" F. A. Iredale, b Lockwood . .	11	5	11	21	0	14	9	1	...	1	3	...
" J. J. Kelly, 1 b w, b Jones . .	11	24	11	37	0	13	4	...	1	...	1	...
" C. E. M'Leod, not out . .	11	40	12	57	1	10	31	5	...	4	3	...
" E. Jones, b Lockwood . .	12	45	12	45	0	0	0	...	...	...	...	...
" W. P. Howell, b Lockwood . .	12	48	12	57	0	9	4	1	...	...	...	...
Totals . . .	11	8	330	41	11	31	66	1				
Extras added—Byes 5, leg-byes 10, wide 1, no-balls 6 . . .							22					
Full total of innings . . .							352					

Runs at the fall of	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.
each wicket	38	44	85	120	220	242	257	340	340	352

	H.	M.
Gross time of innings . . .	7	18
Less—50 minutes lunch, 26 minutes men going in, 28 minutes other stops . . .	1	44
Net time of innings . . .	5	34

Twenty-ninth Match. England Bowling. First Innings of Australia.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Fours.	Threes.	Twos.	Ones.	Fives.
Mr W. M. Bradley . .	29	12	52	...	4	4	4	11	1
W. Rhodes . .	25	2	79	...	13	...	9	9	...
W. H. Lockwood ² . .	40·3	17	71	7	9	1	5	22	...
Mr A. O. Jones ² . .	30	12	73	3	8	5	7	12	...
" C. L. Townsend . .	5	...	16	...	1	...	3	6	...
" F. S. Jackson . .	14	7	39	...	6	1	3	6	...
	143·3	50	330	10	41	11	31	66	1

² Lockwood, 6 no-balls ; Jones, 1 wide.

The second innings of Australia began at 1.15 on the third day. Lunch from 1.30 to 2.17. Stops: 4.19 to 4.28

refreshment for team; 4.59 to 5.1 Lockwood retired from field. Stumps drawn at 6.15. Result—Draw.

SECOND INNINGS OF AUSTRALIA.

	Innings began.		Innings finished.		Net time batting.	Score.	Fours.	Threes.	Twos.	Ones.	
	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.					
Mr J. Worrall, c Lilley, b Hayward .	1	15	3	36	1	34	75	15	1	3	6
" C. E. McLeod, b Rhodes .	1	15	5	12	2	56	77	10	1	6	22
" M. A. Noble, not out .	3	39	6	15	2	12	69	13	1	3	8
" V. Trumper, c and b Rhodes .	5	15	5	39	24	7	1	...	...	...	3
" S. E. Gregory, b Rhodes .	5	42	5	46	4	2	...	...	...	...	2
" J. Darling, run out .	5	50	6	0	10	6	1	...	...	...	2
" H. Trumble, not out .	6	3	6	15	12	3	...	...	...	...	3
Totals .					7	32	239	40	3	12	46

Extras added—Byes 7, wides 4, no-balls 4

Full total of innings . . . 254

Runs at the fall of each wicket	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.
	116	208	224	228	243

	H.	M.
Gross time of innings . . .	5	00
Less—47 minutes lunch, 16 minutes men going in, 11 minutes other stops . . .	1	14

Net time of innings . . . 3 46

Twenty-ninth Match. England Bowling. Second Innings of Australia.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Fours.	Threes.	Twos.	Ones.
W. H. Lockwood ¹ . . .	15	7	33	...	6	...	3	3
Mr C. L. Townsend . . .	8	4	9	...	1	...	...	5
W. Rhodes ¹ . . .	22	8	27	3	3	1	2	8
Mr A. O. Jones . . .	12	2	43	...	6	...	2	15
" W. M. Bradley ¹ . . .	17	8	32	...	6	1	...	5
" F. S. Jackson . . .	13	2	54	...	11	...	2	6
T. Hayward ¹ . . .	11	3	38	1	7	...	3	4
Mr C. B. Fry . . .	2	1	3	...	...	1	...	...
	100	35	239	4	40	3	12	46

¹ Lockwood, 1 wide, 2 no-balls; Rhodes, 1 wide; Bradley, 2 wides; Hayward, 2 no-balls.

It will be seen that, in the match recorded above, England winning the toss batted the whole of the first day and for a portion of the second. The three batsmen who had possession of the wicket up to 4.49 on the first day played in a style which I think was correctly described in many newspapers as superb batting. They made 315 runs for the loss of one wicket only; and were at the wickets for 4 hours 12 minutes, which yields an average of 75 runs per hour. At the end of this time, owing to a decision communicated to Ranjitsinhji by his captain,

forcing tactics were tried, with the result that nine wickets fell in 2 hours 52 minutes, for an addition of 261 runs. The average rate of scoring jumped from 75 runs per hour to 91.06 per hour. In the whole innings, 576 runs were made in 7 hours 4 minutes, which gives an average of 81.51 runs per hour. Then followed what was almost universally described as The Australians stonewalling to save the game. In the result, the visitors batted for 9 hours 20 minutes for 606 runs,—that is, at the rate of 64.93 runs per hour, and the game ended in a draw.

Now, from the amount of correspondence that ensued on the subject of slow play and stonewalling, in illustration of which the match under consideration was frequently cited, one would naturally suppose that there was a vast difference in the rate of the scoring by the two teams. Let us see.

Take, first of all, the match recorded above. For equitable comparison, we must pass by that portion of England's innings in which wickets were almost thrown away in the scoring of 91·06 per hour, and keep only their superb batting for 315 runs for the loss of a single wicket. Up to this point, it is admitted, the game was played as it ought to be

played: the result was 75 runs per hour. Was it, then, correct criticism to call the 64·93 runs per hour of the Australians "stonewalling"? If 75 runs per hour in the opening stages of a game represents excellent play, surely 10 runs less per hour in playing for a draw is not deserving the adverse comment it received in this case.

Not in this match alone, but all through, the popular error appears to have been that the Australians scored slowly. But from tables which I have compiled with the utmost care I subjoin a portion, from which it will be seen that, on the average, actually they scored faster than their opponents.

AVERAGE RATE OF SCORING PER HOUR BY ENGLISH PLAYERS WHOSE
AGGREGATE TOTAL OF RUNS HAS REACHED 100 OR OVER.

	Time batting.		Total runs.	Average runs per hour.
	H.	M.		
Mr G. L. Jessop	4	54	331	67·55
Mr L. J. Moon	2	54	173	59·65
E. C. Hayes	3	28	193	55·67
Mr F. H. B. Champain	5	45	291	50·60
A. E. Trott	2	37	132	50·44
J. T. Brown (senior)	6	18	293	46·50
H. Young	3	0	139	46·33
E. Robson	2	16	104	45·88
Mr S. M. J. Woods	3	54	178	45·64
E. H. Killick	3	45	163	43·46
Mr T. L. Taylor	3	5	134	43·45
L. C. Braund	6	13	270	43·43
J. H. Board	4	31	190	42·06
Mr R. E. Foster	3	28	144	41·53
K. S. Ranjitsinhji	12	43	509	40·02
Mr C. B. Fry	14	16	565	39·60
Mr H. D. Leveson-Gower	2	53	113	39·19
Mr A. C. MacLaren	4	19	164	37·99
Mr A. O. Jones	5	28	205	37·50
Major R. M. Poore	2	50	100	35·29
A. Hearne	6	38	230	34·67
Capt. E. G. Wynyard	4	37	158	34·22
A. A. Lilley	9	15	310	33·51
Mr C. A. Bernard	4	29	150	33·42
Mr F. S. Jackson	11	13	373	33·30
Mr C. L. Townsend	18	15	550	30·13
W. Brockwell	4	13	125	29·64
R. Abel	3	40	104	28·36
J. T. Tyldesley	6	26	181	28·13
Mr W. G. Grace	7	32	205	27·21
T. Hayward	18	47	509	27·09
A. Shrewsbury	4	53	127	26·00
W. Gunn	6	45	157	23·25
W. G. Quaife	7	52	137	17·41

AVERAGE RATE OF SCORING PER HOUR BY AUSTRALIANS.

	Time batting.		Total runs.	Average runs per hour.
	H.	M.		
Mr E. Jones	6	43	552	82·18
Mr W. P. Howell	6	59	307	43·00
Mr A. E. Johns	1	13	50	41·09
Mr J. Worrall	30	47	1202	39·04
Mr V. Trumper	40	38	1556	38·29
Mr J. Darling	53	32	1941	36·25
Mr F. Laver	25	2	859	34·41
Mr F. A. Iredale	30	43	1039	33·82
Mr C. Hill	26	7	879	33·65
Mr J. J. Kelly	23	16	768	33·06
Mr H. Trumble	35	58	1183	32·89
Mr S. E. Gregory	37	1	1181	31·90
Mr M. A. Noble	62	27	1608	25·74
Mr C. E. M'Leod	21	42	544	25·06

Many writers on the game have made bold statements about the slowness of the play of Australia, which were not supported by figures, and could not have been. One of the best known of these stated in an article published at the end of last season that he could only refer to the doings of the Australians with a "magnificent vagueness," an admission amply borne out at the end of his paper when he referred to the Australian team as comprising eight "Barlows and Scottons." The reader can judge for himself from the tables given above.

One comparison I will establish — between Hayward and Noble. Hayward, it will be seen, scored at the rate of 27·09 runs per hour, Noble at the rate of 25·74 per hour. So far as I have ever read or heard, Hayward's scoring was never referred to as "slow," but rather universally as "sound cricket." Noble, on the other hand, was notoriously, in popular opinion, "a stonewaller." And yet Hayward was the faster scorer by only 1·35 runs per hour!

Regarding the popular impression of the slow cricket of the Australians, I invite atten-

tion to my figures for a moment longer. In the whole tour the Australians batted 201 hours 4 minutes for 14,289 runs, including extras—71·06 runs per hour on the average. The players opposing them batted 186 hours 14 minutes for 13,056 runs, including extras—70·01 runs per hour on the average. The visitors were the faster scorers by 1·05 runs per hour.

Again, glancing at the Test matches. England's slowest was at Nottingham, when playing to save the game: 155 runs were made in 3 hours 15 minutes. That yields an average of 47·69 runs per hour; and I may remark that this record of slow play would have been still more remarkably low had not it been for Ranjitsinhji's innings of 93 in 2 hours 41 minutes. The Australians furnished their slowest play in the fourth Test game, at Manchester, when they batted 7 hours 7 minutes for 346 runs. This gives an average of 46·27 runs per hour. I ought to observe, however, that the Australians never reached England's highest rate of scoring in the Test matches, which was that at the Oval in the

game so fully recorded above. The Australians' fastest scoring in Test matches was in their first innings at Lord's, when they made 421 runs in 6 hours 14 minutes—67·54 runs per hour on the average.

Turn now to bowling, where

the superiority of the Australians was most marked. And first let me submit two special tables of bowling analyses which, with figures supplied from other tables compiled by me, cast an interesting light on this department of the game:—

BOWLING ANALYSES.

SHOWING AVERAGE NUMBER OF BALLS BOWLED TO TAKE A WICKET.

(a) *By English Bowlers who bowled one hundred overs or more.*

G. H. Hirst	took one wicket with every	35·06	balls bowled.
W. Rhodes	"	40·04	"
W. H. Lockwood	"	41·60	"
H. Young	"	43·69	"
Mr G. L. Jessop	"	47·82	"
Mr C. L. Townsend	"	54·54	"
W. Mead	"	55·	"
Mr W. M. Bradley	"	58·28	"
Mr W. G. Grace	"	62·50	"
A. E. Trott	"	65·69	"
W. Attewell	"	75·	"
J. T. Hearne	"	79·84	"
Mr F. S. Jackson	"	137·60	"

(b) *By Australian Bowlers.*

Mr E. Jones	took one wicket with every	43·11	balls bowled.
" H. Trumble	"	43·80	"
" M. A. Noble	"	46·68	"
" W. P. Howell	"	47·89	"
" C. E. M'Leod	"	47·93	"
" F. Laver	"	52·91	"

In compiling these figures, only the runs made off the bat are counted, and of the wickets those only that were credited to the bowlers.

English bowlers delivered 27,451 balls for 13,669 runs and 452 wickets—which yields an average cost of 30·24 runs per wicket. To secure a wicket, 60·73 balls were bowled. And, taking in the element of time,

137·20 balls were bowled per hour on the average.

Australian bowlers delivered 26,939 balls for 12,464 runs and 584 wickets—which yields an average cost of 21·34 runs per wicket. To secure a wicket, 46·12 balls were bowled. And 144·65 balls were bowled per hour on the average.

Or, placing the performances side by side:—

ENGLISH BOWLERS.

Took wickets at cost of	30·24 runs each.
Bowled	137·20 balls per hour.
Bowled	60·73 balls for each wicket.
Took	2·24 wickets per hour.

AUSTRALIAN BOWLERS.

Took wickets at cost of	21·34 runs each.
Bowled	144·65 balls per hour.
Bowled	46·12 balls for each wicket.
Took	3·13 wickets per hour.

Here, it seems to me, is the key to "slowness" in cricket. If a certain class of bowlers can dismiss batsmen in a shorter

time than can another class, then we want the bowlers who can bring about the faster fall of wickets, even if they should

prove a little more expensive in the doing of it. When slow play is under discussion, it is invariably the batting that is considered. Were all bowling of the same style, it would be reasonable to look to the batsmen to try to produce faster cricket. But to any one who has watched the game closely, it is apparent that where bowlers aim chiefly at length and direction, scoring is made difficult. I have read a great deal about the decline of Notts cricket owing to the cautious methods of her batsmen. To me it seems due less to her style of batting than to her style of bowling. In my experience of cricket at Trent Bridge, during the last ten years, I have never seen any visiting batsmen do wonders in the way of fast scoring. Let any adverse critics of Arthur Shrewsbury and William Gunn bowl a few overs to these batsmen, and they will find that bad length balls will most surely be hit for four with greater precision than could be shown by reputed big hitters.

I have never had the privilege of seeing Alfred Shaw at his best. But I have seen William Attewell bowl by the hour such an awkward length, just a little short of the "blind spot," that any batsman attempting to force runs off him would almost have been throwing away his wicket. Is it fair, then, to blame batsmen for scoring slowly? From the files of Wisden I have taken out Attewell's figures in county championship matches for Notts, and I find that with every 58·58 balls he delivered he has taken a wicket. As he has been the

mainstay of his county in bowling, many of the opposing wickets must have fallen at this rate. Glancing through last year's bowling averages, I find that the English bowlers who have taken wickets with the fewest deliveries are W. H. Lockwood and Albert Trott, with 36·77 and 37·10 deliveries on the average respectively. Now if these two bowlers were performing regularly together, it would be impossible for the resulting cricket to be uninteresting. Though the batting showed nothing sensational, the fall of wickets would be sufficiently rapid to keep the spectator from being bored.

Success in taking wickets quickly depends much on the devices in pace, flight, and break practised by the bowlers to prevent batsmen getting set; and most often it is when batsmen are set that the game becomes tiresome to watch. I well remember a remark made by an old professional cricketer who saw Albert Trott bowl for the first time at Lord's. It was, "He bowls too many of a' sorts to be a good un." It is really by their bowling of two or three sorts that Trott and Lockwood are so formidable to batsmen; and the more their style of attack is followed the better for the game.

Of the various alterations in the laws of the game suggested with a view to increasing its attractiveness, that of the lbw rule appears to me decidedly the best. The net boundary, which is being given a trial at Lord's, is, I am afraid, an essentially wrong change; and as a matter of fact, so far,

within my knowledge, the experience of the last month has not won for it the favour of County players. It merely substitutes one boundary for another, and therefore no readjustment of values for hits to and over the net can ever rectify what is an initial weakness. Further, instead of acting in favour of the bowler (which I presume is the real objective of any such alteration), it aids the batsman; not only because it tends to increase scores, but because it adds to the work of the fielders, of whom the bowler is one. And probably it will be found, when the hotter weather arrives, that batsmen will take advantage of the opening which it gives to waste time in "breathers" after they have run out their runs.

Some writers seem to think that by such a change as I suggest in the l b w rule the responsibilities of the umpire would be increased. That is not my opinion. On the contrary, I believe that they would be lessened. To me it has always been harder to determine whether the ball pitched in a line from wicket to wicket, than whether it would have hit the wicket. Nor can I see anything in the argument that leg-break bowlers would soon get their men out leg-before. If the batsman did not place himself in a straight line from wicket to wicket, he could not possibly be out l b w. I am aware that some leading

batsmen declare that it would cramp their play, and prevent them playing productive strokes that now are common. *It would not prevent them playing the ball with the bat.* It would only mean that in many cases when they failed to play the ball with the bat they would be out, whereas now they save their wicket by interposing their legs as a second line of defence.¹

The question which batsmen have honestly and disinterestedly to ask themselves is this: "Have we more advantages in the game than the bowler?" I think batsmen have. In all cases when appeal is made against them, they are given the benefit of the doubt. In no case is the bowler given it: indeed, in regard to fairness of delivery, the doubt is against him.

A remark made by Victor Trumper at the close of the Australian tour seems to me eloquent in favour of putting a stop to leg play. I was complimenting him upon his consistent fine batting, and praised him for not using his legs in defending his wickets. He answered: "I don't believe in backing up with one's legs, but I will have to learn to do it. Nearly all the great batsmen often save their wickets in that way."

I am sure we are all agreed that when Victor Trumper was getting runs, no alteration in his style of play was to be desired.

JAMES PHILLIPS.

¹ The rule proposed would not be new, but only a return to an old one. See 'Cricket Scores, 1730-1773.' By H. T. Waghorn.

BALLAD OF FOULWEATHER JACK.

ADMIRAL BYRON has weighed his anchor,
And put to sea in a gale:
But deep in his heart is a hidden canker,
Because of an oft-told tale.
Brave he may be, deny it who can,
Yet Admiral John is a luckless man;
And the midshipmen's mothers cry, "Out, alack!
My lad has sailed with Foulweather Jack!"

Admiral Byron has hoisted his pennant,
And steered for Cape Breton shore:
But the surgeon says to the first lieutenant,
"We shall never see Spithead more!
Weather-beaten and battle-scarr'd,
To Plymouth Hoe or to Portsmouth Hard,
The crews return—but they never come back
Who sign and serve with Foulweather Jack!

"Many a frigate has he commanded,
In every storm that's blown:
He would fight with a squadron single-handed,
But his luck is the devil's own:
He loses the wind, he misses the tide,
He shaves the rocks, and his shots go wide;
The fate is curst and the future black,
That hangs o'er the head of Foulweather Jack.

"As for me, I'm a tough old stager,
Nor care if I sink or swim,
But when I think of the stranded *Wager*,
My heart is heavy for him.
Round the world to ruin and wreck
He carried his luck on the *Dolphin's* deck:
If ever a man had the gift and knack
Of sheer disaster, 'tis Foulweather Jack!"

.

As a seagull's wings o'er the surges flutter,
In the light of the sunset flame,

There hovered from westward a hasty cutter,
To speak with the frigate *Fame*.
"Twenty Parley-voo ships to-day
Lurk and loiter in Chaleur Bay;
Like wolves they gather to make attack
On the ships and convoy of Foulweather Jack.

"Frigates three for your three are biding,
And of arm'd privateers a score;
Sloops and schooners at anchor riding,
Are waiting you close inshore:
Their guns are many, and yours are few;
Eight to one they outnumber you:
The wind is low and the tide is slack,
But you yet may escape them, Foulweather Jack."

The Admiral stood six foot and over,
He was stately and stern to see:
But his eyes lit up like those of a lover,
And merry of mind was he:
And the Byron blood and the Berkeley blood
Burned in his veins like a fiery flood,
And his pulses leaped, and his comely face
Glowed with the pride of a fighting race.

The Admiral laughed with the wind's own laughter,
And spoke with the sea's own might,
"From danger and death, and what comes after,
No Englishman turns in flight:
They call me unlucky—to-day you'll learn
How the worst of luck for a time may turn:
We'll rid the seas of this vermin-pack,
And I'll be huntsman!" quoth Foulweather Jack.

The twilight sank and the darkness settled,
The Admiral's frigate led:
She took the waves like a steed high-mettled,
And thus to his men he said:
"Desperate measures for desperate needs,
And valorous crews for dare-devil deeds:
A goodly quarry we have in track—
Clear the decks for action!" says Foulweather Jack.

All through the night were the seabirds soaring,
Shrieking and scared from rest :
All through the night the guns were roaring
Under the seabirds' nest.
When morning broke in a glimmer grey,
There was dreadful silence in Chaleur Bay,—
Only the crackle of burning decks,
And cries for succour from crowded wrecks.

The *Bienfaisant* is aground and blazing,
And sunk is the proud *Marchault* :
The privateersmen aghast are gazing
At their vessels that burn a-row ;
The staggering smoke that volleys and blows
Shrouds the shattered *Marquis de Marlose*,
And the sloops and schooners in rout and wrack
Strew the pathway of Foulweather Jack.

The prisoners question in fear and wonder,
“What fiend have we fought to-day ?
We are burnt and splintered and split in sunder,
Who boasted him soon our prey.
He grappled and boarded us, one to ten,
But he and his crew are devils, not men :
Curs'd be the hour when we crossed the track
Of this—how do you call him?—Foulweather Jack !”

Admiral Byron has counted his losses,
And steered for Cape Breton shore ;
The baulks and spars that the wild wave tosses,
Last night they were ships of war.
The wounded men in the cock-pit dim
With feeble voices huzza for him :
“The stars may fall and the skies may crack,—
But my luck is broken !” says Foulweather Jack.

M. C. GILLINGTON.

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

AH me! for the days of the years that are past and gone, those years which I lived in my primeval village! As I use the word primeval I speak in what may be called a subjective or reflexive sense. For the village itself was old enough—as old almost as the hills that surrounded it—but I myself was very young in those days, and my recollections of the village and the hills date from early and happy childhood. And to a man of mature age, where the scenes of his youth and manhood are often forgotten, or at the least but dimly remembered, the things that he saw and heard and did as a child keep on recurring to his memory. Yet it seems to me, as my thoughts travel back, that in many ways our village, even for those far-off days, was somewhat more primitive than the neighbouring parishes, and its traditions were almost ultra-conservative. Our rustics—men, matrons, or maids—were of a sober and stay-at-home type, buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage for the most part within the confines of their own village, and having comparatively little “truck” with that outside world which lay beyond the hills. True it was, on Saturdays the shoemaking portion of the community, man and wife, trudged it along the hilly road to the sleepy market-town some four miles distant, the one carrying his week’s work, the other

a substantial basket. It used to puzzle me at the time, as I met them on the road, why custom had ordained that the wife should be expected to undertake this journey with her lord and master. For I can promise you there was very little apparent companionship about the proceeding, when the man, carrying his bag and smoking his pipe, walked four yards ahead at a good round pace, and the woman with her basket panted behind, careful never to fall more than the prescribed distance in the rear of the superior being! Now I know that the woman was taken partly in order to keep her out of mischief, and partly, no doubt, to give her the opportunity of doing a little extra-parochial marketing, in the way of providing some extra delicacy for her man’s Sunday dinner. As in more refined circles, so too in our primitive village, was recognised the truth of the saying that, if the wife wishes to be happy though married, she must feed the beast. The only difference in the return journey was that the man could walk with his hands in his pockets, and the woman carried the empty bag on the top of her basket.

In addition to the Hall and the Rectory, the two recognised capitals of the community, there were one or two smaller houses in the parish occupied by gentle people; but as the inhabitants of those houses were, compara-

tively speaking, strangers or resident aliens, like my own family, they did not count for much when parish politics were concerned. People were civil enough to our class in their own rough way,—the boys pulled their forelocks and the girls dropped their curtsies, and the men and their wives passed the time of day to us if they met us in the street; but we were plainly given to understand that we were only living there on sufferance, and that, like the *Uitlanders*, we had no political status of any kind soever.

The parish politics always tended the same way, and that a satisfactory, though now, alas! obsolete, way—*i.e.*, that what the squire and the parson thought right was right, and that their joint fiat was law,—“law civil and exekative,” as the great Mr Grummer once remarked. And so it came to pass that, as the squire and the parson never did disagree about material points, they twain ruled the roost, and exercised a wholly beneficent authority in our parish. To begin with, they were both county magistrates; and as the power of a county magistrate was rather an unknown quantity in our village, I firmly believe that if the squire had given orders that Tom Barker, the one real black sheep in the parish, should be hanged, drawn, and quartered, the villain Tom would have had a short shrift and a long rope, and his execution would have been taken quite as a matter of course, provided always that the parson lodged no objection.

Then, again, the admiral—it was a big feather in the village cap, that possession of a squire who was a real live admiral—owned three-quarters of the houses in the parish, and, having a very proper and sensible view of his position as landed proprietor, made no bones about turning out of the parish any notorious evil-doer or dissenter. Tom Barker unfortunately was not one of the admiral's tenants, or he might have mended his ways. He was a fine specimen of the old school, this admiral of ours, a man who as a middy had seen service under Nelson, and who retained to his dying day that aversion to the French which had been a sign of the times at the beginning of the century. If his disposition was masterful and his language on occasions at least as strong as his will, the old salt's heart was in the right place, and he was dearly loved by all classes in our parish.

“He were a dear, kind, good gentleman, for all he were arritable,” observed old Widow Hawes, wiping her eyes as she turned away from his grave a year after his death; “openhanded, that he were and all. He've gone to Heaven sure enough.”

“Then I reckon as his language will make some on 'em stare a bit,” answered the sexton, who in virtue of his office was apt to regard life from its gloomiest aspect.

A never-to-be-forgotten day in the annals of our parish was a certain Thursday in September, when one of the resident aliens was deputed to

propose a certain toast at our harvest dinner.

"And so, ladies and gentlemen," he concluded, "I will ask you to join with me in drinking the health of our worthy rector and of the ministers of other denominations."

"Hey, hey; what's all that tomfoolery?" exclaimed the admiral. "The rector—that's right enough. Here's health and a long life to you, Latham; but it was the rector, and the what?—eh, you sir, speak up."

"And the ministers of all other denominations," explained the speaker, a comparatively new-comer in our parish, imperfectly acquainted with our traditions, and more highly educated in the ever-changing ways of the world than, perhaps, any member of the audience could boast to be.

"Ministers—other denominations! What the devil is the fellow talking about? Look here, ladies and gentlemen, there is some mistake about this. Our friend here, Mr Bacchus, may be a devilish good fellow and a d—d fine speaker for all I know to the contrary, though he would never do to command a man-of-war in windy weather; and I daresay," this by way of parenthesis, "that he don't know the difference between one of her Majesty's ships and a coal-hulk. But"—and here he again elevated his voice—"he is what you call a stranger in these parts, new to our parish and this sort of thing, and he don't understand our toasts. So I'll just, as they say in the House of Commons, put the

previous question. Here is Church and State and — d—n all other denominations. Your good health, Latham," and amid tumultuous applause the admiral, having drained his glass, resumed his seat. Whether or not at the moment he really intended the condemnation of dissenters to be included in the toast, I cannot pretend to say, though he declared himself afterwards that he had not so intended. But on the word, every farmer and labourer in the tent, led by a stout well-to-do grazier who, in virtue of his position as parish churchwarden and the possession of a stentorian voice, generally acted as fogleman on these occasions, was on his legs d—ning all other denominations with a rough-and-ready enthusiasm which must have commended itself to the dear old rector's heart of hearts, even though, as in duty bound, he elected to appear scandalised.

"Oh, dear me, dear me—this won't do at all!" he exclaimed. "My dear friends, thank you, Mr Brown, thank you, Mr Evans," bowing all round the table as one man after the other drank his health and called his name. "It really is hardly right, 'live in charity,' you know, 'with all men,' 'beware of evil-speaking and profane swearing,' you know; thank you, John Atkins—thank you, kind friends. But, oh dear me, I am sorry it should have happened," and presently I heard him remonstrate with the admiral, "I really have known some very worthy men in the dissenting class, my dear

admiral, very excellent fellows according to their lights."

"D—d bad lights, then," replied the admiral with much promptitude. "I've heard people say that some Frenchmen are very decent fellows when you know them; but I don't know any myself, my dear sir, and, what is more, I don't want to. I hate the lot of them, and dissenters too: I rather think they are the worst of the two, a set of downright mutinous scoundrels. I'd like to have one or two of them on board a man-of-war; they wouldn't dissent much after the first week, sir, I can promise you."

But, notwithstanding the admiral's strong opinions on the matter of dissent, and his great territorial, and I may add great personal, influence in our parish, the little Bethel in a far corner of the village continued to attract a scanty congregation of the Uitlanders for a good ten years after the gallant old seaman had been gathered to his fathers—and in those years I myself was passing out of childhood into manhood, and arriving at an age at which I could more perfectly gauge the excellences of my dear old friend, Dr Latham.

It is only now and again, when I chance to see a parson of a certain physique, whether in the pulpit or out of the pulpit it matters not, that I am at all inclined to pronounce a decided opinion as to what sort of personality I should attach to my ideal parson if it were ever to be my lot to write tales of clerical life. But though many

circumstances combined to convince me that the man Stephen Latham was one of the very best clergymen and quite the most lovable Christian that I ever encountered, I may not conscientiously say that his outward and visible form in any way corresponded with my ideas of what my ideal or transcendently model parson ought to be,—that parson I mean who looks as well as plays his part perfectly. For the doctor's bodily presence, as his warmest admirers were fain to admit, was, if not exactly weak or contemptible, far removed at all events from being either dignified or anything distantly connected with it, and he resembled an elderly cherub in a frock-coat rather than either medieval saint or early apostle. To a casual acquaintance or a careless stranger he might have passed for a sleek and well-nourished little man, on excellent terms with himself, with society at large, with his station in life, and last, but not least, with his digestion. All this I believe that he was; but there was a vast deal more than this lying beneath the surface. That he was a learned divine and ripe scholar, that some thirty or forty years before he accepted a college living, and so came to our parish, men in Oxford had spoken with bated breath of the abilities of Latham of Corpus, no one would have suspected from his conversation. Why he had not carved out for himself a more illustrious career

than that of parish priest was a question to which I have only been able to evolve for myself one possible answer, and that is, that he had a prescience of his own capacity for good in that particular line of life, and that if he voluntarily elected to hide his great lights in a very primitive village, the village had good reason to be satisfied with his choice.

"What I says about him is, that he ain't too high learned for such as we, like some of them is," remarked a grey-headed labourer, apropos of the rector's return from a month's holiday, during which a stranger, no mean preacher, had occupied the pulpit.

"I calls him a perfect saint," quoth one village gossip to another, as the rector, with that ready gallantry which makes no distinction of persons, doffed his hat to the pair as he passed on the other side of the street.

"So don't I," was the answer; "why, he took and called me all the old cats in the place a week back, as I'd kep' our Sally away from Sunday-school. But there, lor' bless his little heart! I likes him all the better for it."

Truth to say, though my dear old friend had many a saintly quality, it was rather his wont, if his wrath was roused, to call a spade by its proper name, and that in a high-pitched key, than either to measure his words or modulate his voice. But those who knew him best were sure that

he carried into practice the Bible precept, and if angry for the moment, never allowed the sun to go down upon his wrath.

Living as he did in the golden age, I mean in the earlier part of our sovereign lady's reign, and in the midst of that primitive simplicity which I have briefly described, our worthy rector took more upon himself, in the matter of administering wholesome discipline to the younger members of his flock, than I dare swear the present incumbent will venture to do in these more enlightened days.

"You thrashed my George in Sunday-school," shouted an infuriated matron.

"Yes, yes, my good woman; you should thank me for saving you the trouble. Rather you did it yourself, though, on week-days. Go home and read your Bible—'withhold not correction from the child,' it will tell you."

"I can say Bible as well as you can, for all you calls yourself a parson," was the angry retort; "the merciful man is merciful to his beast, it says, and then you goes and hammers my George downright shameful."

But the rector got the last word and the best of the Scriptural argument—

"Not my beast at all, my good woman,—your beast and my stick; and if your beast cannot learn to behave himself, he will find a rod ready for a beast's back as well as for a fool's," and with that he walked

off, and chuckled to himself all the way down the street.

In course of time I matriculated at Oxford, and now and again some good-natured elderly don, out of respect for either my uncle the dean, or for some unknown member of my family, would think it incumbent upon himself to show me some slight civility, and ask me either to dinner or to luncheon. And I had occasion to notice that these great men and learned professors were imitators of the Medes rather than of the Persians, possessing, in addition to much other knowledge, a delicate perception of the intricacies of gastronomy, and a thorough appreciation of the value of a vintage port as a means to make glad the heart of mankind.

The pained expression which came over the face of a great Hebrew scholar, as he watched my well-meant exertions to dissect a wild-duck, still lives in my memory, and I fear me that my imperfect manipulation of that delicate bird caused my name to be permanently crossed from his list of "undergraduates to be asked to dinner." But it came to me rather in the light of a revelation that our own much-respected rector had so far retained his common-room prejudice as to the quality of the food served up at his table that he even condescended to do some of the marketing himself. I had walked over the hills into our town one day in the Christmas vacation, and was admiring our great local poulterer's show of pheasants when up drove the rector in his pony-cart. "Hold

the reins, James," he exclaimed to his old man-servant, who combined the duties of butler, valet, and coachman. "I'll get out myself. Why, George, my boy," as he saw me, "is that you? I did not even know that you had come home. You must come and lunch with me to-morrow and have a talk. You'll come, that's a good boy; you know the time, one sharp. That's right. Now come inside, and let us see if we can fish out a good young bird between us."

"Good-morning, Mr Clarke, how are the pheasants to-day?"

"Same price, reverend, same price always to a good customer like yourself; three shillings the cock-birds, half-a-crown the hens."

"Thank you," said the rector; "then, if you will allow me, I will take my choice. I am not going to be put off with a five-year-old cock, you know."

"No fear of that, reverend," rejoined the poulterer, laughing; "you know a bit too much. Hand down that lot of birds at the end, Joe," to his man, "and let the reverend handle them."

I noted with amusement that the rector showed much acumen in the choice of his bird, critically examining and weighing in his hand some twenty specimens before making his final selection. At last he seemed satisfied, and after exchanging a few remarks with the poulterer, he watched the bird being wrapped up and put into his pony-cart, and then drove off home with his purchase.

"No use offering you a lift, I know, George," he said to me;

"one o'clock sharp to-morrow, mind, and then we'll see if the bird is as good as he looks."

"Does Dr Latham often come, and does he always pick his game like that?" I inquired of the man Clarke.

"Twice a-week as regular as clockwork," was the ready response; "the very best customer I have all the season through, and the very best judge of a pheasant that I ever saw. Do you see that other bird he had half a mind to take, sir? Now, I'll make you a present of it if you can pick another young bird in the shop that will weigh more, and yet I'd warrant that the rector has got as good or better."

I declined to pit my judgment against the rector's, and shortly afterwards started to walk home, and in the course of my walk found myself wondering why it was that my old friend, one of the most open-handed of men, should take such an infinite amount of trouble about the choice of a pheasant.

But I found the key to the mystery when I went to lunch at the Rectory on the following day. There were only Dr Latham and myself, and after the edge of our appetites had been taken away by some excellent curry, the pheasant appeared.

"Fine bird, isn't it, George?" said my host, looking with beaming eyes at the pheasant. "Something like a breast I call it. Not that sportsmen like you and I—I was a tidy shot myself when I was your age, George—ever think of a

pheasant's breast. We know a trick worth two of that. The leg, my boy, the leg is the crucial point of a young cock-pheasant. Take that leg to Mr George, James," and having thus summarily disposed of my claims to any portion of that most substantial breast, the old man proceeded to cut off the other leg, and, after dividing it, put the drumstick on to his own plate, where, as I noticed, he simply played with it by way of keeping me company.

"Now, James, the hot plates, quick," and two hot-water plates were at once forthcoming, upon which the rector carefully placed the rest of the bird, dividing it with a degree of celerity and accuracy that told a tale of long practice.

"Now, James, let them go off at once, mind. Whose turn, by the way, to-day," and, as James muttered something in his ear, he made a note in his pocket-book, and then began to talk to me about indifferent matters. So too of a bottle of choice old port—which, despite some whispered expostulations on the old servant's part, he insisted upon having opened nominally for my benefit—he gave me one full glass, took about a thimbleful himself, and evidently gave James directions about the disposal of the remainder.

Late in the afternoon I happened to meet old James in the village, and ventured to question him as to the respective destination of the pheasants and the port-wine. As I had always been rather a favourite with the worthy though somewhat crusty old man-servant, who

had known me from my earliest childhood, he now condescended to enlighten my ignorance.

"Why, bless your heart and soul, Mr George," he said, "why, to them old widders in course, that's where they pheasants of master's always goes. There is eight old widders in this place as has they pheasants in turn, four on 'em each week, and hardly a thank you, Mr James, among the whole biling. And if the boy spill so much as a drop of gravy in the carrying, they'll scold and chatter ever so. And the port-wine, why there's half the old men in the place on what the master calls his port-wine list. And it must be the best port-wine too, and we haven't got not two dozen of that wine as you had to-day left in the cellar. But there, it's no good talking; the master will have it so."

"Has it always been like this, James?"

"Lor' bless you, yes, sir, ever you was so high. And you don't know one-half or one-quarter neither. Why, look you here, Mr George, you know old Laurence as keeps the little shop?"

"Yes."

"Well, when he first came here, twenty years back or more, not long after we came ourselves, the master he smells peppermint in Sunday-school, and he catches two boys and he warms their jackets, and then he finds it's that Laurence have been selling sweets to them of a Sunday. Well, he weren't a magistrate then, and so he goes and asks Laurence quite civil like not to sell to the little ones

of a Sunday, and Laurence he were that downright audacious as he laughs in the master's face. Well, the old admiral he hears on it, and with that down he steps to the school one day, and he says that no child as ever goes to Laurence's shop shall come to his school-treat at all. And he says a word, I reckon, to the fathers and mothers too. For there sat Laurence in his shop, and no one goes near him not from one week's end to another, and he were well a-nigh starved. And then the master he hears of it. What does he do then? Why, the next day he comes home with a great bottle of sweets, one under each arm, as he'd bought them at Laurence's shop. And he does the same every week for two months, till he's set Laurence on his legs again, and he speaks to the admiral and all, and he lets all the old women in the place know as he buys his pound of tea off Laurence, so as they shall do the same. And you look at Laurence now, Mr George, as straight a man as ever a one in the parish, and puts his half-crown in the plate as regular as clockwork, as I've seen him myself."

"Ah, Mr George," and the old fellow heaved a deep sigh. "You young chaps, you're smart enough and you thinks you knows a good many things. But there ain't a man or a woman or a child in the whole parish as knows what the master is, only old James," and with that he left me; and I for my part went on my way in wonderment at the means

which had been successfully employed to work out the real or apparent conversion of the offending huckster. In these days the name of boycott was as yet unknown, and bribery and corruption were venial offences.

A year later there arrived in the Uitlanders' corner of the parish a new dissenting minister. It is not on record that he made many converts, nor was he a very prepossessing individual to behold, bearing so ludicrous a resemblance to the picture of the Roman Emperor Galba, as given in the Classical Dictionary, that I think of him as Galba to this day, nor at this remote date have I the slightest recollection what his real name was. The rector's James, who was nothing if not orthodox, described him, jerking his thumb over his shoulder as he spoke, as "that chap as talks a mort o' nonsense to they folk up yonder"; and the rector, who held that the possession of a loud voice was a *sine quâ non* qualification of a dissenting preacher, commonly spoke of him as "our dour - visaged Boanerges."

Yet, if his countenance was dour, I will not deny that for a man in his condition of life Galba was altogether ready with his tongue, and showed a shrewd sense of humour in what I may call a Biblical dialogue with our esteemed rector. The latter and I were walking along a raised footpath which ran parallel to a lane leading into our village. And it did so happen that Galba, either starting out on a pastoral visit or

engaged in his week-day business, was riding a knock-kneed pony along the lane. Suddenly something in the hedge, either a shadow perhaps or a tree-root, aroused the pony's suspicions, and no persuasion on Galba's part could induce the animal to pass the obstacle. Four times, when its head had been turned the right way, did the obstinate beast, after being coaxed up to the offending spot, execute a right - about - face movement, and retire some seven or eight paces to the rear. And Galba was so much occupied with the pony that he evidently had no idea that his proceedings were being overlooked.

"A dissenting pony, I perceive, sir," presently said a soft voice, and Galba looked up with a start to see the rector smiling benignantly at him from the footpath. He muttered something, of which I only caught the word "backsliding," and then did what most men would have done long before under the same circumstances, that is, administered a hearty thwack on the pony's hindquarters with his stick.

"Nay, friend," said the rector, who strongly disliked seeing any dumb animal hurt, "remember that when Balaam evil-intreated his ass, the dumb beast found voice to rebuke the prophet's madness."

"Ah, yes," and Galba looked up, "but it was an angel with a drawn sword that stood in the creature's way, and not"—and here he hesitated, really, I think, at a loss to know what it really was that his pony was objecting to.

But the rector at once supplied the vacuum.

"And not a stout parson with an umbrella, you would say. But look you here, sir, I am going to do more for you than the angel did for Balaam;" and in a moment he scrambled down the high bank with a degree of celerity that I should have never given him credit for, and led the animal past the object of its alarm.

"There, my dear sir," taking off his hat and bowing politely, "I have taught the animal the error of its ways, and I wish I might as easily do the same good turn to its master." And yet Galba had the last word after all,—

"You will hardly compare a man, sir, unto a beast that perishes, or expect a reasonable being to accept your hook in his nose or your bridle in his lips. But I thank you all the same for putting the animal into the way that he should go."

"Upon my honour, George," remarked the rector, as I joined him in the lane, "the worthy Boanerges has a ready wit. If I get the opportunity, I will have another word with him on that matter."

My dear old friend little dreamt, as he spoke, how soon and in how sad a form that opportunity would come. Fifteen months later a scourge of small-pox in its most virulent form attacked our quiet village, and in a single week there were fourteen deaths in the place.

Needless to say that a reign of terror ensued. I was away at Oxford at the time, and only heard from old James how dis-

mal the outlook had at one time been, how impossible it had been to procure nurses for the patients, men to nail down the coffins of the dead, or bearers at the midnight funerals. But through it all the rector's courage never faltered.

"If it hadn't been for the master," said my informant, "the whole place would have gone stark staring mad with fright: he were nurse, doctor, and parson all in one." The Uitlanders' corner—it may, for all I know to the contrary, be a tenet of some sections of dissenters to be anti-vaccinationists—had suffered more severely than any other part of the parish, and for a week it had been a case of touch-and-go with Galba himself.

"And," remarked James, "if any one ever did put his hand down into a grave and pull out a man alive, that were what the master done to the preacher yonder. The old woman what keeps his house for him, she goes straight off out of the parish, and no one ever heard tell of her since, and nobody don't want to neither. And then the master hears of it. And what do he do? Why, he goes right off and nurses him himself till the nurse as he has telegraphed for comes, sits up a whole night with him he does, Mr George, and wouldn't let him die. And the times he went to see him and the things that he sent him out of the house, no one wouldn't believe what they was."

"And was the man grateful, James?" I inquired.

"Ah, well, yes, he were that,"

said James, making the admission rather reluctantly; "it were he as told me himself yesterday that if it hadn't been along of master, he must have died. Yesterday were the first day as the doctor have allowed him out, and he came down here, and terribly put about he were when I wouldn't let him see the master. It weren't likely as I were going to let the master do no more talking than I could help, seeing as he's clean wore out."

"The rector ill?" I exclaimed.

"Clean wore out," repeated James; "did his duty on Sunday, and ain't been no manner of good ever since."

"The reaction, I suppose?"

"Don't I tell you as he's clean wore out?" repeated the old man, quite crossly; "I've sent for the doctor to him, though I ain't told him so. Look you here, Master George; you've got a pretty tidy pair of legs of your own, and if you wanted to be useful, you might step over and hurry him up. It's not but a matter of three miles. Drat all the doctors, say I. If it were a woman as were going to have a baby, he'd have been here sharp enough."

Seeing that old James was seriously uneasy about his master, and knowing that he was by no means given to be nervous, I at once started on my errand, and was fortunate enough to meet the doctor half-way, and he promised me that he would look in at our house before he went home, and tell me how the rector really was.

True to his promise, the doctor appeared at our front-door about an hour later. I went out myself to admit him, and I gathered from his face that old James's fears had not been exaggerated.

"Very badly, indeed, George," he replied, when I inquired what he thought of Dr Latham. "There," with a sigh, "it's no good mincing matters; he is dying fast, and no one is more conscious of it than himself. He has run down to nothing with all that he went through and all that he did when that smallpox was raging here, and there is no recuperative power. Now, don't you go and break your heart about him, George. The good old man has done his work, and no one ought to know better how well he has done it than you or I. And now we must not grudge him his well-earned rest. We can tinker up a watch when the main-spring is gone, but we can't put a new main-spring into a man."

I never saw my dear old friend again. The end came even more rapidly than the doctor had expected. It was on a Tuesday morning that I had seen old James; late on the Wednesday night the "master" died. By his own express wish, and strongly against the doctor's advice, Galba was admitted into his room on the Wednesday morning. The kind old rector seemed to feel that the man was overburdened by unexpressed gratitude, and to be gracious to all men was an essential part of his own gentle nature.

What passed between the two men in that short interview no one will ever know. But I can tell you something of the upshot. The rector's funeral had been fixed for Saturday afternoon, and on the Friday morning I received a visit from old James, who wished to consult me about a request that Galba had made of him.

"The preacher yonder," said the old man, "is holding a little service up there," and, as usual, he pointed over his shoulder, "and he's been at me to come this once—and the man is that set on it that I think the master he'd have said, Go, James. Well, Mr George, and I'm going, and I'd take it kind if you'd come along with me."

For a moment I was inclined to refuse; but on second thoughts, more I think out of sympathy for the poor old servant than from any other reason, I made up my mind to go. Nor have I ever regretted the decision. Most of the congregation were strangers to me, there being many people at that end of the village whom I hardly knew by sight. But there was nothing in the very short service that any one could object to. The prayers ended, Galba mounted a low platform, and motioned to the congregation to be seated. Then, as he stood there facing us, I was struck by the change that illness and sorrow had wrought in his face: he looked as pale as death, and I could see his lips twitching as he tried to compose himself to speak. At last the power seemed to come, and in a low musical voice he

announced the text of his discourse,—

"Know ye not that a prince and a mighty man is fallen in Israel?"

I have heard some notable preachers in various parts of England since that day, but nothing ever impressed me more than the short sermon I listened to in that dingy little chapel. I may not call it a panegyric exactly; but it was a simple and yet most graceful tribute to our dear rector's memory, and through it all poor old James was sobbing audibly.

"I will ask you, dear friends," said the preacher in conclusion, "to follow with me the body of that good man to its last resting-place to-morrow, and I will entreat you further to accompany me to the church where he so faithfully ministered, both on Sunday next and"—here came a short pause, and then he continued very impressively—"on every other Sunday. For I, my friends, shall worship no more in this chapel. In the church where our dear departed brother knelt, there will I kneel for all my days; and in the churchyard where to-morrow that good man will be laid, there I trust that my bones will in due course be buried."

Many a long year, as I said, has passed since I left my dear primeval village; but I still seem to see the face of the man Galba as he stood there that day confessing before his congregation that he had after all submitted to be guided by our dear old rector "into the way wherein he should go."

LORD JIM: A SKETCH.¹

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

CHAPTER XXI.

"I DON'T suppose any of you had ever heard of Patusan?" Marlow resumed, after a silence occupied in the careful lighting of a cigar. "It does not matter; there's many a heavenly body in the lot crowding upon us of a night that mankind had never heard of, it being outside the sphere of its activities and of no earthly importance to anybody but to the astronomers who are paid to talk learnedly about its composition, weight, path—the irregularities of its conduct, the aberrations of its light,—a sort of scientific scandal-mongering. Thus with Patusan. It was referred to knowingly in the inner government circles in Batavia, especially as to its irregularities and aberrations, and it was known by name to some few, very few, in the mercantile world. Nobody, however, had been there, and I suspect no one desired to go there in person, just as an astronomer, I should fancy, would strongly object to being transported into a distant heavenly body, where, parted from his earthly emoluments, he would be bewildered by the view of an unfamiliar heavens. However, neither heavenly bodies nor astronomers have anything to do with Patusan. It was Jim who went there. I only

meant you to understand that had Stein arranged to send him into a star of the fifth magnitude the change could not have been greater. He left his earthly failings behind him and that sort of reputation he had, and there was a totally new set of conditions for his imaginative faculty to work upon. Entirely new, entirely remarkable. And he got hold of them in a remarkable way.

"Stein was the man who knew more about Patusan than anybody else. More than was known in the government circles I suspect. I have no doubt he had been there, either in his butterfly-hunting days or later on, when he tried in his incorrigible way to season with a pinch of romance the fattening dishes of his commercial kitchen. There were very few places in the Archipelago he had not seen in the original dusk of their being, before light (and even electric light) had been carried into them for the sake of better morality and—and—well—the greater profit too. It was at breakfast of the morning following our talk about Jim that he mentioned the place, after I had quoted poor Brierly's remark: 'Let him creep twenty feet underground and stay there.' He looked up at me with in-

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terested attention, as though I had been a rare insect. 'This could be done too,' he remarked, sipping his coffee. 'Bury him in some sort,' I explained. 'One doesn't like to do it of course, but it would be the best thing, seeing what he is.' 'Yes; he is young,' Stein mused. 'The youngest human being now in existence,' I affirmed. '*Schön*. There's Patusan,' he went on in the same tone. . . . 'And the woman is dead now,' he added incomprehensibly.

"Of course I don't know that story; I can only guess that once before Patusan had been used as a grave for some sin, transgression, or misfortune. It is impossible to suspect Stein. The only woman that had ever existed for him was the Malay girl he called 'My wife the princess,' or, more rarely, in moments of expansion, 'the mother of my Emma.' Who was the woman he had mentioned in connection with Patusan I can't say; but from his allusions I understand she had been an educated and very good-looking Dutch-Malay girl, with a tragic or perhaps only a pitiful history, whose most painful part no doubt was her marriage with a Malacca Portuguese who had been clerk in some commercial house in the Dutch colonies. I gathered from Stein that this man was an unsatisfactory person in more ways than one, all being more or less indefinite and offensive. It was solely for his wife's sake that Stein had appointed him manager of Stein & Co.'s trading post in Patusan. There they were out of the way, but com-

mercially the arrangement was not a success, at any rate for the firm, and now the woman had died, Stein was disposed to try another agent there. The Portuguese, whose name was Cornelius something—I don't remember—considered himself a very deserving but ill-used person, entitled by his abilities to a better position. This man Jim would have to relieve. 'But I don't think he will go away from the place,' remarked Stein. 'That has nothing to do with me. It was only for the sake of the woman that I . . . But as I think there is a daughter left, I shall let him, if he likes to stay, keep the old house.

"Patusan is a remote district of a native-ruled state, and the chief settlement bears the same name. At a point on the river about forty miles from the sea, where the first houses come into view, there can be seen rising above the level of the forests the summits of two steep hills very close together, and separated by what looks like a deep fissure, the cleavage of some mighty stroke. As a matter of fact the valley between is nothing but a narrow ravine; the appearance from the settlement is of one irregularly conical hill split in two, and with the two halves leaning slightly apart. On the third day after the full, the moon, as seen from the open space in front of Jim's house (he had a very fine house in the native style when I visited him), rose exactly behind these hills, its diffused light at first throwing the two masses into intensely black re-

lief, and then the nearly perfect disc, glowing ruddily, appeared, gliding upwards between the sides of the chasm, till it floated away above the summits, as if escaping from a yawning grave in gentle triumph. 'Wonderful effect,' said Jim by my side. 'Worth seeing. Is it not?'

"And this question was put with a note of personal pride that made me smile, as though he had had a hand in regulating that unique spectacle. He had regulated so many things in Patusan! Things that would have appeared as much beyond his control as the motions of the moon and the stars.

"It was inconceivable. That was the distinctive quality of the part into which Stein and I had tumbled him unwittingly, with no other notion than to get him out of the way; out of his own way, be it understood. That was our main purpose, though, I own, I might have had another motive which had influenced me a little. I was about to go home for a time; and it may be I desired, more than I was aware of myself, to dispose of him—to dispose of him, you understand—before I left. I was going home, and he had come to me from there, with his miserable trouble and his shadowy claim, like a man panting under a burden in a mist. I cannot say I had ever seen him distinctly—not even to this day, after I had my last view of him; but it seemed to me that the less I understood the more I was

bound to him in the name of that doubt which is the inseparable part of our knowledge. I did not know so much more about myself. And then, I repeat, I was going home—to that home distant enough for all its hearthstones to be like one hearthstone, by which the humblest of us has the right to sit. We wander in our thousands over the face of the earth, the illustrious and the obscure, earning beyond the seas our fame, our money, or only a crust of bread; but it seems to me that for each of us going home must be like going to render an account. We return to face our superiors, our kindred, our friends—those whom we obey, and those whom we love; but even they who have neither, the most free, lonely, irresponsible and bereft of ties,—even those for whom home holds no dear face, no familiar voice,—even they have to meet the spirit that dwells within the land, under its sky, in its air, in its valleys, and on its rises, in its fields, in its waters and its trees—a mute friend, judge, and inspirer. Say what you like, to get its joy, to breathe its peace, to face its truth, one must return with a clear conscience. All this may seem to you sheer sentimentalism; and indeed very few of us have the will or the capacity to look consciously under the surface of familiar emotions. There are the girls we love, the men we look up to, the tenderness, the friendships, the opportunities, the pleasures! But the fact remains that you must

touch your reward with clean hands, lest it turn to dead leaves, to thorns, in your grasp. I think it is the lonely, without a fireside or an affection they may call their own, those who return not to a dwelling but to the land itself, to meet its disembodied, eternal, and unchangeable spirit—it is those who understand best its severity, its saving power, the grace of its secular right to our fidelity, to our obedience. Yes! few of us understand, but we all feel it though, and I say *all* without exception, because those who do not feel do not count. Each blade of grass has its spot on earth whence it draws its life, its strength; and so is man rooted to the earth from which he draws his faith together with his life. I don't know how much Jim understood; but I know he felt, he felt confusedly but powerfully, the demand of some such truth or some such illusion—I don't care how you call it, there is so little difference, and the difference means so little. The thing is that in virtue of his feeling he mattered. He would never go home now. Not he. Never. Had he been capable of picturesque manifestations he would have shuddered at the thought and made you shudder too. But he was not of that sort, though he was expressive enough in his way. Before the idea of going home he would grow desperately stiff and immovable, with lowered chin and pouted lips, and with those candid blue eyes of his glowering darkly under a frown, as if

before something unbearable, as if before something revolting. There was imagination in that hard skull of his, over which the thick clustering hair fitted like a cap. As to me, I have no imagination (I would be more certain about him to-day, if I had), and I do not mean to imply that I figured to myself the spirit of the land uprising above the white cliffs of Dover, to ask me what I—returning with no bones broken, so to speak—had done with my very young brother. I could not make such a mistake; I knew very well he was of those about whom there is no inquiry; I had seen better men go out, disappear, vanish utterly, without provoking a sound of curiosity or sorrow. The spirit of the land, as becomes the ruler of great enterprises, is careless of innumerable lives. Woe to the stragglers! We exist only in so far as we hang together. He had straggled in a way; he had not hung on; but he was aware of it with an intensity that made him touching, just as a man's more intense life makes his death more touching than the death of a tree. I happened to be handy, and I happened to be touched. That's all there is to it. I was concerned as to the way he would go out. It would have hurt me if, for instance, he had taken to drink. The earth is so small that I was afraid of, some day, being waylaid by a bleary-eyed, swollen-faced, besmirched loafer, with no soles to his canvas shoes, and with a flutter of rags about the elbows, who, on the strength of old acquaint-

ance, would ask for a loan of five dollars. You know the awful jaunty bearing of these scarecrows coming to you from a decent past, the rasping careless voice, the half-averted impudent glances—those meetings more trying to a man who believes in the solidarity of our lives than the sight of an impenitent death-bed to a priest. That, to tell you the truth, was the only danger I could see for him and for me; but I also mistrusted my want of imagination. It might even come to something worse, in some way it was beyond my powers of fancy to foresee. He wouldn't let me forget how imaginative he was, and your imaginative people swing farther in any direction, as if given a longer scope of cable in the uneasy anchorage of life. They do. They take to drink too. It may be I was belittling him by such a fear. How could I tell? Even Stein could say no more than that he was romantic. I only knew he was one of us. And what business had he to be romantic? I am telling you so much about my own instinctive feelings and bemused reflections because there remains so little to be told of him. He existed for me, and after all it is only through me that he exists for you. I've led him out by the hand; I have paraded him before you. Were my commonplace fears unjust? I won't say—not even now. You may be able to tell better, since the proverb has it that the onlookers see most of the game. At any rate, they were superfluous. He did not go

out, not at all; on the contrary, he came on wonderfully, came on straight as a die and in excellent form, which showed that he could stay as well as spurt. I ought to be delighted, for it is a victory in which I had taken my part; but I am not so pleased as I would have expected to be. I ask myself whether his rush had really carried him out of that mist in which he loomed interesting if not very big, with indecisive outlines—a straggler yearning inconsolably for his humble place in the ranks. And besides, the last word is not said,—probably shall never be said. Are not our lives too short for the full utterance which through all our stammerings is of course our only and abiding intention? I have given up expecting those last words, whose ring, if they could only be pronounced, would shake both heaven and earth. There is never time to say our last word—the last word of our love, of our desire, faith, remorse, submission, revolt. The heaven and the earth must not be shaken, I suppose—at least, not by us who know so many truths about either. My last words about Jim shall be few. I affirm he had achieved greatness; but the thing would be dwarfed in the telling, or rather in the hearing. Frankly, it is not my words that I mistrust but your minds. I could be eloquent were I not afraid you fellows had starved your imaginations to feed your bodies. I do not mean to be offensive; it is respectable to have no illusions—and safe—and profi-

table—and dull. Yet you too in your time must have known the intensity of life, that light of glamour created in the shock

of trifles, as amazing as the glow of sparks struck from a cold stone—and as short-lived, alas !”

CHAPTER XXII.

“The conquest of love, honour, men’s confidence—the pride of it, the power it gives, are fit materials for a heroic tale; only our minds are struck by the externals of such a success, and to Jim’s successes there were no externals. Thirty miles of forest shut it off from the sight of an indifferent world, and the noise of the white surf along the coast overpowered the voice of fame. The stream of civilisation, as if divided on a headland a hundred miles north of Patusan, branches east and south-east, leaving its plains and valleys, its old trees and its old mankind, neglected and isolated, such as an insignificant and crumbling islet between the two branches of a mighty, devouring stream. You find the name of the country pretty often in collections of old voyages. The seventeenth - century traders went there for pepper, because the passion for pepper seemed to burn like a flame of love in the breast of Dutch and English adventurers about the time of James I. Where wouldn’t they go for pepper! For a bag of pepper they would cut each other’s throats without hesitation, and would forswear their souls, of which they were so careful otherwise: the bizarre obstinacy of that desire made them defy death in a thousand

shapes; the unknown seas, the loathsome and strange diseases; wounds, captivity, hunger, pestilence, and despair. It made them great! By heavens! it made them heroic; and it made them pathetic too in their craving for trade with the inflexible death levying its toll on young and old. It seems impossible to believe that mere greed could hold men to such a steadfastness of purpose, to such a blind persistence in endeavour and sacrifice. And indeed those who adventured their persons and lives risked all they had for a slender reward. They left their bones to lie bleaching on distant shores, so that wealth might flow to the living at home. To us, their less tried successors, they appear magnified, not agents of trade but instruments of a recorded destiny, pushing out into the unknown in obedience to an inward voice, to an impulse beating in the blood, to a dream of the future. They were wonderful; and it must be owned they were ready for the wonderful. They recorded it complacently in their sufferings, in the aspect of the seas, in the customs of strange nations, in the glory of splendid rulers.

“In Patusan they had found lots of pepper, and had been impressed by the magnificence and the wisdom of the Sultan; but somehow, after a century of

checkered intercourse, the country seems to drop gradually out of the trade. Perhaps the pepper had given out. Be it as it may, nobody cares for it now; the glory has departed, the Sultan is an imbecile youth with two thumbs on his left hand and an uncertain and beggarly revenue extorted from a miserable population and stolen from him by his many uncles.

"This of course I have from Stein. He gave me their names and a short sketch of life and character of each. He was as full of information about native States as an official report, but infinitely more amusing. He *had* to know. He traded in so many, and in some districts—as in Patusan, for instance—his firm was the only one to have an agency by special permit from the Dutch authorities. The Government trusted his discretion, and it was understood that he took all the risks. The men he employed understood that too, but he made it worth their while apparently. He was perfectly frank with me over the breakfast-table in the morning. As far as he was aware (the last news were thirteen months old he stated precisely), utter insecurity for life and property was the normal condition. There were in Patusan antagonistic forces, and one of them was Rajah Allang, the worst of the Sultan's uncles, the governor of the river, who did the extorting and stealing, and ground down to the point of extinction the country-born Malays, who,

utterly defenceless, had not even the resource of emigrating,—‘for indeed,’ as Stein remarked, ‘where could they go, and how could they get away?’ No doubt they did not even desire to get away. The world (which is circumscribed by lofty impassable mountains) has been given into the hand of the high-born, and *this* Rajah they knew: he was of their own royal house. I had the pleasure of meeting the gentleman later on. He was a dirty, little, used-up old man with evil eyes and a weak mouth, who swallowed an opium pill every two hours, and in defiance of common decency wore his hair uncovered and falling in wild stringy locks about his wizened grimy face. When giving audience he would clamber upon a sort of narrow stage erected in a hall like a ruinous barn with a rotten bamboo floor, through the cracks of which you could see twelve or fifteen feet below the heaps of refuse and garbage of all kinds lying under the house. That is where and how he received us when, accompanied by Jim, I paid him a visit of ceremony. There were about forty people in the room, and perhaps three times as many in the great courtyard below. There was constant movement, coming and going, pushing and murmuring, at our backs. A few youths in gay silks glared from the distance; the majority, slaves and humble dependants, were half naked, in ragged sarongs, dirty with ashes and mud-stains. I had never seen Jim look so grave, so self-possessed, in an impenetrable, impressive way.

In the midst of these dark-faced men, his stalwart figure in white apparel, the gleaming clusters of his fair hair, seemed to catch all the sunshine that trickled through the cracks in the closed shutters of that dim hall, with its walls of mats and a roof of thatch. He appeared like a creature not only of another kind but of another essence. Had they not seen him come up in a canoe they might have thought he had descended upon them from the clouds. He did, however, come in a crazy dug-out, sitting (very still and with his knees together, for fear of overturning the thing)—sitting on a tin box—which I had lent him—nursing on his lap a revolver of the navy pattern—presented by me on parting—which, through an interposition of Providence, or through some wrong-headed notion, that was just like him, or else from sheer instinctive sagacity, he had decided to carry unloaded. That's how he ascended the Patusan river. Nothing could have been more prosaic and more unsafe, more extravagantly casual, more lonely. Strange, this fatality that would cast the complexion of a flight upon all his acts, of impulsive unreflecting desertion—of a jump into the unknown.

"It is precisely the casualness of it that strikes me most. Neither Stein nor I had a clear conception of what might be on the other side when we, metaphorically speaking, took him up and hove him over the wall with scant ceremony. At the moment I merely wished

to achieve his disappearance; Stein characteristically enough had a sentimental motive. He had a notion of paying off (in kind, I suppose) the old debt he had never forgotten. Indeed he had been all his life especially friendly to anybody from the British Isles. His late benefactor, it is true, was a Scot—even to the length of being called Alexander M'Neil—and Jim came from a long way south of the Tweed; but at the distance of six or seven thousand miles Great Britain, though never diminished, looks foreshortened enough even to its own children to rob such details of their importance. Stein was excusable, and his hinted intentions were so generous that I begged him most earnestly to keep them secret for a time. I felt that no consideration of personal advantage should be allowed to influence Jim; that not even the risk of such influence should be run. We had to deal with another sort of reality. He wanted a refuge, and a refuge at the cost of danger should be offered him—nothing more.

"Upon every other point I was perfectly frank with him, and I even (as I believed at the time) exaggerated the danger of the undertaking. As a matter of fact I did not do it justice; his first day in Patusan was nearly his last—would have been his last if he had not been so reckless or so hard on himself and had condescended to load that revolver. I remember, as I unfolded our precious scheme for his retreat, how his stubborn but weary

resignation was gradually replaced by surprise, interest, wonder, and by boyish eagerness. This was a chance he had been dreaming of. He couldn't think how he merited that I . . . He would be shot if he could see to what he owed . . . And it was Stein, Stein the merchant, who . . . but of course it was me he had to . . ." I cut him short. He was not articulate, and his gratitude caused me inexplicable pain. I told him that if he owed this chance to any one especially, it was to an old Scot of whom he had never heard, who had died many years ago, of whom little was remembered besides a roaring voice and a rough sort of honesty. There was really no one to receive his thanks. Stein was passing on to a young man the help he had received in his own young days, and I had done no more than to mention his name. Upon this he coloured, and, twisting a bit of paper in his fingers, he remarked bashfully that I had always trusted him.

"I admitted that such was the case, and added after a pause that I wished he had been able to follow my example. 'You think I don't?' he asked uneasily, and remarked in a mutter that one had to get some sort of show first; then brightening up, and in a loud voice he protested he would give me no occasion to regret my confidence, which— which . . .

"'Do not misapprehend,' I interrupted. 'It is not in your power to make me regret any-

thing.' There would be no regrets; but if there were, it would be altogether my own affair: on the other hand, I wished him to understand clearly that this arrangement, this—this—experiment, was his own doing; he was responsible for it and no one else. 'Why? Why!' he stammered, 'this is the very thing that I' . . . I begged him not to be dense, and he looked more puzzled than ever. He was in a fair way to make life intolerable to himself. . . . 'Do you think so?' he asked disturbed; but in a moment added confidently, 'I was going on though. Was I not?' It was impossible to be angry with him: I could not help a smile, and told him that in the old days people who went on like this were on the way of becoming hermits in a wilderness. 'Hermits be hanged!' he commented with engaging impulsiveness. Of course he didn't mind a wilderness. . . . 'I was glad of it,' I said. That was where he would be going to. He would find it lively enough, I ventured to promise. 'Yes, yes,' he said keenly. He had shown a desire, I continued inflexibly, to go out and shut the door after him. . . . 'Did I?' he interrupted in a strange access of gloom that seemed to envelop him from head to foot like the shadow of a passing cloud. He was wonderfully expressive after all. Wonderfully! 'Did I?' he repeated bitterly. 'You can't say I made much noise about it. And I can keep it up too—only, confound it! you show

me a door.' . . . 'Very well. Pass on,' I struck in. I could make him a solemn promise that it would be shut behind him with a vengeance. His fate, whatever it was, would be ignored, because the country, for all its rotten state, was not judged ripe for interference. Once he got in, it would be for the outside world as though he had never existed. He would have nothing but the soles of his two feet to stand upon, and

he would have first to find his ground at that. 'Never existed—that's it, by Jove,' he murmured to himself. His eyes, fastened upon my lips, sparkled. If he had thoroughly understood the conditions, I concluded, he had better jump into the first gharry he could see and drive on to Stein's house for his final instructions. He flung out of the room before I had fairly finished speaking."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"He did not return till next morning. He had been kept to dinner and for the night. There never had been such a wonderful man as Mr Stein. He had in his pocket a letter for Cornelius ('the Johnnie who's going to get the sack,' he explained with a momentary drop in his elation), and he exhibited with glee a silver ring, such as natives use, worn down very thin and showing faint traces of chasing.

"This was his introduction to an old chap called Doramin—one of the principal men out there—a big pot—who had been Mr Stein's friend in that country where he had all these adventures. Mr Stein called him 'war-comrade.' War-comrade was good. Wasn't it? And didn't Mr Stein speak English wonderfully well? Said he had learned it in Celebes—of all places! That was awfully funny. Was it not? He did speak with an accent—a twang—did I notice? That chap Doramin had given him the

ring. They had exchanged presents when they parted for the last time. Sort of promising eternal friendship. He called it fine—did I not? They had to make a dash for dear life out of the country when that Mohammed—Mohammed—What's-his-name had been killed. I knew the story, of course. Seemed a beastly shame, didn't it? . . .

"He ran on like this, forgetting his plate, with a knife and fork in hand (he had found me at tiffin), slightly flushed, and with his eyes darkened many shades, which was with him a sign of excitement. The ring was a sort of credential. ('It's like something you read of in books,' he threw in appreciatively), and Doramin would do his best for him. Mr Stein had been the means of saving that chap's life on some occasion; purely by accident, Mr Stein had said, but he—Jim—had his own opinion about that. Mr Stein was just the man to look out for such accidents. No

matter. Accident or purpose, this would serve his turn immensely. Hoped to goodness the jolly old beggar had not gone off the hooks meantime. Mr Stein could not tell. There had been no news for more than a year ; they were kicking up no end of an all-fired row amongst themselves, and the river was closed. Jolly awkward, this ; but, no fear ; he would manage to find a crack to get in.

“He impressed, almost frightened, me with his elated rattle. He was voluble like a youngster on the eve of a long holiday with a prospect of delightful scrapes, and such an attitude of mind in a grown man and in this connection had in it something phenomenal, a little mad, dangerous, unsafe. I was on the point of entreating him to take things seriously when he dropped his knife and fork (he had begun eating, or rather swallowing food, as it were, unconsciously), and began a search all round his plate. The ring ! The ring ! Where the devil . . . Ah ! Here it was . . . He closed his big hand on it, and tried all his pockets one after another. Jove ! wouldn’t do to lose the thing. He meditated gravely over his fist. Had it ? Would hang the bally affair round his neck ! And he proceeded to do this, immediately producing a string (which looked like a bit of a cotton shoe-lace) for the purpose. There ! That would do the trick ! It would be the deuce if . . . He seemed to catch sight of my face for the first time, and it steadied him a little. I probably didn’t realise,

he said with a naïve gravity, how much importance he attached to that token. It meant a friend ; and it is a good thing to have a friend. He knew something about that. He nodded at me expressively, but before my disclaiming gesture he leaned his head on his hand and for a while sat silent, playing thoughtfully with the bread-crumbs on the cloth . . . ‘Slam the door—that was jolly well put,’ he cried, and jumping up, began to pace the room, reminding me by the set of the shoulders, the turn of his head, the headlong and uneven stride, of that night when he had paced thus, confessing, explaining—what you will—but, in the last instance, living—living before me, under his own little cloud, with all his unconscious subtlety which could draw consolation from the very source of sorrow. It was the same mood, the same and different, like a fickle companion that to-day guiding you on the true path, with the same eyes, the same step, the same impulse, to-morrow will lead you hopelessly astray. His tread was assured, his straying, darkened eyes seemed to search the room for something. One of his footfalls somehow sounded louder than the other—the fault of his boots probably—and gave a curious impression of an invisible halt in his gait. One of his hands was rammed deep into his trousers’ pocket, the other waved suddenly above his head. ‘Slam the door !’ he shouted. ‘I’ve been waiting for that. I’ll show yet . . . I’ll . . . I’m ready for any confounded

thing . . . I've been dreaming of it . . . Jove! Get out of this. Jove! This is luck at last . . . You wait. I'll . . .'

"He tossed his head fearlessly, and I confess that for the first and last time in our acquaintance I perceived myself unexpectedly to be thoroughly sick of him. Why these vapourings? He was stumping about the room flourishing his arm absurdly, and now and then feeling on his breast for the ring under his clothes. Where was the sense of such exaltation in a man appointed to be a trading-clerk, and in a place where there was no trade—at that? Why hurl defiance at the universe? This was not a proper frame of mind to approach any undertaking; an improper frame of mind not only for him, I said, but for any man. He stood still over me. Did I think so? he asked, by no means subdued, and with a smile in which I seemed to detect suddenly something insolent. But then I am twenty years his senior. Youth is insolent; it is its right—its necessity. It has got to assert itself, and all assertion in this world of doubts is a defiance, is an insolence. He went off into a far corner, and coming back, he, figuratively speaking, turned to rend me. I spoke like that because I—even I, who had been no end kind to him—even I remembered—remembered—against him—what—what had happened. And what about others—the—the—world. Where's the wonder he wanted to get out, meant to get out, meant to stay out—by heavens!

And I talked about proper frames of mind!

"'It is not I or the world who remember,' I shouted. 'It is you—you, who remember.'

"He did not flinch, and went on with heat, 'Forget everything, everybody, everybody.' . . . His voice fell . . . 'But you,' he added.

"'Yes—me too—if it would help,' I said, also in a low tone. After this we remained silent and languid for a time as if exhausted. Then he began again, composedly, and told me that Mr Stein had instructed him to wait for a month or so, to see whether it was possible for him to remain, before he began building a new house for himself, so as to avoid 'vain expense.' He did make use of funny expressions—Stein did. 'Vain expense' was good. . . . Remain? Why! of course. He would hang on. Let him only get in—that's all; he would answer for it he would remain. Never get out. It was easy enough to remain.

"'Don't be foolhardy,' I said, rendered uneasy by his threatening tone. 'If you only live long enough you will want to come back.'

"'Come back to what?' he asked absently, with his eyes fixed upon the face of a clock on the wall.

"I was silent for a while. 'Is it to be never then?' I said. 'Never,' he repeated dreamily without looking at me, and then flew into sudden activity. 'Jove! Two o'clock, and I sail at four?'

"It was true. A brigantine of Stein's was leaving for the

westward that afternoon, and he had been instructed to take his passage in her, only no orders to delay the sailing had been given. I suppose Stein forgot. He made a rush to get his things while I went aboard my ship, where he promised to call on his way to the outer roadstead. He turned up accordingly in a great hurry and with a small leather valise in his hand. This wouldn't do, and I offered him an old tin trunk of mine supposed to be water-tight, or at least damp-tight. He effected the transfer by the simple process of shooting out the contents of his valise as you would empty a sack of wheat. I saw three books in the tumble; two small, in dark covers, and a thick green-and-gold volume — a half-crown complete Shakespeare. 'You read this?' I asked. 'Yes. Best thing to cheer up a fellow,' he said hastily. I was struck by this appreciation, but there was no time for Shakespearian talk. A heavy revolver and two small boxes of cartridges were lying on the cuddy-table. 'Pray take this,' I said. 'It may help you to remain.' No sooner were these words out of my mouth than I perceived what grim meaning they could bear. 'May help you to get in,' I corrected myself remorsefully. He however was not troubled by obscure meanings; he thanked me effusively and bolted out, calling Good-bye over his shoulder. I heard his voice through the ship's side urging his boatmen to give way, and looking out of the stern-port I saw the boat rounding

under the counter. He sat in her leaning forward, exciting his men with voice and gestures; and as he had kept the revolver in his hand and seemed to be presenting it at their heads, I shall never forget the scared faces of the four Javanese, and the frantic swing of their stroke which snatched that vision from under my eyes. Then turning away, the first thing I saw were the two boxes of cartridges on the cuddy-table. He had forgotten to take them.

"I ordered my gig at once; but Jim's rowers, under the impression that their lives hung on a thread while they had that madman in the boat, made such excellent time that before I had traversed half the distance between the two vessels I caught sight of him clambering over the rail, and of his box being passed up. All the brigantine's canvas was loose, her mainsail was set, and the windlass was just beginning to clink as I stepped upon her deck: her master, a dapper little half-caste of forty or so, in a blue flannel suit, with lively eyes, his round face the colour of lemon-peel, and with a thin little black moustache drooping on each side of his thick, dark lips, came forward smirking. He turned out, notwithstanding his self-satisfied and cheery exterior, to be of a careworn temperament. In answer to a remark of mine (while Jim had gone below for a moment) he said, 'Oh yes. Patusan.' He was going to carry the gentleman to the mouth of the river, but would 'never ascend.' His

flowing English seemed to be derived from a dictionary compiled by a lunatic. Had Mr Stein desired him to 'ascend,' he would have 'reverentially'—(I think he wanted to say respectfully—but devil only knows)—'reverentially made objects for the safety of properties.' If disregarded, he would have presented 'resignation to quit.' Twelve months ago he had made his last voyage there, and though Mr Cornelius 'propitiated many offertories' to Mr Rajah Allang and the 'principal populations,' on conditions which made that trade 'nothing but a snare and ashes in the mouth,' yet his ship had been fired upon from the woods by 'irresponsive parties' all the way down the river; which causing his crew 'from exposure to limb to remain silent in hidings,' the brigantine was nearly stranded on a sandbank at the bar, where she 'would have been perishable beyond the act of man.' The angry disgust at the recollection, the pride of his fluency, to which he turned an attentive ear, struggled for the possession of his broad simple face. He scowled and beamed at me, and watched with satisfaction the undeniable effect of his phraseology. Dark frowns ran swiftly over the placid sea, and the brigantine, with her fore-topsail to the mast and her main-boom amidships, seemed bewildered amongst the cat's-paws. He told me further, gnashing his teeth, that the Rajah was a 'laughable hyæna' (can't imagine how he got hold of

hyænas); while somebody else was many times falser than the 'weapons of a crocodile.' Keeping one eye on the movements of his crew forward, he let loose his volubility—comparing the place to a 'cage of beasts made ravenous by long impenitence.' I fancy he meant impunity. He had no intention, he cried, to 'exhibit himself to be made attached purposefully to robbery.' The long-drawn wails, giving the time for the pull of the men catting the anchor, came to an end, and he lowered his voice. 'Plenty too much enough of Patusan,' he concluded, with energy.

"I heard afterwards he had been so indiscreet as to get himself tied up by the neck with a rattan halter to a post planted in the middle of a mud-hole before the Rajah's house. He spent the best part of a day and a whole night in that unwholesome situation, but there is every reason to believe the thing had been meant as a sort of joke. He brooded for a while over that horrid memory, I suppose, and then addressed in a quarrelsome tone the man coming aft to the helm. When he turned to me again it was to speak judicially, without passion. He would take the gentleman to the mouth of the river at Batu Kring (Patusan town 'being situated internally,' he remarked, 'thirty miles'). But in his eyes, he continued—a tone of bored, weary conviction replacing his previous voluble delivery—the gentleman was already 'in the similitude of a corpse.' 'What? What

do you say?' I asked. He assumed a startlingly ferocious demeanour, and imitated to perfection the act of stabbing from behind. 'Already like the body of one deported,' he explained, with the insufferably conceited air of his kind after what they imagine a display of cleverness. Behind him I perceived Jim smiling silently at me, and with a raised hand checking the exclamation on my lips.

"Then, while the half-caste, bursting with importance, shouted his orders, while the yards swung creaking and the heavy boom came surging over, Jim and I, alone as it were, to leeward of the mainsail, clasped each other's hands and exchanged the last hurried words. My heart was freed from that dull resentment which had existed side by side with interest in his fate. The absurd chatter of the half-caste had given more reality to the miserable dangers of his path than Stein's careful statements. On that occasion the sort of formality that had been always present in our intercourse vanished from our speech and acts. During that hurried leave-taking I believe I called him 'dear boy,' and he tacked on the words 'old man' to some half-uttered expression of gratitude, as though his risk set off against my years had made us more equal in age and in feeling. There was a moment of real and profound intimacy, unexpected and short-lived like a glimpse of some everlasting, of some saving truth. He exerted himself to

soothe me as though he had been the more mature of the two. 'All right, all right,' he said rapidly and with feeling. 'I promise to take care of myself. Yes; I won't take any risks. Not a single blessed risk. Of course not. I mean to hang out. Don't you worry; Jove! I feel as if nothing could touch me. Why! this is luck from the word Go. I wouldn't spoil such a magnificent chance!'

. . . A magnificent chance! Well, it *was* magnificent, but chances are what men make them, and how was I to know. As he had said, even I—even I remembered—his—his misfortune against him. It was true. And the best thing for him was to go.

"My gig had dropped in the wake of the brigantine, and I saw him aft detached upon the light of the westering sun, raising his cap high above his head. I heard an indistinct shout, 'You—shall—hear—of—me.' Of me, or from me, I don't know which. I think it must have been of me. My eyes were too dazzled by the glitter of the sea below his feet to see him clearly; I am fated never to see him clearly; but I can assure you no man could have appeared less 'in the similitude of a corpse,' as that half-caste croaker had put it. I could see the little wretch's face, the shape and colour of a ripe pumpkin, poked out somewhere under Jim's elbow. He too raised his arm as if for a downward thrust. *Absit omen!*"

THE DEPARTURE OF A 2ND LIEUTENANT FOR THE FRONT.

BY HIS SISTER.

HE is rather a nice boy, his hair curls, his eyes are blue, and his face twinkles all over when he laughs. For the rest, he was eighteen, and his commission not a month old. Tony had begun to think the War Office had forgotten his important existence—but one day came the long envelope, and Tony thought it was “rather fun,” for he was ordered to join at the front. Then came two days’ packing and weighing and struggling to make everything a boy could possibly want (from tins of soup to a Sam Browne belt) fit into one valise and a mysterious-looking bundle known as a kit-bag.

“What did you say was the maximum weight, Tony?”

“Forty-five cubic feet. No; bother it! that’s wrong.” And then a wild search for the Queen’s Regulations!

John, the carpenter, thought cubic feet had something to do with measuring timber. Mother didn’t know, but she found out, which was more than any one else did!

At last it was done, and Tony was called away to hand bread-and-butter to the school children and to shake hands with the old women of the village, who were wishful to say Good-bye to him. Tony stood up by Mother, very red in the face and ill at ease—while the old ladies went by in procession. “Well, indeed, and

to think of him going to be shot at,” said one. And, “Will you ever come back?” said a second; while a third contented herself with clasping his hand in both of hers—for a space which seemed an eternity to Tony.

There was a great gathering of the clan that evening, aunts and cousins—and every one who looked at the boy remarked on the trying weather, and how apt one was to catch cold.

Being the two eldest, Jim and I were to go to Liverpool with Mother to see him off. At the last moment Aunt Elisabeth said she must come too. She is very small, but very obstinate, so it was useless to argue. She has a dreamy way of looking as if she were saying her prayers, when any one tries to dissuade her from doing as she pleases.

The rush for an early train in the half-light of a winter’s morning, the hurried breakfast, the box which is never ready (pack as you will overnight), how familiar they are! All the shadowy figures gathered at the door seemed unreal and misty, though the handshakes were real enough. Tony’s young brother, home from Eton, laughed till it hurt, for just as the carriage was rolling away, the coachman’s son put his head in at the window and delivered a veritable oration about “Honour and Glory, Queen and Country,” in answer

to which Tony could only stammer that "It was all right"—not a very suitable reply. "And the best of it is," said the boy from Eton, "he'll have to invent an answer for the benefit of his friends, for he wouldn't like to tell them you said nothing at all!"

It was a long journey, and Mother held Tony's hand all the way, while Aunt Elisabeth told us stories, to which Mother certainly did not listen. When we changed at the junction, we nearly left the sword behind. An old gentleman ran after me—"Some of your family's luggage, Miss, I think."

At last!—a long last!—the train ran into that city of grey roofs and grey river, where the great timber-yards lie along the wharves, and it seems folly to look for any one boat among such a forest of masts and funnels.

In all that dingy greyness, the white head of the general, of V.C. fame, who stood on the platform to greet us, caught the eye, like a late drift of snow on the rocks. He who had been through the Mutiny days and many a hard-fought campaign had come to bid the lad "God speed." He was very cheery, and told us so many times that Tony was a very lucky boy, that the shades and goblins withdrew into the background, and dinner passed merrily in the large room at the hotel, where many khaki-clad officers were sitting round the little tables.

"They come and they go," said the hall-porter to me, oracularly, "but I ain't seen

one so young as him," pointing to my brother, whose dark uniform only served to make him look still younger.

Aunt Elisabeth sat up half the night, because she said she could not bear to see the boy off in a black bonnet. She was very tired, but nothing would induce her to go to bed till the pink roses were arranged to her satisfaction. "To wear black would be an evil omen," said she, with tell-tale glistening eyes. The wind moaning down the chimneys of the great hotel kept Mother awake, but Tony slept like the child he was.

The morning broke heavy and grey, not a ray of that sunshine which makes it easy to be light-hearted. The transport lay alongside a tin shed, and though she was to leave at two, she looked far from ready. The scene was one of wildest confusion, men running to and fro, workmen hammering, soldiers everywhere, mixed up with horses and gun-carriages, and a red-faced transport officer shouting orders to every one at once. When Tony reported himself, he found time to smile and inquire, "Does Kruger know you are coming?"

We sat in one of the cabins which had been run up on the hurricane-deck, and the minutes simply flew. A bell rang, and some officious man sang out, "All for the shore!" The general, with the habit of a lifetime of discipline, insisted that we must leave at once. Then "Good-bye" again and again, and at length somehow we were over the gangway. Tony came to the side, the ribbons of his

service cap fluttering, and, as people will, we stood and shouted meaningless questions and answers across the intervening space. Mother was in a fever. "He will catch cold—I know he will. Call and tell him to put on his coat."

"He'll be hot enough, ma'am, in six days," said a large and important-looking policeman standing near; "and in six days more he will be hotter than he cares about."

Gradually it dawned upon us that the boat was not leaving at all, nor did she for another hour and twenty minutes, and Tony came and talked to us from the gangway until, indeed, they raised it almost under his feet. There was a huge crowd gathered at the pier-head to see the transport off. This way and that we were pushed and hurried. Inexorable policemen kept moving us from each position we took up, as we struggled to get to a place whence we could see the last of the lad.

"I can't see him! I can't see him!" cried Mother, which was

scarcely surprising, seeing that the tears would gather in the brave eyes.

"Do you mean the boy?" said a man in the crowd with ready sympathy. "He's over there under the bridge."

And so at last the anchor was lifted, and the vessel began to slide by. The crowd in khaki cheered and sang, answered by the crowd on shore. The soldiers were massed on the deck and in the rigging: they might have been schoolboys off for their holiday, so careless did they seem and full of glee. Then passed the knot of officers, and then Tony, the face we knew so well, graver than its wont, in spite of the confident smiling eyes. We could see him for a long while, signalling violently with his handkerchief, messages of comfort surely, though not decipherable by the Morse code,—a little black figure outlined against the evening sky. As the ship swung down the river the freshening breeze caught the blue ensign, and its swelling folds hid him from our straining eyes.

THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

THE life of a sailor appears to have had a special charm for British youths for the last three hundred years or more, and it is no mere figure of speech to say that the present British Empire is founded on this fact. The adventurers of the Elizabethan era started—or at any rate gave the greatest impetus to—this roving exploring spirit. “Westward Ho!” was the cry, and westward they went; and not only westward, but southward and eastward too; ay, and northward toward the Pole,—to look for a short cut to Tom Tiddler’s land, where the sands of the seashore are all of gold, and diamonds and rubies as common as sloes in the Devonshire hedgerows. Some few of these bold spirits made fortunes, or what were called fortunes in those days; but by far the greater number left their bones on the boundary fences of Tom Tiddler’s land, or only returned home to die, broken in health and ruined in fortune, but with spirit unsubdued and faith unshaken, and with sufficient energy to send off sons, nephews, and cousins on the same fascinating quest.

What would England have been now but for this spirit of adventure across the salt seas? Why, just a poor insignificant little island in the North Atlantic; probably by

this time an appendage of France.

Of course our candid friends on the Continent tell us that it was altogether greed, avarice, and a sordid taste for land-grabbing, that sent so many of our young men roaming and roving, seizing and planting, all over the face of the globe. Well, avarice may have had something to do with it, of course. The desire to improve our position in the world by making a little money is most proper and highly commendable in those of our own household, but it is avarice in our neighbours. Laugh those who win! Many other nations would have gone roving and colonising too, if they had had the energy, and the enterprise, and the grit. The charm attached to the life of a sailor—in spite of all its hardships—is the keynote to our present prosperity and greatness.

The latest story of the life of a sailor we have seen is the autobiography of Admiral Sir William Kennedy;¹ a book full of humour, adventure, mirth, fighting, and sport; the story of a sailor’s life told in thoroughly cheery “Jack-my-hearty” style: and if recruiting for candidates for the *Britannia* were dull (which it isn’t just at present), Admiral Kennedy’s book would do more towards making it brisk than scores of hundreds

¹ Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor! Fifty Years in the Royal Navy, by Vice-Admiral Sir William Kennedy, K.C.B. William Blackwood & Sons. 1900.

of circulars setting forth in detail the advantages of life in the Royal Navy. Hardships are made light of; sport and adventures fondly dwelt upon and fully described; and active service — *i.e.*, fighting — presented in its most attractive aspect.

It must be admitted that the opening scene of young Kennedy's life as a naval cadet on board the *Rodney* was not altogether a cheerful one. Cruel and senseless bullying of the newly joined youngsters was common in the navy fifty years ago, and even later; and the present writer can vouch that Admiral Kennedy's description of it is in no way exaggerated, as he (the writer) went through a very similar experience himself, even including the last grand act of retribution, where the chief bully was finally attacked and overpowered by his victims, and soundly thrashed.

"The proceedings" (*i.e.*, the bullying proceedings) "were usually brought to a conclusion by prayer! Divested of our coats and shoes, we were made to kneel on the lockers round the stern-ports, which were closed at that time, and at a given signal—a blow on the back with a hammer—we all commenced praying in a loud voice, our prayers being brought to an abrupt conclusion by a blow on the feet from the hammer. These prayers were all directed to the same end—*viz.*, that our persecutors might pass their examinations with credit, and rise to the highest ranks in the service! But as our petitions were not expressed in the same form, the babel of tongues can be more easily imagined than described: nor were they very successful, as having on one occasion prayed for the best part of the evening for two of this precious gang, who were going up for their examinations on the following

day, and were both, unfortunately for us, rejected, the result was we were flogged all round."

After this first initiation into the mysteries of a sea-life, Kennedy's experiences of the life of a sailor seem to have been almost entirely happy. Though not free from what would nowadays be considered hardships, he soon saw active service—first in the Crimea, where he served in the trenches before Sebastopol with the naval brigade; and soon afterwards in China during the operations in the Canton river, where he was in charge of a boat, and came in for a good share of fighting.

Young Kennedy first "smelt powder" on the 17th October 1854 at the bombardment of Sebastopol. He was still on board the *Rodney*, a sailing two-decker without even auxiliary steam-power, so that she was towed into action by the *Spiteful*, a paddle-wheel six-gun steamer. "Towed" is not quite the right expression, as our sailing line-of-battle-ships were made mobile (independent of the wind) by having a paddle-wheel steamer lashed alongside on the disengaged side, so that the steamer was more or less protected by having a two- or a three-decker between her and the forts. Yet in spite of this, one of the steamers (the *Retribution*) had her mainmast shot away, although she was on the offside of the *Trafalgar*, a three-decker; and the *Spiteful* lost her maintopmast.

The *Rodney* got aground under the fire of the forts, and was for some time in a very

critical position. She went to the rescue of the *Agamemnon*, Sir Edmund Lyon's flagship, in response to a message from that admiral to say that he was getting much knocked about and wanted support; so the *Rodney* came close in to the forts—in fact a little too close—and grounded on a shoal, and it looked at one time as if the ship would have to be abandoned. But the *Lynx*, a screw gun-vessel, came up in the most gallant manner and helped the *Spiteful* to get the *Rodney* afloat again, and so she was saved. Young Kennedy had a good view of the operations, as he was A.D.C. to the commander, and thus was either on the poop or else running messages.

Not long after this Mr Midshipman Kennedy was landed for duty in the trenches with the Naval Brigade, and this is what he says of it:—

"In camp we had plenty to do: there were four of us midships, about sixteen years of age; we had two tents between us, so we paired off. We were never at home together, one being in battery whilst the other busied himself about the tent. First we had to dig it out, which gave us much more room; then we dug a trench round outside to carry off the water. We made lockers and stow-away places, with powder-cases for water, and to keep our little comforts. Beds we had none, so we lay on the ground wrapped in our blankets for the first six weeks, after which we got stretchers, which we raised from the ground, and so by degrees we shook down. It was a stirring life, and no fear of being monotonous; and as to being killed, I don't think we ever gave it a thought after the first day or two. By degrees we added a few luxuries to our stock, and then we each bought

a pony and rode into Balaklava for provisions, &c. We built a capital stable with sand-bags, a kitchen, and a place for fowls."

Hurrah for the life of a sailor! either afloat or ashore. What a lark for a lad of sixteen!

But there was a dark side to the picture too, and many a sad and ghastly sight of death and mutilation; though one of the great charms of Admiral Kennedy's book is found in the cheerful way in which he sees the bright side of everything that has a bright side to it. He is happily devoid of that too common taste for dwelling on gruesome horrors.

His next service—still as a midshipman—was in the *Calcutta*, the flagship on the China station; and with that luck which seems to have followed him all through his career, he just dropped in for the China war, and was employed in the *Calcutta's* boats during all the operations in the Canton river, commencing with the capture of Macao Fort by the gallant Captain Bates, who fell afterwards at the storming of Canton.

We lost a great many men in that China war, not so much from the fire of the enemy as from dysentery and fever: the former was the worst, and was brought on by drinking bad water. There were also a good many deaths from sunstroke or heat apoplexy. In the present day China is one of the healthiest of all the stations that our men-of-war serve upon, as the crews of the ships drink condensed water, and never get any from

the shore ; but in 1857 we were not so far advanced in medical science as we are to-day, and it was really wonderful how any men escaped, living as they did in open boats in the Canton river, and drinking polluted water from the shore. Kennedy's iron constitution, however, pulled him through without any serious illness. He seems from a very early age to have developed an intense love for sport, mainly for shooting, and to have been exceptionally lucky all through his naval service—and in all ranks—in getting to good shooting-places. On the other hand, it is possible that a good deal of this apparent luck was not so much luck as keenness and energy—getting up early and going far afield, when others would have said, "Too much trouble."

One of his earliest shooting expeditions (to which we must refer back) was at Balchic Bay, near Varna, when he was a midshipman in the *Rodney*; and there was certainly some excitement about it, though the nature of the sport was peculiar.

"Our life at this place was somewhat monotonous, varied occasionally with some midshipmen's pranks, which were not always creditable. One day a couple of us landed to practise with a revolver, and we had the misfortune to shoot a horse: the poor animal kicked up his heels and rolled over dead. Some Turks, hearing the shot, at once gave chase; but we were too nimble for them, and escaped to the beach and so on board, where we remained for a week in fear and trembling, but we heard no more about it. Another time we were attacked in a village by three

savage dogs, one of which I killed, while I wounded another; but we had to fly for our lives, and took refuge in a barn, from which we with difficulty escaped. None of these escapades came to the ears of our commander, or we should not have been allowed ashore again."

Two midshipmen landing to "practise with a revolver," and they had the "misfortune to shoot a horse," and "the poor animal kicked up his heels and rolled over dead"!

Kennedy's taste for shooting proved more useful to himself and his comrades in the boat, while he was engaged in operations in the Canton river.

"I was away from the ship three months, living in the open boat, faring like my boat's crew on ship's pork, biscuit, dirty water, and a ration of rum. . . . Having my gun with me, I was able to supplement our diet with an occasional duck or snipe, and now and then a few fowls, which we looted from the villages near the banks of the river."

Better this than shooting horses and dogs on the shores of the Black Sea.

"My kit consisted of a blanket, two flannel shirts—one on and one off—tooth-brush, comb, towel, and soap. For society I had my coxswain and boat's crew, working under a broiling sun by day, with a chance of being blown up at night, or having one's head taken off by a round-shot next morning. But there is a charm in having a command of one's own, be it ever so humble, at eighteen years of age. My coxswain, Jim Parnell, captain of the foretop of the *Calcutta*, was as fine a seaman as ever I came across: being thrown together so much, I got to know his value, and he backed me up on several occasions when I was in a tight place. We were not only shipmates, but messmates; for our stock of crockery—never very great—had

been sadly diminished by a shot which smashed the greater part; and we had but one basin to eat our pea-soup out of, and this was afterwards rinsed out for our grog. Our evenings used to be spent according to fancy—some sleeping, others smoking or joining in a song, whilst I generally played cribbage with the coxswain or the gunner's mate, until the time came for us to take up our station for the night."

Service in the Canton river in an open boat, armed with a 12-pounder brass gun and the muskets of the crew, was full of incidents and exciting adventures during the early part of this China war, and until reinforcements arrived, as our forces were enormously outnumbered by those of the enemy, so that eventually we had to abandon our position off Canton, and fall back down the river to Macao Fort, until reinforcements arrived from England. Kennedy and his boat's crew had some narrow escapes of being captured or destroyed by war-junks; though it is not likely that they would ever have allowed themselves to be captured alive, as they knew well that this would mean horrible torture. However, he did so well in his open boat that the flag-captain soon gave him the command of a small hired paddle-wheel steamer called the *Eaglet*, mounting nine guns,—

"one long 18-pounder on a swivel on the forecastle, and two 9-pounders, four 6-pounders, and two 3-pounders on her broadside; the total weight of her broadside being 42 lb., the swivel firing on either side. Her speed was about 5 knots. However, as a midshipman eighteen years of age, I was as proud of my first command as though she were a frigate!"

Unfortunately for the honour of the British navy, the *Eaglet* never had a chance of engaging the enemy; and shortly afterwards we find young Kennedy employed upon the not-too-cheerful duty of conveying corpses from the hospital ship in Hong-Kong harbour to the shore for burial, the mortality among the ships' companies on the South China station being at this time very great. Even this gruesome work failed to damp his spirits, though he admits that

"this duty was not a pleasant or a very healthy one, and I can't say I hankered after it. One afternoon I had just shoved off from the hospital ship with my ghastly cargo, the boat piled up with coffins, on the top of which I sat smoking a big cheroot (a very necessary precaution), when the doctor hailed me to say that one of the men was a Roman Catholic, but he did not say which; so, taking a piece of chalk, I marked the coffin on which I was sitting with a cross. Arriving at Happy Valley [the burial-ground], we were met by the two parsons—one Church of England, the other Roman Catholic. The man marked with an X was buried in accordance with the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and I apprehended it did not make much difference to the poor fellow mostly concerned."

Space forbids us from indulging in many more quotations, though the temptation to do so is great, as the early part particularly of Admiral Kennedy's life is full of incidents and adventures, the descriptions of which are enough to make "any schoolboy" green with envy and disappointment if he is not allowed to "try for the navy"; and recent events in South Africa, on a large scale, and in many out-of-the-way

holes and corners of the globe on smaller scales, show us that it is not necessary there should be a naval war in order that the officers and men of the Royal Navy may see a little service, and have the chance of adding some fresh laurels to the naval crown.

Kennedy was present and took part in the famous battle of Fatshan Creek; had several exciting brushes with piratical junks, which were at that time as thick as bees in and around the estuary of the Canton river; and then the Calcutta and all the squadron went north to the Gulf of Pechili, so as to get nearer to the heart of the Great Dragon, as it was found to be of very little use treading on his tail, and Kennedy was present and formed one of the storming party at the capture of the Peiho forts.

After an absence of three years and nine months from England, he gets home and passes his examinations for the rank of lieutenant (he already holds the rank of acting lieutenant); and then just as he is congratulating himself on the prospect of enjoying a little leave and having a run on shore, he receives his appointment to the Trafalgar in the Channel Squadron, with peremptory orders to join her immediately. This treatment he bitterly resents, for he had "been only six weeks in England in nine years," and he adds, "It is such treatment as this that disgusts officers with the naval service, and drives many of them out of it."

This is almost the only bitter

or railing remark against his profession which we find in the whole book, and he certainly seems to have had good cause for making it. Had it been war-time it would have been a very different matter; but to send a man "Channel groping"—as he calls it—without any leave, after an absence of three years and nine months, seems to be unnecessarily harsh treatment, almost inhuman. "Channel groping," however, did not suit Kennedy's active tastes, and he soon got himself appointed as first lieutenant to the *Wasp*, a steam sloop of thirteen guns, commissioned for the East Coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave-trade: a very good appointment for a young lieutenant only twenty-two years of age.

The *Wasp* has been a name of evil omen in the British navy: two ships of that name have been lost lately, one with all hands, and the other with great loss of life. Although Kennedy's *Wasp* was not lost, she came near it more than once, and, as he says, "she met with so many mishaps during her short commission of twenty months that it is a wonder she ever reached England again, or that any of us lived to relate our adventures." Perhaps it was Kennedy's lucky star that pulled her through her troubles: and it must be explained for the benefit of our non-naval readers that the first lieutenant has nothing to do with the navigation of the ship, this being entirely in the hands of the captain and the navigating

officer ("master" he was called in those days).

On one of the occasions upon which the *Wasp* was nearly lost, by running on shore in a thick fog,

"the ship was bumping and straining, the masts quivering, and the decks heaving as though she were breaking up. In the midst of all this excitement the doctor's voice could be heard loud above the din, crying out, 'Oh, she's going to the bottom! she's going to the bottom!' Turning to the master, who was alongside me on the bridge, I told him to go and calm the doctor. So, putting his head down the hatchway, he sang out, 'Why, you old fool, she's *on* the bottom!' After this there was silence below."

However, the *Wasp* got off this time, and not long afterwards got ashore again in the Mozambique Channel, badly on shore on a coral-reef, and remained there many days, Kennedy being sent to Zanzibar for assistance. He had to make his way some 300 miles in an open boat dead in the teeth of the north-east monsoon, and a very bad time of it he had. It was probably his worst experience during his whole naval career—he and almost all his boat's crew being struck down with fever; but when he got back to the ship he found her afloat, and not nearly so much damaged as might have been expected.

The *Wasp* next visited Robben Island (the leper island).

"The island swarmed with game, and I had a good time, returning to the ship with a heavy bag of francolin, rabbits, and quail. The doctor in charge was most kind, and put me up in the lunatic asylum. I dined at his table; his servants were all lepers, and his guests lunatics, so we were a

very mixed party. The doctor also provided me with a guide to show me the whereabouts of the game. This individual, by name Dick, was a criminal lunatic, having murdered his father; but he was pronounced to be quite harmless, and he certainly was a most amusing companion: still, I took care not to lend him my gun."

It is impossible in the space at our disposal to touch even upon a tenth part of all the "moving accidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth 'scapes," with which this life of a sailor abounds; so that the book reads more like a romance than the actual experiences of a naval officer during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Yet every adventure and every narrow escape is told so circumstantially, that no shadow of doubt can exist as to the substantial accuracy of the whole narrative; and we can only come to the conclusion that the

"sweet little cherub that sits
up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor
Jack,"

was never off duty and never slept while Kennedy was in want of his protection.

As he got on in the service and rose to ranks wherein he became more his own master, and less dependent on the will or caprice of his senior officers, he still remained true to his first youthful love of sport, and he had naturally more opportunities and more leisure for indulging his taste. It is probable, however, that if he were asked to say what was the best day's sport he ever enjoyed, it would not be one of his great days as an admiral or a captain,

when large bags were made, —either big-game shooting in India with the Rajah of Rewa or small-game shooting elsewhere,—but rather some day when he was shooting for the pot as a hungry midshipman; perhaps in the Canton river amongst the paddy-fields, when he managed to bag a duck or two, and when he knew well that if he failed to kill he would go supperless that night, or only have a munch at whatever salt pork had been left over from dinner.

Much nonsense is written in condemnation of "pot-hunting"; and it may be doubted if any man has ever realised the keenest enjoyment of sport who has not been actually and earnestly pot-hunting, and who has not experienced the peculiar sensation of feeling that if he misses his bird he and his chum will go to bed hungry. The man who simply shoots pheasants which eventually go to the London market can know nothing of the joy of bringing down a fine fat mallard, high over head, under such circumstances, and then perhaps having to strip and swim to retrieve him.

Kennedy seems to have been a true sportsman: he did not refuse to go to battues when invited, but he had no hankering after them. On one occasion, after a big shoot with an Indian rajah, when the total bag came to ten sambur, six pig, one black buck, one ravine deer, one peacock, he says apologetically, "The above may be termed slaughter—I am not defending it, nor do I claim it as

sport: it was battue-shooting made easy, to suit the rajah; but it was a new experience, and excellent practice with the rifle at running animals."

Graphic descriptions of shooting expeditions in every quarter of the globe make Admiral Kennedy's book a literary sportsman's paradise, so that the very large section of the British public known to sailors as "shore-going people" will be apt to run away with the idea that an officer in the Royal Navy has very little to do save to go about the world shooting big game and enjoying himself generally. This, however, would be a great mistake, for there must have been many weary monotonous months in this "life of a sailor" wherein nothing in the shape of sport, not even a rat-hunt, could be found to gratify his taste, and while away the weary hours. The dull times are not recorded—only the sport, the fighting, and the adventures; and these incidents are related in such a natural and easy way, without any attempt at phrase-making or fine writing, and illuminated with such bright and unexpected touches of humour, that the general effect on our minds is one of cheerful satisfaction at the manner, and keen interest in the matter, of the whole narrative.

Sydney Smith, in his famous lecture on wit, laid it down as an axiom that true wit must be something in the nature of a surprise; something unexpected; some sudden discovery of a connection between *ideas* (not between *things*) which was not

before obvious, but which some one in the company suddenly sees and calls attention to, and thus exhibits a flash of genius as a discoverer: in short as a wit. Sydney Smith is no doubt alluding more to spoken wit than to written humour; yet the same rule seems to hold good in both cases. The flash must be unexpected—otherwise it is not wit.

All through Admiral Kennedy's story of his life we come across these sudden and unexpected presentations of ideas which seem to fulfil Sydney Smith's definition of wit. They are spontaneous, and not worked up to: there is nothing of the professional jester about them; and they will not fail to afford amusement and entertainment to all healthy minds. From the recognised and chartered "funny man" may the gods defend us! He is about the most repulsive production of this present "made-to-order" age. But when we happen to come unexpectedly upon little bits of dry humour in a modern autobiography, we should be very ungrateful if we failed to acknowledge them.

The book is well illustrated, most of the illustrations being from original sketches by the author, and these show that, amongst his other accomplishments, Admiral Kennedy is no mean artist.

We cannot close our remarks upon this interesting volume without alluding to the extraordinary ignorance which prevails (or did prevail a few years ago) in some parts of the United Kingdom concern-

ing the navy,—an ignorance not confined to the humble peasant and mechanic, but extending to the class called "educated." We are here told, for example—

"It is easy to understand that the natives of our midland counties, who have never seen the sea nor any craft larger than a barge, should not be able to appreciate the necessity of the navy for this empire; but this ignorance or indifference was not confined to the lower classes, and I have been asked before now, Of what use is the navy? Are we not afraid of pirates? and suchlike, by people who ought to know better. On one occasion an old lady at Inverness station took me for the railway guard, not knowing the naval uniform, and asked me to find her a carriage, which I did. In refusing the customary tip, I told her confidentially that I was not the guard, but that he was a cousin of mine, at which she seemed much pleased. At another place in Scotland I was taken for a Salvation Army captain: I explained that my lecture would come off at 4 p.m., by which time I took care to be in the train."

The suggestion that the necessity for a navy in Great Britain arises from the fear of pirates contains more truth in it than appears at first sight. Not private pirates perhaps, in the usual acceptation of the term, but public ones: national pirates, deeply jealous of our prosperity, and our vast ocean commerce, and only anxiously waiting some favourable opportunity to play the pirate on a large scale, capture many rich prizes, and ruin a hated rival. Between us and this fate stands the navy, and the navy alone: all the land armies that ever marched through Europe could not save us from it. The task

of driving this fact into the heads of the British people has been a most difficult and laborious one. It is not yet completed—far from it; and it was with regret that we heard our trusted and venerable Prime Minister, at a recent meeting of the Primrose League, telling his hearers (and thus the country at large) that they ought not to put all their trust in the navy alone for the defence of the empire: warning them that they should not “put all their eggs into a single basket”—meaning the navy—but form local rifle clubs all over the country, and practise rifle-shooting, for the defence of their homes. He said, “If, when the danger comes, it was possible for the Government of the day to call upon an armed people, upon a people of whom every grown-up man could handle a rifle, I do not think that after the experience we have had in South Africa even the most apprehensive would have any cause to fear the result.” And again, he told the people of Great Britain to place themselves “in the position of an armed nation,—such a nation, for instance, as the Swiss are.”

Strenuously and consistently as ‘Maga’ has always supported the able and far-sighted imperial policy of Lord Salisbury, we feel bound to point out the misleading nature of any effort to establish an analogy between the position of Great Britain on the one side and the South African Republics and Switzerland on the other. Far be it from us to discourage the formation of rifle clubs

and the practice of rifle-shooting amongst the manhood of Great Britain, so long as it is clearly understood that the battles for which this practice is supposed to be a preparation are to be fought on foreign soil and not in England; and so long, also, as the formation of these clubs and the encouragement of this rifle practice are not allowed to produce a feeling of false and unjustifiable security, or any idea that this country can be defended elsewhere than on the ocean. We *must* put all our eggs in one basket, whether we like it or not. There can be no second line of defence for us; for if once the navy is defeated it would avail nothing if a million of the best rifle shots in Europe stood armed upon our shores, with unlimited ammunition at their command, all ready to die at their posts. No foreign soldier need put his foot upon the soil in order to conquer England and destroy the British Empire. Our enemies, if victorious on the sea, would simply have to wait until starvation brought submission to any terms of peace they chose to dictate; and the time would not be long,—perhaps three months, not more.

It is strange, passing strange, that after all the writings of Captain Mahan, Admiral Colomb, Sir George Clarke, and many others, and, last but not least, the famous “memorandum of the three admirals,” we should have to reiterate these facts in the year 1900. We repeat that we see no harm in the establishment of rifle-ranges

and the practice of rifle-shooting all over the country, so long as the people are not taught to put any faith in such things, or to consider them even as a useful supplement to naval defence. They can be nothing of the sort: there can be no supplement to naval defence for Great Britain. Therefore we think that in this popularly governed country, where all money notes are closely criticised, there lies a great danger in using language which may induce the electors to believe that any number of armed men in England and Scotland can save the country if once the navy is defeated; for it is almost certain to cause the diversion of money which ought to be used for providing ships and guns to land defences of some sort, under the idea

that they can help the navy to prevent invasion.

By all means let us shout, "Hurrah for the life of a sailor!" and long may the sentiment last; but let us at the same time bear well in mind the fact that the bravest and most devoted sailors in the world will not be able to win battles unless provided with a sufficiency of the expensive and complicated machinery of modern naval warfare. Obsolete ships with muzzle-loading guns will be quite incapable of coping against more recent productions. The present war has taught us that we require an army, and a powerful and mobile one, for defending the interests of the empire abroad, but not to fight on English soil: the fate of this country will be decided on the ocean.

SHERIDAN AND MR SHAW.

NOWHERE is the authority of tradition more absolute and the acceptance of the new more timid than in the theatre. (On no subject, by the way, is it easier to state a platitude.) It is likely, therefore, that the title of this essay may be regarded as sarcastic, or ironical, or of some other objectionable intention at the expense of Mr Shaw. That is not the case. Seeing "The Rivals" and "You Never can Tell" on consecutive days has suggested certain comparisons. But they are respectful comparisons. It is possible to say a word against the Sheridan tradition, and the least return one can make for the hearty laughter afforded one by Mr Shaw is to take him seriously. The pleasures one had of the two performances were of course different in kind, and an accurate comparison of them, if it could be made, would be rather an interesting study in æsthetics. At the Haymarket there was the pleasure of old memories and associations, of noting differences in acting, of waiting for familiar scenes and phrases; at the other play the pleasure, a little rare in the theatre, of being stimulated by ideas and points of view and social questions which are more particularly of the times in which one lives. As for comic effects, time and frequency had deprived Sheridan's of their force, as was inevitable, while novelty was on the side of Mr Shaw. The subjective pleasures, then,

were different in kind; but reflection disclosed some likeness in the authors. Before coupling them, however, it is convenient to take them apart.

The fact that Sheridan has held the stage, while his far greater predecessor, Congreve, has disappeared from it, is due to an accident of time. Luckily for Sheridan's permanence, he began to write when that wave of squeamishness and reticence in regard to certain things, on which Mr Andrew Lang discoursed the other month in 'Maga,' had fairly washed over England. Mr Lang was unable to explain this sudden phenomenon, and it is useless for me to go about to do so. The fact remains that it happened, and that first novelists and then dramatists had to take account of it. The theatre was less completely submerged at first than the library, but it was half under water very soon. Sheridan was able to put a few unnecessary innuendoes into "The School for Scandal," but he could not leave Sir Peter Teazle the immemorial husband as whose type he must first have conceived him. Tradition dies hard on the stage, as it has been remarked already, and it is notable that Charles Lamb saw "The School for Scandal" played with its sentimentality minimised, and with Joseph, not Charles, for the real hero of the piece: also "Love for Love," Congreve's best acting play, held the stage into this cen-

ture. For all that the stage, it was certain, had to be bowdlerised, and Sheridan, who was lucky in most things, contrived to be born at the right time. If he had written a generation earlier, he would have disappeared with Congreve; if Congreve had lived three generations later, he would have remained with Sheridan, and, if merit counted in these matters (a doubtful hypothesis), would have been revived a great deal more often.

No one who knows them both can doubt that Sheridan helped himself from Congreve with a generous hand. It is probable that he consciously "refined" him: it is certain that he unconsciously vulgarised him. If you will admit for a moment that directness of speech is not necessarily a negation of good breeding,—and surely it is not when it does not offend the person addressed,—you must admit that Congreve's characters have a breeding Sheridan's entirely lack. Compare the "fine gentlemen" of the two — Jack Absolute with Mirabel, for example — or the fantastic gentlemen — Sir Benjamin Backbite with Witwoud. Mrs Malaprop and Lady Wishfort have the same dramatic motive (the bowdlerising allowed for), and both are ridiculous in their dialects, but Lady Wishfort is a gentlewoman and Mrs Malaprop is not. And where in Sheridan is there a "lady of fashion" to be compared with the divine Millamant, or even with Lady Froth? Alas! I fear that to many of my readers Mirabel

and Witwoud and Lady Froth will suggest nothing: but I must go on with the list. Well, in this matter of breeding Sheridan comes off ill. In the more important matter of intellect he comes off worse. Epigrams and witty remarks apart, in which Congreve can beat the whole of Sheridan with one act of "The Way of the World," there is a meaning, a thought, in Congreve's characters and oppositions of characters which Sheridan never approaches. In this respect, at least, Sheridan is by far the coarser of the two. How empty and barren, to take a small instance, is the wit of the impossible servant Fag in "The Rivals," compared with that of the (perhaps also impossible, but far more plausible) servant Jeremy in "Love for Love." The one is funnily fantastic, and that is all: the other bites, and explains (and here is even a theatrical advantage) his master's character and proceedings. Or, to take a greater instance, it is almost brutal to compare Sir Anthony and Jack Absolute with Sir Sampson and Valentine Legend. There is an angry father in both cases, in both a deceitful son. But the scenes Sheridan got out of his pair are merely funny, theatrical explosions of temper: Congreve put into his all the philosophy of the parental relation, and that without a moment of dulness. It follows from this latter difference that if we are to define comedy and farce—a useless proceeding, it may be—Congreve's plays are more genuine comedies than Sher-

idan's. Sheridan had an eye for fantastic accessories and little more in his plays: Congreve was concerned, not primarily perhaps, but because he could not help using his intellect and his knowledge of life, with essentials of character and human relations. Yet he does not lose in gaiety, because his attitude to these essentials and to all human affairs is sceptical, light, and gay: whereas when Sheridan *does* touch on some matter not quite superficial, such as the comparative merits of Charles and Joseph, he becomes heavy at once.

Sheridan, then, is popularly regarded as the great and permanent exemplar of witty old English comedy by an accident. He does not deserve this pre-eminence, which should have been Congreve's. But he does deserve to hold the stage, and to be revived at the expense of contemporary dramatists. His wit is superficial and intellectually coarse, but there is plenty of it. His characters are rather thin and farcical, but they are distinct and act funnily on one another. A few lapses excepted, he is gay and lively. He has a style and a manner. Above all, he is an ingenious and effective craftsman, and therefore a good friend and a stimulus to the players. He is a fair taskmaster to them. If they act well, they are sure of their due effect: he does not stultify them with inconsistencies or negations. It is well he should be played, but it would be better if Congreve were played.

So much at present for Sheridan; now for Mr Shaw. Mr Shaw has ideas. It might be thought from this remark that I propose to charge in his favour, but regretfully I am forced back upon criticism. Sheridan's weakness is his lack of ideas; Mr Shaw's weakness is his superabundance of them. Congreve's ideas come naturally from the play of his characters, and out of the fulness of his experience; Mr Shaw's ideas have to come in at all cost, and character and experience may go hang. It seems that in whatever he writes he must introduce his whole philosophy. It is an engaging and stimulating philosophy, on the whole, and a little of it here and a little of it there would be very well. But all of it everywhere at once is not well. In his plays it has two bad effects. The first is that one seems to be listening to a lecture, a witty lecture, but not a play. The second is that it causes Mr Shaw to use his actors worse than dogs. To get in an extra idea he will cheerfully sacrifice consistency of tone, and that is fatal to acting. In this "You Never can Tell," for an instance: a young woman, Gloria, is an ironical character, full of reason and philosophy and all that, and full also of human weaknesses. She is sympathetically ridiculous. But when a young man has kissed her on a slight acquaintance without her resistance, and her mother subsequently inquires what is troubling her, the curtain is rung down on her saying "Shame!" and covering her face with her hands—an effect,

so far as it goes, of tragedy, the outrage on maidenly delicacy permitted by unguarded weakness, the girl's hatred of herself, and so forth. For that moment the farce, as a farce, goes to pieces, and the actress's comic effects and serious effects are alike spoiled. It is due in this case to say that Mr Shaw was to some extent saved from himself by the actress in question intelligently minimising the comic effects throughout, and so weakening the jar of the contrast; but Mr Shaw did not deserve that. In the best of his more serious plays, "*Candida*" and "*Mrs Warren's Profession*," Mr Shaw commits the same sort of offence: to bring off his contrasts, not of character so much as of theory and ideas, he sacrifices credibility and consistency all the time. Until this prepossession and exuberance are subordinated to the conditions of the playwright's art, Mr Shaw will not write plays which, simply as plays, will be excellent—until he is content that a theory shall not be stated unless it is natural to the given character to state it, and does not merely place it in the mouth of a character who is more appropriate to it than the others. But when this happens the excellent plays should arrive. He has a faculty of effective construction, both humorous and serious, and he understands how to oppose characters, if only (so to speak) he would let them alone. His dialogue is, I think, at present faulty. Intellectually, in intention, it is very good indeed, when the theories do not spoil

it, but Mr Shaw's ear is inaccurate—his people speak out of their kind. The trick of making people talk naturally and yet with distinction, the crown of dialogue, is not indispensable—at least few dramatists have possessed it. But that the people should use their own expressions is a necessary condition of good plays. I thought "*You Never can Tell*" Mr Shaw's best in this particular.

As a conscientious critic I have pointed out that Mr Shaw's abundance of ideas spoils his plays: I may add as a man that to me it is their great attraction. Moderately good plays do not amuse me, clever quips and flashes do amuse me. If Mr Shaw were to repeat "*You Never can Tell*" for ever, I would go to see it in its latest form whenever it appeared. It is refreshing to be addressed from the stage as though one was an intelligent person. Hardly any one else so addresses one. Mr Jones has ideas, but they are the "advanced" ideas of the last generation, the oldest-fashioned of all ideas. And as for the portraits of fashionable society, as the playwrights see it or think it or wish us to see it, which form the bulk of our so-called comedies, firstly, I do not believe they are good likenesses, and secondly, they are neither comely nor interesting faces. Let Mr Shaw go on and prosper. Prosper? The audience at "*You Never can Tell*" shouted with laughter all the time, and possibly some day the laughter will reach the

ears of the managers. It is unlikely, but you never can tell.

However, regarded as dramatists, at present Sheridan has over Mr Shaw the advantages I have mentioned—that he wrote plays which are excellent as plays, that he had a distinguished style, and that he encouraged the players. But there is one resemblance which goes very far. The greatest writers of comedy could use normal characters and make them dramatic, entertaining, or what they willed. Sheridan was not one of them, and he was content to exploit eccentricity. Mr Shaw is not one of them (at present), and his eye is for eccentricity exclusively. He thinks it is not, as one of his characters would say, but it is. Even the characters he designs to be normal and a contrast to his eccentrics he makes eccentrically normal. Consequently in this respect—and it is most important—one's amusement in seeing his plays is just the same as one's amusement would have been in seeing Sheridan's, if one had been Sheridan's contemporary. The

sentimental schoolgirl in "The Rivals" is on precisely the same plane as the woman in "You Never can Tell," who was "advanced" in the sixties and believes herself to be "advanced" still. Only Lydia Languish is gone from real life, and in watching Mrs Clandon my mind strayed to Mr H. A. Jones. That is the added advantage of actuality. Lucky Mr Shaw!

These remarks are on playwrights, not on players, but it would be ungrateful not to add in conclusion that Mr Cyril Maude's Bob Acres, Miss Emery's Lydia, and Mrs Calvert's Mrs Malaprop were the best I have seen, or at least remember. I was especially obliged to Mr Maude for not making Bob a vulgar Cockney, which is Bob's usual fate. With the exception of the delightful twins, Mr Shaw's characters were all uphill work for the actors; but with hardly an exception they got reasonably near the top, and Mr Welch as the sympathetic waiter—the most human of all Mr Shaw's creations—was perfect.

G. S. STREET.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

MR PINERO AND HIS CRITICS—A PLEA FOR FREEDOM OF OPINION—THE ROYAL ACADEMY—THE FOLLY OF EXHIBITIONS—THE RELIEF OF MAKEKING—DELIRIOUS LONDON—AN ORGIE OF UNION-JACKS—THE LATE R. A. M. STEVENSON—AN ARTIST IN MASQUERADE—THE PRODIGALITY OF TALK.

THE dramatist and the novelist yield only to the actor in their conquest of the public regard. They are far more famous than politicians, and before the light which encircles their laurelled brows even the prize-fighter pales his ineffectual fires. But of all men the dramatist and the novelist most bitterly resent the lightest hint of disapproval, the gentlest nod of judgment. A silent indifference, of course, drives them to despair; they must always parade it in the public press, and always to a chorus of praise. Here, for instance, is Mr Pinero, who for a quarter of a century has been throwing the scent of the hay or of Ibsenism over the footlights, and who cannot patiently endure a word of censure. Any cap, indeed, seems good enough to fit him, and an irresponsible lawyer no sooner raises his voice in horror at what he deems the immorality of the stage than Mr Pinero lashes himself to a fury at the unwarrantable interference. It is all very well this cry of "hands off," if it be raised by an artist in letters, who works for himself alone. But the dramatist deliberately invites

professed critics, but of the pit; and when once he has put his work upon the stage for which it is composed, he has deliberately challenged the popular verdict, and in honour he is compelled to accept it.

Nor does Mr Pinero claim for an instant any esoteric mastership. By his own confession he writes for the crowd. "It is the modern drama," says he, "that gains most readily the suffrage of the general public." Whence we may infer that "the suffrage of the general public" is the end of his ambition; and surely if he asks the general public to vote, he must let the general public vote as it will. Moreover, he takes so humble a view of his trade as to compare the modern drama "to a painting full of colour, of arrested movement, of story." And herein he does himself and his trade even less than justice. He might have remembered that each art has its limitations, and that while painting and sculpture can present only a single aspect, a story, of changing growth, is the essence of drama. But for us the important point is that he would put his craft no higher than a debased form of painting, and

yet bid us hold it sacred from adverse criticism.

Again, while he hankers after the popular vote, he does not object to the censure of the professed and qualified critic. He could hardly thus object, when he has sent out free tickets, which are a plain request for an unvarnished judgment. To what, then, does he object? To the censure of Lord Halsbury and Sir Edward Clarke. Now, for purposes of criticism there can be but two classes. Every man must either be a professor or one of the crowd, and by Mr Pinero's admission the verdict of either is acceptable. None knows better than the author of "*The Gay Lord Quex*" that a hostile pit may kill a play in the cradle, for he too has seen his work utterly abolished by the voice of a refractory audience. And surely Lord Halsbury and Sir Edward Clarke have as much right to pronounce their judgment as the nameless Dicks, Toms, and Harrys whom the dramatist flatters in the very moment of expressed contempt. But though the eminent lawyers never mentioned the name of Mr Pinero, Mr Pinero hastily takes their reproaches to himself, and loftily declares that he knows nothing in their antecedents which should induce him to regard them as authorities upon the stage. But their antecedents are at least as good as the antecedents of a common first-night audience, and the dramatist, since he does not appeal to a jury of experts, is bound to accept the

verdict of the crowd. The drama, in fact, as we know it to-day, lives on a momentary applause. The playwright cannot work in secret like the maker of books, whose words may live secure in the admiration of ten readers. He needs a stage for the display of his talents, and the stage needs an audience for its support, and the approval of the audience can only be purchased by such plays as satisfy its fleeting taste. How then shall the dramatist appeal to the judgment of the many, and cry aloud with indignation, when the verdict is against him?

Again, the drama of to-day is not so rare and delicate a plant that it can live only in an atmosphere of wise appreciation. True, we cannot applaud the judgment of Lord Halsbury and Sir Edward Clarke; but we shall not flatter these gentlemen if we declare that they are quite competent to express an opinion upon such masterpieces as "*Robespierre*," "*The Belle of New York*," or even upon "*The Gay Lord Quex*" himself. Decadent these works are not, and Mr Pinero need not lay that amiable unction to his soul; rather they are bluntly primitive, the dry beginning, not the rotten-ripe end, of a common craft. But, after all, Mr Pinero's quarrel with a couple of lawyers, who probably never thought about him, is not important in itself. It is only important because it is an admirable illustration of the prevailing cant. Those who appeal to the world for its praise have

no right to shrink from the world's blame. Only one attitude is honourable and seemly—an attitude of indifference. If condemnation be always malicious or ignorant (as for the sake of argument we may allow), then applause is either over amiable or unduly interested, and the one kind of criticism is worth precisely as much as the other. It is quite easy to keep out of the rough and tumble; but he who once descends into the pit must be neither surprised nor angered if an adversary wring him by the ear.

However, thus it is that our talented authors perplex their lives and dissipate their energies. They surround themselves with press-notices, and at a hint of antipathy declare that the critic, professed or voluntary, is incompetent. Yet it is quite easy to avoid the slightest annoyance. For the dramatist who fears to look over the foot-lights, there is always the back drawing-room, and the frenzied applause of the family circle. For the writer of books there is always a limited issue "for private circulation," which makes a public censure impossible. Mr Bernard Shaw, for instance, recently declared that he was quite indifferent to the cool reception of his play "You Never can Tell." He wrote it, says he, with admirable logic, to be performed at home; the actors persisted in producing it, despite his warning; and no judgment that the people or the critics could pronounce

against it affected him either to joy or sorrow.

But we would not be thought to hold a brief for the critic's intelligence. We would only point out that if his opinion be asked in the public marketplace he may give it, if he will. Yet he is too often as ignorant as the gentleman who has failed to amuse him, and maybe it would be better if he ceased to exist, for his disappearance would be an instant check upon the production of his enemies. Freedom for all or complete silence—these are the alternatives, and it doesn't much matter which wins. But Mr Pinero, not content with girding at his critics, tries his own hand at their game, and dares to pick out what he esteems the best books of the year. And among his best books are Mr Lecky's 'Map of Life' and Mr Gosse's 'Life of Donne.' Now, for Mr Lecky's historical works we have the highest respect. But all the respect in the world could not persuade us to appreciate the collection of copy-book headings which he calls the 'Map of Life.' This treatise, indeed, is nothing more than an ill-written, infelicitous travesty of Cicero's 'De Officiis,' a collection of easy moral problems which a boys' debating society might solve. And as for Mr Gosse's 'Donne,' well, it is facile, like all Mr Gosse's works, but the best goodwill in the world should not pronounce it a masterpiece. However, we do not declaim against Mr Pinero's judgment. He has as good a right to say

what he thinks as Lord Halsbury himself, and it is clear that he cannot under any circumstances say what somebody else thinks. Yet if his own measure were meted out to him, we might insist that he, too, was speaking on a subject "on which he had no special qualification to speak."

However, though criticism is of so little value, serious people will go on collecting press-notices until the end of time. And, on the other hand, those who have not the facility of print will express their views as loudly as though the 'Times' itself were at their command. Now especially is the voice of the critic as familiar as the note of the cuckoo, for the Royal Academy is open, and all the provinces are hasting to London, that they may discover the pictures of the year. In Mr Pinero's words, "the crowd is gathering round the painted story," and the story that is painted this year is the same story that has been painted year after year for half a century. The Academy, indeed, is nothing but a raree-show, and it has no closer union with art than has the society press with literature. On the one side are foolish canvases that will be forgotten or painted over in a few months; on the other are monstrously indiscreet paragraphs, whose memory is obscured by next week's scandal. To say that this Academy is worse or better than the last would be to misunderstand its import. Two pictures do not make an exhi-

bition, and not even Mr Sargent can outblare the trumpet-blast of Herr von Herkomer. On every wall are the painted anecdotes with which we are familiar. Perhaps the military sentiment is more lavishly illustrated than usual, but not even the red-coats make a distinct impression; and the Academy is still given over to waxen classicism, to the glorification of imbecile old age and more imbecile babyhood. The enterprising journal which invites its readers to record their votes for "the best baby" in the Academy sums up the character of the exhibition with a neater eloquence than it wots of.

The Academy, in fact, merely emphasises a truth which was obvious from the first, that exhibitions are ridiculous. To crowd two thousand works into one room is to build a Babel of Art. They all shriek at once, and each in a different tongue. The stoutest gold frame cannot separate one canvas from another; and that masterpiece has the best chance of survival whose crude and blatant colour outclamours its neighbours. What should we say of a hundred novelists declaiming their works under one roof? Yet should we not have as good a chance of disengaging their style and import as we have of distinguishing one thousand pictures huddled together on adjacent walls? Of course pictures are not painted that they may be hidden away in secret—that is obvious; but assuredly they are not painted that they may all be thrust

upon our vision at once. The old masters did not fight for supremacy at a cheap fair; they painted their pictures at their leisure, and for their own sakes, and showed them to their friends or patrons under the most amiable circumstances. But the modern world which regards all pursuits as so many branches of commerce has discovered an easier method of publicity, and each Academy kills a thousand birds (so to say) with one stone. Who it was that invented the monstrous practice of exhibitions we are not sure; but the discredit, we fear, must rest with France. Louis XV. was on the throne when the first Salon was opened, and though at the outset the enterprise was not too successful, the pen of Diderot gave it a celebrity, and the Salon is still among the sadder institutions of France. From Paris the habit travelled to London, until at last an Academy headache has become a definite complaint, and the undiscerning country-folk make an annual incursion into London. Thus far had we written when the raucous voice of the news-vendor was heard without yelling the welcome news of Mafeking's relief: "The Relief of Mafeking! The Relief of Mafeking! Extry Speshul!" And then the roar of happiness, the shouts of joyous citizens increase in volume, until one thought absorbs all others. How should we "muse" of the Academy when we feel the pride of so gallant a feat? We had intended to point out the

vulgar effect of a clumsy competition upon the fine arts; we had intended to declaim against the sin of false appreciation and the hopelessness of wasted endeavour. But what does it matter—the stupidity of this and all Academies, when Mafeking is relieved, and the most valiant outpost of our empire is saved from capture by the resource and intrepidity of a splendid soldier and a brave garrison?

So out into the street we rush to witness the triumphant joy of our city, and whatever be said of its expression, surely the joy is universal and spontaneous. Suddenly the whole of London becomes an orgie of union-jacks. Bunting of red, white, and blue seems to float from every window, to veil every doorway. Lamps are lit, flags are waved, and elderly men caper in sober intoxication, as though once again they were light-headed, nimble-footed schoolboys. They have borne the suspense in stolid silence; the stranger, no doubt, believed their quietude the result of indifference; he could not have believed in their indifference had he witnessed the demeanour of London for forty-eight hours after the glad news was brought. And then through the long day processions wound in and out the streets; mobs massed themselves wherever there was an excuse to ask for a speech; and the Mansion House was blocked with a crowd of playful ruffians, who thought that any tall hat was fair game for the spirit of destruction. Nor did any one

resent the outrage. Was it not carnival-time, and at carnival-time is not every licence permissible? Nevertheless, a carnival is an unwonted spectacle in our sober-suited London, and the spectacle is rendered more remarkable by the demonstration of the students, who proved that at least they appreciate their responsibilities. For many years London has been alone among the great cities of the world in having no band of students to touch it with gaiety. And now the schools of South Kensington have realised that they owe a duty to the town as well as to themselves. So they modelled at lightning speed a colossal bust of the hero, and an admirable lion, and they mounted them upon wheels, and dragged them, to an accompaniment of shouts and anthems, from one end of London to the other. It was, as they say in Paris, the close of the performance, and while the be-bloused, fantastic throng hauled their precious burden along Pall Mall it was difficult to remember that we were still in the most serious, sleepy street of Europe.

Perhaps the enthusiasm was a little overdone; but if it were, surely the excess leaned to the side of generosity. The elderly gentlemen who smiled upon the roof of four-wheelers, waving paper flags and blowing cardboard trumpets, demand no excuse, but only admiration, of us. The ruffians who made a shuttlecock of irreproachable tall hats were harder to bear,

but even their brutality may be excused on such a day, and it will be long ere the city is again turned into a wild pandemonium. And the event itself—what shall be said of that? Mafeking is saved, and one other splendid siege shines on the golden page of our history. Malice and ignorance have done their best to discredit the campaign which is now coming to its end. The facile, garrulous man, with no knowledge in his head, and little in his heart save hatred of England, never tires of pointing out that, despite our superior numbers, we have suffered disasters at the hands of the Boers. If the garrulous one would reflect that a force, fighting many thousand miles from its base in the midst of a hostile country, has work for an army in the guarding of communications and in the occupying of the country, he would not have inspired his poor victims with so false a confidence. But both ignorance and envy are powerless to discredit the achievement of Baden-Powell. There he was, isolated and ill-supplied, surrounded by enemies who were but a meagre hundred and fifty miles from their capital, whence they could pour in what supplies and ammunition they needed. Out-numbered, outranged, yet never outfought, the British have held an open unfortified town against an enemy eager for success; they have furnished their own armament; they have defied hunger; and they have displayed precisely that quality of brilliant

determination which we like to believe is our exclusive glory, and which certainly is the rarest expression of physical courage. What wonder, then, that London went crazy for a while, and covered its face with flags of triumph!

So in the excitement of Mafeking we forget the Academy and all its sins. Yet we must recall it again, not because we would resume its indictment, but because this year's exhibition suggests to us an irreparable loss. To the lasting unhappiness of all his friends, R. A. M. Stevenson, who was wont to use the Academy as the unworthy whetstone of his intelligence, is dead; and no man of his generation calls more loudly for what poor tribute sorrow can pay. For Mr Stevenson has not built an enduring monument. He lived his life for himself, and he never gave to ambition the hours which he thought were destined to his own pleasure and the pleasure of his friends. He painted and he wrote, but neither in his pictures nor in his books did he reveal the genius that was his. His eager brain was so busy with theories, that he could never abandon himself completely to the excitement of colour and form. As for writing, he deemed it always an ungrateful trade, which he had learned late, and pursued of necessity. Yet, had he realised it, words were always his true medium, thought was his true material. There was, half-untrained within him, a splendid gift of expression, and none

that knew him needs to be told how nimble a talent of invention he possessed. But he, to whom names and professions always meant much, decreed that he was not a "writer," and with infinite prodigality he spent his genius in talk and in the inspiration of others.

So it is that we remember him not by his writings, though they were admirable, but by his far rarer presence. The smiling eye, the alert mind, the quick, insistent, sympathetic voice, will be an enduring memory while life lasts us. He was a true fantastic, for whom all things, even himself, were appearances rather than realities, and appearances which changed and shifted as he willed. He was in fact always dressing-up, as children say, and more than this, he was always dressing-up others. There was no one of his friends that had not for him a special character, which may or may not have resembled life, but which certainly influenced Stevenson's appreciation. One friend, for instance, personified for him the life of a rather squalid Bohemia. A, he would say, devotes his days to the comfort of the miserable and unfortunate. Another friend, with equal fantasy, he convicted of a too fine sensibility, asserting that in his pleasures he was something of a snob. And for himself, his character changed with his hat or his coat. There are certain occupations, he would insist, which demand a particular costume, and his fancy was perplexed to discover how bril-

liantly a man of intellect should brush his tall hat, if Piccadilly or Bond Street were his goal. Now, an over-sleekness of the nap might suggest a banker or a stockbroker, and so monstrous a confusion was nothing less than libel. On the other hand, a man of intellect must be above the reproach of squalor, and the proper mean demanded both care and ingenuity. That Stevenson always discovered the mean is certain, and on the road to discovery he exercised his lightest wit, his most delicate fancy. So he spent his life in masquerade, a master of intellectual quick-change; and so happily did he infect his intimates, that they, too, lost themselves in the world of his imagination.

His poses, of course, were many and various; but never for a moment was he a *poseur*. Whatever character he assumed was absolutely sincere, and he dressed the part without a touch of mummery. One of his fondest superstitions was that he belonged to a low race of men—that he was, as a friend dubbed him, “an Iberian, a shy-trafficker.” Thus he would point to the shape of his head as a final proof of his origin; thus he would assert that the tribe, of which he came, was only fit to play the harp and to multiply, and he would involve in his own smiling condemnation half the company. It is not strange, therefore, that he found the common pursuits of middle-class life wholly distasteful, that he feared all those who belonged to the more pros-

perous professions. His imagination persuaded him that policemen, bankers, and editors were the sworn foes of the human (or humane) race. We believe that he never entered a bank without a feeling of discomfort, and we know that an editor was in his eyes a monster with the evil eye. And though the phases of character through which he passed were presently forgotten, there was not one which did not leave its trace upon him. Once upon a time he was an undergraduate at Cambridge, and if you would have understood him, you were forced to remember that he kept one corner of his heart undergraduate still. In certain moods he remained the athletic, mischievous, sporting Cambridge man, who would tell you with a justified glee that he took his degree in the Botany Special, that he spent most of his time in Jackson’s gymnasium, and that he was in his day a famous waterman. And every syllable was true. Athleticism was in his blood; he could not bear to think that he was losing his strength; his pride was still in the pole-jumping, of which he once was champion; the undergraduate who had explored the Cam and the Ouse and all their tributaries declared that he was as accomplished as ever in the paddling of a canoe; and it is not unlikely that feats of swimming hastened his end.

To the undergraduate succeeded the student of art, and it was with enthusiasm that he went to France, where, in

his own phrase; he would "wield the pencil of Vandyke." And the art-student that was in him survived with the undergraduate. Many fanciful years he wandered in the forest of Fontainebleau, in some of whose villages he is still a superstition, easily eclipsing the memory of his more famous cousin. And this was, no doubt, the happiest, most fruitful period of his career. A return to France was for him a return to youth, to that far-off day when he helped to launch the celebrated house-boat—The Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne—at the Quai des Grands Augustins. Maybe the studios gave him more theory than practice; but his brain was essentially analytic, and doubtless he brought back from France theories on the practice of life, as well as upon all the arts. He was, in fact, a profound philosopher: he laughed at most things, and understood them all. His hard intelligence pierced every obscurity, and no man ever looked at life in a juster relation. Metaphysics had taken the place which theology sometimes fills in the Scot's brain, and he always intended to return to their study, which, said he, was the proper pursuit of a leisured gentleman. But, above all, he was an artist in talk; it was to talk that he gave the best of his life, and those who knew him have suffered a supreme loss. Never did he spare himself or his fancy. He spoke of all things with incomparable

courage and invention. Now he would dazzle you with the fireworks of paradox, now he would speak with the daring of Rabelais and a mercurial gaiety which was all his own. Or he would sketch odes in the manner of Wordsworth, or he would build up a romance about a phrase, an aspect, or a casual visitor.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in his essay on "Talk and Talkers," has dubbed him "Spring-heeled Jack," and the name does not seem perfectly appropriate. Quick, vivacious, alert he always was; but though he might change his method of attack or defence, he never changed his ground. Behind his swift thought and delightful levity there was a solid wall of principle—principle in art, principle in taste, principle in life. Iberian as he called himself, he was the sternest classic of his time. A reactionary, who had passed through the school of anarchy, he could not endure any violation of moral or artistic law. Milton and Wordsworth were still in his eyes exemplars to be cherished. Possibly he would have put the choruses in "Samson" by the side of Virgil, and it is not surprising that he worshipped Handel in music, and delighted in the solemn, grandiose motives of Poussin. Whatever view he held he would urge with a fiery eloquence. For despite his fear of banks and other solemnities, he was always gifted with intellectual courage. If opinions were discussed, the strange

timidity with which life sometimes worried him instantly disappeared, and he would have his way against the world. To say that he was magnanimous and upright is to pay a compliment that no gentleman needs to hear. Yet we should do him less than justice if we did not record one effect of his influence. Those who knew him valued his approval above all things. Would Stevenson have done that? they would ask in the face of any enterprise. Would Stevenson have thought that? they demanded before a new opinion. And we doubt whether a higher tribute than this can be paid to any man.

And he is dead, this miracle

of fancy and eloquence—dead, and no more, no less than a memory. Truly they write their name in water whose wisdom is prodigally poured forth in talk. Yet Stevenson esteemed life more highly than fame, and no man of our time has had a larger share of the good things which the world may give us—laughter, joyousness, art, affection. Above all, as he lived his own life, so he will go on living in the impulse and energy which he imparted to others. And we rejoice to remember him as a man with no sharp edges, whose noblest traits, whose austerest principle, still had a margin to embroider with the flowers of fancy.

THE FAITHFUL CITY.

MONTH after month of fighting—till Hope in the dust lay low,
Inside Famine and Fever—outside the surging Foe—
Women in silent anguish rocking their little ones,
Men with their set white faces dropping beside the guns :
Home after home in ruins in the wake of the shattering ball,
Sickness that held the strongest in the deadliest grip of all—
Waiting with dogged patience the succour that seem'd to lag,
And still o'er the Faithful City floated the English Flag !

Month after month of watching, till the bravest heart grew
cold,
As the chance of help waxed fainter, and the sullen Foe more
bold :
One and another missing from the daily sharing of bread,
And the roll of the Living short'ned by the length'ning roll of
the Dead :
Wrapped in an isolation that was harder by far to bear
Than the roar of ceaseless Cannon, or the reek of the sickly
air—
Desperate and yet undaunted—as the sixth month's Siege went
by
Echoing their Colonel's message : “Hungry—cheerful—dry” !

Lonely ? never less lonely, oh Garrison staunch and true,
There is not a heart in England that has not watched with
you !
Eager, restless, impatient, as the weeks and months went past,
We look'd for the conquering Column that brought you relief at
last,
Till that night when we stood together waiting with straining
breath
For the hurrying, fateful tidings which seem'd to us life or
death ;
And the long suspense was over, and we lifted wet eyes to see
High over the Loyal City the Banner of Victory !

Oh faithful and loyal City—when the tale of the War is done,
And wheat waves white in the furrows where bloodstain'd fields
 were won,
When Peace with her healing fingers has bound up the wounds
 of strife,
And, cleansed by fire, the Nations shall rise into purer life—
We shall tell our sons your story—how facing a hostile world,
Starving, fighting, and dying, you kept your Flag unfurled—
And the length and breadth of England to-day with thanks-
 giving ring,
In praise to the Lord of Battles for the Heroes of Mafeking!

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

SURPRISES IN WAR: THEIR REASONS AND REMEDY.

AMONG the many varied incidents of the present war, with its ups and downs, its successes and reverses, there are surely even now some lessons to be learnt, some morals to be drawn. Of course the chapter has not yet been closed, the authentic and detailed history of any portion of the campaign has not yet been written, hence there is a danger of jumping at hasty conclusions, of bestowing indiscriminate praise or equally indiscriminate blame. Nevertheless, it would seem that there are one or two features already so clearly defined that we can discuss them without fear of hazarding premature judgment or of jumping at hasty conclusions.

If there is one point more than another which we must regard with the least satisfaction, and which we should lay seriously to heart, it is the frequency with which our troops have been surprised, and the lamentable results which have only too frequently followed. Before, however, attempting to ascertain whether this succession of unfortunate mistakes can be traced, as in my belief it can in a great measure be traced, to radical defects in our system of military training in the past, it is only fair to point out that probably no country in the world has greater natural advantages for the laying of traps than the portion of South Africa in which our troops have been engaged, and that no enemy,

civilised or uncivilised, are more skilful than the Boers in that special kind of warfare. Surprises, moreover, must occur, and always have occurred in all warfare from the beginning of time, no matter how highly trained are troops or how skilful and watchful are the officers who command them. Human nature remains human nature all the world over: men come in tired and weary, after, say, a twenty miles' march, exhausted from want of food, and are immediately sent on outpost duty,—perhaps they have had but a few hours' sleep for several days and nights: is it astonishing if, under such circumstances, a picquet sentry falls asleep, and the army is surprised?

Apart, however, from such natural and, it is to be feared, inevitable accidents, it would seem as if our troops during the present war have had more than their fair share of such misfortunes. Take some instances that we know: there may be many others of which we have never heard. Our very first fight, that of Talana Hill, was of the nature of a surprise, since it is said that the first intimation of the presence of the Boers was given by their big gun dropping a shell into the camp at Dundee. Then the "untoward incident" at Nicholson's Nek was no doubt a surprise of the most unfortunate description. Similarly, at the battle of Colenso on December 15, which

resulted in the loss of eleven guns and over eleven hundred *hors de combat*, it was undoubtedly a surprise to find a number of concealed trenches and the bed of the river swarming with Boers. Of the remaining operations in Natal, culminating in the relief of Ladysmith, at present we know but few details, except that there was great loss of life and several failures, which in the face of an enterprising enemy might have been converted into crushing disasters. There seems, however, no reason to doubt that several of the attempts at relief were rendered abortive by ignorance of the features of the ground and of the enemy's dispositions. Whether, however, this ignorance was caused by the absence of proper maps, by the extreme difficulty of obtaining reliable information through the medium of spies, or by the want of proper scouting, now rendered a duty of extreme difficulty and danger from the long range of modern firearms, it is impossible to say as yet. Sir Redvers Buller in one of his despatches, which I cannot think was ever intended for publication, comparatively early in the campaign, animadverted in very strong terms on the neglect of proper scouting by the officers under his command, so it is to be feared that this all-important service cannot have been entirely perfect.

Let us now turn to the other theatre of war. From all accounts, at Belmont we scored a distinct success, and Lord Methuen caught the Boers napping, his victory was complete,

and, had he possessed some more cavalry and a couple of batteries of horse artillery, the defeat of the Boers would have been converted into a rout. Unfortunately, at the Modder river the conditions were reversed as regards surprise. It was not suspected that the banks of the river were occupied at all, so much so that the troops had started to march on empty stomachs, being told that they would breakfast on the other side of the river : hence the force fought until night, so it is said, without having had any food since the previous day. One regiment, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, which had been hurried up by rail the night before and had missed their dinner, were absolutely without food for thirty-six hours. That the battle was won under such conditions, fighting, as the troops did, from sunrise to sunset in the heat of a tropical sun without food or water, is a striking testimony to the tenacity, bravery, and discipline of the British soldier, officer and man.

Of Magersfontein it is scarcely necessary here to speak, or of the terrible disaster which befel the Highland Brigade, due undoubtedly to a surprise of the most sudden and fatal description. How it happened, or who was to blame, we know not,—it matters little. Many gallant men, among them some relatives and dear friends of my own, have gone to their long rest. Nearly all might now have been alive had matters gone differently.

I will not refer to the reverse

at Stormberg: the details are well known. Enough has been said about it already.

We now come to the two last surprises, perhaps the most unaccountable, I will not say the most inexcusable, of any: I allude to Koorn Spruit, where seven guns with a valuable convoy were lost, besides a large number of prisoners; and the disaster of Reddersburg, where an entire column, marching apparently "*en l'air*," was surrounded by a force of Boers and entirely wiped out, every single man being put *hors de combat* or taken prisoner. We have at present no idea who were to blame for these most lamentable incidents: it is, however, safe to conclude that some one was to blame in both cases. It would be alike ungenerous and premature to suggest that those actually in command of these different bodies thus lost were in fault. No doubt in course of time we may hear more details, and the unfortunate officers who are held responsible will only too soon meet with their punishment. There is, however, one point which, even at the present stage of the war, seems to require explanation. How did it happen that so large a force of Boers, stated to number from 6000 to 8000 men, were allowed to approach so close to Bloemfontein without their presence being discovered, and without time being given either to withdraw or to reinforce Broadwood's Brigade? How, also, did it occur that the presence of so formidable a body of the enemy near this ill-fated marching column was never

even suspected? These are questions which no doubt will be answered some day: at present they are certainly puzzles. Of course it must be remembered that, although Lord Roberts had nominally a very large force of mounted men at his disposal when these unfortunate incidents occurred, the great proportion of this force was practically dismounted, so that the efficient screen of cavalry covering the front and flanks of the army could not be properly maintained. As soon as remounts were provided, it was made clear that our cavalry and mounted men can show as much enterprise and as much observation, and can perform their duties quite as efficiently, as those of any other army.

Still it must be admitted that we have had some very severe lessons, and the succession of "untoward incidents" that has occurred—very many, if not all, avoidable—caused in the first instance a violent outburst of depreciatory criticism to be levelled against our officers, their training, and their intelligence. The correspondent of the 'Times' at Cape Town in the first instance led the attack, and his example was followed by many letter-writers and other amateur critics and strategists. No one has ventured to question the devoted bravery, zeal, and unflinching determination of the officers of our army; but they have been accused of being "stupid." Not very long since it was suggested in the House of Commons that what we required was a professional and

not a "pleasure-seeking" army, or words to that effect. Nothing could be more unjust or untrue than such an accusation. As regards actual intellectual power, it is only necessary to refer to the severe competitive examination which, until this war broke out, every candidate for a commission had to undergo. There is no calling in civil life which exacted a more severe and searching test of intellectual capacity: whether this test was judicious, or calculated to secure the best possible material for officers, is quite another question. As regards the disinclination of officers at the present day to study their profession, none but the most ignorant could cast such a reflection on them.

Then why, it may very pertinently be asked, have such mistakes been made? The answer is simple. The science of war requires constant practice, like every other science, and the opportunity of this constant practice has not been afforded by the Government to the larger proportion of our officers and men. Foreign countries have long since recognised that only by annual manœuvres, and by constant exercise of every portion of troops in small bodies, can any army be trained efficiently to fulfil the part which they will be called to play in the event of war. How differently have we treated our soldiers! It is true that after the French and German war we had a hot fit for a couple of years, a Manœuvre Act was passed, and a certain sum of money voted by Parliament to carry out these exer-

cises. But the hot fit passed away very quickly, and until 1898 no general facilities have been given to our army at home to render themselves efficient for the condition of actual warfare. The general officers cannot be blamed: no powers were given them by Parliament to manœuvre over ground; and as regards money they were miserably stinted, so much so that in the exercises, which they managed with much energy and by dint of great tact and trouble to carry out, it was found necessary to lay it down as a condition that officers attending them as staff, umpires, and suchlike should bear all their own expenses. It frequently happened that many officers, quartered in various parts of the country, were very anxious to improve their professional efficiency, but could not afford the expense which attendance at manœuvres without forage or allowances entailed. Can any one realise such short-sighted parsimony even from a purely commercial point of view! It would be difficult to estimate how much some of these "untoward incidents" have cost the country, quite apart from the valuable lives sacrificed. It is computed that the war now costs the country two millions a-week. Each one of these reverses has most probably prolonged the war at least half a week, and at the lowest estimate has cost the country a million. The ruinous effect of such a policy, in which the training of officers was starved and stinted, does not seem to have occurred either to the military or civilian side of the War Office in former years.

At the very exercises, moreover, the same cheese-paring spirit went far to nullify the benefit and instruction they might have afforded. I have frequently seen on the Berkshire Downs the whole object of some movement nullified by the inability of troops to cross a field of stunted and withered turnips, the whole value of which did not amount to ten pounds, while the possible damage caused might have been compensated by a few shillings. As, however, there was no Manœuvre Act, the troops were only there by the goodwill and sufferance of the inhabitants, and there was no money available to pay even a few shillings of damage.

It is, however, only fair to say that the present Secretary of State for War and the present Commander-in-Chief have worked very hard and done their very best to introduce a new state of things, and to give our troops those manœuvres and exercises which can alone render them efficient in war. The Government came into office in July 1895, and immediately they set about acquiring an exercising-ground on Salisbury Plain, and in the session of 1896 they introduced a Manœuvre Bill. This bill met the most violent opposition from extreme Radicals, some of whom are noted as anti-vaccinationists and land-law reformers, and the bill had to be dropped; hence there were no manœuvres either in 1896 or 1897 except on the usual stunted and starved scale. Again, in 1897, the Manœuvre Bill was reintroduced, and was threatened with

the same opposition. The session wore on, and it seemed very probable that again the bill would have to be dropped, although both Lord Lansdowne and Mr Brodrick, then Under-Secretary of State for War, were most eager to pass it, and thoroughly realised its vital importance. Accordingly, a meeting of service members was summoned, and a deputation was sent to Mr Balfour to impress on him the importance of passing this bill before the end of the session. He received the deputation with his invariable courtesy and consideration, and listened patiently to all they had to say; but he left the impression on them that neither he nor the Council of National Defence, which, not inaptly I think, was compared recently by Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice to the Aulic Council of Vienna, in any way realised the absolute necessity of manœuvres for the practical training of troops,—in fact, that many of the other insignificant bills then down on the programme were considered of far greater importance than the Manœuvre Act. Nor, indeed, is this attitude surprising, since it exactly reflected the feeling and the attitude of the House of Commons at that time and of the nation at large. They are paying dearly now for this indifference and niggardly spirit, since I maintain that almost every one of our reverses in South Africa may be distinctly traced to the want of continual and efficient manœuvre training.

However, in 1897, before the end of the session, the Manœuvre Bill was with some diffi-

culty passed—it is true in an emasculated and amended condition, which did much to impair its usefulness—and the manœuvres of 1898 and 1899 were the result. In the former year there was, indeed, a huge concentration of troops, but I fear the instruction given was in no respect proportionate to the money spent. What is required to ensure efficiency is careful and systematic training of comparatively small bodies of men, where all are encouraged to use their brains, where self-reliance is taught, and where able officers are tried and recognised, while those who are hopelessly useless and incompetent have an opportunity of exhibiting their inefficiency, and hence of being weeded out. It is, however, now to be hoped that, after the terrible lesson we have had in South Africa, the people of this country and their representatives in Parliament will at last have awakened to the fact that to send troops into the field without previous careful and regular training under service conditions is to send them to inevitable defeat and disaster. In fact, that they will not again allow “a good ship to go to the bottom for the want of a hap’orth of tar.”

In order to illustrate the importance of such training, perhaps I may be permitted to relate an anecdote. I do so with the less hesitation, as it is a story against myself.

For about seven months in the year 1881 I was quartered at Ladysmith as second-in-command of the 14th Hussars. We were awaiting the ratification

of what is known as the Majuba Convention. The regiment had come from India, and was nearly 500 strong and in a high state of efficiency; the average length of service among the men was eight years, and the officers were all experienced, and had been highly trained and exercised in India by their very able colonel, the late General Arbuthnot. Time hung rather heavy on our hands, and there was no portion of the adjoining country, now become historic, for many miles round, which we did not explore, while either shooting or manœuvring. It chanced one day that I was given command of the regiment, and my mission was to follow and attack a squadron, which was detached to hold a certain line of country about fifteen miles distant.

I took every precaution, I sent out scouts and officers’ patrols, I had an advanced guard and flankers, when suddenly, on crossing a drift of the Klip river with the main body of the regiment, I found myself surrounded and a heavy fire poured on me by a hidden enemy from neighbouring kopjes. Had it been real war I should have had no alternative but to surrender after heavy loss,—in fact it was an incident, from all accounts, similar to what occurred at Koorn Spruit. I found that all my patrols, scouts, and advanced-guard had been taken prisoners without firing a shot, they having omitted to proceed in such formations as would make certain that at least one man should escape to give the alarm. I, on the other hand, had fallen

into the fatal error in war of concluding that no news was good news, and before committing my main body had not waited till one of my scouts returned or signalled to me that the coast was clear. I mention this incident to show how easy it is in such a country as Natal, even with highly trained troops, for such an accident to occur, and how necessary it is, in order to avoid such misfortunes in war, to have the most careful practice in peace under service conditions. I think I may safely say that there was no one present on that occasion, officer or man, who ever forgot the lesson; and had it been our good fortune to cross our swords with the Boers nineteen years ago, not one of us would ever again have fallen into such a trap. Alas! nineteen years make a good deal of difference. Many of the officers who were then in the regiment are now dead; the remainder, like myself, are retired, with one exception, that of Colonel Hamilton, who commands the regiment, now in South Africa. In his case I feel sure that the lesson taught at this drift of the Klip river in 1881 has not been forgotten.

In conclusion, I think it only right to call attention to the enormous advance made by the British army in recent years as regards practical training and efficiency, and how much it owes in this respect to Lord Wolseley, the present Commander-in-Chief.

When I first entered the army, now more than thirty-seven years ago, and for many years afterwards, the officer

who was a keen soldier, who really studied his profession, was a very rare exception. Now the rare exception is the other way. Formerly the only test of efficiency exacted at an inspection of a cavalry regiment was that they should be clean, should ride fairly, should have fat horses, should march past smoothly, and should be able to execute a few obsolete and complicated movements without many mistakes. As regards outpost duty or the requirements of actual warfare, these were not even mentioned. In point of fact, there was no official text-book of outpost duty in existence. I remember spending a winter at Hanover in 1871 for the purpose of studying German. When there I saw a good deal of the 13th Uhlan Regiment, then fresh from the experiences of the 1870 campaign. I had an opportunity of studying the laborious and painstaking manner in which outpost duty and reconnoitring were taught in the German army, and on my return to England I translated their text-book, by a General Von Mirus, which was immediately adopted by several general officers for the divisions under their command, as in those days there was no English text-book, as I have already mentioned, nor did the British army receive any regular or systematic training in this most fundamental portion of their military duty. It is very different now. For years past there have been admirable guides to scouting incorporated in both the cavalry and infantry drill-books, and inspections are now

directed to ascertain the real efficiency of regiments and the knowledge of their officers under service conditions, and are not solely confined to buttons and blacking, the fit of their uniform, or the smoothness with which they can salute and march past.

Ever since Lord Wolseley reached a position of influence at the War Office, he has laboured incessantly to make the British army not merely smart and soldierlike in appearance, but fit for actual service in the field. He first introduced those company and squadron spring trainings, previously unknown, which at least ensured that every officer and man in each regiment should, so far as possible, practise annually the main essentials of military instruction.

Then again, as regards the selection of officers for command, in some instance, no doubt, mistakes may be made and injustices may be done. This is, unfortunately, inevitable; but every effort is now conscientiously made to prevent those who are notoriously incompetent being intrusted with the lives of others. When dealing with this point, it may not be out of place to refer to a celebrated speech made by Mr

Sidney Herbert in 1856 on the instruction of the officers of the army. In it he quoted the following remarkable passage dictated by Napoleon to Montholon at St Helena, in allusion to some observations he had made to his brother, Louis, at Toulon:—

“Brought to France when fourteen, Louis entered on the life of a man at the siege of Toulon, hearing me say to him in the midst of the corpses of 200 grenadiers, slain through the ignorance of their commander at the assault of an impregnable side of Fort Pharon, ‘If I had commanded here, all these brave men would be still alive. Learn, Louis, from this example how absolutely necessary instruction is to those who aspire to command others.’”

In the same way I trust that the British nation and the British Parliament will learn from this example of the South African war that their officers need facilities to acquire instruction not hitherto granted them; that in future, opposition to Manœuvre Acts, calculated to render them ineffective, will not be tolerated; and that the few thousand pounds necessary to carry them out will not be grudged. In this way, and in this way alone, can we avoid the recurrence of surprises and consequent disasters.

FRANK S. RUSSELL,
Major-General.

Note.—Since the above was written there have been reported at least three other instances of surprises that might have been avoided — namely, that which occurred to Colonel Plumer’s column, resulting in its repulse; that of the camp at Sunday’s river in Natal, whereby some valuable lives were lost; and lastly, the ambush of a squadron of Colonel Bethune’s Horse, involving about sixty-six casualties. There are rumours of other and minor surprises which have occurred, but the details have not been substantiated.

FLOREAT BRITANNIA.

MAFEKING, 18TH MAY 1900.

SAID he not well, the bard, who wrote with proud
Prophetic fervour, "Naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true!"¹
True to the faith, that cries to us aloud
From out our storied past, "Though perils crowd,
Let no fears daunt, no braggart hosts subdue,
But still, come weal, come woe, endure and do
Unto the last, to death or victory vow'd!"

And have we not responded to the call?
Fell traitors dreamed the lion's heart was dead,
And on him unawares devised to fall;
But he sprang up, the toils around him shred,
A force, no odds, no losses, could appal,—
A force, for all who love us not to dread.

THEODORE MARTIN.

¹ "King John," Act V. scene vii.

THE WAR OPERATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.—VII.

BY A MILITARY CONTRIBUTOR.

MISPLACED SENTIMENT—TRANSPORT DIFFICULTIES—"AASVOGELS"—THE
ADVANCE FROM BLOEMFONTEIN—MAFEKING.

INSTANCES have occurred when sentiment, somewhat misplaced, has crept into the more serious conduct of the war. War is always terrible, only relieved from sheer savagery by those honourable courtesies with which brave men will always meet a foe. The Boers are fighting, as they believe, for their independence, and we honour them for it; our soldiers are fighting for Queen and country, and every unbiassed mind will honour them too. Both are enemies, doing all they can to kill or disable the other: the sooner one kills most of the other so soon will the killing cease, and both of them shake hands and be good friends again. But war in kid gloves is not war: at the best war is man's brutal passions let loose, contained only by the recognition that each side is fighting for what, in all honour, both confidently believe to be right. "Have it out," say the soldiers, "and don't take off your hat till it's over!"

This taking off the hat has happened several times of late, and is generally condemned. On the 8th April a French filibuster was killed: Lord Methuen gave him the somewhat magnificent title of Count de Villebois de Mareuil, colonel of the Foreign Legion of France, and General of the Transvaal. He was shot fighting against

us, and is said to have had a good deal to do in the arrangement of the trenches round Ladysmith, before which so many British soldiers lie buried. He acknowledged that he had no grudge against us, but owed much to the hospitality of England; yet he thought it no wrong to take service with the Boers, for his own interest and notoriety, without a thought of the cause he espoused. This patriot was, at the head of fifty foreign mercenaries like himself, shooting down our men, one of them deliberately killing an officer of the Yeomanry under the white flag, a careful of dynamite accompanying them; yet Lord Methuen, in command on the spot, saw fit to erect a tombstone to this man's memory, the inscription adding, "Died on the field of honour near Boshof. *R.I.P.*" An order for the attack on the English at Boshof found upon him reads, says the correspondent, "like portions of a comic opera," and gives us the impression that his loss will not be acutely felt by the Boers. It is strange that, when the fighting is going on, a British general should choose such a memory for an official tribute of regard and esteem, while not far off is Magersfontein, where lie, for ever, those brave Scotsmen who died to do his bidding on the

"field of honour," and are still without their tombstones.

Another case of misplaced sentiment was the release of a German count taken prisoner with Cronje, who boasted that he had been fighting against us. He was released on the mendacious plea that he was a correspondent, and on arrival in England was admitted to the House of Commons to dine with a member. Did it never occur to this patriot, over the champagne, that there were 2000 English soldiers under the turf in South Africa, some of whom may have owed the fact to his foreign friend opposite.

A shudder passed through most soldiers when they heard that Lord Roberts had shaken hands with Cronje on his surrender at Paardeberg: that an English gentleman should foul his hand with the touch of such a mass of treachery. He had not seen that tumbled mudheap, called a fort, where 200 of our soldiers sheltered themselves for three months, within 300 yards of the walls and houses of Potchefstroom, starvation diet, water only fetched under fire at night, trenches burrowed close up to them by an untiring enemy, only to be checked by constant sorties, wounds, and death; Cronje looking on without the pluck to attack, content to let the women die and to put the men out with a foul lie. To take the hand of a monster who worked such infamy is to cast a slur on the memory of brave men who fought and died as his men are fighting and dying now for him. Where, too, is that young cavalry

officer Cronje seized when carrying a white flag at Modder river, refusing insolently to give him up. Lord Roberts will shortly have an opportunity to visit Potchefstroom, and, across the veldt, the farm of the man he shook hands with, who will not be there to welcome him.

A private of the 10th Mountain Battery deserted at Colenso last December, and fought with the Boers against us, but was subsequently expelled from the country for striking a commandant. At Durban, while drunk, he disclosed his identity, was tried, and sentenced to death—a sentence commuted by General Buller to imprisonment for life. The crime, the first in the Army Act as a mark of its enormity, the punishment death without alternative—yet such a thing as this deserter is allowed to exist. Are those sad shapes that once were men, as we are, to cry mutely, for ever, "That man murdered us—why should he live?" Is there no thought for those widows and little orphans across the sea scanning the lists, with starting eyes and the terror of "no hope" within, to read that the comrade who wrote that dear name there is still to live, while they are left to mourn, perhaps starve it out? Kid gloves are out of place here. And the rank-and-file will not agree with such clemency. What endears a chief to his men is the distribution of equal-handed justice: a soldier above all things loves fair-play. "Why didn't he give him cells," says he, "when he gave them to me

for nothing? What's the good of going straight if them as does badly gets no more than I do? He thought it would be a 'district,' and he got C.B." After Koorn Spruit, if a "simple farmer" or a "loyal Dutchman," one or two of them, had been planted in front of their own door and shot dead with one of the Mausers hidden away inside, it would have put the drag on that gay raid from which they had just sneaked back.

On the 13th March Lord Roberts found himself at Bloemfontein with the wreck of an army and a single, narrow-gauge line of railway between himself and his base, upwards of 700 miles distant. It was very soon known in Boer headquarters at Kroonstad that he could not move beyond Bloemfontein for some weeks. The triumphal march of Generals Gatacre and Clements through the recently captured territory, accepting submissions, hoisting union-jacks, and picking up rifles of antique date, afforded much amusement to the Boers, who saw their opportunity and streamed down in large numbers on the small British posts which were scattered east and south of the railway. Wepener was laid siege to, a convoy was captured at Koorn Spruit, half a regiment was made prisoners near Reddersburg, the water-works were seized and the Bloemfontein water-supply cut off, Ladybrand was reoccupied, and Olivier, with a commando some 4000 strong, came up from Cape Colony where we

were sanguine enough to think he had been thoroughly crushed. This incursion into territory we had settled, as we thought, had to be met, and the reorganisation of the wreck with Lord Roberts was hindered.

Troops on the way up were diverted, and some of the force recuperating at Bloemfontein had again to take the field. Brabant's division, with Hart's brigade, which had come across by sea from Natal, was brought up in front of Wepener, to be joined by General Chermiside's division from Reddersburg, and General Rundle's from Dewetsdorp. Another under General Pole-Carew was pushed out south-east to Leeuw Kop; the mounted infantry under General Ian Hamilton retook the water-works, and Maxwell's brigade stormed the kopjes commanding the Modder at Krantz Kraal; the 9th Division under General Colville, and the cavalry division with General French in support of Ian Hamilton. Thus nearly five infantry and two cavalry divisions were diverted to undo the mischief which our kindness had developed. Still it was hoped that so large a force would be able to surround the Boers, or at all events to capture their guns and waggon. But the raiding bodies moved without waggons, carrying eight days' "biltong" on their ponies, supplemented with food, forage, and rifles supplied by the inhabitants who were able to take an active share in the fighting, return to their farms, and reduce themselves to the "simple farmer" once more. So their assistance, the absence of transport, and an intimate knowledge

of the country enabled the Boers, who numbered altogether about 9000, with some heavy guns, to slip almost intact through the cordon we had flung across their line of retreat—an object-lesson to military training, education in knowledge of the ground, and the reduction of transport.

The mobility of an army depends on this last consideration. It moves, as has been said, on its belly, at a rate calculated by that of the slowest waggon; and it was the organisation of the transport sufficient to ensure the mobility of 100,000 men that was entrusted to Lord Kitchener as soon as Lord Roberts set foot in Bloemfontein. He found a vast amount scattered widely, in large and small groups over the country, all of which, and whatever else could be raised from every end of Cape Colony, he swept together. All distinctions of transport, regimental, departmental, ammunition, or ambulance, were done away with and swamped in a single general corps—a gigantic undertaking, only to be attempted by a man of the most unswerving determination. In an army each unit is allowed by regulation its own transport: regiments, staff, departments are allotted waggons “by scale,” laid down in many red books, which is pertinaciously stuck to by those to whom it applies. For example, the waggons told off to a battalion are arrived at as follows: the colonel, the adjutant, and orderly-room get a tent each, every three officers have another, and

fourteen men cram into one more; staff-sergeants, bat-men, and other details have claims to more; mounted officers are allowed 80 lb. baggage, smaller fry 40 lb., each company puts in another 80 lb. for cooking pots, giving a transport allowance, roughly speaking, of 15 waggons—a brigade asking for 70 and a division for perhaps 180—so that an army of 100,000 men would be entitled, for combatants only, to about 2000 waggons, with 30,000 oxen and 4000 native drivers, and would occupy road-space for each division of nearly six miles.

It was to cut down this that Lord Kitchener set to work. Each unit was tackled separately—the regiments, as the most tractable, coming first, to be told, probably, that instead of the regulation fifteen waggons they must do with ten. Then came staff and departments, supply, transport, medical, pay, and what not, each of them being liberally supplied on paper “by regulation,” according to the relative rank of the members, bristling with field-officers, every one of them most tenacious about the substantial rights which his unsubstantial rank allows him to demand. And it is here that the difficulty of “cutting down” becomes acute: the transport department, which is in possession, has to be delicately handled; the quantity of forage, stores, extra wheels, and so on, to be carried is not easy to check; supply—well, the troops must be fed, and “bully beef” when ticked off in tins, the numbers rippling off the supply

officer's tongue in thousands, requires calculation. Staff are men of position, and can always bring in the general, who "will have things comfortable"; while the doctors, who exact their rights to the last ounce, can always shelter their demands under reference to the sick, and to the pills and other hospital comforts which must accompany them.

No wonder that with all these discordant elements, each one determined to fight reduction to the bitter end, Lord Kitchener received full measure of abuse from regimental officers, from artillery officers, and from the doctors. But he was not a man to be thwarted by rank, although relative, nor by regulations, although approved by a Secretary of State and the entire staff of the War Office; and so we are told that he effected a great economy in the number of waggons employed, without which the march to Bloemfontein and the farther advance on Pretoria might never have succeeded. He was fortunate in being assisted by Colonel Richardson, in charge of the supply and transport branch—a most efficient officer, with a long and varied experience in South African methods.

Transport arranged, there remained a redistribution of commands, the consolidating of units into bodies capable of combined action; fresh generals to be appointed, others to be got rid of. General Warren was put in civil charge of Griqualand West; General Nicholson took charge of the transport, where a strong

man was wanted; General Chermiside assumed command of the Third Division, in place of General Gatacre, ordered home; General Hunter, with Barton's brigade, was brought over from Natal; Generals Pole-Carew, Rundle, and Colville got divisions; and, most important of all, the Mounted Infantry was collected together in one division of some 11,000 men, under General Ian Hamilton. This division was split into two brigades, each of four corps, with batteries of horse artillery attached. It is hoped that this concentration will put a stop to using small fractions of mounted infantry as cavalry, to be frittered away in patrols, scouts, and advanced guards.¹ To ask them to do so is to lose good infantry and to turn out inferior cavalry. Cavalry has its special functions—reconnoitring, the charge, and pursuit: mounted infantry can ride rapidly to a distance in advance of the army, anticipating the enemy there, holding him to his ground till their infantry support marches up to complete his defeat. Ponies are given to infantry instead of carts, for facility of transport—nothing more. As long as the men are in the saddle they cannot fight; out of it they are good infantry, who can fight with the best of their kind. But they must be taught to "stick on,"—not, as Colonel Albrecht says of them, "to be all the time holding on their hats."

But it was in the lower ranks that the winnowing process was most needed. There are men

¹ *Vide supra*, p. 767, "Concerning our Cavalry."

who flock to South Africa during a war on the chance of picking up something; they are furnished with introductions, and are resplendent in gold-lace and trappings, like military Christmas-trees. Soldiers call them *aasvogels*. They come to pick up what is left of the carcass, like the vultures. I was making a road between two camps when an *aasvogel* rode up: we wore the clothes we had been standing in and had slept in since we landed, and our rags made him haughty. The road was not to his liking, the gradients were wrong, the metalling—oh! there was no metalling; he would show me how to do it. He talked for a long time, then I dismissed him; he talked to the general afterwards, and he dismissed him too, and we heard no more of him. Is it any wonder that men who have lived on the veldt inside one suit of clothes for months, and know how to do it, should dislike *aasvogels*, who don't? There were flocks of them in South Africa, some provided with snug billets as soon as landed; others drifting, everywhere found wanting, nowhere of any use: some were shifted, others sliding downwards were glad to bring up anywhere, many to retire to the shady glades of Pall Mall. The vultures had to look elsewhere for a carcass.

On the 23rd April, after some six weeks' rest, Lord Roberts found his army sufficiently mobile to advance. His communications in rear were cleared with the exception of some scattered bands in the east,

which could be dealt with by the troops forming the right of his line, which stretched from Warrenton and Boshof on the west to Ladybrand on the east, distant apart about 160 miles, on which for attack perhaps 70,000 men were available. The country he must pass over, on his left and centre, is fairly easy, that on the right broken and difficult. The high veldt is reached about 100 miles north of Bloemfontein—a great, sandy plain covered with coarse grass, small kopjes here and there, with little or no water except after a thunderstorm, when it lies in the *pans* and *vleis* for a short time. South of this are many low hills and stony ridges, intersected by numerous water-courses, at this season mostly dry; the drifts heavy with deep sand, the principal obstacle the Zand river, a little south of Kroonstad. On the right the country is mountainous, the mass of Thabanchu rising out of the western slopes of the great Platberg, an extremely strong position overlooking Ladybrand, from which the road to Ficksburg crosses a hilly country till it gains the high veldt on which Harri-smith, the terminus of the railway to Natal, is situate. The troops advancing on this line are, roughly—on the left, at Fourteen Streams, Hunter's division, with Barton's brigade; Lord Methuen at Boshof, with about 1000 mounted men and two infantry brigades, in reserve, at Kimberley; at the centre with Lord Roberts, following the railway, French with the cavalry division, Ian Hamilton with the mounted infantry, and

four infantry divisions with the Guards' brigade; on the right, Brabant's mounted Colonial division and two infantry divisions.

The general idea was to drive a wedge into the centre of the enemy's line, the apex of the wedge consisting of infantry under the personal command of Lord Roberts, a mounted division on either flank; the infantry in the centre to be thrust out against any Boer position found across its road, when the mounted troops would ride round one or both flanks, aiming at the enemy's rear—a manœuvre which would be likely at once to put the enemy to flight and leave the central infantry to occupy the position without firing a shot.

On the 3rd May Lord Roberts pushed out to Brandfort, which was taken easily, the mounted troops moving on twenty miles to the Vet river, on the north bank of which the Boers were strongly posted in considerable numbers. A fierce artillery duel followed until sunset, ending in a turning movement, when the mounted Colonials made a dash at a kopje occupied by the Boers, and took it with the bayonet, the entire Boer force flying during the night. Our infantry bivouacked three miles south of the river, and moved on next day to Smaldeel, the junction of the branch line to Winburg. All along the Boers in retreat had considerably damaged the railway, the bridge over the Vet hopelessly so; while, not content with blowing up bridges, great and small, they had placed charges of explosives at intervals of

every hundred yards, fortunately discovered by a Colonial trooper. The repairs were rapidly completed by the engineers, in order that the forward movement should not be delayed by the want of stores.

A halt of two days was called at Smaldeel, to allow the cavalry from Thabanchu to rejoin and to complete the repairs to the railway. So closely did the mounted troops follow up the Boers, that they were at Winburg before their transport was clear. Winburg was occupied on the 7th May by the Highland Brigade, which found there large quantities of grain and ammunition; General Ian Hamilton pushing on to the Zand river, where the enemy were found ready to dispute the passage.

All this time a great quarrel was proceeding between the Free Staters and Transvaalers, large numbers of the former coming in with their horses and Mausers, notwithstanding the frantic endeavours of Mr Steyn to spread reports of the invasion of England by the Russians after she had been made to grant peace and independence to the Republics, owing to the pressure of France and Russia.

Anticipating resistance at the Zand river, Lord Roberts on the 9th inst. concentrated at Welgelegen most of the mounted force, four brigades of heavy naval and garrison artillery guns, and three infantry divisions. The 2nd Cheshire Regiment pushed on to the drift, where they crossed, and intrenched themselves, followed in the early morning by

the entire force, the cavalry crossing some miles farther down, to threaten the Boer right. The mounted infantry crossed on the east, meeting with a continuous resistance; the infantry and guns at the railway drift. The Boers occupied a position twenty miles in length, necessitating a longer line to envelop it, which entailed some hard marching.

At 9 A.M. the passage had been forced, in face of an accurate shell-fire from the Boer right, which soon collapsed when our artillery opened, and the position was taken. The Boers on the left still held on, sheltered by two rocky kopjes on which they had placed three guns. The advance across a plain was made by the 1st Sussex, supported by the C.I.V. and two batteries, till the former was within 500 yards, when the men fixed bayonets and charged, driving the Boers headlong before them. They were now in full retreat all along the line, alternately running and fighting for the rest of the day,—taking up positions in which to remount their guns and shell our advancing infantry, then limbering up and repeating the action in true rear-guard fashion, till the mounted infantry turned their left, sending them back a few miles, to extend again just as night fell. That night Lord Roberts bivouacked at Reitspruit, after, as he wired, “a most successful day.” On the 11th he marched twenty miles to Geneva siding, the cavalry in touch with the retreating Boers, who were holding an entrenched position at Boschrand, which they evacu-

ated the next day on the appearance of Lord Roberts. The cavalry seized a drift on the Valsch river just in time to prevent the enemy holding it, allowing Lord Roberts and his army to cross and enter Kroonstad unopposed at midday on the 12th May, completing the march of 120 miles from Bloemfontein, across a country admirably suited to Boer tactics, in ten days, with insignificant loss.

The feature of the success was the rapidity with which blow succeeded blow. No sooner were the Boers turned out of a position than the advance continued without a check, and a second blow was delivered before they had breathing-time to recover. It has been remarked before how this principle has been neglected in all previous actions. A success has been gained and the enemy in full retreat, but the victors sat down to refresh themselves, too much exhausted to pursue, forgetting that the beaten foe would be a good deal more exhausted; while, morally, as the spirits of the victors rise, so do those of the vanquished fall. Once get the enemy on the run, and it is sound tactics, certainly common-sense, to keep him going, and to allow him no rest till you have run him to ground. The effect on the Boers of this deliberate, unchecked advance was to paralyse their action—to take all the heart out of them. They waited for us in chosen positions, but we did not come on as they expected. It was not fair! They played the game quite correctly, and instead of the slow-going British

doing the same and flinging themselves against the kopjes, all of a sudden when they turned about there was that interfering cavalry riding up behind them, and it was all they could do to reach their own ponies and get safe away. No, it was not fair!

We ask, why was it left to Lord Roberts to play this game, so much against the Boers' cherished tactics? Every one in South Africa, many men in England, whoever had done a day's soldiering on the veldt, knew that their weak point was their ponies. Go for the ponies and the Boers would be out of their ironstone crannies and will gallop for it; but no one seemed to think of it, and so every kopje that the Boers' held is marked by a circle of graves, the evidence of those grand frontal attacks which we, at home, were called upon to applaud.

At Kroonstad, Lord Roberts found a convenient base for his further advance to the Vaal, eighty miles north, where the Boers might be expected to stand, in which case a rapid march and an unexpected appearance would again be expedient. To march rapidly through an enemy's country the flanks must be secure, and a sufficiency of supplies accumulated at the nearest base. So a halt was called, as much for the urgent rest required for men and horses as to give time for stores to come up, hitherto delayed by the persistent destruction of the railway. Cavalry was pushed out right and left, riding north as far as Rhenoster spruit, where the

bridge was found to have been destroyed; north-west to Bothasville, where some captures were made; and east to Lindley. On the south-east, General Rundle, with Brabant's Colonials, marched rapidly round and across, giving the Boers no rest, as far north as Trommel, thirty miles south of Senekal, within reach of the Natal railway terminus at Bethlehem. Thus both flanks, and the country south-east, which still harboured some commandoes on the prowl, were secured.

Ever since the investment of Mafeking by Cronje on the 15th October 1899 the more stirring events in the theatre of war, coupled with the scrappy news received, have overshadowed the doings of the brave little garrison confined in a village of mostly tin huts, scattered on the open veldt, in a corner of no strategical importance. To defend this were only about 500 irregulars, 300 police and volunteers, with two 7-pounders and six machine-guns,—a few hundreds of the townspeople and some natives joining later on, when an old ship's gun, christened "Nelson," was dug up and made use of. The whole was under command of Colonel Baden-Powell, an English cavalry officer who had been for some time on special service in South Africa. Early in the year news leaked through telling of the indomitable pluck and resources of men and leader. Excavations were made to shelter from the shells, a bell ringing to tell that one was

on its way. One day 80 men attacked, at night, Game Tree Fort, two miles outside, some of the officers fighting up to the sandbags and firing their revolvers through the loopholes; but it was found to be almost impregnable, roofed in with timber and galvanised iron, the loopholes too small to admit a man; so they had to retire, having lost half their number. Another time a trench was dug to within 900 yards of a big gun that had caused them annoyance, and was occupied for several nights, the men going out at dusk carrying food and water, till dusk again; their business to keep up an accurate fire on the gun and so make the gunners unable to load or train it.

So the days passed: continual fighting, continual hunger, but never disheartened; till news came of Colonel Plumer's advance from Gaberones, about ninety miles north, and that he was already in touch with the Boers. A movement in the enemy's laagers seemed to portend a trek—a hope which was rudely dispelled a few days afterwards. Colonel Baden-Powell from the top of his house was watching for the arrival of the relieving force, whose guns were distinctly heard. But next morning Commandant Snyman forwarded a message that they might send out for the dead of Colonel Plumer's force who were lying on the battlefield—which, they heard afterwards, had been defeated fifteen miles north. In April the food question, always pressing, was met by a Scotsman, who contrived to

make oat-husks into an eatable porridge. Natives trying to rush cattle in were mercilessly shot down; and native women hoping to slip through the lines during daylight were stripped naked, flogged, and turned back; if by night, were shot down like dogs. Fever set in, and rations were reduced to 1 lb. of porridge and 1 lb. of horse-flesh, yet on the 200th day of the siege Colonel Baden-Powell sent a message to Lord Roberts, "The patience of everybody in Mafeking in making the best of things, under the long strain of anxiety, hardship, and privation, is beyond all praise. The citizens are preparing to celebrate the 200th day of the siege by horse dinners."

Lord Roberts, at Modder river, had in a speech to the Highlanders promised that the relief of Mafeking was always present in his mind, later on fixing the 18th of May as the earliest date. Rumours of a flying column from Kimberley were rife, to be confirmed about the first week in May when General Hunter crossed the Vaal at Windsorton and defeated the Boers round Warrenton soon after. Then on the 10th of May a despatch from Pretoria brought news that a relief column of 3000 men was pushing rapidly along the railway, and was already at Vryburg, ninety-seven miles south of Mafeking. Half-way there, the report said, the Boers had defeated the advance-guard, but their general being killed, they were forced to retreat. The garrison was now reduced to eating brawn made from ox and horse hides,

being "very cheerful, very dry, very hungry"! But the end was near. Reports came, again from Pretoria, of the approach of a relief column, of a clever manœuvre of the garrison, when a hundred prisoners were taken, among them Kruger's grandson, and many killed; and excitement began to run high.

A hush of strained excitement was over England: every one was asking, "Is Mafeking relieved? we can't hear till Sunday." Flags were purchased, guns got ready, processions arranged — all men waited. And when the morning of the 19th came, men woke to see the town flying with bunting, and a telegram in the morning paper that the siege had been abandoned, and that the relief column, with supplies, had entered Mafeking. Then burst out the long-pent-up enthusiasm — the flags flew, the church-bells pealed, guns boomed, processions marched out, and sober England took holiday. Spontaneously every house was decorated, every one wore the colours, children carried toy flags, carts sported more, ships sailing up channel had heard the news from the pilot and were dressed from "truck to taffrail," the City was invaded, and the Lord Mayor, from the steps of the Mansion House, made a speech to the crowds that yelled themselves hoarse in hearty joy and ecstasy for the victory of British pluck and valour.

The story of the relief is soon told. About the time that Lord Roberts began his march through the Free State a composite column of 2300 men,

mostly mounted Colonial troops, under Colonel Mahon, 8th Hussars, was formed at Kimberley with great secrecy of purpose and direction. It was accompanied by four Royal Horse Artillery guns, two Maxims, and the lightest possible transport, its appearance so timed as to synchronise with Lord Roberts' march, which would attract the enemy's attention elsewhere; and moved by forced marches on the west of the railway.

No opposition was met till Vryburg was passed, when a detour had to be made round Koodoosrand to avoid a Boer laager, from which the Boers attacked from an ambush in the dense bush, seven miles farther on, and a fierce struggle ensued; but the Light Horse, assisted by the guns, after five hours' hard fighting dislodged the enemy, who fled in confusion, leaving about thirty dead on the field. On the 17th May, when the column was nine miles from Mafeking, it was again attacked by 1500 Boers; but Colonel Plumer having joined hands two days previously, together with a detachment of Canadian artillery, which had regained its place by forced marches on foot, they were again beaten off with heavy loss, to leave the way clear for Colonel Mahon to enter the town on the 18th May, having marched 120 miles in about five days. In the meantime General Hunter was moving by the railway with the much-needed supplies.

So the relief of Mafeking was accomplished by Colonial men, after it had held out for

seven months by the pluck and resolute will of other Colonial men—many of them sons of the soil, whose birthright is South Africa—led to victory by an English soldier whose name to-day is on every tongue,—a man England is proud of, always with a smile to encourage or a word to inspire confidence; and we recognise that England need never fear for herself or her empire as long as out of those dim battalions of untried men that linger in the far beyond such men as Baden-Powell and those with him who held Mafeking can step out to guard and hold them.

The presence of a British army on the move, northwards, through the heart of the Free State, was soon known across the Drakensberg, and the uneasiness of the Boers in their snug trenches on the Biggarsberg was sufficient to pierce the screen they had drawn between themselves and General Buller on Sunday's river, where he had been resting and recovering for the last two months. The result of the march on the Vaal, if persevered in, would be to place Lord Roberts between the Boers in Natal and their base at Pretoria, when General Buller might be tempted to close in on their rear and push them before him into his hands. So, again, there was nothing for it but to relinquish those thirty miles of excellent trench-work they had netted across the mountains in face of the Natal column, buoyed up with the pleasant certainty that the

old game of attack across the open against Mausers behind boulders would continue. But General Buller had bought his experience in that three months' hard fighting round Ladysmith, and had learned to see through tactics somewhat transparent. The Boers now found themselves in the same funnel into which they had forced us on the outbreak of the war; the passes over the Drakensberg on the west, Zululand on the east, were closed, leaving the only way out over Laing's Nek, which they must hurry up to secure before that troublesome "Bobs," as the signalman on Bulwana had sarcastically called him in the days when fighting the "rooineks" was only a series of picnics.

Acting in conjunction with Lord Roberts, General Buller, two days before the capture of Kroonstad, moved out in an easterly direction with the 2nd infantry division, the cavalry going round by Pomeroy to the foot of the ridge on which Helpmakaar stands, where they came in contact with some 2000 Boers intrenched on the summit, holding them there till the infantry came up to turn them out after a short resistance. Helpmakaar is but an uneven, boulder-strewn ridge, overlooking the Buffalo river, across which stands the historic rock of Isandhlwana, Rorke's Drift in the hollow between; and, if the Boers had had any heart left, was excellently suited to their tactics. Yet they fled in confusion, leaving behind a rear-guard 1000 strong, and setting fire to the grass, here tall and

dry just now, the smoke in the face of mounted men making progress difficult. They rode through the burning veldt, however, to find the Boers awaiting attack in a strong natural position; but the flank turned, they fled once more. Lord Dundonald in pursuit had, during the day, to ride forty miles over a waterless country, most of the time through the smoke.

On the 15th inst. General Buller occupied Dundee, to find that 2500 Boers had just left by train for Laing's Nek, the rest of the 7000 who had held the Biggarsberg retreating during the night, to fight small, delaying actions on the way. Following in pursuit, he reached Glencoe, to find that the enemy, with eleven guns, had left by train at dawn. So General Hildyard was spread along the railway, from Elands-laagte, to repair it; General Lyttelton in rear at Sunday's river; while General Buller with the 2nd division pushed on to Newcastle, which he entered unopposed on the evening of the 17th. Thus the Boer left was turned, and the defenders all along the line driven out in five days with insignificant loss by following a scheme suggested by common-sense. Our left had remained on Sunday's river south of Elands-laagte; the right, as a flying column, striking rapidly at the extreme eastern flank of the enemy's position, to hold him there till the main body came up to Dundee, where it threatened the most sensitive

point in Boer resistance. The roads were bad, mostly deep sand, drifts almost impassable; heavy guns had to be dragged; a large convoy followed; in front and flanks the rugged line of the Biggarsberg, scored with trenches and prepared artillery positions, commanded every inch of advance. Yet a simple move to a flank carried our army round, victoriously, and sent the Boers scattering headlong in confusion. The American attaché's remark after Colenso, "Was there noway round?" was admirably illustrated.

From Newcastle Lord Dundonald with the cavalry pushed on to Laing's Nek, where he found the Boers disposed to stand after their demoralised flight, the 2nd infantry division following as far as the Ingogo. General Buller with the remainder of the column remained in Newcastle to await the arrival of stores delayed by the state of the line. So a short breathing-time was granted to the fugitives, and the army, nothing loath, settled down for a short rest after the steady march of the last nine days through those grim mountains, where two months ago death and starvation stalked supreme, to emerge into the sunlight of the open country—in front, Buller, calm and inscrutable, those stern-faced men in khaki streaming after, content to follow a leader whom—in spite of varying fortune—they know and honour, whose place has been with them where the bullets flew thickest.

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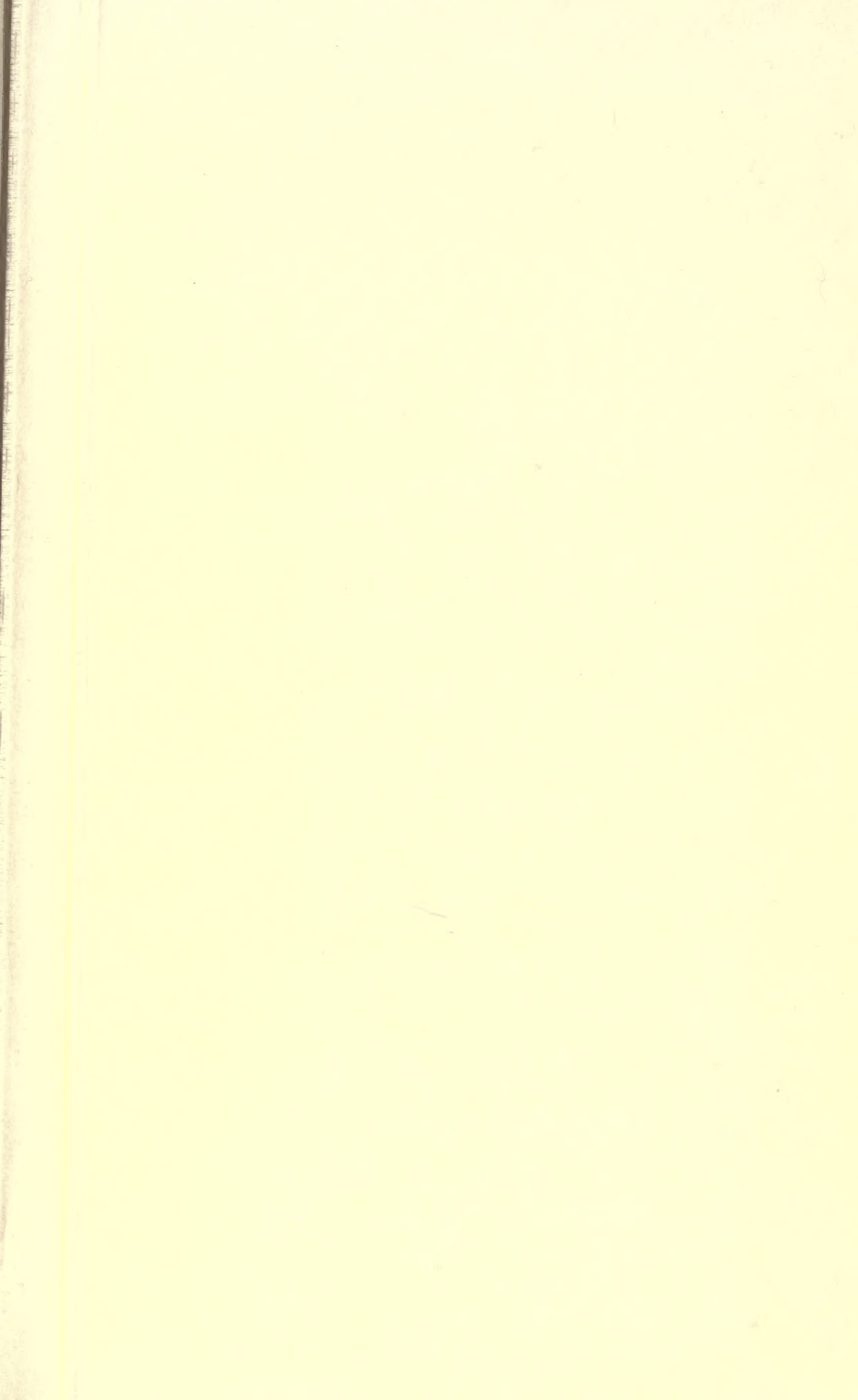
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